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Photograph by Vander Weyde.

DEMOCRACY'S PROBABLE STANDARD BEARER IN 1908

"Mr. Bryan once more looms up on the political horizon," says a conservative Democratic paper, the *Chicago Evening Post*, "imminent and huge, but no longer threatening." This picture was made just before Mr. Bryan started on his present tour of the world, and has not before been published.


Current Literature

VOL. XLI, No. 1

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

JULY, 1908

A Review of the World

MERICA is cleaning out her sewers. The manhole covers are off and the buckets, dripping with filth, are coming up into plain view. The sight is not a pleasant one and the odor is quite different from that of attar of roses. But the more repulsive the sight, the more nauseating the stench, the more certain it is that the work is an imperative one. For these sewers are trunk-line sewers that make connections with almost every home of the land, and the gases from them are of the deadliest nature. The latest one to be opened—that of the meat-packing industry—seems to be the foulest one of the lot. The odor from the life insurance sewer seemed to be bad enough, and that that has recently come from the Standard Oil sewer and the Pennsylvania Railroad sewer is far from delightful; but it is almost like the smell of new mown hay in comparison with the stench that are filling the land from the filthy details that have been dragged to light in the investigation made by President Roosevelt's special commissioners of the packing-houses of Chicago.

IT WAS all started by a novel. "The Jungle" is a story of the packing-house district, written by a boyish-looking young man of twenty-seven, Upton Sinclair, with decided literary genius. It is an uncoined socialistic tract. "I had no idea," he says, "of stirring up all this row. My sole idea in writing 'The Jungle' was to portray the condition of the workingman as compared with the money-power, with the idea of aiding the cause of Socialism." The novel was first published as a serial in a socialistic paper—*The Appeal to Reason*. Afterward it was submitted to several book publishers without success. It had a better reception at the publishing house of

Doubleday, Page & Company; but they would not publish it until they had sent an emissary or two—Thomas H. McKee, a New York lawyer, and Isaac F. Marcosson, an editor of *The World's Work*—to verify the statements made. Some of the results of their investigation appeared in articles in *The World's Work* recently.

The novel was published, and it and the corroborative evidence obtained by Mr. McKee and Mr. Marcosson came under the observation of President Roosevelt. He had a talk or two with Mr. Sinclair, and as a result sent out to Chicago two commissioners, Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., and James B. Reynolds. The former is United States Commissioner of Labor and Professor of Political Economy in the Catholic University, Washington; the latter was for years head worker of the University Settlement in New York City, then became chairman of the executive committee of the Citizens' Union, then Secretary to Mayor Low. Both men have been liberally educated, Mr. Neill at the University of Notre Dame, the University of Chicago, and Johns Hopkins University; Mr. Reynolds at Yale University, Yale Divinity School, Columbia, Berlin and Paris.

THEIR preliminary report was sent to Congress by President Roosevelt Monday, June 4. For some time previous, what is known as the Beveridge amendment had been up for consideration in the Senate. It was originally submitted as a separate bill, by the Senator from Indiana, and was afterward attached as an amendment to the agricultural bill. Its object is "to provide for the inspection, examination, and supervision of live cattle, sheep, swine, and goats and the carcasses and food products thereof, which are the subjects of interstate or foreign commerce, and for



WHERE "THE JUNGLE" WAS WRITTEN

The hut built by Upton Sinclair in Princeton, where he lived while he wrote his novel. He has a failing for huts. His first novel, "King Midas," was written in a log hut in the Canada wilds.

other purposes." This Beveridge amendment is stringent in its provisions; but the meat-packers made no fight against it in the Senate. According to the newspapers, they had knowledge of the nature of the report which Commissioners Neill and Reynolds were prepared to make, and were willing to agree to almost any kind of legislation rather than have that report published.

The Beveridge amendment, accordingly, was passed by the Senate without opposition

and was sent to the House of Representatives. There, however, opposition arose, and the President thereupon promptly sent to Congress the first part of the report, together with a message emphasizing "the urgent need of immediate action by the Congress in the direction of providing a drastic and thorough-going inspection by the federal government." A few days later, at the request of the House committee, he sent another report made by the bureau of animal industry to the Department of Agriculture on the same subject. This report is the result of an examination by the special inspectors of the bureau, and, according to the President, "there is no conflict in substance between the two reports, although there is a marked difference in emphasis." There are, therefore, now before the public two official reports, in addition to various magazine articles—one by Upton Sinclair in *Everybody's*, one by Thomas H. McKee in *The World's Work*, another in the same magazine by Dr. William K. Jaques, of Chicago, formerly city bacteriologist of that city in charge of meat inspection. There are also a reply made by the meat-packers to the Neill-Reynolds report, and a series of articles written by J. Ogden Armour, head of the biggest meat-packing house in the country, which have recently appeared in the *Saturday Evening*



ONE ESTABLISHMENT (ARMOUR'S) IN "PACKINGTOWN"

Says J. Ogden Armour: "The West, the Northwest, Alaska, even the uttermost parts of the earth, have been explored and opened to civilization on Chicago canned meats. . . . The wars of the world—in the Soudan, in South Africa, in China and in Manchuria—have been fought on Chicago canned meats."

Post (Philadelphia) and are now published in book form, under the title "The Packers, the Private Car Lines and the People." As for the newspaper editorials on the subject, their name is the same as that of the devils that plagued the swine in the Scriptures—Legion; and their tenor might well cause the two-legged swine at which they are directed to imitate the example of the four-legged kind in the country of the Gadarenes.

IF THE reader will, at this point, kindly hold his olfactory organ for a few moments, we will proceed to the disgusting but important task of examining as briefly as may be the contents of the buckets that have come up from this sewer-opening in Packingtown. The President calls these contents "revolting." The report of his commission, he remarks, "shows that the stock-yards and packing-houses are not kept even reasonably clean, and that the method of handling and preparing food products is uncleanly and dangerous to health." But he adds: "The evil seems to be much less in the sale of dressed carcasses than in the sale of canned and other prepared products." This is a point of great importance that has been too little emphasized. According to the census report of 1900, the dressed carcasses amount to 92 per cent., the canned and prepared products to but 8 per cent. of the total product of the packing-houses. Mr. Neill, testifying before the House committee, accepted these figures, and both he and Mr. Reynolds admit that most of the objectionable details in their report—not all, but most—pertain to the food products, not to the fresh meat. They say: "After killing, carcasses are well washed, and up to the time they reach the cooling rooms are handled in a fairly sanitary and cleanly manner. The parts that leave the cooling room for treatment in bulk are also handled with regard to cleanliness." This feature of the case furnishes some consolation; and of consolation the national stomach is just now sadly in need.

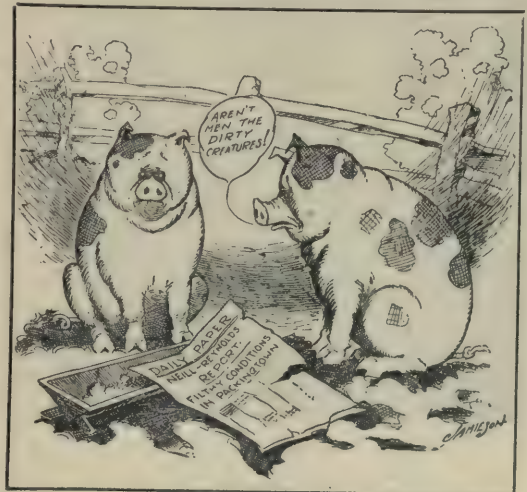
THE report itself tells of wooden buildings with "soaked and slimy" wooden floors, wooden partitions from which one can scrape decaying grease with a knife, wooden receptacles, barrows, and tables showing no signs of any recent attempts at cleansing. "Usually the workers toil without relief in a humid atmosphere heavy with



AUTHOR OF THE NEWEST JUNGLE STORY

Mr. Upton Sinclair says he "never meant to kick up such a row," but wanted to promote the cause of socialism. He is now busy dramatizing his novel.

the odors of rotten wood, decayed meats, stinking offal and entrails." The privies for the workmen and workwomen usually ventilate into the work-room, and "washing sinks either are not furnished at all or are small and dirty." As a result, "men and women return directly from these places to



THE NEWS REACHES THE FARM

—Jamieson in *Pittsburg Dispatch*.



From stereograph, copyright 1906, H. C. White Co., N. Y.

WAITING THE SUMMONS

As many as forty thousand head of cattle, says Mr. Armour in his new book, are delivered in a single day, and cash is paid for them at once.

plunge their unwashed hands into the meat to be converted into such food products as sausages, dried beef and other compounds." In some cases, indeed, the privies are so far away that men do not always take time to visit them, and in consequence "the fumes of the urine swell the sum of nauseating



From stereograph, copyright 1906, H. C. White Co., N. Y.

KNOCKING THE CATTLE

One blow with a sledge usually suffices, but sometimes it takes half a dozen. In Germany they place a leather cap on the head of the steer with an iron spike affixed, and a blow on the spike ends matters.

odors arising from the dirty, blood-soaked, rotting, wooden floors, fruitful culture beds for the disease germs of men and animals." Upon these floors, moreover, the employees, in utter ignorance of cleanliness or danger to health, "expectorated at will." While the carcasses are hung on hooks and do not often come in contact with the floor, the parts that are sent to the rooms where meat products are prepared are in some of the largest establishments thrown in a heap upon the floor, and the workers climb over them to select the pieces they want, and at times "were seen to climb from the floor and stand, with shoes dirty with the refuse of the floors, on the tables upon which the meat was handled." We quote further from the report:

"In a word, we saw meat shoveled from filthy wooden floors, piled on tables rarely washed, pushed from room to room in rotten box carts, in all of which processes it was in the way of gathering dirt, splinters, floor filth, and the expectoration of tuberculous and other diseased workers. Where comment was made to floor superintendents about these matters, it was always the reply that this meat would afterward be cooked, and that this sterilization would prevent any danger from its use. Even this, it may be pointed out in passing, is not wholly true. A very considerable portion of the meat so handled is sent out as smoked products and in the form of sausages which are prepared to be eaten without being cooked."

Tuberculosis is said by physicians to be "disproportionately prevalent in the stock-yards."

THESE are, be it noted, details that came under the direct observation of the commissioners themselves, and are described as "usual." They give some glaring instances which seem to be exceptional, which we do not reproduce. And after the meat products have gone through these "usual" processes, they receive a label reading as follows:

ABATTOIR NO. —

The contents of this package have been inspected according to the act of Congress of March 3, 1891.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

As a matter of fact, the inspectors pass only upon the healthfulness of the animal at the time of killing. "They know nothing of the processes through which the meat has passed

since this inspection." This inspection itself, as described by other investigators, is very far from satisfactory. Mr. Sinclair tells of watching in the killing rooms of two large establishments for forty minutes each time, during which period not an inspector was present, though the killing went on. And he and others assert that the killing goes on also at night, when no inspectors are present. The disposition of rejected carcasses is also a disquieting feature. Says Mr. McKee, in his article in *The World's Work*:

"The first thing the government inspectors do, as provided by law, is to make an ante-mortem examination of the stock, when the animals are driven into the abattoir. The rules of the Bureau of Animal Industry, in the United States Department of Agriculture, state that animals rejected at this time shall be tagged, and turned over to the municipal authorities. The law of the City of Chicago requires that these animals be sold at auction, and the proceeds remitted to the owners. This means that men engaged in the diseased-meat industry buy these culls, slaughter them, and sell the meat. Much of the stuff is consumed in Chicago, but evidence exists that large quantities of it are sent to other markets."

MR. MCKEE tells of hogs that he saw rejected because they had the hog-cholera, but which were chopped up and thrown into a vat, where, after being subjected to twenty-five pounds steam pressure for four hours, they were converted into fertilizer and lard. Dr. Jaques, speaking of Government inspection, says (*The World's Work*):

"The accuracy and thoroughness of the work of these inspectors can be judged when it is estimated that from 1,600 to 2,200 cattle are often killed under the eye of a single inspector in a day of from eight to ten hours. Walking back and forth through the killing beds, the inspector can give only the briefest glance at the animals that are being converted into food. In this glance he is supposed to detect evidences of disease which pathologists may require hours to find."

Even when the Federal inspectors condemn carcasses they have no authority to destroy the meat. It must be quarantined and set aside "to be disposed of according to the laws and ordinances of the State or municipality in which it is found." The only legal power, therefore, to destroy condemned meat is in the hands of the city meat inspectors; and for two years after the resignation of Dr. Jaques, city inspection was entirely withdrawn from the territory in which the packing-houses are located, thus removing "the only power that could



From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE KILLING BED

The best picture, says Upton Sinclair, that he has ever seen of this part of a packing house.

legally destroy diseased meat in a territory where millions of dollars' worth of food products are turned out to be sold to the public annually." City inspection was renewed last year, but is described as very unsatisfactory still.



From stereograph, copyright 1906, H. C. White Co., N. Y.

IN THE SCALDING VAT

The dark objects look like porpoises, but they are not. They are hogs about to lose their bristles.



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CANNING CORN BEEF

"During all these processes of preparation there is no government inspection and no assurance whatever that these meat food-products are wholesome and fit for food."

THE joint statement issued in reply to these charges, by eight meat-packing establishments in Chicago, is a sweeping denial. They claim that their plants are kept clean, that their methods are sanitary, and that their products are wholesome. They assert that the inspection of animals is conducted "in accordance with the strictest inspection regulations ever devised in any country, not even excepting Germany"; that this inspection now costs them \$1,000,000 a year for carcasses bought as healthy and afterward condemned. They are, however, in favor of making this inspection "more efficient if that can be done," and of extending it "to cover the sanitary conditions of packing-houses." They offer in evidence reports made a few days before by Professor Burrill, of the chair of Bacteriology in the University of Illinois, and Professor Grindley, of the chair of Chemistry in the same institution. The two professors report that their observations make it impossible for them to believe "the horrible stories recently appearing in print"; that they saw but one man expectorate, and he was a Government official; that the inspection is a strict one, and that condemned carcasses or parts of carcasses are followed by the inspectors until placed in rendering

tanks, which are sealed and unsealed only in their presence. The professors add: "We did not find anything seriously repugnant to cleanliness or wholesomeness in the operation or procedures, but we did find a desire on the part of all the employees we came in contact with to avoid unclean practices."

THE packers point out that hasty criticism of the packing-houses affects not merely the owners and their profits, but affects injuriously as well every farmer who raises a hog, sheep or steer for market; for "without the foreign market, created by the packing industry, the American live-stock grower's business would be absolutely stripped of profit." A representative of the packers, Thomas E. Wilson, manager of Nelson Morris & Co., who has appeared before the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives, asserts that "irreparable injury" has already been done the packers and the stock-growers by "unjust and unwarranted criticism." He opposes the Beveridge amendment as "a bill that will put our business in the hands of the theorists, chemists, sociologists, etc., and take the management and control away from the men who have devoted their lives to the up-



From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

TAKING WOOL FROM THE PELT

The inside of the skin is painted with an acid that loosens the wool and sometimes loosens the finger-nails of the workmen as well,

building and perfecting of this great American industry." Reflections are made, not only by Mr. Wilson, but by Mr. Armour (in an interview cabled from abroad), upon the motives of the President in securing and publishing the Neill-Reynolds report.

THE importance of the meat-packing industry is set forth in strong terms by Mr. J. Ogden Armour, in his new book, to which reference has been made. This book was written before the present phase of the agitation had arisen, and contains no direct reference to it. It is in large part a defense of the private-car lines and an attempt to set forth the benefits the packers have conferred upon the cattlemen and other branches of industry. There were in 1890, he says, 921 meat-packing establishments in the country, not including mere slaughter-houses. In each of 26 States the packing industry amounted in that year to more than one million dollars annually, ranking first among the industries of six States—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska. The business is not and never can become a monopoly, for it is not sheltered by the tariff nor builded upon patents of secret processes. It has created a cash market for every kind of cattle for every day of the year. In Chicago alone "40,000



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FILLING SAUSAGE SKINS

Out of the machine is coming "the long wriggling snake of sausage" graphically described in "The Jungle."

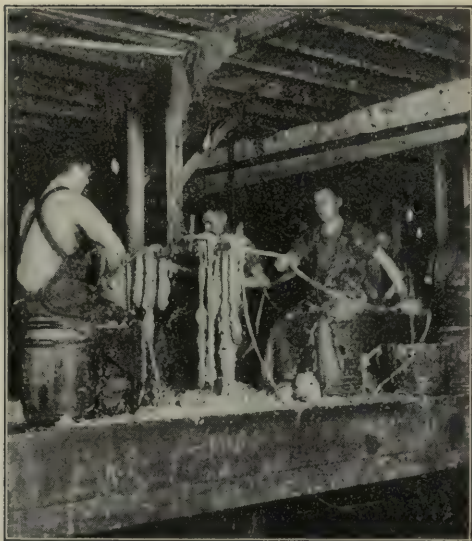


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CUTTING UP THE HOGS

The workmen grow so expert that one blow of a cleaver nearly always finishes the cut, yet does not cut into the wood on which the meat rests.

cattle is not by any means a record day in the matter of receipts"; and "if the farmer could not sell his stock any day of the year and for cash, the present development of corn-growing and corn-feeding would be impossible." The fertilizer products of these establishments have "made" the upland cotton section of the South, and elsewhere have developed sandy and sterile tracts into large truck farms. The furniture of the country is glued with packers' glue, and a large part of the soap manufactured comes from the packers' tallow and greases. In Armour's laboratory more than thirty recognized therapeutic agents of animal origin are produced, including pepsin, pancreatin, suprarenalin and glycerin. As to cleanliness, Mr. Armour asserts that "meats and food products, generally speaking, are handled as carefully and circumspectly in the large packing-houses as they are in the average home kitchen." A large force of scientific men is maintained whose duty is "to determine by frequent test that every process employed in producing articles of food shall, first of all, safeguard the wholesomeness of the article so produced." "Scrupulous cleanliness is ordered and enforced." The uttermost parts of the earth "have been explored and



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PREPARING SAUSAGE SKINS

"The rankest compound of villainous smell," as Shakespeare remarked, "that ever offended nostril." Artificial light and very poor ventilation.

opened to civilization on Chicago canned meats," and "the wars of the world—in the



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE

—Davenport in N. Y. Mail

Soudan, in South Africa, in China and in Manchuria—have been fought on Chicago canned meats."

SO MUCH for the packers' side of the story. In the meantime, the news from Chicago is to the effect that a great awakening has occurred in their establishments, and carpenters and plumbers and kalsominers by the score are at work on alterations. New lavatories and dressing-rooms are being constructed, cuspidors are now furnished and signs prohibiting spitting on the floor are placed everywhere. A report of this activity is given by the President in a letter "from a most competent and trustworthy witness," which he transmits to the House committee together with the report made on the packing-houses by the bureau of animal industry. This haste toward reform since the publication of the Neill-Reynolds report is termed "miraculous." The chief sanitary inspector of Chicago has also been moved to undue activity, and the building commissioner as well. Each has been making an inspection. The former reports on "the uncleanly attire of the employees" and the latter reports that there is hardly a modern building in use, most of the structures being "dilapidated, filthy and dirty holes." Scrubbing-brushes are at work, as well as kalsomine brushes, and the employees now have "clean aprons every day." As for the wars fought on Chicago canned meat of which Mr. Armour speaks, General Miles has a few words to say anent the outcry seven years ago about "embalmed beef" sold to our army during the Spanish-American War:

"I believe that three thousand United States soldiers lost their lives because of adulterated, impure, poisonous meat. There is no way of estimating the number of soldiers whose health was ruined by eating impure food.

"I have a barrel of testimony on the subject in the way of affidavits that I collected when I made my investigation. The investigating committee closed the case and refused to hear 2,000 witnesses whom I had ready. The official report was that a 'colossal error' had been made. As a matter of fact, it was a colossal fraud, and the persons who perpetrated it and were interested in it should have been sent to the penitentiary."

NATURALLY, the press of America is full of this subject, and the comment is pretty unanimous to the effect that the Neill-Reynolds report contains, to quote the phrase of the *Columbia State*, "the most shocking revelations ever made to the



A WITNESS AGAINST THE MEAT-PACKERS

Mr. Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., is the United States Commissioner of Labor, and was years ago a social settlement worker in the stock-yard district of Chicago. "We have made no statement as a fact in our report," he and Mr. Reynolds write, "that was not verified by our personal examination."



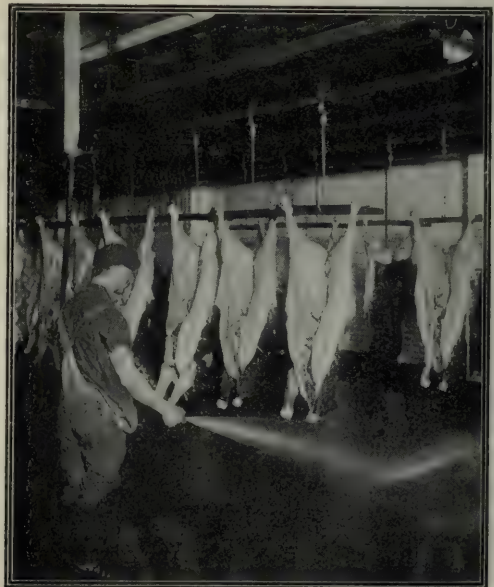
From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

STICKING THE HOGS

This is one of the scenes to be reproduced realistically in the dramatization of "The Jungle," to be produced in Chicago next fall.

fort from the reflection that "there is no reason to suspect that Chicago conditions prevail anywhere or to any extent outside of Chicago." The *Philadelphia Press* indorses Mayor Dunne's suggestion to municipalize the slaughter-houses. "In the end," it says, "only municipal slaughter-houses, constructed, protected, inspected by the public authorities, can assure sound meat," and it points out that municipal slaughter-houses are the rule in European countries and exist in six leading British cities—Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bradford and Leeds.

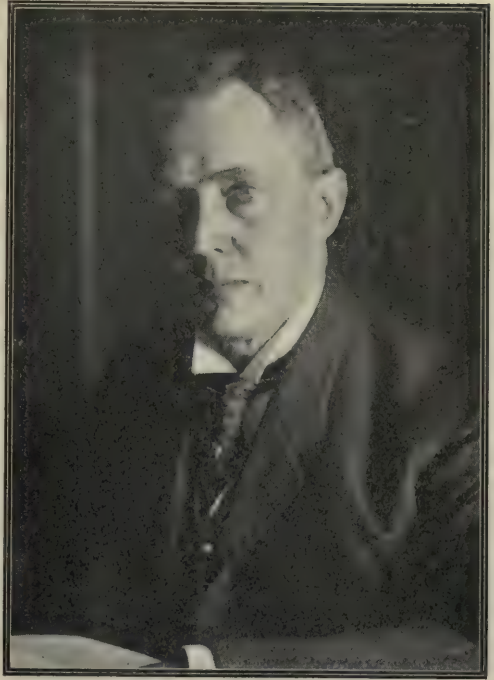
IT IS unfortunate that this cleaning of sewers which America has inaugurated occurs just as the eyes of the world have been directed with unprecedented interest upon this country as the result of a series of international events, the first of which were enacted at Manila Bay and Santiago and the most important of which was enacted in Portsmouth, N. H. One might infer at times that about all that is to be seen in this country as a result of this sudden awakening to the growing importance of the United States as a world power is the filth that has come out of these sewers. Just now all that is most nauseating is blended by the press of all Europe in one vivid im-



IN A MODEL ABATTOIR—I

The slaughter-house in New York (Co-operative Butchers' Abattoir) described by Commissioner Reynolds by way of contrast with the Chicago packing-houses.

pression of American canned goods. Not even the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, which professes to have exhausted long ago its capacity for surprise at the unspeakable in the life of the United States, can refrain from expressions of wonder at the voracity with which American ladies and gentlemen have masticated the uninspected filth of the packing-house. Exclamation points are to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* weak symbols of its wonder at the facts, yet it inserts them freely in its editorial comments upon the revelations of the month. The discrimination of the packers in keeping their worst products at home and in sending their real meat to Europe speaks volumes to our contemporary for that capacity to assimilate the scum of the earth of which we boast so loudly! "Thou didst eat strange flesh which some did die to look on," the youthful Cæsar is made to say of Antony. "Thou didst drink the stale of horses and the gilded puddle which beasts would cough at." But the alimentary canal of Cleopatra's burgonet of men must, in the light of the Paris *Figaro's* observations, sustain no comparison with the pyloric orifice of the average American. He should steep himself, it thinks, in some powerful antiseptic solution after every luncheon. The whole scandal



From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

WRITING HIS VIEWS OF PACKINGTOWN

Mr. James B. Reynolds, one of the special commissioners appointed by the President, is a graduate of Yale and Yale Divinity School, and was Mayor Low's private secretary.



IN A MODEL ABATTOIR—II

The overhead sprays keep the brick and cement floor clean where the cattle wait their turn, on the top floor of the building.



IN A MODEL ABATTOIR—III

What looks like dirt on the floor is clean sawdust. The floor is paved with bluestone sloping toward well-arranged drains.

is emblematic to the Paris *Temps* of what it deems our passionate appetite for the material.

ALL England at once began a boycott of American canned goods. These lay unsold in leviathan bulk and choked London warehouses for days until, according to the *London Mail*, arrangements were made for the return of each germ laboratory in miniature to the land of its origin, where, as the British daily surmises, it will be avidly consumed by some American or other. For an optimistic indifference to the contents of his abdomen is credited to the average citizen of this republic by many newspapers abroad when they grow didactic on the subject of potted pork and raw sausage. The claim of the Chicago packers that they have "over and over again satisfied doctors, chemists, sanitarians and official investigators from practically every civilized nation on earth" must be interpreted, says the *Berlin Post*, in an American commercial sense. The Berlin government has time and again complained to Washington, says the German daily, of the objectionable character of American canned goods in the European market. The packers thereupon brought such pressure to bear upon the State Department, we are next told, that the Washington Government made their cause its own. It was pressure from Berlin, according to the *Kreuz Zeitung*, that brought about such inspection as exists. That inspection did not affect the home supply. It merely protected Germany from the spread of a malady set up by eating diseased pork in which the immature trichina spiralis is encysted. Our own attitude to such parasites is assumed to be on all fours with the feeling of the Abyssinians toward tapeworms. An Abyssinian is so accustomed to being the host of a tapeworm, we read, that he deems the creature's presence a matter of course.

SUCH effrontery as the packers display in their claim to have satisfied European expert opinion of their own regard for hygiene is unparalleled in the experience of the *London Lancet*. This organ of the British medical profession claims that the slaughterhouses of Chicago have long been notorious in Europe as examples of all that such institutions should not be. They are distributing centers, it insists, of ptomaine poisoning. To Chicago's canned tongue, pork and ham

this authority ascribes the formation within the system of countless individuals of animal alkaloids known as ptomaines. Should disease-producing bacteria be present in the body the alkaloids may not be destroyed or expelled. The result is often fatal. Nor does the *London Lancet* sustain the claim of the packers that the cooking or the curing necessarily prevents the formation of the animal alkaloids. It insists that even sound meat must often go bad when prepared under Chicago conditions, canned flesh being very liable to the deterioration antecedent to ptomaine poisoning. Chicago products, therefore, have often been narcotico-irritant poisons, pure and simple. There is some speculation in foreign dailies as to precisely who may be the eminent specialists of Europe referred to by the packers as indorsing their methods. No doubt, observes the *Berlin National Zeitung*, there was inspection of products shipped to Germany, but the inspection of goods for the home market was nominal. The trust magnates evade this point, it is hinted, in their authorized vindications of themselves.

NOR do the foreign dailies place any more faith in the allegation that Chicago canned meats were found good enough for Japanese troops in Manchuria. Apart from the fact that the Japanese soldiers, as the *London Mail* points out, are not generally consumers of meat, there is the circumstance that whole consignments of canned goods were condemned by officials from Tokyo's commissary department. It is hinted that these condemned goods were marketed in this country. "We sold and delivered to the Japanese army," say the packers in their statement to the public here, "hundreds of thousands of cases of canned meats from our regular stock." The packers say nothing, however, of what may have happened to those cases of canned meat after their sale and delivery. Equally disingenuous, if we may credit the *London Mail*, is the reference of the packers to the use of their canned goods in the Boer War. Quantities of these goods, we read, were condemned in South Africa as waste. The wares were thereupon shipped to London, the cans were cleaned, new labels were put on them and the entire cargo was disposed of in the open market. When such rejected consignments can find no market in Europe they are shipped back to the United States and distributed to the American people through the retail grocery stores. If the

calculations of the London *Telegraph* be accurately made, the average age of the meat eaten out of a can in this country is three years. "No wonder," declares *The British Medical Journal* (London), "an American physician has invented a mechanical brush, working like a chimney sweep's brush, but smaller, for cleaning out the American stomach. The truth is that for years Chicago and its food products have been under suspicion—its potted meats, its invalid soups, its meat extracts and the rest."

YET these packing-house revelations are but an incidental exposure of a system of adulteration and deception in the matter of food products and of medicines now practically universal in the United States, declares the London *Times*, giving as one of its authorities Mr. Champe Andrews, counsel of the Medical Society of the County of New York, and a leader in the movement to put an end to the poisoning of the American people by means of their food and their medicine. Fraudulent weights, infringements of copyright and labels, substitution of base and injurious ingredients in both drugs and foods, make our land, in its opinion, the paradise of the quack, the charlatan and the cheat. Simultaneously with the growth of sanitary science in the United States, adds a medical man in the great London daily, the American people have had to contend with a mysterious increase in cancer, in enteric fever, in neuritis, in chronic nephritis, in appendicitis and in wasting organic diseases. The whole population is saturated internally with acetanilid, cocaine, opium and formic aldehyde. Any chemist in the United States may disseminate at pleasure drugs producing an insidious weakness of the heart, a craving for morphine or a chronic condition of paresis. All this, says the London *Times*, is "only a part of an almost universal system of the basest and most fraudulent adulteration of food, drink and drugs," pointing to a social condition well-nigh hopeless. To quote our authority's view of an economic factor in the case:

"Horrible as are the details from a sanitary point of view, the grinding tyranny by which men, women, and children are forced step by step down to the lowest depths of degradation and depravity by the bosses of the beef trust is perhaps more awful still. The conditions of work in these establishments are at best sufficiently demoralizing, but they might at least be mitigated by humane treatment. On the contrary, they are aggravated by a brutal system carried out by

brutal agents, a system by which, in a land supposed to be free and democratic, the plutocrat grinds the souls of men and women as ruthlessly as his machines disintegrate his tuberculous cattle, his cholera-smitten hogs, and his putrid hams. Universal suffrage, universal education, omnipresent free libraries, all the panoply of modern panaceas for the abuses supposed to be inseparable from older régimes, result in a tyranny more body and soul destroying than any exercised by autocrats or feudal oppressors."

INDEED, the American people seem to be losing something of their old optimism, of that buoyant, unreasoning, but invigorating confidence in their country which once gave them strength, according to the London *Outlook*. No one can visit the United States these days, it says, without becoming conscious of a pervasive social unrest. The American people are declared by this commentator to be questioning themselves and their future and their institutions with an openmindedness that a decade ago would have seemed well-nigh treasonable. "They are beginning to wonder whether the great experiment is, after all, so great as it once appeared, or rather they are beginning to see that it is an experiment merely. The inadequacies of an eighteenth century constitution in the face of twentieth century problems are daily impressing themselves upon the national comprehension." The courts, this London weekly thinks, have lost the confidence of the country to an alarming extent. The Senate has lost that confidence entirely. "More and more the people are asking themselves whether the United States can any longer be called a democracy. More and more the people are coming to see that under the forms of popular self-government political equality has become the sport of bosses and economic equality the jest of a voracious plutocracy." The London *News* suggests a graphic parallel between the condition of Russia, where land is withheld from the people, and the condition of the United States, where equality of opportunity has become a mere phrase. "The United States is confronted," concludes this organ of London liberalism, "with a revolt against the control, by a handful of irresponsible millionaires, of all the means of production." President Roosevelt is believed to see the peril and his policy is described in one British paper as "a feverish effort" to avert it. None of the European journals, however, is any too hopeful of the success of his efforts.



ABOUT August 29, a political gale of tremendous power will, it is predicted, strike the Atlantic coast at the port of New York City, from which point it will rapidly radiate until it envelops all sections of the country. The storm-center of this gale will be a gentleman of magnetic presence, a broad, firm jaw and an eloquent tongue, who has been touring the world and who responds to the name William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan will arrive just as the congressional campaign of 1906 is getting under headway. He will be received—such is the program—by a committee representing the Democracy of the nation, and including many of the “safe and sane” gentlemen who refused to support him for the presidency in his former campaigns.

everything before it and last until the polls close in November, 1908.

SEVERAL of these areas were reported on June 6. On that date the wires of the Associated Press bore three despatches, one from Jefferson City, Mo., a second from Hot Springs, Ark., and the third from Yankton, S. D. The first was to this effect:

“The platform adopted at the Democratic State Convention last night declares that William J. Bryan was defeated by corrupt campaign contributions by trusts and that he is the great American Democrat, and that Missouri demands his election to the Presidency in 1908.”

The second despatch, from Arkansas, was like unto the first:



THE MULE, SADLY: “WHAT! AGAIN?”

—Brinckerhoff in *Toledo Blade*.



THE DONKEY IN DANGER

—Davenport in *N. Y. Mail*.

He will make a speech—probably in Madison Square Garden—which will arouse unlimited enthusiasm. He will tour the country in behalf of Democratic congressional candidates. When the returns indicate that the present smashing Republican majority of 112 in the House of Representatives has been considerably diminished, as it is almost sure to be, for it is abnormally large, due to the Roosevelt tidal wave two years ago, Mr. Bryan will be given the major part of the credit. All this, of course, is preliminary to making him again the standard-bearer of his party in 1908. This is the program the preparations for which are already being made. The political weather prophets report areas of high pressure discernible in many States, the sure precursors, they confidently assert, of a hurricane that will sweep

“The Democratic State Convention went on record to-day for William Jennings Bryan as the next Democratic candidate for President. Friends of Hearst endeavored to stay the Bryan tide by asking that the matter be submitted to the voters of the State at the next Democratic primary, but the Humphreys resolution was adopted by acclamation with marked enthusiasm.”

The South Dakota despatch was of the same sort:

“The South Dakota Democratic convention to-day nominated a ticket and strongly indorsed Bryan for President in 1908. Every mention of his name brought forth a storm of applause.”

All these, as we have said, were despatches of the same date. On the next day, June 7, there was another, this time from Indianapolis, Ind. It bore the news of the adoption by the Democratic State conven-

tion of that State of a platform containing the following:

"It [the Democracy of Indiana] sends greetings across the sea to that wise and conservative statesman, unflinching patriot and superb leader, William Jennings Bryan, and pledges its vote in convention and the electoral vote of Indiana to him for President in 1908."

THE next day, June 8, despatches from various other cities were chronicled running as follows: "The Bryan wave struck Chicago to-day, and William Jennings Bryan for President in 1908 was the theme wherever Democratic politicians gathered." And again: "The Bryan wave of enthusiasm struck Cincinnati to-day in the shape of an application that was filed at Columbus for the incorporation of the Bryan Democratic Club of Hamil-

tonal Presbyterian Church, told in his pulpit of Mr. Bryan's refusing an invitation to a great dinner in Japan, given on Sunday by a governor of one of the provinces, saying in explanation of his refusal: "I always go to church on the Lord's day." After relating this incident, Dr. Coyle is reported to have said: "Nothing on earth but the death of President Roosevelt can keep Mr. Bryan from being the next President of the United States," and the big congregation, according to the despatch, "stood up, cheered, and applauded, forgetting their surroundings."

AMONG those who are cheering on this movement are ex-Governor David R. Francis, of Missouri, a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet, and heretofore an em-



DO I HEAR THE CALL OF THE SANE?

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald.



SPOILING HIS SOLITUDE

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.

ton County (Cincinnati)." Such headlines as "BRYAN STAMPEDING HIS PARTY" and "BRYAN BOOM SWINGS DEMOCRATS INTO LINE" suddenly grew to be common in Republican and Democratic papers alike. In Washington, Representative Rucker, a Democrat from Missouri, turning to the Republicans, said: "Your brightest sun is like a lightning bug alongside the man whom we will elect to the presidency—our peerless leader, William Jennings Bryan." At that, according to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, "a storm of applause broke loose from the Democratic side, the members rising en masse and cheering." And even on Sunday, June 10, the boom made headway. A special despatch relates that in Denver, on that day, Dr. Coyle, the pastor of the Cen-

phatic opponent of Mr. Bryan; the present governor of Missouri, Folk, who has himself been prominently spoken of as a presidential nominee, but who predicts Mr. Bryan's nomination and election; John Sharp Williams, leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, and a strong Parker man two years ago; Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, who, however, is not a new convert to Bryan; Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a strong opponent of Bryan heretofore; ex-Mayor Harrison of Chicago; and Timothy E. Sullivan, of New York, whose power in Tammany Hall is by many rated the dominant power. "Among the Democrats in Congress," says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer's* correspondent, "there is but one voice and that is for Bryan." Mr.

Bryan himself is credited with a willingness to accept the nomination again, if conditions seem to demand it. Questioned in Berlin, June 11, by an Associated Press representative who informed him of this uprising in his favor in State conventions, Mr. Bryan said with a laugh, "This is too sudden." Further than that he declined to commit himself, on the ground that it is too early to talk.

BUT there are already signs of dissension. The accession to the Bryan standard of such men as Messrs. Belmont and Ryan, the traction magnates of New York, furnishes to the "original Bryan men" and especially to the following of Mr. William R. Hearst, cause for somber reflections. They are declining to serve on the reception committee because they do not like the companionship such service would entail. The absence of Mr. Bryan's name in Mr. Hearst's papers has been so protracted of late as to cause considerable comment. Mr. Hearst himself, asked to serve on a committee of arrangements, is said to have expressed a desire to wait until he can ascertain just where Mr. Bryan stands at present on various issues. The Berlin interview with Mr. Bryan, already referred to, does not afford very specific information as to Mr. Bryan's attitude. He emphasizes the differences between Democracy and Socialism and sounds



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WILLIE?

—Davenport in N. Y. Mail.

again a war-cry for "the absolute elimination of private monopolies and the regulation of corporations in general." His continued attacks upon Socialism, especially his *Century* article (referred to by us at some length last month), are arousing the confidence of the conservatives, but at the same time exciting the distrust of the radicals. As for free silver, it has dropped out of sight for the time being. Even *The Commonwealth*. Mr. Bryan's paper, in a recent review of the famous Chicago platform, refers with admiration to one issue after another embraced in that platform, but fails to use the word "free silver," which formed the real crux of the platform. Its reference to the money plank is as follows:

"That platform maintained the quantitative theory of money and during the ensuing campaign that theory was bitterly denounced by Republican speakers and Republican editors. But those who vigorously condemned the theory in 1896 are to-day making plain, if not humble confession of their error. The theory so bitterly assailed ten years ago is not now denied by men claiming to be well informed."

ACUTE interest in this Bryan revival is evident in the press of the country. The Republican papers are not saying much at present except to make jocular little references to the old song, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and to the proverb "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." They regard the rush to Bryan as the result of the panic caused by Hearst and his far more radical program. One of the more radical Republican papers, the *New York Press*, asserts that if Bryan is again a candidate, there are but two men in the Republican ranks who can beat him—Roosevelt and La Follette. The most interesting comment is that of the conservative Democratic papers. They are far, as yet, from committing themselves unreservedly, but they are evidently becoming accustomed to the thought of Bryan as a standard-bearer and it no longer causes acute alarm. The *New York Times*, for instance, remarks editorially:

"The spectacle is therefore presented to us of Mr. Bryan, who in 1896, and almost at the same degree in 1900, was held to be the embodiment of radicalism, now occupying a ground which promises to become a place of refuge for those who reject alike the radicalism of Mr. Roosevelt and that of Mr. Hearst."

It thinks that the free-silver issue is as dead as the Wilmot proviso, and that the new form of radicalism, as represented by Mr.

Hearst, is one from which Mr. Bryan disents. "Most potent of all the influences that have so marvelously changed the country's opinion of him" is, *The Times* thinks, the *Century* article.

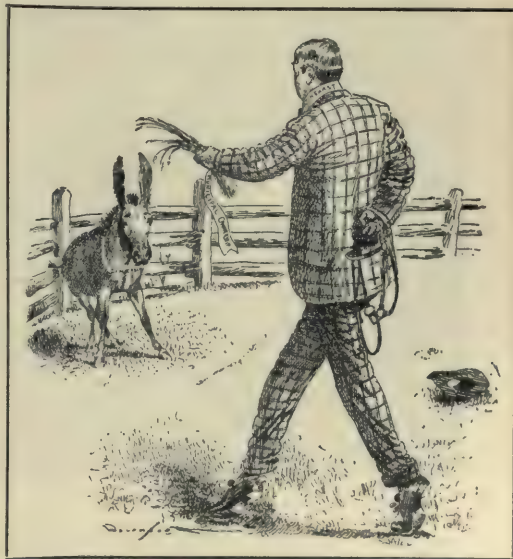
ANOTHER conservative Democratic paper, the *Boston Herald*, toys with the thought of Bryan, recalling the fact that he polled 1,280,000 more votes in 1900 than Parker polled in 1904, and dwelling upon the further fact that President Roosevelt "has done a great deal to familiarize the people with radicalism." The *Baltimore Sun*, also Democratic and also conservative, likewise finds in President Roosevelt's alleged radicalism the hope for Bryan's candidacy. "In the light of President Roosevelt's record," it says, "the public is beginning to inquire wherein Mr. Bryan was wrong in 1896, except in his advocacy of free-silver coinage at 16 to 1." The *New York World* thinks that "between the Roosevelt and the Hearst extremes is the old safe trail blazed by the fathers." That trail leads to a graduated income tax, a progressive inheritance tax, a battle against extreme protection and against corporate contributions to campaign funds. "If this is the kind of campaign that Mr. Bryan is coming home to conduct he may yet be a real leader of his party."

The *Chicago Evening Post* is still another of the conservative Democratic papers that can see Mr. Bryan now without shying. Mr. Bryan, it thinks, has not changed, but we the people have changed, and that is the reason "he is now looked upon as a conservative, a safe man, a bulwark of the republic and a respector of institutions." But there is a more definite reason for the Bryan revival:

"It is the rise of Mr. Hearst—or is it Mr. Brisbane? Around this product of incendiary and unscrupulous journalism have assembled enough political adventurers to back Mr. Hearst for the presidency! No wonder reputable Democrats, even of the old conservative, individualist school, are turning to a radical and a collectivist, who is at any rate honest and essentially patriotic."

ALMOST as disquieting as the life insurance revelations are those which come out of the inquiry made into the affairs of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its affiliated line, the Baltimore and Ohio, by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The disclosures of graft are regarded as all the more shocking because of the position the Pennsylvania road has held in public esteem for

decades. Its political relations have always excited distrust; but otherwise it has enjoyed the reputation of being "the best managed railroad in America." It is also the most important in the amount of its capital, its mileage, and its gross earnings. Last year it carried 290,000,000 tons of freight and 84,000,000 passengers; its gross earnings were \$146,000,000, its employees numbered 160,000. It is borrowing vast sums on both sides of the sea to pay for new improvements being made on a large scale. It is one of the financial giants of the world and the monetary markets of the world are directly affected by its proceedings. But what is still more important is the fact that it stands as the leading representative of the transportation system of America, and the financial importance of our big insurance societies is as a flea-bite in comparison with that of the railroad system as a whole. All the commercial and industrial enterprises of the country are tied together by it; and if the disclosures in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in connection with the coal-carrying business, can be typical of the operations of the whole railroad system in its relations to all forms of industry, then indeed has shame "overcome us like a summer cloud." The new issues of shares and bonds of all kinds in the whole world in 1905 amounted to \$3,800,000,000. Of this amount nearly one billion dollars represented railroad shares and bonds issued in this country.



WHOA, MAUD!

—Davenport in *N. Y. Mail*.

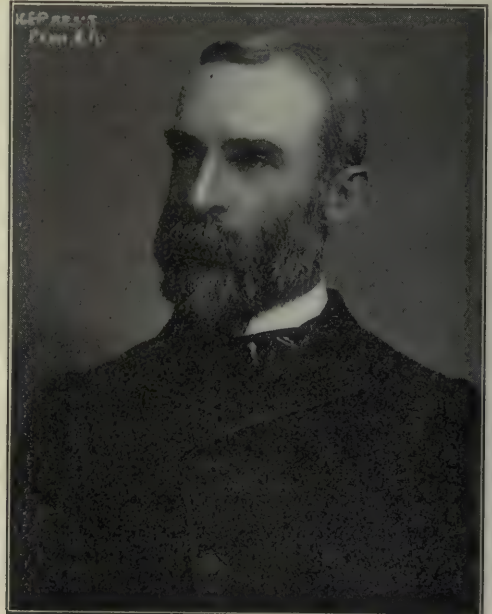
THE testimony elicited by the commission in the first few days from employees of the road drew from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* the query, "Does it mean pus sacs or a cancer?" A few days later it answered its query: "There can no longer be any question that the condition is cancerous, and that the fibres of the malignant growth are deep-seated and toughly intertwined together." In the main, the disclosures are that officials of the road have for years been recipients of gifts of stock and cash in large amounts from the coal companies dependent for their very existence upon the service of the railroad. While it has not been shown, and President Cassatt pledges his word it cannot be shown, that any departures from the published rates have been made for the benefit of favored companies, it seems very clear that some companies have received cars when other companies were clamoring for them and couldn't get them; and the companies so favored were the ones that had made these gifts of stock or cash to the railroad officials. The life of all these companies depends, of course, upon securing cars to carry their products to market.

OPERATOR after operator in the coal business told of long and vain struggles to get a sufficient number of cars and of final bankruptcy as a result. The assistant of President Cassatt admitted the possession of about \$307,000 worth of stock in half a dozen coal companies, for which he paid nothing or next to nothing. His chief clerk had received in the same way \$38,000 worth of stocks. The general superintendent of one division of the road said his free gifts amounted to 1,300 shares of stock, some of them paying 20 per cent. in dividends and only a few as low as 12 per cent. He "just accepted them without asking any questions." The chief clerk in the office of the superintendent of motive power, who purchased fuel for the locomotives, admitted that he had received, in cash, within three years, as much as \$46,000 from the coal companies he purchases from. In return he "did what he could for them." Another chief clerk, on a salary never larger than \$126 a month, had amassed stock amounting to about \$75,000. The president of the Jamison Coal and Coke Co. told of sending a check of \$5,000 to President Cassatt's assistant, in 1902, to secure his



ONCE A RODMAN, NOW A PRESIDENT

Alexander J. Cassatt had to cut short his European tour by reason of the revelations of graft in his railroad company. He has discharged two of the worst grafters



THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

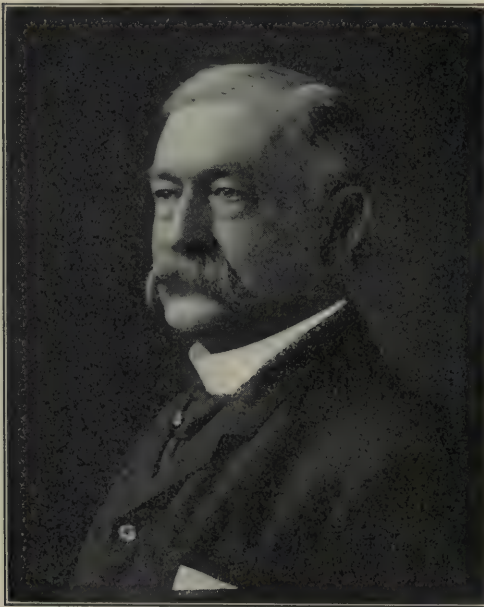
Capt. John P. Green expresses surprise and disappointment at the conditions that have been disclosed by the Interstate Commerce Commission's inquiry.

SOME HIGH OFFICIALS IN

influence in getting transportation favors. "Naturally," said Commissioner Prouty, "you got all the cars you wanted after that?" "Yes, sir," was the answer; "we gave away our stock to increase our facilities for doing business." Various forms of favoritism were secured by the Berwind-White Co., in which President Cassatt's son is said to be heavily interested. The present investigation extends no further than the railroad's connection with the coal and oil business; but, according to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*: "in so far as the public is concerned there is already talk of far-reaching, multifarious corruption; of fraud and rake-offs in the purchase of steel rails and other equipment; of subsidies given by steel mills and other sellers of material to Pennsylvania purchasing agents; of frauds on the stockholders and on the company in the construction department; and of the need for a legislative investigation to uncover the activities not touched by the coal and oil inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission." The country waits with some trepidation the results of the commission's inquiry into other of the coal-carrying and oil-carrying roads.

SUCH explanations as have been made— if they may be called explanations— have rather angered than mollified public sentiment so far as the press indicates that sentiment. President Cassatt admits, in a public statement issued June 2, that possession of coal stocks by officers of the road is "no doubt inadvisable and unfortunate," but heretofore it has not been contrary to any by-law of the company, and, in the earlier years, the officers were encouraged to aid in the development of industries along the company's lines. He professed ignorance still of proof that any of the officers had been guilty of favoritism in the distribution of cars, but promised a searching investigation by the board of directors. He asserted that "an effort, seemingly organized, has been made to place the management in the most unfavorable light," and added in a spirit of apparent resentment because of the criticism so far evoked:

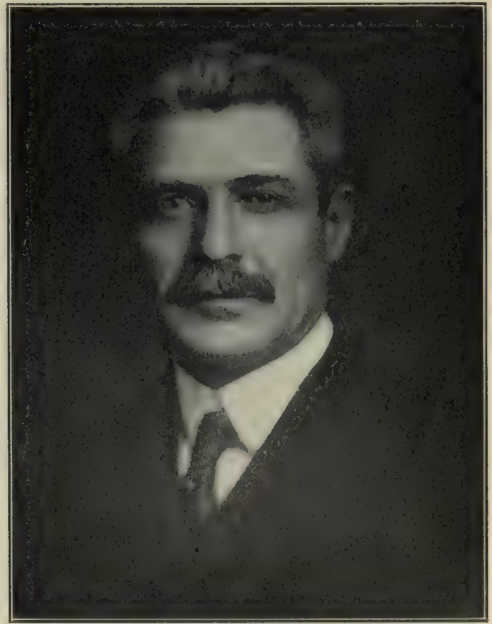
"The press generally, in its present hostility to the railroads, is only falling in line with an anti-corporation public sentiment which has been created by some of the leaders of the two great political parties who are trying to outbid each other for popular support by attacking large vested interests indiscriminately."



HAS SEEN FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OF SERVICE

Charles E. Pugh, the second vice-president, has passed his career in the service of the Pennsylvania road, beginning as a station agent at the age of eighteen.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



IN CHARGE OF ENGINEERING WORK

Samuel Rea, the third vice-president, was but fifteen when he entered the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Referring to Mr. Cassatt's statement, the New York *Tribune* says that, on the contrary, the American public and the press have regarded the Pennsylvania road with unusual respect and admiration and the recent disclosures are a very great and disappointing surprise. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* takes exception to President Cassatt's remarks as follows:

"The President of the Pennsylvania approaches the subject from a distinctly false position when he believes, or professes to believe, that the sentiment which is abroad to-day in Pennsylvania concerning the charges and the company is the result of a 'manufactured and mistaken public opinion.' That sentiment which calls to-day for the complete correction of railroad abuses in any and all forms and in any and all companies is the honest outcome of a growing national feeling which now finds in this State its local expression; and President Cassatt has been ill-advised in allowing himself, before he has been twenty-four hours on shore, to use language like that of the insurance presidents a year ago, when they, too, stigmatized the first catechism of their management as prejudiced and 'manufactured.'"

THE searching investigation by the board which President Cassatt promises does not seem to command much confidence. "What Mr. Cassatt does not yet appear to understand," says the *Public Ledger*, "is that a secret investigation by the directors of the company does not meet the exigencies of the situation, and is not enough to restore that faith which he expects the public to have, that the management will 'deal properly' with the emergency." The *North American* (Philadelphia) is almost savage in its remarks on the board's investigation. It refers to the fact that President Cassatt and T. DeWitt Cuyler, two of the board, were also directors of the Equitable Life while that company "was being disembowelled by its officers and their blackleg allies." It refers also to the alleged relations of Vice-President Rea to a project which it calls the "Lake Superior bubble," and of three other members of the board, Messrs. Tatnall, Morris, and Ellis, to "the asphalt swindle," and then says:

"Any fair-minded man may be asked, without doubt of the nature of his reply, to declare if the record of these persons in this particular can justly be regarded as forming a sound basis for confidence in the sincerity of their purpose to purify the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from knavery? Really, there is something like monotony in the appearance of these men in places of authority when transactions of an unwholesome character are being conducted. Perhaps the repeated coincidence is accidental,

but surely the men who were entangled in Asphalt and who had their hands in Lake Superior and who were smutted by Equitable crime can hardly excite ardent expectation that they will lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet when crookedness is discovered (by somebody else) right under their noses in Broad Street Station."

An admission made before the commission by Vice-President Pugh, to the effect that it has been the policy of the company to late "to discourage as much as possible the opening of new bituminous mines, excites the consternation of another Pennsylvania paper, the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. It says:

"One avowal by a railroad official is the most startling exhibit of the corporate relation toward the public policy. That was the declaration that the management as a rule declined to furnish switches to new mines because the coal production is large enough already. In other words, the railroad management arrogates to itself the power to restrict production and forbid the development of new industry. If a Legislature should enact such a law it would fall under the ban of popular condemnation. If an executive should make an edict of the sort he would be written down in history as a stupid despot. But corporate management has reached the height where it enacts what constitutional government dare not undertake, namely, the limitation of industry lest the people might get their fuel too cheaply. . . . There has been a protest against 'drastic regulation.' But what sort of regulation can be so drastic as forbidding owners of coal lands to develop their property, is something for the exponents of corporate ideas to explain."

* *



LESS than an hour after the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo had joined in matrimony the high and mighty Señor—the phraseology is official—Don Alfonso XIII of Bourbon and Austria, Catholic King of Spain, to her Royal Highness, Princess Victoria Eugenia Julia Ena Maria Cristina of Battenberg, the flounces of Brussels lace which formed the ornamentation of the white satin dress worn by the newly made bride were crimsoned with the blood of dead and dying men. The Coche de la Corona Real, the vehicle occupied by their Majesties in the wedding procession through the streets of Madrid, had been made the target of an anarchist's bomb. When the golden globes supporting the Bourbon crown on the roof of the royal coach were seen turning into the avenue upon which the palace fronts, the crowds which had poured into the Calle Mayor, one of the busiest, although far from one of the widest of Madrid's thoroughfares, to obtain a view



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MADRID DECORATIONS FOR THE KINGLY NUPTIALS

Everywhere in the Spanish capital the bunting and the flags attested the popularity of the present head of the house of Bourbon. The popular demonstrations are thought to have been sincere and not merely perfunctory.

At the return procession from the church fog of dust and smoke enveloped the coach and the king and queen were thrown into panic by an explosion. A part of the royal crown with its eight horses



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THE FAMOUS ROYAL COACH OF THE SPANISH KINGS ON ALFONSO'S WEDDING DAY

This vehicle is said to be fully two hundred years old, and it is used only on the most ceremonious occasions. The picture was taken on the last day of May just after the ceremony uniting the ruler of Spain and the niece of Edward VII. The bride and groom are on their way to the palace.

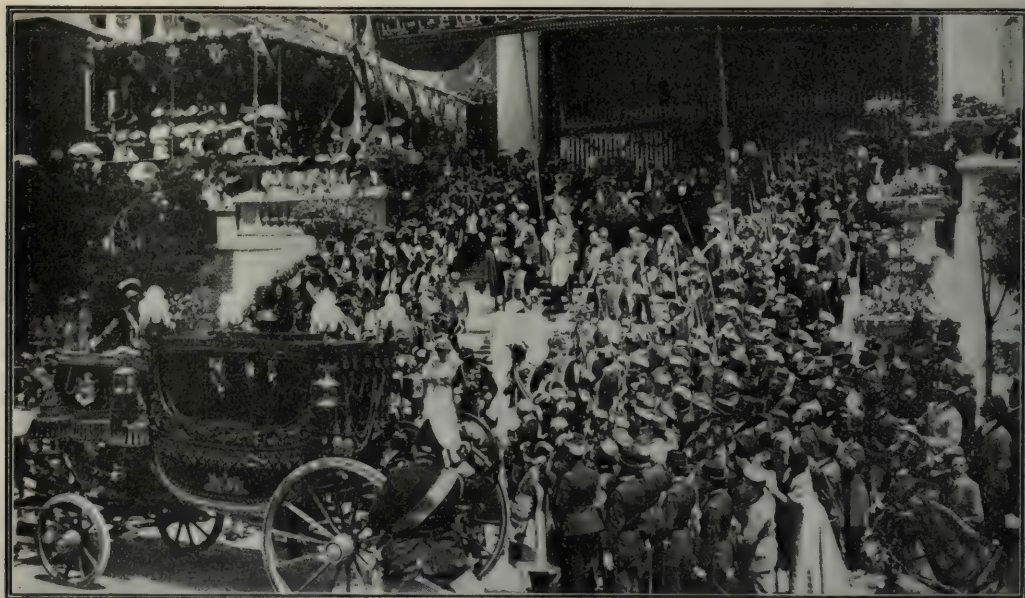


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PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG ON THE EVE OF BECOMING QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

The little lady drove up to the church to be married in a coach of honor reserved for visiting royalty. She could not make use of the grand coach in which Alfonso himself proceeded to the church for the reason that her Highness of Battenberg had not yet become her Majesty of Spain

topped by white ostrich plumes. A moment before, hats were waving, hands were clapping and from all the draped balconies crowded with gorgeously arrayed ladies



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IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE HAD BEEN MADE HIS BRIDE, THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN ESCORTED THE QUEEN TO THE COACH

Queen Victoria was her name and title when she left the church on the arm of her consort. So the Princess Ena that was took her departure for the palace in the vehicle reserved exclusively for the royalty of Aragon.



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IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOMB HURLED AT THE KING OF SPAIN

The missile was hurled from an upper window of a house on the corner. The photograph shows the first instants of panic before it had been definitely ascertained that the King and his bride sustained no injury

handkerchiefs were fluttering like doves in flight. But now one of the white horses lay lifeless in front of the carriage. The other seven were spread out across the road in



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HOW THE MOB OF MADRILEÑOS SURGED AROUND THE ROYAL COACH AFTER THE HURLING OF THE BOMB

It looked for a moment as if the police, in consequence of the panic precipitated by the sight of the young Queen of Spain covered with blood might lose control of the situation.

panic. More than twenty men lay dead all about, while at least fifty paraders and spectators had received wounds. But the young Queen Victoria waved her hands from the windows of the coach. She had not been hurt. Then Alfonso himself jumped out of his silk-embroidered seat to the blood-stained street, placed his arm around the waist of his little consort and aided her to alight. A splinter from the bomb had struck his Majesty in the chest, tearing the gold facings from his purple coat. Alfonso's white satin breeches were blood-stained. But the King wore the insignia of the Golden Fleece and the order of Carlos III. The metal of these decorations prevented, apparently, the deadly progress of the fragment.

HER Majesty's bridal robe has since been dedicated to the Virgin of the Dove, the patroness of all heroes of the bull-fight, to whose intercession the more pious residents of Madrid attribute the escape of the royal couple. Alfonso and his bride prayed before the statue of the Virgin de la Paloma before departing for their honeymoon to the shining white palace of San Ildefonso, or La Granja, in the Guadarrama Mountains of New Castile. If, after the fervency with which she professed the ancient faith of the house of Bourbon and graced by her presence the fiercest bull-fight ever fought in honor of a royal wedding, anything were wanting to heighten the popularity of the new Queen with her Spanish subjects, her Majesty's courage on her nuptial day would supply the deficiency. The Queen was seen to be pale, yet, as she drove slowly in another coach to the royal palace, she smiled. She appeared on the palace balcony more than once, waving her little hand—remarkably little, says the Madrid *Epoca*—to her cheering people. She took an automobile ride with the King through the principal streets of Madrid that same evening. Their Majesties were without escort. Indeed, explains the Madrid *Epoca*, they needed none. All Madrid broke into wild applause at sight of the unguarded King and Queen placing their royal lives under the protection of their enthusiastic subjects. Within forty-eight hours the author or the active agent of the outrage had shot himself through the heart to escape the pursuit of the police. He turned out to be a rich merchant's son. He it was, if we may credit current European press rumor, who threw the bomb at Alfonso in Paris just a year before fate made Princess

Ena of Battenberg the most popular Queen Spain has had for a century.



ALL the constitutional crises through which Russia's Duma has lived in its six weeks' existence, the greatest, as Europe's press agrees, grew out of the invitation of the Czar to President Mouromtseff to take luncheon at the imperial palace. The result was fraught, in the opinion of the closest students of affairs at St. Petersburg, with such possibilities as the dispersal of the Duma at the point of the bayonet and the outbreak of civil war. On the night preceding this memorable invitation, the Duma's officials, from President Mouromtseff himself to the humblest clerk, had toiled at the revision of an address to the throne, in which no autocratic abuse or bureaucratic bully was spared. Every member of the Duma, from the vitriolic Ivan Miklashevsky, of Chernigoff, whose part, like Bottom's, seems to be nothing but roaring, to the suave Dr. Novgorodotseff, of Ekaterinaslov, who carefully chooses the ground on which he fights for freedom, has had his fling, in the fierce debates from which the address itself evolved, at the iron hand of power. So redundant grew the verbiage amid which deputies seemed never to get at the beginning or come to the end of any question that orations on the address to the throne had to be terminated finally by a gong at the end of every five minutes. It is a matter of gossip that a microphone at the rear of the hall enables Nicholas II, through the medium of a cleverly concealed receiver, to hear in his palace all that transpires in the Duma. His Majesty is averred to spend hours in listening to the speeches. The result must impart pungency to the proverb that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves.

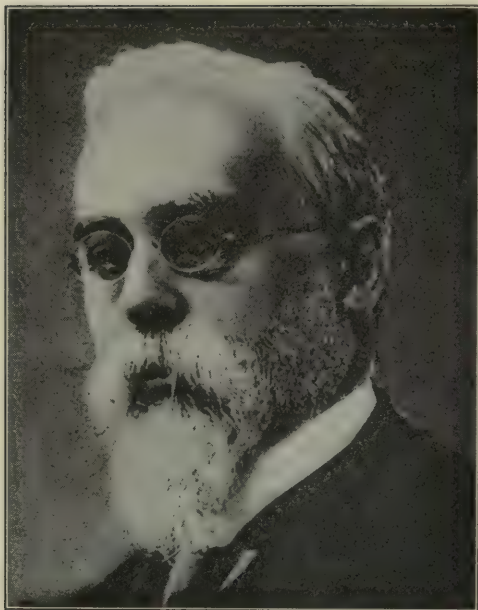
HOW the Czar, with his ear at the receiver, was impressed by the demands of the deputies, as the address took shape from their discussions, does not appear. They asked him to solve the land question by surrendering the crown and church estates and expropriating the large landed proprietors. They insisted that the ministry be made responsible to the deputies—themselves—only. They called for universal suffrage of the most direct variety. They urged amnesty for all political prisoners.

They demanded liberty of person, of the press, of association. And they declared that the Council of the Empire, the upper chamber now awaiting an opportunity to emasculate all the Duma's bills, should be abolished forthwith. There is, in a word, no burning Russian theme upon which the address does not touch. Only the spontaneity of President Mouromtseff's tact rescued the Duma from the effects of the heated atmosphere. St. Petersburg dailies are filled with praises of Sergius Andreevitch Mouromtseff. They tell the story of the thirty years he has spent in striving for reform in Russia. They vouch for his knowledge of the law, matured in a professorship of Roman jurisprudence at Moscow University. His liberalism cost him his chair, whereupon he founded a radical periodical, which the police hastened to suppress. President Mouromtseff belongs to a very ancient and very famous family of Moscow. He is an aristocrat in the old Muscovite sense, but he can lower himself to the tone of the Duma with no loss of his own distinction. Nothing could be more characteristic than his self-effacement in permitting Ivan Petrunkevitch to enjoy the honor of making the first speech to which the Duma ever listened. That was a distinction which should properly have gone to Mouromtseff when he took his seat as presiding officer. But Petrunkevitch had spent years of weary exile under Plehve's despotic rigor. Petrunkevitch, heading a deputation from Tver, had dared to tell Nicholas II to his face that Russia's only hope was a parliament of all her people. "You are dreaming," replied the Czar, and Plehve put his police on the trail of Petrunkevitch. That iconoclast disappeared from the center of the political stage until President Mouromtseff, by his act of magnanimity, associated the name of Petrunkevitch with the birth of representative institutions in a land of despotism.

IVAN PETRUNKEVITCH, for his part, deems President Mouromtseff too scholastic and professional in his ideas of amnesty. Petrunkevitch is full of this subject of amnesty for all who now fill felons' cells for political reasons. As the deputies steamed along the Neva from the Winter Palace, wherein Nicholas II proclaimed the opening of the Duma, to the trim, park-like recess in which the Tauride Palace stands, Petrunkevitch pointed out a low stone prison

on the river-bank. It was a place of bondage, he said, for the flower of Russia's manhood. As he spoke, handkerchiefs were fluttered from every barred window in these dungeons. The prisoners had learned somehow of the great event of the day, Petrunkevitch explained. Later, in the long struggle over the address to the throne, he dwelt upon the symbolism of those waving handkerchiefs. "And all the prisons are filled," he shouted. "Free Russia demands that they be emptied." Whereupon he rolled his eyes behind his spectacles and pulled at his short gray beard, for these are the only adventitious aids to his impassioned eloquence to which he condescends to resort. Time and again he has intervened to avert compromise on a point involving, as he declares, the liberties of his country. He has been termed the Vesuvius of the Duma.

BUT when the address to the throne had been trimmed of its more disrespectful allusions to the bureaucratic abuses of the past, Ivan Petrunkevitch made way for another type of deputy altogether—Aladin. "He is an angry speaker," a fellow member is quoted as having said of Aladin. "He knows much but he should speak more gently." Aladin, representative of Simbirsk, is a Russian peasant of a kind rarely portrayed in Turgenieff's fiction or Gorky's fancy. He is one of the innumerable agricultural mujiks converted into a proletarian of the streets by the young factory system of Muscovy. He has read Buckle and Karl Marx and he has even traveled beyond the frontier. Some years ago he got as far as London, where he spent many months as a factory hand. He is a socialist to the marrow. To-day he is the recognized spokesman of the more advanced section of the peasant group. Fully fifty members elected as simple peasants to do the will of autocracy in the Duma now await Aladin's bidding before they vote on any proposition. Hon. Maurice Baring, who attends every session of the Duma, writes in the London *Morning Post* that to Aladin should be applied Mirabeau's comment upon Robespierre: "That young man will go far—he believes all he says." When Petrunkevitch had had his say regarding amnesty for the imprisoned, Aladin began to be heard from on the subject of land for the peasants. This, he declared again and again, must be the great theme of the address to the throne. Nor did he hesitate to allude to the Czar



THE "UNCLE JOE" OF THE CZAR'S LOWER HOUSE

President Mouromtseff is said to try to run the Duma to suit himself, instead of to suit the deputies

himself. "I turn to him who can do everything," exclaimed Aladin. "I ask him in plain and simple words to spare our country, to take matters into his own hands so that we be not forced to take them into our own." He cried that the benches upon which the Czar's ministers sit must be occupied by those who now occupy benches reserved for peasants only.

ALADIN'S loud voice was at its angriest when news reached the Duma that Nicholas II would not receive the address which had inspired so much debate. "His Majesty gives audience to those who urge reaction," cried the orator, "but he shuts his palace gates in the faces of the representatives of this nation." President Mouromtseff is said to have been stricken dumb by the boldness of the remark. "The people," added Aladin, "need a liberty which must be shackled by no one nor by anything but the law." He was for sending a deputation offhand to the palace, clothed with the authorization to present the address at all hazards. Then it was that the invitation from Nicholas II to the Duma's president began to figure in the rumors set afoot by a growing tenseness in the parliamentary air. President Mouromtseff, it appeared, had

petitioned for an interview with the Czar. Day followed day, but no reply came from the palace. The president, the vice-presidents and the secretaries of the Duma were awaiting permission to lay its address at the feet of majesty. The only outcome of the suspense was an imperial command to Mouromtseff to attend a religious service and an imperial luncheon party at Peterhoff in honor of the Czar's birthday. Here, as the *Paris Temps* observes, was a crisis indeed.

HOWEVER, there were deputies who felt that matters were not so bad as they seemed. Count Heyden, one of the conservatively inclined minority which the Duma little heeds, and a large landed proprietor, whose attitude toward amnesty makes Petrunkevitch indignant, argued that the address would be accepted. Mouromtseff was to have precedence over all others at the palace. The news was joyfully announced in the more Liberal dailies of St. Petersburg. But Mouromtseff knew his Czar better than that. The president of the Duma had been favored with one audience at the Winter Palace already. There he had discovered ample evidence of the ascendancy of General Trepoff. It was Trepoff who advanced to receive Mouromtseff. The soldier detained the statesman in conversa-



THE "BORN ORATOR" OF THE DUMA

Rodicheff is the deputy to whom this title is often accorded by those who hear the debates

tion, putting pointed questions regarding the Duma. But Mouromtseff took refuge from such curiosity in observations of general signification. Trepoff had persuaded the Czar some days previous to call to his audience chamber that former Minister Durnovo who fell from power with Witte. Durnovo and Nicholas, brought together by Trepoff, are said in the despatches of last month to have discussed the possibility of dissolving the Duma for good and all. Mouromtseff, in touch with palace gossips, prepared for the palace luncheon in anything but a confident mood. Whatever may have been his chagrin, therefore, he can scarcely have felt surprise at finding himself relegated to a side-table in the imperial dining-room—a table, we are further told, at which there were no ladies—while, in point of precedence, he was ranked after all the Secretaries of State. General Trepoff was there in dress uniform, and he, when it was time to go home, paid Mouromtseff the compliment of having the president's carriage called first. Not one word was he permitted to exchange with the Czar. That address to the throne by means of which Petrunkevitch would give the prisoners their freedom and to which Aladin looked as the source of satisfaction of the land hunger of his Simbirsk peasants was still in Mouromtseff's pocket when he got home. All this had a very interesting effect upon a Duma already highly excited.



THE MAKER OF THE FIRST SPEECH IN THE
DUMA

van Petrunkevitch is the champion of amnesty for all political prisoners in the Czar's empire



NICHOLAS II'S COMING PREMIER, PERHAPS

This is the Councilor Shipoff, whom the strong men of the Duma are understood to be urging as Goremykin's successor.

ONLY the suppleness of its president's parliamentary methods saved the Duma from an irretrievable blunder growing out of the indignation its members felt at such an affront to their representative dignity. So convinced is the well-informed London *Telegraph's* correspondent of this that he hints at a contemplated irruption of armed troops into the Tauride Palace and a Cromwellian scattering of the Duma to the four winds. There seems to have been a midnight conference of chiefs of the Constitutional Democratic group, some 220 strong. This party is credited with a conviction that its membership will yet supply Nicholas II with a responsible ministry. Be that as it may, there was no recognition for the Aladins or the Petrunkevitches when the Duma was next called to order. Precedence was given instead to Prof. Maxim Kovalevsky, the brilliant and even erratic representative from Kharkoff, but a man, none the less, of persuasive talents and of tried discretion in the management of the deputies. Kovalevsky is one of the members whose influence has rapidly grown. Numbers of peasants once reckoned supporters of the government policy are now supporting this advocate of an international union of all Slavs. To Kovalevsky is attributed an intimate knowledge of the workings of the British constitution. He made a lucid exposition to the Duma last month

of the jealousy with which the House of Commons in London has guarded its right to initiate measures of taxation. Kovalevsky is also committed to the idea of making the Council of the Empire not an upper house, as it is deemed at present, but a sort of privy council in no sense invested with a legislative character. His great point has been, however, that the Duma must make and unmake every ministry. But Kovalevsky now treated the Duma to a comparison of the methods of presenting addresses by the British House of Commons, by the German Reichstag and by the Prussian Landtag. No two modes, he showed, were in any sense the same. He concluded, therefore, that as the address to the throne would be certainly received, the method of its reception was immaterial. This view prevailed.

MEANWHILE Nicholas II, whose decision of character seems to tempt Trepoff's arrogance more and more, had a series of animated debates with that personage and the reactionaries of the palace. The Czar, say competent St. Petersburg correspondents, was originally inclined to receive the Duma's deputation, address to the throne and all. Trepoff, on the authority of his grand ducal supporters, assured the Czar, it seems, that the Duma was usurping the functions of a constituent assembly upon the model of the French Revolution. Nicholas II is said to live in dread of the precedents established by the Paris upheaval of 1789. Robespierre has established a reign of terror in the autocratic mind. He was readily persuaded that the Duma had gone mad to ask that responsible power over the ministry be entrusted to its members in a parliamentary age wherein the bicameral legislative system prevails everywhere—in Austria, in Germany, in Great Britain, in the United States. Yet Russia, a parliamentary infant, demands a legislature of one chamber only. As for the presentation of the address to the throne, it must be made in strict accordance with the etiquette prescribing the grand marshal of the court as the transmitter of such a document. Other authorities indicate Baron Fredericks, minister of imperial court ceremonies, as the individual to whom the paper ought to be handed. As a matter of fact, the address did get into the hands of Premier Goremykin at last and St. Petersburg was soon agitated with forecasts of his reply.

GOREMYKIN'S conception of his duty as Prime Minister continues to be that he must get rid of the Duma—quietly and without a display of force if that can be done. He is understood to have told Nicholas last month that the Duma can be controlled with the co-operation of its peasant members. Kovalevsky and Aladin have between them made the prospect doubtful. But Goremykin has said that the Duma will have adjourned by July at the latest. If his calculations go astray he will, it is predicted in European dailies, either employ brute force or dissolve the chamber itself. Being an optimist, he expects that the deputies will soon have adjourned, leaving official St. Petersburg unembarrassed until the autumn. Such are the ideas of the man who now became the pivot of events. There are more than five hundred members of the Duma as at present constituted, and the despatches say that nearly every one was in his seat at the Tauride Palace when Goremykin appeared to answer their tempest-tossed address to the throne. One by one all its demands were refused or evaded. Prime-Minister Goremykin has a loud voice and, from his place in the elevated tribune from which its orators address the Duma, he could be plainly heard. Excitement manifested itself when universal suffrage was consigned to an untimely grave. There was perceptible starting from many a deputy's seat when the amnesty for which Petrunkevitch had thundered was pronounced a matter within the Czar's prerogative solely. Compulsory sale of lands was denounced as a blow at the foundation of Russian society. Abolition of the upper house received short shrift, and when he came to the project of a ministry responsible to the Duma Goremykin actually shouted, "It can not be." One peasant deputy later told the correspondent of the *London Tribune* that he expected to see the Duma at this point hurl itself upon the Prime Minister and tear him to pieces. As it was, they sat with pale faces and clenched fists. "When M. Goremykin ended," we read in a despatch, "there was an ominous and impressive silence." It was broken at last by one of the most remarkable personages in the Duma.

IT WAS Rodicheff, deputy from Tver and the one leader of the Constitutional Democrats who is the equal of President Mouromtseff in urbanity, who now took it



WHERE THE DUMA HOLDS ITS STORMY SESSIONS

Here in the Tauride Palace a new Parliament was born and a mighty struggle has been taking place between it and the advisers of the Czar

upon himself to speak the mind of the Duma. The voice of Rodicheff has the resonance and his gestures the appropriateness which make him noticeable as one of the few members of the Duma who possess a mastery of the orator's technical rules. He is, moreover, imposing of form, well groomed without being elegant or in the latest fashion, and he has evidently overcome the difficulties experienced by most members of the Duma in getting their hair combed. Like Petrunkevitch, Rodicheff has had to fly from the pursuit of Plehve's spies, and like Aladin he has gained a first-hand knowledge of civilization in an Anglo-Saxon land. But he is much more than merely the one born orator the Duma has so far evolved. He has shown himself a political organizer. His adroitness receives all the credit for contriving the way out of the dilemma in which the Duma was placed by Trepoff's contempt for the address to the throne. "It is the old policy of violence, of crime," Rodicheff now declared, in tones audible throughout the hall. "Peace in Russia seems to have become a dream. And it is the government of this country which now attacks it. For its attitude on the land question is imbecile, its refusal of amnesty is criminal. The legislative power of this nation alone has the right to come to final decisions respecting land and amnesty, suffrage and the forms of constitutional government." Thunders of applause greeted Rodicheff, who never fails to inspire the

whole Duma with his spirit. Aladin, who followed, was violent, his peasant following cheering him noisily—ominous sign, according to the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*. For Aladin declared—in the exact Russian equivalent of the words—that over Russia hangs the menace of revolution laved in seas of blood.

* * *



BARON RIO BRANCO, perhaps the most eminent living South American statesman and now Brazil's Minister of Foreign Affairs, has made such elaborate preparations for the assemblage during this coming month of the third Pan-American conference that Rio Janeiro promises to be for weeks the center of interest in world politics. Precisely what undercurrent of circumstances impelled the Washington Government to send to this third gathering of the American powers no less eminent a personage than Secretary of State Elihu Root is a theme inspiring endless comment in those German organs which are presumed to expound the policy of colonial expansion for which Emperor William stands out boldly. Emperor William's ambassador in Washington used *The North American Review* some weeks ago for the purpose of assuring the republics to the south of us that the peril of German emigration to their shores is a phantom. But it has been noticed that the imperial ambassador did not once mention the Monroe doctrine. Baron Rio

Branco was at one time Brazil's ambassador in Berlin, and he is a diplomatist who measures his words always. But he is said to contemplate with anything but satisfaction the determination of Berlin officialdom to conserve the German character of the hundreds of thousands of settlers from the fatherland now in southern Brazil. Rio Branco is said to have wondered if Berlin looked upon any of his own country's soil as a German sphere of interest. The topic will not come officially before the Pan-American conference, but it will be discussed informally this month when diplomatists unbend over their coffee at Rio Janeiro. So, at least, we are told in London press hints.

ON THIS account the reflections upon the Jingo temper of the delegates to the conference which have been finding their way into German organs of late seem significant to a few South American dailies. Mr. Root has been held up in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* as an exemplar of the anti-Berlin sentiment supposed to dominate the Roosevelt administration; but the Buenos Ayres *Prensa*, most influential of all South American dailies, tells us that the statesman from Washington goes to Rio as a Pan-American pure and simple, neither anti-Berlin nor anti-London. Mr. Root, according to another South American daily, means to organize South America diplomatically on the basis of the Monroe doctrine. That accomplished, he will prepare for the peace conference at The Hague. For The Hague will be asked to indorse what is to be the peculiar function of the conference at Rio—vindication of the Calvo doctrine. This is the now familiar doctrine whereby creditor nations are forbidden to collect from debtor nations with the suasion of armored cruisers or the argument of the battleship. Berlin, we are told, is alarmed. Her diplomacy is already active. Rio Janeiro may be amenable to Washingtonian influences, but The Hague will be dominated by Emperor William. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* is quite indignant at the anti-German spirit which it detects in all that concerns this aspect of the Pan-American conference.

BRAZIL, while cherishing resentments of her own against Berlin, is understood to have a certain suspicion of Rooseveltian policy likewise. It is to be Mr. Root's mission to assuage and mitigate all such uneasiness. Washington aggravated Rio Janeiro

during the Acre dispute involving Brazil, Peru and Bolivia. Acre is a rubber paradise bristling with virgin forest. The three republics struggled for it, a boundary commission sprang into being, and Bolivia conferred her claim to sovereignty in the region affected to a corporation of financiers in Wall Street. The entire South American world was scandalized. Rio Janeiro informed Washington that no sovereignty vested in New York bankers would be recognized. Europe was warned off by the Monroe doctrine. The United States was now held aloof by a turning of the diplomatic tables. The regard for Brazilian susceptibilities displayed by Secretary Root when he came to deal with this question is known to have impressed Baron Rio Branco most favorably.

MR. ROOT does not intend to wait for the termination of the conference. Upon chairman William I. Buchanan, of the United States delegation, will fall the responsibility of upholding Rooseveltian policy in matters pertaining to arbitration, to the establishment of an international court of claims, to the building of a Pan-American railroad, and to the development of that commercial situation which the completion of the Panama Canal is to make so memorable. Mr. Buchanan will be aided by five colleagues selected for their intimate acquaintance with Spanish-American problems. They have been instructed not to emphasize too plainly the fact that the United States is the dominant factor in all that concerns the diplomacy of the Americas. They must do what they can to allay jealousies of Washington influence now so keen in many a South American capital. They will assure every delegate that President Roosevelt meant no covert attack upon their Continental independence when he declared in a recent message that South America must be freed from the turbulence of which the European bondholder complains so loudly. What Mr. Roosevelt is said in Chile to be meditating is in effect the appointment of the Washington Government under an international mandate to act as policeman throughout South America. Chile's delegates will be told that if for any reason the Monroe doctrine were suspended, all Europe would be at war for slices of Spanish America. The Monroe doctrine was in abeyance, indeed, during the war of secession and instantly a French army was encamped in Mexico. That is an object-lesson which has been urged with effect.

Persons in the Foreground

BRYAN THE GLADIATOR

"An honest, manly, square man, one who believes everything he believes, and one who is a most tremendous fighter"—such is the characterization given by one of the best of the Washington correspondents of William Jennings Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's return to this country in a few weeks, from his journey around the world, will be the beginning of a new fight for him. It is already evident that he will either have to fight and fight hard to escape a third nomination for the presidency, or he will have to accept it and make another fight for election. A committee to receive him when he lands in New York City late in August has been determined upon, and even the more conservative Democrats are manifesting so much zeal in the proposed reception that some of the old-time "Bryan men" are showing a disposition to "sulk in their tents" rather than mix with these new champions of their leader.

Ten years ago, the day after Mr. Bryan's first defeat for the presidency, the *New York Tribune* expressed views of Bryan held at that time by a very considerable portion of the American public. He was described as a "wretched, rattle-pated boy posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness"; "a puppet in the blood-imbrued hands of Altgeld the anarchist and Debs the revolutionist and other desperadoes." He was characterized as "apt at lies and forgeries and

blasphemies," and the rival of Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis "in deliberate wickedness and treason to the republic." That sounds now like the very flower and consummation of bitter partizanship, even for *The Tribune*, and none of Mr. Bryan's friends would ask for anything better now than a little of that same violent talk from his enemies. Public opinion has changed since those days and Mr. Bryan himself has changed, and in consequence of the double change abuse of that sort would arouse almost as much resentment in Republican as in Democratic ranks.

The story of Bryan's campaigns need not be retold now; but the picture recently given of him in the latest and the hardest fight he ever had, in the Democratic national con-

vention two years ago, as presented by the *New York Times's* Washington correspondent,* is not so well known. It is the picture of a born gladiator, fighting almost alone, against great odds, and to the very verge of utter prostration. Here is a general description of Bryan in a fight—any old fight:

"Bryan in a fight is an interesting sight to see. He never loses his temper, never abates a jot of his grip upon that flowing good humor of his, and never loses an atom of his self-control. Yet he differs in aspect from the politicians who enter a fight with the 'gambler's eye.' The gambler's eye is a part of that steady, imperturbable face which belongs to race-track men and to many

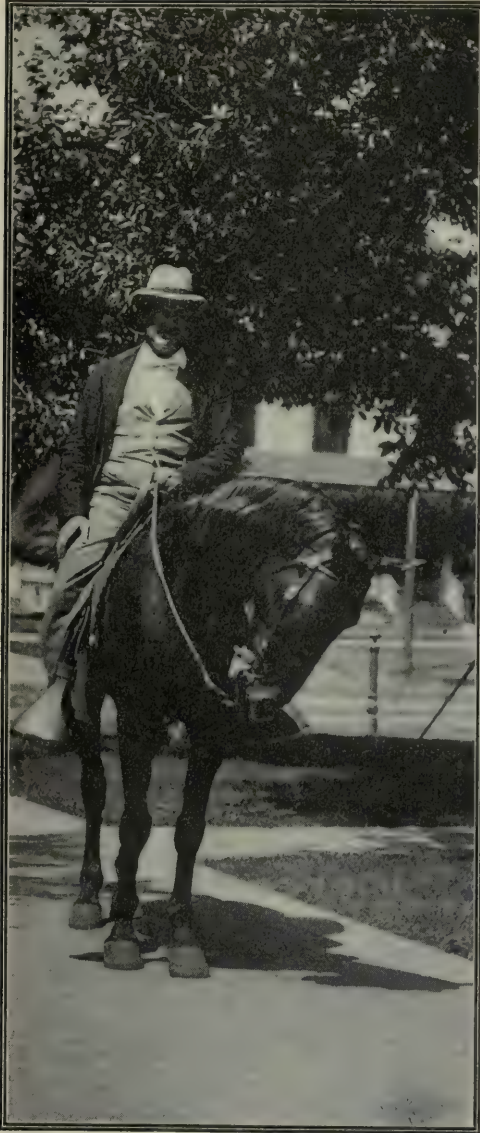


Photograph by Vander Weyde.

THE NEXT LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE—IF

The "if" stands for a good many political contingencies. Mrs. Bryan is now accompanying her husband in his world-tour and seeing more of him than she has seen before in many years.

*PARTY LEADERS OF THE TIME. By Charles Willis Thompson. G. W. Dillingham Company.



Photograph by Vander Weyde.

BRYAN IN THE SADDLE

The house in the rear is his Lincoln home. The horse is one given him by Senator Stone. The rider seems destined to be "in the saddle" again, in a political sense, as soon as he returns to America.

politicians of the type of Patrick H. McCarren. With it go the low voice and the equable temperament. 'Bull' Andrews, Quay's old lieutenant in Pennsylvania, is a fine example of this type.

"But this steady, calm stolidity is utterly apart from Bryan's calmness. He is the picture of activity and life. His eyes gleam with the joy of fighting; he is in his element; he does not even lose or conceal his keen perception of the ludicrous even when the joke is on himself."

When Bryan went to the convention in

1904, Mr. Thompson tells us, he was deserted and hopelessly alone. It was to be a harmony convention. Mr. Hearst and his followers were the only disturbing element, and they were not Bryanites, but radicals to whom Bryan was a conservative. Senator Carmack, General Weaver, Senator Tillman and Senator DuBois were disposed to be at least acquiescent and silent for the sake of harmony. Bryan was besieged by his friends not to kill himself politically by standing out against Democratic reunion and success. One of his friends was laboring with him not to obtrude his principles at that time where they were hopeless of recognition. Bryan intimated that there was such a thing as ultimate success following temporary defeat.

"Not in 1908," said his friend.

"Well in 1912," said Mr. Bryan.

"No sir, not in 1912."

"Well, in 1916, then," said Mr. Bryan.

"Not in 1916," was the emphatic answer, "not in 1920, not in 1924, not in seventy-five years."

"Well, in seventy-five years then," said Mr. Bryan.

The expostulations of his friends were all in vain. Bryan set himself, "with that calm, imperturbable good humor which is his main surface characteristic," to the task of over-ruling a decision already made, of overturning a pledged majority. "No greater fight single-handed was ever made," says Mr. Thompson:

"He was in the thick of every fight; in the Committee on Resolutions, in the fight over credentials. He was all alone, and so he could not miss a single fight; there was no lieutenant to whom to turn the job over. He flashed from one room, where a fight had been just completed, to another, there to carry on the next one. Of course he did not sleep. After the battles of the day and night were over there were the plans for the next day to make, and belated persons to see.

"He was there several days before the convention met, and he probably got a few hours' sleep in that time; but he did not have over an hour's sleep from the day the convention met, on the morning of July 6, to the morning of July 9, when Parker was nominated. The battle in the Committee on Resolutions alone lasted through an entire night and morning. The other fighters could get rest; but the single-handed fighter could not.

"All these days were days of herculean battle. Alone he beat the triumphant chieftain, David B. Hill, to his knees in the Committee on Resolutions, and in an all-night battle forced that compromise which later was undone by Parker's famous 'Gold Telegram.' What this feat meant it is impossible to convey to any one who was

not there. It deserved a place in Andrew Lang's collection of the 'great fights of one against a multitude.' Lang was able to find only four, including the fight of Hereward the Strong and the fight of Bussy d'Amboise. The ways of fighting have changed, and the weapons were not the same, but that is all the difference.

"This battle, fought all night long, was prolonged until about noon of July 8. When, at the close of the morning session, Ollie James of Kentucky upreared himself to all of his vast height and in stentorian tones announced that the Committee on Resolutions had 'unanimously' agreed on a platform, there were all the elements of an explosion to beat all convention records. For the Bryanites in the galleries knew the announcement was a victory for the single-handed fighter, and the moment the other side had finished their applause, at the news that there was to be harmony a shrill yell of 'Hurrah for Bryan!' burst from the turbulent mob there."

But though he won in the fight over the platform, Bryan could not win in that over nominations, though he carried the fight into the convention itself, seconding the nomination of Cockrell in a speech that "would have swept a convention less steel riveted." After the speech he almost fell into his seat. He was half led, half carried to a cab, driven to his hotel, and fell immediately into a deep sleep. When he awoke, his doctor ordered him off for a month, saying that otherwise his life was in danger. The convention was not over, but he prepared to obey. That afternoon came the news of the famous "gold telegram" of Judge Parker, the nominee. "For two hours the streets and hotel lobbies were seething masses of infuriated men." The convention met again for a last fierce struggle. Mr. Thompson gives us a picture of the scene:

"Down the aisle came Bryan, white-faced and ghastly, breathing with difficulty, his brows covered with sweat. On his sick-bed he had heard the news, had seen his last chance to turn defeat into victory, had disobeyed his physician, had thrown up his plans for a journey away for rest, and had come with difficulty into the hall to make his last fight.

"He took his stand upon the platform, and there, still single-handed, fought all night long his desperate battle. Defeated at one point, he turned to another. Again and again he all but won. Those standing near him could see with what an effort he spoke, how the perspiration started from his brow at every movement; yet he was as thoroughly master of himself as at any time in his life. He so frightened the reorganizers that they resorted to insult to the presidential candidate of their party for two terms. John Sharp Williams once refused to allow him to speak; Senator Carmack, long an ardent free silver man, being howled at by the galleries and unselfishly interceded for by Bryan, directed Bryan to mind his own business. These things should not be remembered against these gentlemen, with tempers as cracked and broken as their voices from long stress, and seeing the prize of victory about to be snatched from them. It was a situation in which no man could be blamed for losing himself. They are mentioned only to point the fact that Bryan never lost his ready courtesy, his good humor, his thorough self-control.

"And after it was all over and Bryan had lost, he went to his hotel and fell again into that bed of which he had seen so little for a week. For a man of such superb physique it does not take long to recover from things which would kill another; and after a month of recuperation and medical treatment, Bryan was on the stump again, fighting valiantly for the Democratic ticket, and laying his plans for renewing the battle for his principles after the election."

Now even conservative Democrats are calling for him to save the party from a radicalism more feared than his,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT OUT OF DOORS

If Theodore Roosevelt had never taken up ranch life he would never have raised a regiment of Rough Riders; if he had not raised that regiment, he would not have been nominated and elected Governor of New York State; if he had not been elected Governor, he would not have become a candidate for Vice-President, and, later, the President. That, at least, is the sequence that has shaped itself in his mind. In other words, he is President in consequence of his love of out-of-door life and of the wild Western experiences into which that love led him. It is needless to say that it still abides with

him and forms an important part of his personality.

When the President made his trip to the Yellowstone Park three years ago, he took along as a companion John Burroughs—Oom John, as he called him. Mr. Burroughs has, after the lapse of these years, recovered sufficiently to put on record an account of the most interesting thing he saw on that trip, "which, of course, was the President himself." The account is published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and furnishes various touches, slight in themselves, perhaps, but adding considerably to the completeness of

the picture of the man who fills such a large place just now in the international arena of events.

One thing that stands out very clear in the account is the fact that the President is far from being a game-butcher—"as far removed," says Mr. Burroughs, "as day is from night." He is a naturalist first, a hunter second. Says Mr. Burroughs:

"Throughout the trip I found his interest in bird life very keen, and his eye and ear remarkably quick. He usually saw the bird or heard its note as quickly as I did,—and I had nothing else to think about, and had been teaching my eye and ear the trick of it for over fifty years. Of course, his training as a big-game hunter stood him in good stead, but back of that were his naturalist's instincts, and his genuine love of all forms of wild life.

"I have been told that his ambition up to the time he went to Harvard had been to be a naturalist, but that there they seem to have convinced him that all the out-of-door worlds of natural history had been conquered, and that the only worlds remaining were in the laboratory, and to be won with the microscope and the scalpel. But Roosevelt was a man made for action in a wide field, and laboratory conquests could not satisfy him. His instincts as a naturalist, however, lie back of all his hunting expeditions, and, in a large measure, I think, prompt them. Certain it is that his hunting records contain more live natural history than any similar records known to me, unless it be those of Charles St. John, the Scotch naturalist-sportsman."

Near one of the camps in the Yellowstone Park a flock of thirty or forty mountain sheep were observed one morning at the top of a cañon. The men speculated as to whether the sheep would attempt to descend the almost precipitous side of the cañon to the river below. It seemed impossible that they could make the descent, but early in the afternoon they began the attempt. We quote again:

"The President, with coat off and a towel around his neck, was shaving. One side of his face was half shaved, and the other side lathered. Hofer and I started for a point on the brink of the cañon where we could have a better view.

"'By Jove,' said the President, 'I must see that. The shaving can wait, and the sheep won't.'

"So on he came, accoutred as he was,—coatless, hatless, but not latherless, nor towelless. Like the rest of us, his only thought was to see those sheep do their 'stunt.' With glasses in hand, he watched them descend those perilous heights, leaping from point to point, finding a foothold where none appeared to our eyes, loosening fragments of the crumbling rocks as they came, now poised upon some narrow shelf and preparing for the next leap, zigzagging or plunging straight down till the bottom was reached, and not one accident or misstep amid all that insecure footing. I think the President was the

most pleased of us all; he laughed with the delight of it, and quite forgot his need of a hat and coat till I sent for them."

In the night they heard the sheep going back by the same perilous route, and the next day, while the rest of the company went fishing, the President started off alone, with his luncheon in his pocket, to stalk those sheep; not to shoot them, for he took no firearms, but simply for the delight of seeing them. It meant a mountain tramp of eight or ten miles, and back again, but the President felt amply repaid, for he found the sheep, and ate his luncheon as he sat near them observing their actions.

The abounding vitality of the President and the genuineness of his democratic nature stand out strong in Mr. Burroughs's account. He writes:

"He is doubtless the most vital man on the continent, if not on the planet, to-day. He is many-sided, and every side throbs, with his tremendous life and energy; the pressure is equal all around. His interest is as keen in natural history as in economics, in literature as in statecraft, in the young poet as in the old soldier, in preserving peace as in preparing for war. And he can turn all his great power into the new channel on the instant. His interest in the whole of life, and in the whole life of the nation, never flags for a moment. His activity is tireless. All the relaxation he needs or craves is a change of work. He is like the farmer's fields, that only need a rotation of crops. I once heard him say that all he cared about being President was just 'the big work.'"

The President never uses tobacco in any form, says Mr. Burroughs, and he never fishes unless there is need of fish to eat. His memory is wonderfully tenacious, and he remembers details—names, dates, incidents—as well as the large essentials.

Another article on the outdoor life of the President appeared several months ago in *McClure's*, written by Henry Beach Needham, author of "The College Athlete" and other books. Mr. Needham refers to the well-known fact that Roosevelt as a boy had a frail body, was tormented with asthma (which was not cured until after a long period of life in the West), and was hampered greatly by near-sightedness. As a boy he devoured the Leatherstocking Tales, and his dream was of a gun and of sleeping under the stars far from the habitations of man. At college, his classmates did not prophesy great things of him. "He was the sort of chap," says one, "who keeps snakes and toads and other live things about him. He was one of the last men in the

class I would have picked out as a coming great man. If I had prophesied at all, it would have been that Roosevelt would be the head of the Smithsonian Institution." He was debarred from the leading college sports, baseball and football, by his bad eyesight, and he was far too light for a place in the boat crew. But he was fond of riding and he was one of the best boxers in the school, coming within an ace of winning the light-weight championship. He was studious, too, and was not ashamed of it. His father, whom Mr. Needham speaks of in the highest terms, had brought him up to have no time for idleness, and when in college "he didn't seem to care to loaf."

The President is not, we are told, "a dead shot," and as a ranchman was not remarkably clever with a rifle. His eyesight is poor and his hand not oversteady. His success as a hunter has been due to good judgment, perseverance and the fact that he shoots as well at game as he does at a target. Most of his bears have been killed close up and the shots were not difficult for one who does not get rattled; and the President, we are assured, never gets rattled. The following incident is told, or rather retold, by Mr. Needham as an illustration of Mr. Roosevelt's steadiness in face of a charging bear:

"He was camping alone in the foothills of the Rockies, and had wandered off with his rifle in search of game. Coming suddenly on a huge grizzly, he wounded it, and the bear retreated to cover in a near-by thicket. As Roosevelt was endeavoring to locate the quarry from the open, the bear suddenly appeared. He

fired, but the bullet did not stop the rush of the maddened animal. Blowing bloody foam from his mouth, the bear charged straight at Roosevelt. 'I waited until he came to a fallen tree,' wrote the hunter, 'raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw, and going in to his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine—my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head dropped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.'

The President has great strength and a constitution of iron. If he had been placed at manual labor as a boy—say that of a boiler-maker—"he would have become one of the strongest men in the world." His well-arched chest measures forty-six inches, his forearm thirteen and a half inches. He is regular in all his habits of eating and sleeping and exercise. He is "abstemious in the use of wine," and the only form of intemperance with which he can be charged is that in eating. He is "a ravenous eater," we are told, and he cannot diet himself. He has had the best of Japanese instructors in jiu jitsu.



A PRESIDENTIAL VACATION

A statuette that has greatly amused President Roosevelt and his family. It was made by the ill-fated young French artist, Paul Nocquet, and exhibited in New York a short time before his fatal balloon ascension.

and has mastered that art. He plays a good game of tennis, is fond of boating, especially rowing, rides and walks much, and when at his home at Sagamore Hill likes nothing better than to swing an ax, hear its ring, and see the chips fly.

To one who had expressed admiration for his career, the President once replied as follows:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of

fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us *can* do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do *not* do. Any hardy, healthy man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, could lead the life I have led if he chose—and by 'choosing' I, of course, mean choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight, none of a very marked type."

In that last sentence, Mr. Needham thinks, is the key to President Roosevelt's physical and intellectual prowess: "He *chose*, and, choosing wisely, he has blazed the way for any hardy, healthy man who is fond of outdoor life."

A GREAT ACTOR WHO LONGED TO BE A GREAT PAINTER

Francis Wilson once characterized Joseph Jefferson to his face as the neatest actor and the dirtiest painter he had ever seen. Jefferson, smeared all over with all the colors of the rainbow, only smiled. Wilson asked him if it were true that he would rather paint than act. Jefferson replied most emphatically that it was true. He did not think much of himself as an actor, although he acknowledged that in Rip Van Winkle he could attain some telling effects. Yet it is the painter who can win enduring renown—never the actor. For nothing is so useless, Joseph Jefferson would say to Francis Wilson, as a dead actor. Who speaks now, he asked, of Gus Adams, the contemporary and compeer of Forrest. Look at Burton, the finest low comedian of his time, who lives only in the memory of those who saw him act, but who is as dead as dead can be in the memory of the sons whose fathers saw him play. People speak of Betterton, Garrick, Kean and Mrs. Siddons—but they have no fame in the sense that true fame is won by the painter.

"Don't you think Edwin Booth will be more than a tradition?" asked Francis Wilson.

"Probably—he founded a great club which will serve to keep his memory alive."

"Certainly the public will remember Joseph Jefferson," added Wilson.

"Don't you believe it!" replied Jefferson.

Then, after a thoughtful silence, he added that perhaps his book would rescue him from total oblivion. Nevertheless, the painter will

live in his works after his death, but—and he wound up with his familiar aphorism—there is nothing so useless as a dead actor.

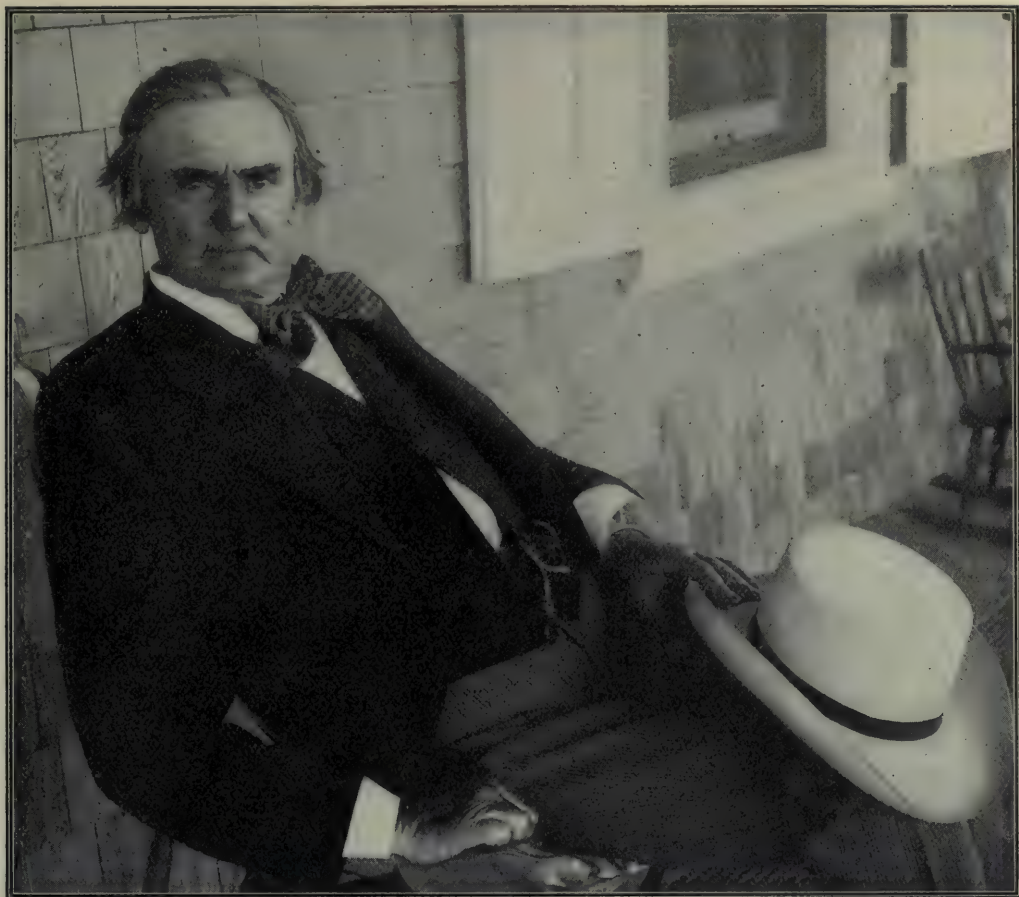
Nothing, however, could exceed the good-humor with which he spoke of his failure to achieve the darling ambition of his life. His melancholy was always of a very lambent kind. In reality he bubbled over with good-humor, declares Francis Wilson in his new book.* Jefferson's good-humor, too, insists Wilson, was the cause of his success on the stage. Nothing could dash this geniality in him—not even his regret that the painter's immortality was not for him. With what boyish enthusiasm he embraced the opportunity to take up the brush and the palette is evident to Wilson from this letter, in which Jefferson describes his devotion to the art:

"Think of it, I have been twelve weeks without painting, so that I am filled to the brim with mountains, trees, waterfalls and cut woods; but I shall be at it bright and early to-morrow, and woe betide my dearest friend if he comes within the circumference of my benevolent brush, for I shall spatter him from head to heel.

"I am working at my painting and hope shortly to do some work that will be creditable in the way of American landscape. The error of our American artists consists in too servile imitation of the foreign schools. . . . I have myself found much trouble in avoiding this, for now and then suggestions of Corot and Daubigny kept unconsciously obtruding themselves—from pure admiration of their work."

What Jefferson termed his most serious

*JOSEPH JEFFERSON. By Francis Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons.



From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"I HAVE DEVOTED ALL MY LIFE TO ACTING, AND I STAND IN AWE OF ITS GREATNESS"

Joseph Jefferson thus spoke not long before his death, yet he insisted that the actor's fame could not be a permanent fame. His real gift, as he was inclined to suspect, was for painting. "I am working away at my painting," he said, in a letter to a friend in 1897, "and I hope shortly to do some work that will be creditable in the way of American landscape."

painting he did in Louisiana or Florida or Massachusetts, where he had winter and summer residences. He became restless if long without a brush in his hand. When he traveled professionally he carried an artist's outfit and daily applied himself with gleeful, almost feverish, enthusiasm to his hobby. As he sat in his improvised studio painting away, smiling at the talk of Francis Wilson, he looked like a big, wrinkle-faced boy. A vast apron was buttoned up close under his ears. His patent-leather shoes peeped out in comical contrast below, and he was ever unmindful of his attendant's injunction not to drop the paint on his shoes or wipe his hands on his huge bib—because the bib, being thin, the paint went through to his trousers. His face had a streak of green and yellow all over it and

his fingers were shining with all the colors of the palette:

"He painted with his fingers, pieces of rag, ends of blotting paper, feathers, etc., to get the proper effects. It must not be supposed that he discarded brushes. They were used to lay in the colors. When I had last seen him in Washington he was making birch trees on the canvas with his palette knife. This day the backbone of a feather was used. The soft part of the same article dipped in paint and drawn across the picture produced the branches, limbs and leaves.

"What's the swiftest time in which you ever painted a picture?" I asked.

"Two minutes."

"What!"

"Two minutes—for Judge Howland at a dinner recently. He passed me his card and timed me."

"Here's a card," I said. 'Do let me witness how quickly you can make one for me.'



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JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S PAINTING OF "BUZZARD'S ROOST"

Many of the great actor's canvases were the work of but a few hours. He usually, according to Francis Wilson, made his brush fly. Jefferson had long been accustomed to the critical comments of friends and acquaintances who were not always persuaded that he had genuine talent as a painter.

"Some ink was spilled into the top of a soap dish for him and with a piece of blotting paper, which I tore off the pad on his table, he in one minute and a half produced a little picture which he called 'A Memory of the Catskills.'

"'Now sign your name,' I said, 'and say "done in a minute and a half for Francis Wilson."'

"'No; that would be equivalent to saying: "I did this in a minute and a half—see what a great man I am!"'

"He wrote the title and his name and the date and I added the record of time. He was much pleased with the picture, and as he examined it critically he declared it to be excellent. Then sitting back in his chair, he said thoughtfully:

"'Now why can't I paint like that with the brush?' and then with great determination, 'I will, some day.' And this man was seventy the next February!"

Not that he rode this hobby to death. The range of his intellectual interests was too wide. He was given to the study of theosophy, telepathy, thought-transference and spiritualism, but not overmuch. In his religion he was a Swedenborgian, perhaps, more than anything else. In his early days he had suffered much from religious intolerance, and this strengthened his determination to be liberal in matters of creed and of doctrine. The idea that too extreme a belief in spiritualism threatened at one time to cloud his understanding is not for a moment, declares Wilson, to be

accepted. The complete refutation of that notion is the wonderfully saving sense of humor always possessed by Joseph Jefferson. He said himself that his mind was so constituted that the humorous trod swiftly upon the heels of the serious. He knew he was credulous and joked about it, delighting to tell stories that laughably illustrated his credulity. He was amused at people's enjoyment of these narratives, exposing what they might consider his weakness, but he went on being credulous just the same. He could not help it. It was an attractive, beautiful part of the man's optimistic make-up. His friends knew his foibles and he and they smiled over them. Once, when ex-President Cleveland, William H. Crane and he were preparing for a fishing expedition, an enthusiastic expounder of occult doctrines was holding forth.

"What do you say to that?" triumphantly asked Jefferson, as some strange and inscrutable happening was recounted.

"Wonderful!" replied Mr. Cleveland.

Thus encouraged, the advocate launched a flow of eloquence at the ex-President, who checking him, said:

"Tell it to Jefferson—he'll believe anything."



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PAINTED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON FOR HIS FRIEND, FRANCIS WILSON

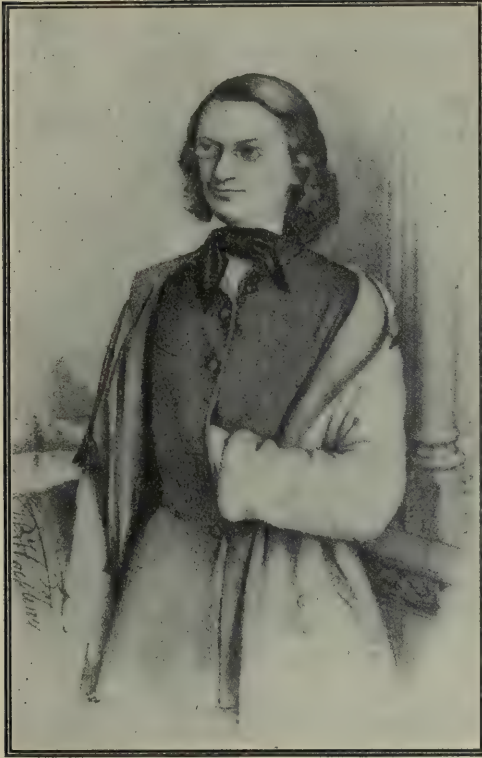
Wilson was often privileged to sit beside the veteran actor, while Jefferson, clad in overalls, his face bedaubed with all the colors of the rainbow, confided to his young friend the pleasure it once gave him to deem himself a coming master of the brush.

CARL SCHURZ—GERMANY'S BEST GIFT TO AMERICA

"An Odyssey of adventure and an Iliad of achievement," is the phrase which Dr. Felix Adler uses in characterizing the career of the late Carl Schurz. The New York daily which Schurz once edited (*The Evening Post*) and which can appraise him with perhaps the finest judgment, tells us that of the idealist strain in the German national character Carl Schurz was beyond a doubt the finest example that Germany ever contributed to America. "Other German Americans," it asserts, "have applied their native vigor and large conceptions to industry, to commerce, to political management, to scholarship, to philanthropy; but Mr. Schurz surpassed them all in preserving the fine enthusiasm and the lofty, forward-looking ideals with which his youth was so richly dowered." Upon this idealism every estimate of the man lays stress.

The main facts of his life have been told over and over again. The birth of Carl Schurz in a little German village seventy-seven years ago; his enthusiasm for the German revolutionary movement of forty-eight; his escape from prison through a sewer; his daring rescue of that brilliant

poet, art historian and revolutionist, Prof. Gottfried Kinkel, from the felon's cell to which a despotic government had sent him; his flight to this republic; the part he played in the rise of the Republican party; his appointment as minister to Spain; his career as a Civil War commander, as Senator from Missouri, as Secretary of the Interior under Hayes, as leader of the independent movement that defeated Blaine, as editor of influential newspapers, as orator of causes innumerable—these things are familiar enough. It is the idealism of the man upon which emphasis should first be laid, says the New York *Evening Post*, and after that we must be amazed by the power of an intellect so fine, so comprehensive, that Carl Schurz came very near to having made all knowledge his province. How few know, for example, that he had studied military science in every branch long before he received a commission in the United States army? Strategy, tactics, the infantry, the artillery, the cavalry, were things with which his intimate acquaintance was little less than marvellous. To music he had devoted many studious hours, and as a critic of the



Courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

HOW CARL SCHURZ LOOKED WHEN HE WAS DEFYING THE KING OF PRUSSIA

The future German-American leader was only nineteen at this chrysalis stage of his idealism. Schurz expected to become a professor of history. But his democratic liberalism made a career at a Prussian university impossible for him.

arts his capacity was trained. He wrote one of the finest of biographies—Clay's—and was so fine a linguist as to have amazed the United States Senate by translating at sight, on one occasion, long extracts from four different languages—passages he had never seen before, of which the subject was technical and which he turned aloud into perfect English without once hesitating for a word. The feat created a sensation in the Capitol at the time. He was the only living statesman of his generation who could make an eloquent speech in either English or German without revealing which, so far as the uninformed listener was concerned, was his native tongue. As an orator he was exquisitely lucid.

Yet such accomplishments or such gifts, whichever they may be, did not make the Carl Schurz his adopted country knew so well. He had personality. He had character. Both were of the sort that made

him an idealist. To put it in the words of the New York *Evening Post*:

"It was, however, the moral force residing in the man that set him apart in strength. . . . He early formed noble political conceptions, and clung to them through evil as through good report. The tasks which he willed in hours of insight, he fulfilled through hours of gloom. It was his distinction to apply steadily and unflinchingly moral standards to public life. If that led to breaks with political associates, so much the worse for them. He could do no other. The 'moneyed politicians' sneered or snapped, but he went his way unmoved. . . .

"Indomitable in activity, he was unconquerable in hope.

"This went inevitably with his temperament, which was that of the orator. Now, hope is what gives oratory wings. No great pessimist ever made a great speech."

A man who helped to make so much history was fated to write at least a little. At the request of his family and friends, Carl Schurz, not long before his death, completed the reminiscences of a long life which have been interesting the readers of *McClure's Magazine*. Of all the episodes with which the story is crowded, none revealed the romantic side of the idealism of Carl Schurz so finely as his rescue of his teacher and comrade in the fight for freedom, Professor Kinkel. Schurz had made good his own escape. He risked another imprisonment that he might put an end to that of his friend. The enterprise was hazardous enough to make several chapters in a tale of adventure. There were disguises to be put on, trips under an assumed name, turnkeys to bribe, risks of discovery to avoid. Here is a bit from his own narrative:

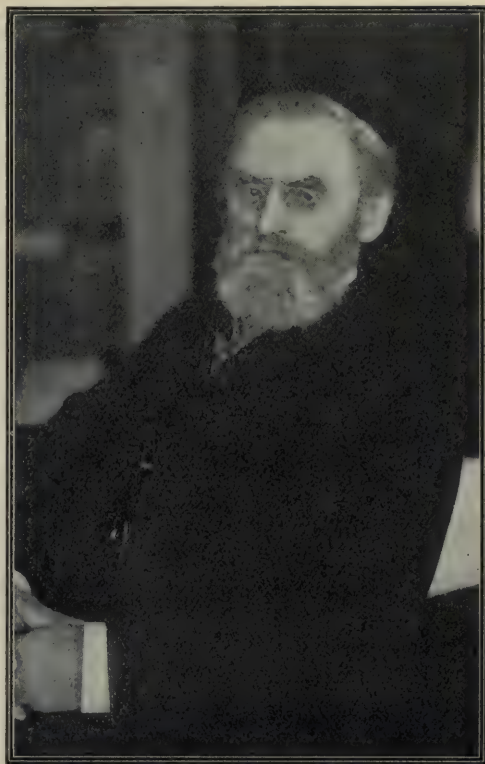
"The penitentiary building was situated in the center of the town, a large, barrack-like edifice, the bare walls of which were pierced by one large gate and a multitude of narrow slits of windows. On all four sides it was surrounded by streets. The entrance was on the main street. It led into a large gateway. Inside of that gateway there was on the right a door, opening into the official dwelling of the director of the institution, and on the left a door leading into the guardroom of the soldiers on duty in the prison. At the end of the passage a third door opened upon an inner court. A stone staircase leading up from the hallway united the lower with the upper stories. High up on the second story was Kinkel's cell. The window was guarded by strong iron bars, wire lattice, and a wooden shutter which was closed at night—in short, by all the contrivances that are usually employed to shut off a prisoner from all communication. . . .

"The keys to Kinkel's cell, as well as those to the door in the inside wooden railing, were, during the night after Kinkel had been locked up in his compartment, kept in a locker of the room

of the inspector, the so-called Revier room. As Brune [Schurz's accomplice] had no access to the Revier room during the night and the key had been confided to another superior officer, he had availed himself of some opportunity to procure a wax impression of that key from which a duplicate key was made, enabling him to enter the Revier room during the night. The key to the locker containing the keys to Kinkel's cell was, as Brune knew, in the evening put on top of that locker, so that without difficulty he could possess himself of the keys to the cell. Thus Brune believed himself fully able to enter the cell during the night and to take the prisoner out. Now it was agreed that Brune, who had the watch in the night of the 5th to the 6th of November on Kinkel's corridor, should bring Kinkel down the stairs into the gateway. He was sure he could take him without danger past the turnkey watching the lower floor. Whether he intended to interest that man in our affair or to divert his attention in some manner, Brune did not tell me. He only assured me I might depend upon there being no difficulty about this. As soon as Kinkel had been conducted into the gateway below, I was to be there to receive him. In one of the wings of the great door that opened upon the main street there was a little postern-gate to facilitate the daily passage in and out. Of the key of this postern-gate we had also procured a wax impression, and from it a duplicate key. Now it was to be my task, shortly after midnight, after the town night-watchman—for in Spandau there were at that time still night-watchmen with spear and rattle—had passed by the building on the street, to open the postern-gate, to step into the interior of the gateway, there to await Brune and Kinkel; to wrap Kinkel up in a cloak, to take him through the postern-gate into the street, and to hurry with him to Krüger's hotel, where he was to put on a suit of ordinary clothes and then step with me into Hensel's carriage and away."

But the plans went agley and matters turned out much as if Carl Schurz, instead of being destined to a statesman's career in a republic beyond the sea, were but the hero of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's palpitating fictions. For a prison inspector, 'unconscious of the dramatic turn he was giving to events, forgot to leave a bunch of keys on a certain nail and went home with them in his pocket. That was a long night for Schurz, and when minute followed minute and all was blank while he stood in that dark prison shadow he needed all the optimism that he subsequently injected into his Senate speeches. Failure! But he would not face it. That prison inspector would not take the keys home every night. And so it was. Midnight once more and we have Carl Schurz standing in the darkness equipped as before, but this time hidden in the dark recess of the house door opposite the penitentiary:

"A few minutes later the night-watchman shuffled down the street, and immediately in



"THE GREATEST IDEALIST IN THE LAND OF
THE GREATEST MATERIALISM"

This is the characterization of Carl Schurz which seems most appropriate to the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin. In an appreciation of the eminent German-American, this daily hints that Carl Schurz could not attain high office in his declining years because the age had no use for a man of ideals."

front of me swung his rattle and called the hour of twelve. Then he slouched quietly on and disappeared. What would I have given for a roaring storm and a splashing rain—but the night was perfectly still. My eye was riveted to the roof of the penitentiary building, the dormer windows of which I could scarcely distinguish. The street lights flared dimly. Suddenly there appeared a light above which moved three times up and down; that was the signal hoped for. With an eager glance I examined the street right and left. Nothing stirred. Then on my part I gave the signal agreed upon, striking sparks. A second later the light above disappeared and I perceived a dark object which slowly moved across the edge of the wall. My heart beat violently, and drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead. Then the thing I had apprehended actually happened—tiles and brick loosened by the rubbing rope rained down upon the pavement with a loud clatter. Now, good Heaven help us! At the same moment Hensel's carriage came rumbling over the cobble stones. The noise of the falling tiles and brick was no longer audible; but would they not strike Kinkel's head and benumb him? Now the dark object had almost reached the ground. I leaped forward and touched it; it was indeed my friend."

Literature and Art

RUDYARD KIPLING ON THE MAGIC OF WORDS

It fell to the lot of Rudyard Kipling to respond to the toast of "Literature" at a recent banquet of the Royal Academy in London, and the result—in the phrase of the London *Spectator*—was "a speech such as has very seldom been heard at Burlington House." In a closely reasoned and characteristic address that has nothing in common with the usual string of "after-dinner" pleasantries, Mr. Kipling chose to plead in behalf of the dignity and responsibility of the writer's calling; to urge the last importance of truthful representation; and to show that, in the long run, the greatness of literature is dependent on the greatness of national life. He began with a fable of primitive man:

"There is an ancient legend which tells us that when a man first achieved a most notable deed he wished to explain to his tribe what he had done. As soon as he began to speak, however, he was smitten with dumbness, he lacked words, and sat down. Then there arose—according to the story—a masterless man, one who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but afflicted—that is the phrase—with the magic of the necessary words. He saw, he told, he described the merits of the notable deed in such a fashion, we are assured, that the words 'became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers.' Thereupon, the tribe seeing that the words were certainly alive, and fearing lest the man with the words would hand down untrue tales about them to their children, they took and killed him. But later they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man."

We have progressed in many directions since the time of this early and destructive criticism, continued Mr. Kipling, but the same tendencies are still at work. He proceeded to an analysis of the critical spirit of our day, and in so doing contributed what *Collier's Weekly* (New York) calls "a new touch, a really new thought," to one of the eternal topics about which men think and write. To quote:

"The old and terrible instinct which taught our ancestors to kill the original story-teller warns us that we shall not be far wrong if we challenge any man who shows signs of being afflicted with the magic of the necessary words. May not this be the reason why, without any special legislation on its behalf, literature has always stood a little

outside the law as the one calling that is absolutely free—free in the sense that it needs no protection?

"For instance, if, as occasionally happens, a judge makes bad law, or a surgeon a bad operation, or a manufacturer makes bad food, criticism upon their actions is by law and custom confined to comparatively narrow limits. But if a man, as occasionally happens, makes a book, there is no limit to the criticism that may be directed against it, and it is perfectly as it should be. The world recognizes that little things, like bad law, bad surgery, and bad food, only affect the cheapest commodity that we know about—human life. Therefore, in these circumstances, men can afford to be swayed by pity for the offender, by interest in his family, by fear, or loyalty, or respect for the organization he represents, or even a desire to do him justice. But when the question is of words—words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers—it is then that this world of ours, which is disposed to take an interest in the future, feels instinctively that it is better that a thousand innocent people should be punished rather than that one guilty word should be preserved, carrying that which is an untrue tale of the tribe."

And so a "guiding instinct warns us not to trust to chance a matter of the supremest concern"; for we realize that "the record of the tribe is its enduring literature." To quote further:

"The magic of literature lies in the words, and not in any man. Witness, a thousand excellent strenuous words can leave us quite cold or put us to sleep, whereas a bare half-hundred words breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations ago, can still lead whole nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls.

"It is a miracle—one that happens very seldom. But secretly each one of the masterless men with the words has hope, or has had hope, that the miracle may be wrought again through him. And why not? If a tinker in Bedford gaol, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English-admiralty official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time? Our world, which is only concerned in the perpetuation of the record, sanctions that hope as kindly and just as cruelly as Nature sanctions love. All it suggests is that the man with the words shall wait upon the man of achievement, and step by step with him try to tell the story to the tribe. All it demands is that the magic of every word shall be tried out to the uttermost by

every means fair and foul that the mind of man can suggest."

Mr. Kipling's utterance has attracted world-wide attention and comment. Its hidden meanings are not at first obvious, and some of the London papers confess to a certain bewilderment in endeavoring to elucidate its whole significance. There has been a disposition to explain the speech as an exaltation of the man of action over the man of words; but *The Spectator* says: "Surely what the speaker had in his thought is the painful delight which the man of words feels in striving to tell the tale of what the man of action has done, with the knowledge in his mind that his fellow-men will be absolutely merciless judges of his work." The London *Outlook* takes exception to Mr. Kipling's argument that action is the main inspiring force of literature. "Speech," it says, "is the leafage that both feeds the tree and is the tree." It continues:

"Speech, art in all forms—Academy pictures as well as the 'frozen music' of Notre Dame—and action are all the proper product and marks of vitality of a particular created thing; and the botanists have decided that speech—not art or action—proclaims the genus and asserts the right of the tree to come at the head of the list. It is perfectly true that we are confronted at this point by an old difficulty which science shows no sign of surmounting. It often happens that the worst trees—'masterless men'—appear to have the best leaves. But part of the difficulty comes from a confusion of species. In Mr. Kipling's strangely assorted list we have four distinct species. The muzzy Scotsman, the despised German Jew, the condemned French thief, are three examples of the first—the poetic species, each with a strange burning vitality that killed

itself in producing its nature from poor soil. Burns, Heine, and Villon might each claim with the Rabbi

All I could never be.
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth—

"They have next to nothing in common with the next species. If the highest 'admiralty official' is Pepys, his fineness belongs to curiosity rather than excellence. Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford gaol, alone of the six fulfils the test of 'fitly representing his age'; and how can the abnormal luxuriance of Defoe, 'the pamphleteering shopkeeper in London,' be compared with poet or diarist or allegorist? In 'the enduring literature' of all the six lies in some sort 'the record of the tribe,' but those that were least concerned 'to wait upon the man of achievement and step by step with him tell the story to the tribe' are those who had the gift of the deathless word in the greatest force. In some way they were themselves the men of action, and their tale of the fight in their souls has been recognized both by the tribe and the other tribes as the true account."

Similarly, the London *Academy* insists that "literature makes life," as well as *vice versa*:

"The man with the words whose words live is the man with something more than the words. He is the man with sight and understanding. He sees and feels before he speaks. And the feelings, the characters, the lives of most of us are built to an almost incredible extent on what he has seen and told us. But for our acquaintance with literature, we should find in the beauty of a sunset, or a noble deed, or human love, not a quarter of what we find in them now. Literature, in fact, makes life, enlarges the capacity of every man, doubles or trebles his power to feel and to do, and so fits him, not to hear more stories and find a new and more subtle pleasure every time he hears them, to become an æolian harp giving out a new note under every soft air of style, but to be more of a man and more of a doer than he was before."

THE TERCENTENARY OF REMBRANDT

"Rembrandt belongs to the breed of artists which can have no posterity. His place is with the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Beethovens. An artistic Prometheus, he stole the celestial fire, and with it put life into what was inert, and expressed the immaterial and evasive sides of nature in his breathing forms."

These glowing words of tribute from the pen of Emile Michel, a French writer, may appropriately be recalled in connection with the tercentenary celebrations now being held in Holland in honor of Rembrandt. It was on July 15, 1606, that Rembrandt

was born. He was a miller's son, and struggled all his life long against adverse circumstances. "Unrecognized by his contemporaries, and more than unrecognized," says a recent writer in the *Nieuws van der Dag* (Amsterdam), "his wonder-discovering eyes had long been closed to that light which was at once his inspiration and the subject of his almost creative power, before it began to be acknowledged that he was first and greatest in the marvellously productive art period that marked the golden age of Holland." The same writer continues:

"Since then his countrymen have erected a



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE, SASKIA

Rembrandt left behind him more than forty portraits of himself, and about eighteen of his wife.

monument to him, a very plain memorial, with this simple inscription, 'Rembrandt'—nothing more! But that is enough; nothing needs to be added to it.

"And now he will be celebrated anew, and the great task of those who projected this tercentenary is to arrange for a feast that shall be worthy of the nation's great son and that shall measure up fully to the veneration which his countrymen now feel for this one of the nation's immortals, who, more than any other of Holland's great and noble sons, has brought unending fame to his fatherland.

"In each of Holland's larger cities Rembrandt should have a monument, like Goethe in Germany, Shakespeare in England, Garibaldi in Italy; men who, like himself, inspired the soul of their people and time to some worthy word or deed."

Eugène Fromentin, the French painter and critic, long ago summed up Rembrandt as "two men in one,—the first a trained, facile and workmanlike Dutch painter of his own time, above all a realist; the second a visionary, a dreamer, an idealist whose ideal was *light*." As the first of the two Rembrandts, he painted hard, firm pictures tinged with the true colors of the daylight and distinguished by masterly execution; as the second, he "conceived light outside of recognized laws" and produced dim studies, subtle, veiled, hidden in half-

shadows. "When this dreamer of light used it *appropriately*," says Fromentin, "when he used it to express what no other painter in the world has expressed, when, in a word, he accosts with his dark lantern the world of the marvellous, of conscience, the ideal, *then* he has no peer, because he has no equal in the art of showing the invisible." According to Fromentin's interpretation, the whole history of Rembrandt's life may be expressed as a struggle for the reconciliation of his two natures—a reconciliation finally effected in his masterpiece, "The Syndics of the Cloth Guild."

The eminent critic, Hippolyte Taine, has given us in his "Philosophie de l'Art" another idea of Rembrandt as a hermit and a proletarian figure:

"Rembrandt, the antiquarian and hermit, lived, like Balzac, a magician and visionary, in a world of his own making to which he alone held the key. He beheld as the principal object of his pictures an atmosphere colored, vibrating and dense, in which his personages were plunged like fish in the sea. He rendered the air palpable and mysterious, feeling the doleful combat, the retreat of subtle light rays dying in the gloom, and the vague populations of twilight that seem to haunt his etchings and canvases.



ONE OF REMBRANDT'S PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF

"Rembrandt belongs to the breed of artists which can 'have no posterity,'" says the French critic, Emile Michel; "his place is with the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Beethovens."

Emerging from this obscurity, the full light seemed to his eyes a blinding rain, a flash of lightning, an enchanted illumination.

"The Greeks and Italians had known men and life only as a healthful bloom reaching out to the light. Rembrandt sought the stump, crooked and mouldy in the shadow, the misshapen dwarf, the dim people of poverty, the Jews and the reeking and miserable population of a large, unhealthy city, the lame tramp, the bald head of a worn-out workman, the wan visage of the sick, and all the suffering and vicious passion that infest our civilization, like worms in a rotten tree. Beside him other artists seem like painters of aristocracy; for he was of the people, and the most human of all men."

A new brochure* on Rembrandt, by L. van Deyssel, a Dutch art critic, yields a third characterization of more than ordinary value. Comparing Rembrandt with his great Flemish rival, Rubens, this writer says:

"Rubens and Rembrandt are both very great artists, but what a difference between them—a difference similar to that between the population of some parts of Flanders, which seems to have incorporated into itself the nobility of the Spanish type, and the burghers of Amsterdam or the fisherfolk of its neighboring waters.

*REMBRANDT EN HET REMBRANDT-FEEST IN 1906. By L. van Deyssel. Scheltema & Holkema, Amsterdam.



"MAN WITH A FUR CAP"

This portrait of a man with a fantastic high cap, fur tippet, red robe and gold-headed stick was painted in 1637, and is regarded as one of Rembrandt's most characteristic works.



"CHRIST AT EMMAUS"

"This little picture," says Fromentin, "would alone be sufficient to establish the greatness of a painter. . . . Has Christ ever been imagined like this? In pilgrim's garb; pale, emaciated, breaking bread as on the evening of the Last Supper; the traces of torture still on the blackened lips; the great, dark, gentle eyes widely opened and raised towards heaven; the halo, a sort of phosphorescent light, enveloping him in an indefinable glory; and on his face the inexplicable look of a living, breathing human being, who has passed through death! No art recalls these things, no one before Rembrandt, no one after him, has expressed them."

"Rubens was a great poet. His compositions have a grandiose, rhythmic swell, a sort of titanic grasp upon life springing from Italian influence. His nature was heroic, and, in the act of creating, lifted itself above the reach of fixed laws. His spirit was stately and noble, his style orchestral in its stateliness.

"Rembrandt one would rather call a prose-writer like Plato, Spinoza, Thomas à Kempis, and Maeterlinck; yet at the same time a greater poet than Rubens because as a prose-poet he touches us more deeply. Rubens might be called a maker of rhymed prose. And who would not prefer poetic prose to prose-like poetry?

"Like Shakespeare, Rembrandt is a mystic realist. He proceeds from the images which immediately present themselves to him and tries to reproduce them as beautifully as possible, that is, with the fervor and strength of the love that he felt for them. And his earth, his world, we might easily imagine the only existing heaven, if we did not know the heaven of his Italian predecessors. By this is not meant that the art of Raphael, for example, is greater than that of Rembrandt. It would be more in accordance with truth to maintain that they are equal in greatness."

Rembrandt's diligence and versatility have been a source of wonder to many suc

ceeding generations. He was a superb etcher. He painted great landscapes. He has left behind him more than forty portraits of himself and about eighteen of his wife. His more famous paintings, such as "The Man with the Fur Cap," "The Anatomy Lesson" and "Christ at Emmaus," have been reproduced in numberless forms all over the world. "The Syndics of the Cloth Guild," a portrait group of the directors of a medieval corporation, has been pronounced by that strong and well-balanced critic, De Goncourt, "the most beautiful painting on earth"; and "The Night Watch" (or "Sortie of the Civic Guard") falls only a little below it in quality. This last-named painting is utilized by Van Deyssel as a text for an elucidation of the real significance of Rembrandt's handling of light:

"In a single painting, 'The Night Watch,' and in the etchings, 'Christ Healing the Sick' and 'The Disciples at Emmaus,' Rembrandt has made the light one of the leading and most active features of the representation. . . . It is a light that consciously and purposely is given for its own sake and as itself a creation of the artist's brush, and that thus sets the objects

around in dark contrast to itself. The light here, therefore, does not serve to bring out the objects on the canvas brilliantly, but rather these objects serve to bring out the glory of the light. This is the medieval mysticism; this is the imaging forth of the inner spiritual ecstasy which could find its realization neither in the objects presented, as in Raphael, nor in the beauty which it gives to these objects by its own splendor, as in others of the great masters, but which forms a strong contrast between itself, the light, and the figures on the canvas.

"As an illustration of this, take 'The Night-Watch.' What do you suppose this painting represents? A body of militia setting out from their armory and illuminated by a wondrous ruddy golden light. True; yet that is not the real thing represented here. In reality this painting sets forth the mystic event related in the Bible, when Jehovah said, 'Let there be light: and there was light.' (Gen. i, 3.)

"We know the light found in the colors of medieval miniatures, and that in the colors of Memline's and Van Eyck's paintings—light that does not appear as such because it is entirely combined with the colors, and so shows a distinct gradation of color, but not the light itself; we know the light in the colors of Raphael, in the colors of the pastels of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century; we know the light found in the work of the French romanticists, and of the latest impressionists so rich in light,—well, all that is not this light of 'The Night Watch.' This light that



"THE NIGHT WATCH"

One of the most-discussed pictures in the history of art. "This painting," says a Dutch critic, "is a representation not so much of human beings as of the darkness of created forms by the side of the spirit's wealth of light. It is to be regarded as a figurative representation of Rembrandt's spirit in its highest exaltation."



"THE SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD"

Rembrandt's masterpiece. Pronounced by De Goncourt "the most beautiful painting on earth.

shines forth in the work of Rembrandt is not the light penetrating a world of saints and angels; of this he knew nothing. It is a light that he knew himself in itself, and that stood out both in his inner being and in his work in contrast to everything else and as a thing by itself. Rembrandt's light is the descent of light upon and into the midst of the darkened world. It is the Christmas-night, fairer than all the days! 'The Night Watch,' then, is a representation not so much of human beings as of the darkness of created forms by the side of the spirit's wealth of light. This painting is to be regarded as a figurative representation of Rembrandt's spirit in its highest exaltation. At the same time, it is a representation of a group of human beings going through some customary action while a miracle is happening all unobserved in their very presence. What is figured here, then, is the contrast between matter and spirit."

The light of Rembrandt, continues Van Deyssel, was also the light of Raphael, Shakespeare and all the master minds. "Great, *par excellence*," he remarks, "may those be called who have a superabounding knowledge of this light." To quote further:

"The essential difference between the works of these masters lies in the relation of the light to the objects, as this relation presents itself differently in all. In Raphael the light has become one with the immobile objects, to such a degree has he penetrated them with light. In Shakespeare the light is diaphanous, and shines through the moving objects of his creation. In

Rembrandt the light neither combines itself with, nor shines through, the objects; he has made the attempt, unique in the history of art, of, so to speak, assailing this light, this immaterial, glorious essence, with matter, by attempting to reproduce that very light by means of colors and paint side by side, with objects themselves the products of colors and paint."

Another Dutch art critic, Madame G. H. Marius, has this to say of Rembrandt's treatment of light, in a small work* recently published in Amsterdam:

"Numerous guesses have been made as to how Rembrandt lighted up his models or themes; where he could have seen the light found in his works. A Frenchman surmised that it was the light falling into a cellar, and that it must have been a cellar in which 'The Night Watch' was painted. Another, himself an artist, found the people in the interior of a mill lighted up in the same manner as the figures in Rembrandt's paintings, and thence concluded that Rembrandt had been so impressed by the light as it lighted up the interior of his father's mill that he had stored this light-effect away for all time in his memory and reproduced it intuitively in his paintings. Another, a German this time, thought he had recognized Rembrandt's chiaroscuro in the light of a night-taper and the shadows cast by it; while a fourth, once more an artist, was impressed with the many 'Night Watch' effects he had observed during a journey

* REMBRANDT HARMENSZ VAN RYN. By Madame G. H. Marius. P. N. van Kampen & Son, Amsterdam.

through hither India, about the gates of cities and on the corners of streets, and supposed that Rembrandt's secret was to be looked for in similar conditions.

"Formerly less was said about the light in Rembrandt's work and more about the marvelous chiaroscuro, that is to say, a darkness which is not black, but in which the light combines with the dark. Much was written about this and many artists attempted to discover the particular pigments they imagined he must have used for this. These investigations led to much imitation of his manner both in the eighteenth and the nineteenth century. But those who attempted to imitate the master's shades and light most literally were farthest removed from fathoming his secret. And even though one should succeed in guessing by what pigments

Rembrandt's lights and shades were produced, one would still be as far removed from him and his power as ever, because the secret was not shut up in any recipe or formula."

Madame Marius concludes her account of this distinguishing trait of the "Conjuror with Paint" thus:

"It is not to be wondered at that so much has been said about this light of Rembrandt's. Wherever his art works are seen, in whatever museums of his own or of foreign lands, among works of equally great, in some respects perhaps greater, masters—everywhere Rembrandt impresses one with this light which is so exclusively his own, in which no one else has ever fully equaled him."

MARK TWAIN'S APPRECIATION OF MR. HOWELLS

Mark Twain pays a graceful tribute to William Dean Howells in an essay in *Harper's* (July) which, it is prophesied, will acquire accumulated value with time and from which future literary critics will be apt to quote. "Is it true," he asks at the outset, "that the sun of a man's mentality touches noon at forty and then begins to wane toward setting? Dr. Osler is charged with saying so. But I can point him to a case which proves his rule. Proves it by being an exception to it. To this place I nominate Mr. Howells." Mr. Clemens continues:

"I read his 'Venetian Days' about forty years ago. I compare it with his paper on Machiavelli in a late number of *Harper*, and I cannot find that his English has suffered any impairment. For forty years his English has been to me a continual delight and astonishment. In the sustained exhibition of certain great qualities—clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing—he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English-writing world. *Sustained*. I intrench myself behind that protecting word. There are others who exhibit those great qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervalled distributions of rich moonlight, with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between; whereas Howells's moon sails cloudless skies all night and all the nights."

In the matter of verbal exactness, Mark Twain also votes Mr. Howells the first place. "He seems to be almost always able to find that elusive and shifty grain of gold, the *right word*. Others have to put up with approximations." The more or less acceptable literature which deals largely in approximations may be likened to a fine landscape seen through the rain; the right word

would dismiss the rain, then you would see it better. "It doesn't rain when Howells is at work," says Mark Twain:

"And where does he get the easy and effortless flow of his speech? and its cadenced and undulating rhythm? and its architectural felicities of construction, its graces of expression, its pemmican quality of compression, and all that? Born to him, no doubt. All in shining good order in the beginning, all extraordinary; and all just as shining, just as extraordinary to-day, after forty years of diligent wear and tear and use. He passed his fortieth year long and long ago; but I think his English of to-day—his perfect English, I wish to say—can throw down the glove before his English of that antique time and not be afraid."

Turning to the element of humor in Mr. Howells's works—and here he may claim to speak with authority—Mark Twain says:

"As concerns his humor, I will not try to say anything, yet I would try if I had the words that might approximately reach up to his high place. I do not think anyone else can play with humorous fancies so gracefully and delicately and deliciously as he does, nor has so many to play with, nor can come so near making them look as if they were doing the playing themselves and he was not aware that they were at it. For they are unobtrusive, and quiet in their ways, and well conducted. His is a humor which flows softly all around about and over and through the mesh of the page, pervasive, refreshing, health-giving, and makes no more show and no more noise than does the circulation of the blood."

Finally, Mr. Howells's "stage directions" compel Mark Twain's whole-hearted admiration. "Some authors," he remarks, "overdo the stage directions, they elaborate them quite beyond necessity; they spend so much time and take up so much room in telling us

how a person said a thing and how he looked and acted when he said it that we get tired and ~~wired~~ and wish he hadn't said it at all. . . . But Mr. Howells's stage directions are done with a competent and discriminating art." To illustrate:

"Sometimes they convey a scene and its conditions so well that I believe I could see the scene and get the spirit and meaning of the accompanying dialogue if some one would read merely the stage directions to me and leave out the talk. For instance, a scene like this, from 'The Undiscovered Country':

" . . . and she laid her arms with a beseeching gesture on her father's shoulder."

" . . . she answered, following his gesture with a glance."

" . . . she said, laughing nervously."

" . . . she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange, searching glance."

" . . . she answered, vaguely."

" . . . she reluctantly admitted."

" . . . but her voice died wearily away, and she stood looking into his face with puzzled entreaty."

In contrast to Mr. Howells's "stage directions," Mark Twain presents the "worn and commonplace and juiceless forms of the third-rates," which make their novels "such a weariness and vexation":

"We do not mind one or two deliveries of their wares, but as we turn the pages over and keep on meeting them we presently get tired of

them and wish they would do other things for a change:

" . . . replied Alfred, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" . . . responded Richard, with a laugh."

" . . . murmured Gladys, blushing."

" . . . repeated Evelyn, bursting into tears."

" . . . replied the Earl, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" . . . responded the undertaker, with a laugh."

" . . . murmured the chambermaid, blushing."

" . . . repeated the burglar, bursting into tears."

" . . . replied the conductor, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" . . . responded Arkwright, with a laugh."

" . . . murmured the chief of police, blushing."

" . . . repeated the housecat, bursting into tears."

"And so on and so on; till at last it ceases to excite. I always notice stage directions, because they fret me and keep me trying to get out of their way, just as the automobiles do. At first; then by and by they become monotonous and I get run over."

The spirit of Mr. Howells's work is as beautiful as the make of it, says Mark Twain. He adds: "I have held him in admiration and affection so many years that I know by the number of those years that he is old now; but his heart isn't, nor his pen; and years do not count."

THE PARADOXICAL OPTIMISM OF STEVENSON

The reason that Robert Louis Stevenson has been selected out of the whole of suffering humanity as the type of modern martyrdom, remarks G. K. Chesterton, the London journalist and essayist, is a very simple one. It is "not that he merely contrived, like any other man of reasonable manliness, to support pain and limitation without whimpering, or committing suicide, or taking to drink." In that sense we are all stricken men and stoics. "The grounds of Stevenson's particular fascination in this matter," avers Mr. Chesterton, "was that he was the exponent, and the successful exponent, not merely of negative manliness, but of a positive and lyric gaiety." Mr. Chesterton embodies this conclusion in a new booklet* on Stevenson, from which we quote further:

"This wounded soldier did not merely refrain from groans, he gave forth instead a war song, so juvenile and inspiring that thousands of men without a scratch went back into the battle. This cripple did not merely bear his own burdens, but those of thousands of contemporary men. No one can feel anything but the most inexpressible kind of reverence for the patience of the asthmatic charwoman or the consumptive tailor's assistant. Still the charwoman does not write 'Aes Triplex,' nor the tailor 'The Child's Garden of Verses.' Their stoicism is magnificent, but it is stoicism. But Stevenson did not face his troubles as a stoic, he faced them as an Epicurean. He practised with an austere triumph that terrible asceticism of frivolity which is so much more difficult than the asceticism of gloom. His resignation can only be called an active and uproarious resignation. It was not merely self-sufficing, it was infectious. His triumph was, not that he went through his misfortunes without becoming a cynic or a poltroon, but that he went through his misfortunes and emerged quite exceptionally cheerful and reasonable and courteous, quite exceptionally light-hearted and liberal-minded."

Stevenson's triumph over his physical

* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Two Essays by G. K. Chesterton and W. Robertson Nicoll. James Pott & Co.



Courtesy of The Cosmopolitan Magazine (New York.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN THE BEDROOM OF HIS COTTAGE, WAIKIKI BEACH, HAWAII

A Hitherto Unpublished Photograph.

disadvantages is often spoken of with reference only to the elements of joy and faith and what may be called "the new and essential virtue of cosmic courage." But, in Mr. Chesterton's view, the peculiarly interesting detachment of Stevenson from his own body is exhibited in a quite equally striking way in its purely intellectual aspect. He writes on this point:

"Apart from any moral qualities, Stevenson was characterised by a certain airy wisdom, a certain light and cool rationality, which is very rare and very difficult indeed to those who are greatly thwarted or tormented in life. It is possible to find an invalid capable of the work of a strong man, but it is very rare to find an invalid capable of the idleness of a strong man. It is possible to find an invalid who has the faith which removes mountains, but not easy to find an invalid who has the faith that puts up with pessimists. It may not be impossible or even unusual for a man to lie on his back on a sick

bed in a dark room and be an optimist. But it is very unusual indeed for a man to lie on his back on a sick bed in a dark room and be a reasonable optimist: and that is what Stevenson, almost alone of modern optimists, succeeded in being."

The faith of Stevenson, adds Mr. Chesterton, was founded on a paradox—the paradox that existence was splendid, because it was, to all outward appearance, desperate. And this paradox, we are reminded, is deeply rooted in human life. Man's spirit is constantly depressed by the things which, logically speaking, should encourage it, and encouraged by the things which, logically speaking, should depress it. Christianity is founded on the idea that the best man suffers most. "We can accept the agony of heroes, but we revolt against the agony of culprits. We can all endure to regard pain when it is mysterious; our deepest nature

protests against it the moment that it is rational." To quote, in conclusion:

"Stevenson's great ethical and philosophical value lies in the fact that he realised this great paradox that life becomes more fascinating the darker it grows, that life is worth living only so far as it is difficult to live. The more steadfastly and gloomily men clung to their sinister visions of duty, the more, in his eyes, they swelled the chorus of the praise of things. He was an optimist because to him everything was heroic,

and nothing more heroic than the pessimist. To Stevenson, the optimist, belong the most frightful epigrams of pessimism. It was he who said that this planet on which we live was more drenched with blood, animal and vegetable, than a pirate ship. It was he who said that man was a disease of the agglutinated dust. And his supreme position and his supreme difference from all common optimists is merely this, that all common optimists say that life is glorious in spite of these things, but he said that all life was glorious because of them."

THE MAGIC OF WALTER PATER'S STYLE

Flaubert, the French novelist, held that though there may be many ways of expressing a thought, there is only one perfect way and that it is the supreme task of the artist to discover it. The sentiment is quoted approvingly in Walter Pater's essay on "Style," and undoubtedly reflects the inspiring motive of this famous Englishman of letters. His life, observes James Huneker (in the *New York Times Saturday Review*), was a long patience. "As Newman sought patiently for the evidences of faith, so Pater sought for beauty, that beauty of thought and expression of which his work is a supreme exemplar in modern English literature. Flaubert, a man of genius with whom he was in sympathy, toiled no harder for the perfect utterance of his ideas than did this retiring Oxford man of letters in his tower of ivory. And, like his happy account of Raphael's growth, Pater was himself a 'genius by accumulation; the transformation of meek scholarship into genius.'"

Walter Pater's achievement, so we are told by A. C. Benson in a new biographical study,* was to discern and then to display a new capacity in English prose. His masterpiece, "Marius the Epicurean," represents something absolutely distinctive, something that had never been done before. The essential difference existing between Pater's work and that of his forerunners and contemporaries is indicated as follows:

"The tendency of the best prose-writers of the century had been, as a rule, to employ prose in a prosaic manner. Landor had aimed at a Greek austerity of style. Macaulay had brought to perfection a bright hard-balanced method of statement, like the blowing of sharp trumpets. This was indeed the prose that had recommended itself to the taste of the early Victorians; it was full of a certain sound and splendor; it

rolled along in a kind of impassioned magnificence; but the object of it was to emphasise superficial points in an oratorical manner, to produce a glittering panorama rich in detail; it made no appeal to the heart or the spirit, awaking at best a kind of patriotic optimism, a serene self-glorification.

"Carlyle had written from the precisely opposite point of view; he was overburdened with passionate metaphysics which he involved in a texture of rugged Euphuism, intensely mannerised. But he had no catholicity of grasp, and his picturesqueness had little subtlety or delicacy, because his intense admiration for certain qualities and types blinded him to finer shades of character. There was no restraint about his style, and thus his enthusiasm turned to rant, his statement of preferences degenerated into a species of frantic bombast.

"With these Pater had nothing in common; the writers with whom he is more nearly connected are Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Newman, and Ruskin. He was akin to Charles Lamb in the delicacy of touch, the subtle flavor of language; and still more in virtue of his tender observation, his love of interior domestic life. He has a certain nearness to De Quincey in the impassioned autobiographical tendency, the fondness for retrospect, which Pater considered the characteristic of the poetical temperament. He is akin to Newman in respect of the restraint, the economy of effect, the perfect suavity of his work, but none of these probably exerted any very direct influence upon him. Ruskin perhaps alone of the later prose-writers had a permanent effect on the style of Pater. He learnt from Ruskin to realise intensely the suggestiveness of art, to pursue the subjective effect upon the mind of the recipient; but though the rich and glowing style of Ruskin enlarged the vocabulary of Pater, yet we can trace the time when he parted company with him, and turned aside in the direction of repression rather than volubility, of severity rather than prodigality."

The essence of Pater's attempt, writes Mr. Benson, was "to produce prose that had never before been contemplated in English, full of color and melody, serious, exquisite, ornate." More specifically:

"His object was that every sentence should be

*WALTER PATER. By A. C. Benson. The Macmillan Company.



WALTER PATER

"His life," says James Huneker, "was a long patience. As Newman sought patiently for the evidences of faith, so Pater sought for beauty, that beauty of thought and expression of which his work is a supreme exemplar in modern English literature."

weighted, charged with music, haunted with echoes; that it should charm and suggest, rather than convince or state. The danger of the perfection to which he attained is the danger of over-influence, seductive sweetness; the value is to suggest the unexplored possibilities of English as a vehicle for a kind of prose that is wholly and essentially poetical. The triumph of his art is to be metrical without metre, rhythmical without monotony. There will, of course, always be those whom this honeyed, labored cadence will affect painfully with a sense of something stifling and over-perfumed; and, indeed, the merits of a work of art can never be established by explanation or defended by argument."

To feel the charm of Walter Pater's style it is necessary, of course, to be in sympathy with his philosophy. He was a naturally skeptical spirit, in Mr. Benson's view, and his constant aim was not so much to possess the external elements of things as to penetrate their essential charm. "It is not the patient and untroubled beauty of nature, of simple effects of sun and shade, of great mountains, of wide plains, but of a remote

and symbolical beauty, seen by glimpses and in corners, of which he was in search—beauty with which is mixed a certain strangeness and mystery, that suggests an inner and a deeper principle behind, intermingled with a sadness, a melancholy, that is itself akin to beauty." This generalization is admirably illustrated in Pater's off-quoted description of Leonardo Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa":

"The presence that thus arose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

If this passage has "undeniable magic," as Mr. Benson claims, so also has that frankly pagan plea in the concluding essay of "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." Here Pater compares the perception of man to "a tremulous wisp constantly re-forming itself on the stream" of sense, and urges the perceptive mind to "be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy." He adds:

"To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

While all melts beneath our feet we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors and curious odors, or the work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts, some tragic dividing of forces on their days, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

THE "FEMININE SOUL" IN WHITMAN

"Once in a while," says George Meredith, "one meets men who bear the woman within them without being effeminate: they are the chosen of men." These words are applied to the poet, Walt Whitman, by Dr. Eduard Bertz, a German medical writer, and may serve to emphasize a peculiar feature of recent German criticism on Whitman.

No American man of letters compels a greater share of the attention of the German critics than is now held by the author of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman is being studied as he has never before been studied in Germany and the estimates resulting from the psychological inquiry into his life and letters will seem most extraordinary to the American mind. Competent medical investigators see in him, in the phraseology of Krafft-Ebing and the late Charles Godfrey Leland, "a feminine soul in a masculine body"; and one of Germany's greatest living writers boldly proclaims him a "reincarnation of Buddha and of Christ."

Dr. Bertz contributes to the "Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen," published in Berlin, a startling monograph on Walt Whitman. The attitude taken by this writer accords with the views expressed in Weininger's "Sex and Character" (recently noted in these columns) and with the general tenor of Dr. Hirschfeld's studies on "sexual gradations," of which Leland seems to have had a dim prevision. These men hold, in accordance with Havelock Ellis and John Addington Symonds, that sex cannot externally be determined; and that, as a necessary concomitant of the evolution of both sexes from one basic type, masculine and feminine elements are curiously, and not always proportionally, mixed in men and women. They affirm that there are some women who, psychically at least, are men, and some men who partake of the psychic nature of women. They further affirm, and offer ample evidence therefor, that the number of such individuals is far greater than we are wont to realize. Among historic characters so endowed they count without hesitation Sappho and Louise Michel on one side, and, on the other, Shakespeare and Michelangelo, Caesar and Frederick the Great.

Unfortunately for their own cause these "homosexuals" overstate their case ridiculously, and with the scientific men who study the subject the theory seems to become a per-

fect monomania, in pursuit of which the privacy of no life is respected. Johannes Schlaf remarks in a rejoinder to Bertz, that this mania of what, for want of a better term, we might call "pathologizing," is in itself a form of mental aberration. Even Napoleon's masculinity is called in question, and the puzzling personality of Walt Whitman is now one of the favorite topics of the school.

Dr. Bertz speaks of Whitman as "homosexual," hastening to add that this implies no reflection whatever, but simply denotes the man's psychical characteristics and sheds new light on his personality and work. Not certain actions, we are told, determine a man's homosexuality, but his general character, his mode of feeling. In confirmation of his opinion of Whitman, Dr. Bertz goes on to quote John Addington Symonds, Marc André Raffalovich, Edward Carpenter, Moll



WALT WHITMAN DANDLING A BUTTERFLY

In the opinion of Dr. Eduard Bertz, a German medical writer, ninety per cent. of Whitman's impulses were "entirely feminine."

and Max Nordau. He thinks that he can discover in Whitman the four "stigmata" of such natures, namely, "somatic peculiarities, psychic peculiarities, a dislike of women, and enthusiastic friendships."

Walt Whitman, he says further, is surely the most remarkable and at the same time the most problematic figure of American literature. His poetic individuality is composed of almost irreconcilable contradictions—irreconcilable because his feminine, receptive mind was open to every fructification from without and unable to ward off what was foreign to him. His peculiar psychical sexuality constitutes the basis of his defects as well as of his excellencies. He is by no means as absolutely original and autochthonic as his most ardent admirers would have us believe. From all directions of the compass he gathered his knowledge, and the embracing sympathy of his heart was the link by which all contradictions were reconciled. His comprehension of the cosmos was a matter of the feelings, not correlated with masculine clearness of thought, and the cosmos of his mind never quite overcame the chaos. The contrasts in his make-up are the first phenomenon that astonishes us in him. "We have in him," says Dr. Bertz, "the Columbus of a new mode of song who borrowed the fundamentals of his revolutionary form from the ancient Old Testament; the singer of modern natural science whose inherited Quaker notions are dearer to him than his science; the profound mystic and the glorifier of the flesh; the founder of a new religion of humanity intended to outstrip all existing systems, and, at the same time, a Yankee narrowly national in his views, in fact, a forerunner of American imperialism; a dreamer whose love for nature is deep and gladsome, a tender, delicate lyrist, and a man of *Sturm und Drang* whose sensational breaking into literature is perhaps the most American of all his traits."

The most diverse opinions in regard to Whitman have been expressed in discussions of his writings, ranging from an estimate of "Leaves of Grass" as the "New Testament of the New World" to an estimate of the author as "a moral, intellectual, poetic and physical vagabond, with all the vices of a vagabond." Dr. Bertz, who made Whitman's acquaintance in 1882, agrees with neither of these extreme views, but seeks to form an absolutely objective idea of the "good gray poet." While he recognizes in Whitman Christ-like qualities, he also discovers a Satanic trait, and gleefully informs

us that Whitman himself admitted that in the divine scheme the Satanic elements had a certain place. He disagrees with Lombroso's view of the intimate connection between genius and insanity, but subscribes to the opinion of Moebius that mental disturbance is apt to be the consequence of highly developed talent in one direction. Whitman, accordingly, was "unbalanced." "He was an abnormal man, especially in what is the basis of every individual peculiarity of mind, the psychical sexual nature. In a word, he was of a pronounced homosexual type."

A man's sex life, Dr. Bertz admits, is ordinarily his private affair; but as soon as it becomes abnormal, science is justified in taking note of it. Whitman's whole life shows that he was abnormal, and there is yet another consideration which justifies a close scrutiny in his case. Never does the right of science to such an inquiry into the sex life of a great man become more evident than when, as in Whitman's case, he proclaims his abnormal feeling as normal, and makes of it a gospel, almost a religion. "In such cases it is of the greatest public interest to investigate to what extent his demands are normal and healthy or abnormal and unhealthy, for it may be the cause of much mischief if the unhealthy idea is permitted to circulate as normal and salutary."

Dr. Bertz agrees with Havelock Ellis that it is no easy matter to give Whitman a definite place in the scale of sexual gradations, even after his homosexuality has been admitted, for the contradictions in his poetic personality are based on contradictions in his physical and spiritual organism.

After an elaborate introduction on this line the writer begins his thesis proper.

He first endeavors to establish the "physical stigmata." On the authority of Dr. Brinton (*The Conservator*, vol. x, No. 9), he tells us that paralysis seemed to run in Whitman's family. "Both his father and his brother George suffered from it." It is also an interesting fact that all living members of the family are childless, and that Whitman himself never married. His complexion was uncommonly rosy, and, if we may believe John Burroughs, his body was like that of a child. His voice was soft and rather feminine, though not extremely so.

More is to be said on the score of psychical stigmata. We learn that Whitman's restlessness is a predominant trait of the "feminine soul in a masculine body." Another

specifically feminine vice strongly pronounced, according to Moll, in most homosexuals, is vanity. And this vice Whitman undoubtedly possessed in a high degree. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell said of him, that he was the vainest creature he had ever known. Other authorities concur in this opinion. "The very first edition of 'Leaves of Grass' appeared with the portrait of the author so that everybody could see who was meant as the typical man in the 'Song of Myself.' With each of the following editions new pictures appeared. He sat for almost all prominent photographers in New York and other great cities. How proud he was of his physique appears from his poems, and—if we regard the latter, with his sycophants, as symbolical or metaphorical—from his purely personal hospital letters. A tribute to his vanity was also the show he made of words from foreign languages in his poems. He wrote poetry in seven languages, although he understood only his mother tongue." The "dreamy expression of his eyes," the fact that he was "easily moved to tears, especially by praise of his own works," his childlike ways, his more than usual love of children, are cited; also the fact that he neither smoked, nor hunted, nor indulged in salacious jokes—in a word, possessed no masculine vices. As feminine, too, the author regards his superficial dabbling in science, his lack of coherency of thought, and his extreme subjectivity. "Do I contradict myself?" says Whitman. "Very well, then I contradict myself." This, according to R. L. Stevenson, is "a very good answer, worthy of a sage, or rather of a woman." Finally, Dr. Bertz comments on the strange mixture in Whitman of sensuous elements and religious frenzy, and on his exaggerated feminine compassion and love for humanity.

In a third section, on Whitman's dislike of women, Dr. Bertz points out again that he preferred the single state despite his theories, and that in his works the love of woman is treated with far less delicacy than the poetry of friendship. Moreover, as both Ellis and Edmund Holmes have pointed out, the space given to woman in "Leaves of Grass" is disproportionately small. "He was not an extreme effeminate; but the rudiments were not important enough to justify us in calling him bisexual; at most ten per cent of his impulses were masculine, whereas ninety per cent. were entirely feminine."

The fourth and last section is devoted to

Whitman's attitude toward enthusiastic friendships. The division of "Leaves of Grass" entitled "Calamus," Whitman's correspondence with Symonds on the subject, and a number of private letters, furnish abundant material for critical dissection. Dr. Bertz, who is withal an enthusiastic admirer of Whitman's genius, closes his study with the quotation from Meredith with which this article opens. The subtle English psychologist can hardly have thought of homosexuals when he wrote these words, and to the majority of such persons they could hardly in justice be applied; but they are certainly true, says Dr. Bertz, of superior homosexual types, "of whom Whitman was one."

A critical revision of Dr. Bertz's book has been written by the principal exponent of Whitman in Germany—Johannes Schlaf. Schlaf is the father of the "modern movement" in Germany. He is the author of a monograph on Whitman and the translator of many of his poems. Decidedly extravagant as his admiration of Whitman may strike the majority of readers, he is a brilliant and astute critic, deserving of careful consideration. To him Whitman is the Overman of whom Nietzsche dreamed. "He seems like the reincarnation of the individuality of Christ in a most modern phase of development." Speaking of Whitman's passing through a hospital and nursing the sick, he exclaims: "A Jesus whose empire is of this world!" And finally: "He is like to a Buddha rising suddenly after long and deep thought, contemplation and vision from his ultimate and all-embracing knowledge and his revery under the Bodhi-tree to take his part as an active hero."

To him the inquiry of Dr. Bertz seems impious and wicked. He succeeds in demolishing or weakening a number of the arguments of his opponent, but is not equally successful with others. He lays special stress on the fact that Whitman made himself consciously the reflection of a world, a highly complex *collective* being. Consequently the very foundation of the Bertz theory is shaken, at least as far as it is based on Whitman's works. His vanity and continual self-advertisement Schlaf regards as characteristically American traits, which are also gaining ground daily in the Old World. "What in the world," he asks, "has advertising to do with homosexuality?"

Schlaf's brochure may be taken as a

healthful protest against the morbid tendency of the modern German mind. He refuses to see the abnormal in Whitman, not only denying his asserted femininity, but proclaiming him the arch-type of strong virile manhood. "More than once," he says, "my pen rebelled against this importunate and ill-applied science, no matter how serious the purpose of Dr. Bertz may

have been. For this science did not refrain from attaching to Whitman's character blemishes and often ridiculous weaknesses which seem altogether nonsensical and preposterous in his case." He pronounces Whitman's character Christlike, and reaffirms his view of Whitman as a prophet rather than as a poet—the prophet of a new world and a new race.

DON JUAN AS A JAPANESE LITERARY CHARACTER

"Don Quixote," as has recently been shown by a French writer, Léon Charpentier (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, June), was a Japanese, Oriental creation long before a Western artist conceived and painted him. Now it seems that "Don Juan" also has a Japanese prototype.

The same French writer, who is apparently exploring the ancient and forgotten realms of Japanese legendary lore and romance, announces the discovery of a full-grown Japanese Don Juan. He cannot find anything in the Western character, so long a favorite with novelists, poets, librettists and dramatists, that the Oriental creator of the type did not think of and put into the picture. In fact, the Japanese "Don Juan" is a singularly rich, brilliant, colorful study.

Details of this work are given in an article in the Paris *Figaro*. The Japanese Don Juan is called Genji, and the romance in which his amorous adventures are set forth is entitled "Genji Monogatari." The romance is in fifty-four books or parts, and "seems a trifle long even to the Japanese."

Curiously enough, the hero was drawn from reality. A real historical personage served as the author's model, and the author was a woman and a princess. She belonged to the Fajiwara family, the noblest in the empire after that of the reigning house. But the glory of her birth and ancestry was eclipsed by that of her literary fame. She wrote under the pen-name of Murasaki Shikibu, and flourished in the tenth century of our era.

The historical personage she made the hero of her greatest romance—even now considered in Japan a literary masterpiece—was the son of the Emperor Seiwa, who reigned in the latter part of the ninth century. He was voluptuous and sensual, but a man of great capacity. Both in war and

in administration he displayed talent of a high order, and he actually founded the first dynasty of hereditary shoguns.

In the romance based on his career each chapter describes an attempt at seduction, and, as a rule, a successful one. Occasionally he is repulsed, but he never suffers keenly, and promptly transfers his affection to some other charmer. Finally, Genji falls in love with a mere child, whose education he promises to undertake. When this girl grows up, he seduces her, but this proves to be his last adventure. At this time his ambition to rule men acquires predominance. He marries the girl and reforms.

Charpentier, in analyzing the Japanese Don Juan, finds one fundamental difference between it and the Western version—a difference in spirit in the author's attitude toward the hero. Genji is not merely immoral, but unmoral. He has no sense of sin; his conscience never troubles him, and there is no punishment for his crimes. This attitude is attributed to national characteristics. Chastity was not valued in Japan at the time, and sensuality was not considered offensive to the gods. The spirits or phantoms which the author introduces are not avengers of outraged virtue and morality; they are rather the partizans of the deceived and forsaken rivals of new favorites. They do not speak of justice or of repentance. Genji believes in the supernatural, but it does not occur to him that his "natural" life is opposed to that belief. When he reforms, he looks upon his past as the past merely, without regret or shame. The Western idea is very different. Even the most hardened and apparently unregenerate sinners in Western countries involuntarily recognize a moral code, and no Western artist could fail to reflect it in his portrayals of character.

Music and the Drama

THE COMMANDING INFLUENCE OF IBSEN

By the death of Ibsen the world has lost one of its two greatest intellectual figures. Tolstoy, who survives him, has not penetrated more deeply into the heart of his age. Equally imposing as playwright, satirist and moral teacher, it may be said without exaggeration that he presents the most conspicuous dramatic personality since Shakespeare. "The highest point of human consciousness," according to Maeterlinck, "is reached by the dramas of Ibsen. Here we touch the limit of the resources of modern dramaturgy." And George Brandes, the Danish critic, has written: "He displayed a dramatic certainty, simplicity and delicacy which recalled antique tragedy in the hands of Sophocles."

Ibsen was not merely a dramatist; he was a dramatist for dramatists. The entire European stage bears the impress of his influence. In Germany, Sudermann and Hauptmann; in Austria, Schnitzler and Bahr; in Russia, Gorky and Chirikov; in England, Pinero and Bernard Shaw; in Italy, D'Annunzio,—all have drawn inspiration from Ibsen. And even in France, which the Scandinavian critics have declared was incapable of understanding Ibsen's depth and symbolism, he has made such a marked impression that Adolphe Brisson, the well-known critic, writing in a recent number of the *Paris Figaro*, says: "All our modern drama is Ibsen clarified, simplified, 'filtered,' if I may use the expression. It represents the brain of Ibsen grafted on to another land, and bearing new literary fruit. It is the fusion of Northern and Central Europe, of Scandinavian dreaminess and French grace. Ibsen exercises on the present generation an influence analogous to that exerted by Shakespeare upon the romantic age."

Ibsen's dramas may be divided into three main groups. The first includes his mythological and historical plays, of which the best known examples are "Catiline," "Brand," and "Peer Gynt." The second group is mainly sociological in character and is well typified by such dramas as "Pillars of Society" and "The League of Youth." The third and last contains the maturest products of his genius, and deals chiefly with the

problems of individuals. In this class fall "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm," "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and "When We Dead Awaken."

"I have always loved stormy weather," Ibsen once said, and the remark characterizes his dramatic art, as well as his personality. "Since Byron and Shelley," declares Emil Reich, an eminent Austrian critic, "almost all the great poets of the nineteenth century have espoused the fighting creed of the ideal. And the dominating motive in all of Ibsen's works has been his desire to destroy what was outlived and to build up a more complete life." In another place the same critic writes: "Ibsen is no gentle poet. His works are blows dealt against bourgeois society. He hates it just as the young Hebel hated it; and his hatred is the stronger because he himself once belonged in the ranks of the fortunate." Brandes, in his book* on Ibsen, sums up the underlying qualities of his work as follows:

"Whatever the merits or defects of his productions, it is clear that we have to deal with a poet who looks upon the life of the present day with the eye of a pessimist: not a pessimist in the sense—the philosophic-poetic sense—that melancholy is his muse, his work a lamentation over the hapless lot of humanity, and his inspiration a deep sense of the tragedy inherent in the mere fact of human existence; but a pessimist whose pessimism is of a moral character, akin to contempt and indignation. He does not bemoan, he indicts. His gloomy way of looking at things makes him, in the first place, polemical; for when he directs his gaze towards his own time, it presents to his eye sheer misery and guilt, and shows him the discord between what ought to be and what is. In the second place, it makes him bitter; for when he turns his gaze on the ideal, he sees its destruction as inevitable, all higher living and striving as fruitless, and discord between what ought to be and what is attainable. There is also a revolutionary element in these works."

In so far as Ibsen's philosophy can be embodied in a formula, it was summed up in his own words to a friend: "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all

*HENRIK IBSEN. BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. CRITICAL STUDIES. By George Brandes. William Heinemann, London.

of us, but most of us bungle it." This idea Ibsen never tires of expressing. It furnishes the central motive of almost all his plays. In this he remained consistent throughout his dramatic career. If, as some of his exponents have maintained, Ibsen has no coherent system of thought, his indefiniteness in this respect arises from no doubt as to the object to be attained, but from ignorance of the method to be employed in attaining it. He was definitely iconoclastic. In his attacks upon what he regarded as outgrown moralities and conventional lies, social shams and hypocrisies—everything, in a word, that retards human progress and the full development of individual life—he was merciless. He knew the general outlines of the new world that must be built on the ruins of the old; he preached a gospel of absolute liberty as the salvation of mankind; but what he seems not to have fully discerned was the exact material out of which, and the exact method by which, this new world was to be constructed. Hence his mysticism and symbolism. Thus Nora goes out from her "Doll's House," escaping from the bondage of the old into a mystic future of which the poet tells us nothing. And Oswald passes from a world of inherited agony crying "The Sun! The Sun!" But who shall tell how he, or any of us, is to attain that sun?

In considering the technique of Ibsen's dramas, one is reminded of Whistler's remark that art is only great when all traces of the means used have vanished. "Ibsen's skill as a playwright," observes Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, in a recent article in the *New York Bookman*, "is so consummate that his art is never obtruded. In fact, it was so adroitly hidden that when he first loomed on the horizon careless theatric critics were tempted rather to deny its existence." Professor Matthews writes further:

"A play of Ibsen's is always compact and symmetrical. It has a beginning, a middle and an end; it never straggles, but ever moves straight forward to its conclusion. It has unity; and often it conforms even to the pseudo-unities proclaimed by the super-ingenuous critics of the Italian renaissance. Sometimes a play of Ibsen's has another likeness to a tragedy of the Greeks, in that it presents in action before the assembled spectators only the culminating scenes of the story. 'Ghosts' recalls 'Œdipus the King,' not only in the horror at the heart of it and the poignancy of the emotion it evokes, but also in its being a fifth act only, the culmination of a long and complex concatenation of events, which took place

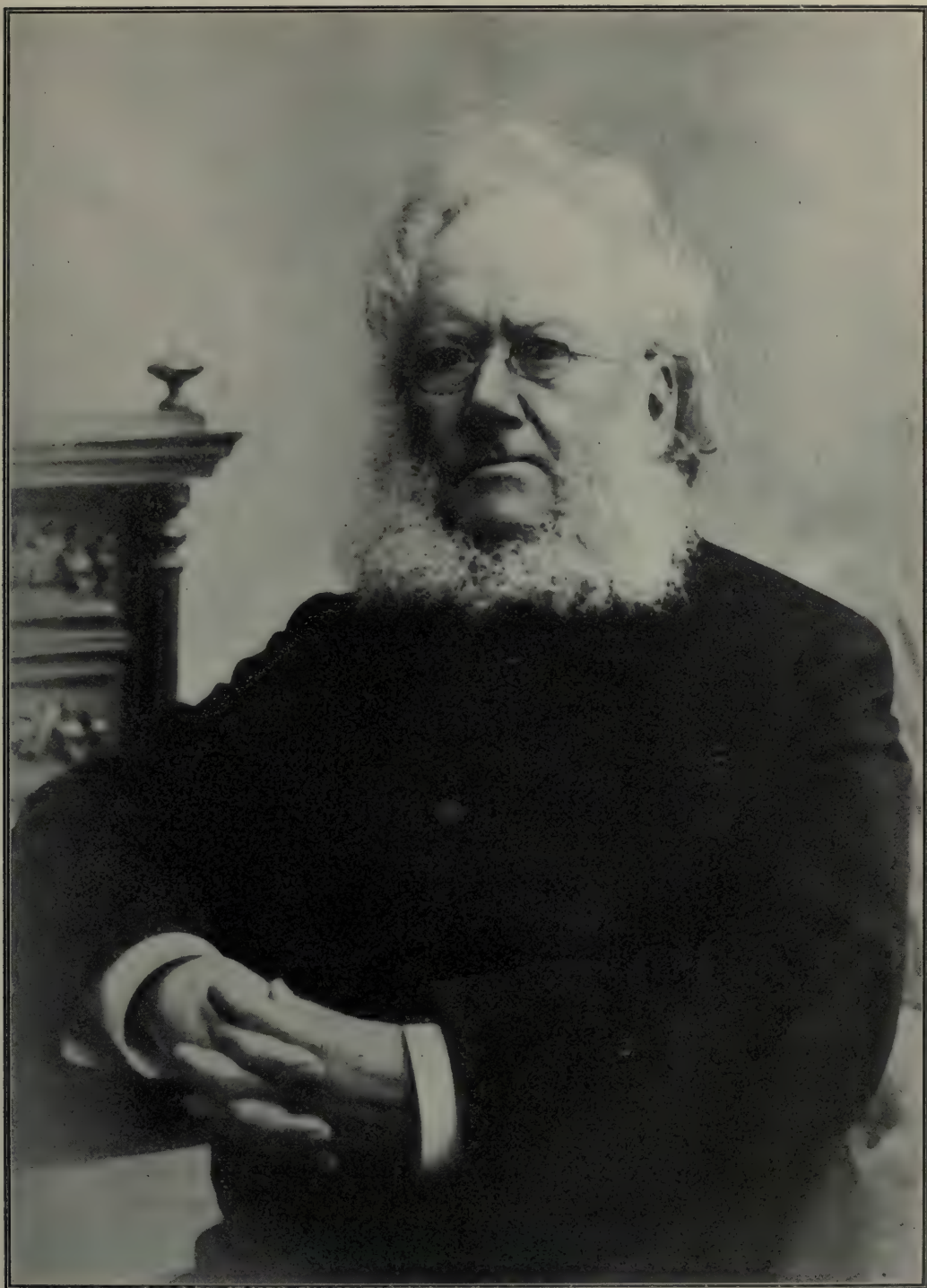
before the point at which Sophocles and Ibsen saw fit to begin their plays. In the Greek tragedy, as in the Scandinavian social drama, the poet has chosen to deal with the result of the action, rather than with the visible struggle itself; it is not the present doings of the characters, but their past deeds, which determine their fate; and it seems almost as though the ancient Athenian and the modern Norwegian had taken as a motto George Eliot's saying that 'consequences are un pitying.'"

In the judgment of Björnstjerne Björnson, "Ghosts" is Ibsen's masterpiece. To a representative of the Copenhagen *Politiken* who asked him for an expression of opinion in connection with Ibsen's death, Björnson said:

"It is in 'Ghosts' that he most lavishly develops his poetic gifts, and there that he goes deepest for his material. I do not know whether he can be called the greatest of contemporary poets; but the greatest Master-Builder, that he is. Look at 'The Wild Duck'! There is not a superfluous line in it; every word has its purpose. It is absolutely miraculous. But he worked and worked at each of his plays for two years on end, and did nothing else. It is the artistic element in Ibsen's works that will make them imperishable."

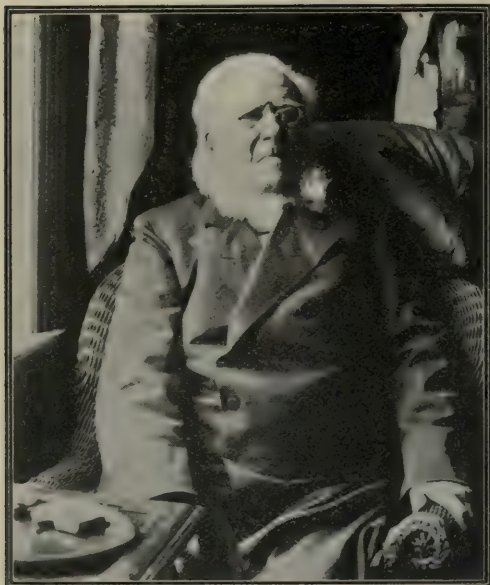
English and American comment on Ibsen at this time reveals a multitude of conflicting views, and seems to justify the assertion that he is "one of the best-beloved and worst-hated literary men the world has ever known."

For twenty years he has furnished a bone of contention for the Anglo-Saxon world, and for twenty years his influence has been steadily growing. When first produced in London, the Ibsen plays evoked a tornado of indignation; and even so responsible a critic as Clement Shorter described the performance of "Ghosts" as "a disgusting representation, . . . an open drain; a loathsome sore unbandaged; a dirty act done publicly." Fortunately, however, Ibsen found more intelligent interpreters in Edmund Gosse and William Archer. Now he needs no defenders. The conservative *Academy* (London) concedes that he is "one of the most remarkable men in the history of literature." The *London Times Literary Supplement*, replying to the criticism that he made his characters self-deceivers, cowards, hypocrites, says: "It may be suggested that so long as Euripides is read and acted and discussed, there is hope for Ibsen." Max Beerbohm, of *The Saturday Review* (London), pronounces him "a perfect type of the artist," and a writer in the *London Spectator* gives the following



IBSEN AT SEVENTY

"To act as the physician of the age," says William Morton Payne, "to point out the festering sores in the social and political organism, and to sear them with irons heated to whiteness in the furnace of the poet's indignation—this was *his* mission, and for its sake he scorned delights and lived laborious days."



From stereograph, copyright 1905, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

IBSEN'S LAST PORTRAIT

"The greatest moral artist of his century, Tolstoy not excepted," in Mr. Huneker's judgment.

reason for regarding him as, in the highest sense, an idealist:

"Pursued by an ever-increasing troop of disciples, he fled unweariedly on and on. 'At the point where I stood when I wrote each of my books there now stands a tolerably compact crowd; but I myself am no longer there; I am elsewhere; farther on, I hope.' It is this constant desire to distance his followers which makes it impossible to describe him as a pessimist; while they are struggling in the morass he is already half-way up the hill. He is inconsistently and inexplicably hopeful; he is that most inveterate of believers, the idealist in spite of himself, in spite of every one. Mysterious voices float to him from the heights; his face is set eastward; and, baffled and bewildered, across the drifting mists his soul yet has glimpses 'of that immortal sea which brought us hither.'"

In the United States Ibsen has never enjoyed wide popularity, but intellectually he is in the ascendant. William Dean Howells, in a recent critique of Ibsen's "Letters" in *Harper's Magazine*, takes occasion to say: "No greater mind, no perfecter art, has revealed itself in our time, so rich in mind and art." James Huneker devotes one-third of his lately published book of dramatic criticism, "Iconoclasts," to Ibsen, and styles him "the greatest moral artist of his century, Tolstoy not excepted." Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, finds in Ibsen "the same prophetic intensity and insight that dominated the old

Hebrew Biblical writers." In a new lecture Professor Schmidt has said further:

"The prophetic gift which many consider that Shakespeare lacked is Ibsen's in fullest abundance. So nicely are his prophecy and artistry balanced that they seem as one. He is never a mere dogmatic teacher, bald and dull. Again, one of his chief claims to pre-eminence is that he is the mouthpiece of his age. All the indefinite, half-formed ideas and aspirations that struggled for utterance in the minds of the men around him Ibsen gathered up and spoke forth forcibly and finally. He thus becomes the trumpet of the century. And this is the distinguishing work of the supreme master, that he be the mouthpiece of his time.

"In his fight for the fullest freedom for every man he has been a constant rebel from his birth to the present hour. He is one of the few examples of men who, radicals in youth, did not become conservative in their old age. And we must not forget that this man who has given so much to the world was forced by the antagonisms he met with to be practically a wanderer on the face of the earth, and to do his work aloof and alone."

William Morton Payne, of the *Chicago Dial*, writes:

"To act as the physician of the age, to point out the festering sores in the social and political organism, and to sear them with irons heated to whiteness in the furnace of the poet's indignation,—this was *his* mission, and for its sake he scorned delights and lived laborious days, exiling himself from home and country, preaching austere and uncomfortable doctrine to unwilling ears, and alienating his friends—even the one friend for whom his heart most yearned—by his uncompromising rectitude of soul."

"Hedda Gabler" and "A Doll's House" as presented in this country by Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore, have attracted large audiences and aroused keen discussion. Mrs. Fiske is a warm admirer of Ibsen, and our American playwrights—Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Charles Klein—admit their indebtedness to him. The *New York Dramatic Mirror*, one of the most influential organs of the theatrical world, goes so far as to say: "Ibsen's influence on the theatre, already felt wherever the stage has a modern trend, has but just begun."

"An American Ibsen," observes Edwin E. Slosson, literary editor of the *New York Independent*, "would starve"; and yet, he adds, Ibsen's characters are "universal types" and "nowhere more abundant than in America." John Gabriel Borkman, for example, is "the typical financier now being pilloried in the market place by official and unofficial investigators." "Pillars of Society" is "a dramatized insurance and Slocum scandal." The question of

"tainted money" is treated in "Ghosts." Mr. Slosson says further:

"Ibsen describes our small towns better than our own writers. The vices of the village, its narrow interests, its gossips, its exclusiveness, and its rigid control of the conduct and opinions of the individual, are the same here as in Norway, and need the same drastic exposure. We are all acquainted with Peter the pompous burgomaster, with Mortensgard, the free-thinker, who turns out to be neither free nor a thinker; Aslaksen, the moderate man, whose heart belongs to the people, but whose reason inclines to the authorities; Hovstad, the printer, whose paper is radical on questions of national politics, but observes a certain amount of caution in regard to purely local matters; Solness, the master builder, losing his grip on his work and in mortal terror of being supplanted by the younger generation; and Tesman, the professor, physically and mentally nearsighted. As for Ibsen's women, we have them all here, from Nora, the bird-woman, to Hedda, the cat-woman. There is need in America for this Ibsen, layer of ghosts and pricker of bubbles."

Ibsen has been the subject of numberless estimates in American newspapers during recent weeks. The *Springfield Republican* calls him "the dramatist of pessimism," and thinks that his views of life were "so morbid, so utterly without uplift," that they can never be great, though "through the disease of the age they may be powerful and imposing." The *New York Evening Post* regards it as highly improbable that his didacticism and symbolism will ever be popular on the English-speaking stage. "It is not likely," says *The Post*, "that the world will ever accept his doctrine of no compromise. Modern experience teaches that compromise is the chief source of peace and many other blessings." Ibsen "achieved his vogue," remarks the *New York Tribune*—"a vogue which is even now passing." It adds:

"The later years of the nineteenth century were ripe for the unsettling ministrations of men like Nietzsche and Ibsen, men keen on meeting the animal in man half way, and on throwing a glamour of 'naturalness' over its lustful affirmations and its callous rejection of undesired obligations. In other words, Ibsen came to tell thousands just what they wanted to be told. He delivered his 'message' with the more aplomb because he was himself an egotist not only from theory, but from the promptings of his nature. His recently published letters have shown with what sublime selfishness he pursued his career. He was as cold as a fish and as hard as nails. It is doubtful if he ever felt a passion of tenderness, of gentle, kindly feeling for mankind, and it is certain that he had not an atom of humor. There is something ironical about the fate which promises to overtake him. He wrapt his works in an appalling solemnity, and



IBSEN'S SON, SIGURD

Who married Berglost, the daughter of Björnson.

the world is learning to laugh at his portentous assumptions. His faithful followers have emulated, and some of them still emulate, his owlish gravity, but the Ibsen hypothesis has for some time been running emptyings, and is now dwindling away in the shrill nonsense of a Bernard Shaw. The time will come when men will wonder why they listened with so much patience to the Scandinavian oracle."

On the other hand, the *Boston Transcript* rejoices in what it terms "a sheer triumph of intellectuality and moral purpose in Ibsen's case"; and the *Pittsburg Gazette* pays a whole-hearted tribute to "this modern Aristophanes who scourged the sins of society naked through the market-place." The *Chicago Evening Post* says:

"The passing of Ibsen has given an unusual opportunity for the expression of our national fallacy—that the recognition of any important evil is 'pessimism.'"

"Of the comments upon the great Norwegian idealist not less than 95 per cent include a discussion of or confident reference to his 'pessimism.'"

"Yet the most unchallengeable truth about Ibsen is his splendid, unconquerable idealism, and no one can remain through a long and difficult life an idealist without being essentially an optimist. In all that Ibsen wrote, from his first work to his last, there is, for those who read thoughtfully enough to reach his philosophy beneath the facts, an inspiring faith in the ultimate and supreme rectitude and nobility of the soul, and in the beauty and worth of life freed from its errors."

PERSONAL TRAITS OF IBSEN

"All his life long he strove to be alone; but he became the possession of the whole world." Thus writes Holger Drachmann, the Danish novelist, of Ibsen. Never was there a poet, it may safely be said, who wrote so much of life and lived so little. Like Moses, he pointed out the Promised Land, but entered not therein. Though he ever counseled the world, in his plays, to live fully and freely, he seems to have adopted for the guidance of his own life the motto he commended to George Brandes: "He is strongest who stands alone."

There is something positively uncanny in the strength of this man who avoided the world, but whom the whole world sought. He could dispense not only with social contact, but even with the intellectual companionship of books. The dry columns of the daily newspaper furnished him all the inspiration he needed in the construction of the formidable edifice of his works. Some men, indeed, there were whom he admitted to a certain degree of intimacy—intellectual giants, of the type of Björnson and Brandes—yet even in the case of these he seemed to need but little, and gave but little more. Even his correspondence does not admit us to his inmost life. In the imagination of the world, he has been, and will remain, a solitary figure sipping from a glass in a Christiania restaurant.

Although Ibsen never forgave his countrymen for their early neglect of his talents, he lived long enough to obtain recognition, in his native land, as a master-genius, through whom Norway had come into intellectual kinship with the nations. "His pictures appear in every shop window," says William E. Curtis, the correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, in an article written just previously to Ibsen's death, "and if the number of copies sold is a criterion, he was the most popular man in Norway." Mr. Curtis says further:

"Ibsen is so regular in his habits that the people of Christiania can set their watches by his coming and going. He leaves his house, which is near the centre of the city, every morning at precisely 11.30 o'clock, and always walks down the same street at leisurely pace, with great dignity, but an air of abstraction. At 11.45 he reaches the university buildings and never fails to stop and compare his watch with the clock in the tower. The students would have an insurrection from curiosity if he should fail to appear at the stated time every morning. Having sat-

isfied himself as to the accuracy of his watch, he proceeds to the Grand Hotel, where he enters the café, takes a special seat in a corner which is scrupulously reserved for him, and drinks a glass of what they call 'pølter'—a sort of 'high ball' of whiskey and soda. If anybody should be occupying his seat the waiters would clear it for him, but such a thing has never occurred. Every frequenter of the place knows the old man's habits, but nobody speaks to him, and he seldom speaks to anyone while there. He sips his 'pølter' and reads the newspapers for an hour exactly. If any other patron happens to be reading the paper he wants the waiter demands it, for Herr Ibsen cannot be denied anything. His wishes have become so well known and his habits are so regular that it is not necessary for him to give any orders. He wants a certain newspaper when he takes his seat; when he has read that he wants a certain other paper, and then a third. He takes the Christiania dailies in the same order every morning and if he has any time left gazes blandly over the company in a benevolent way, as if to say: 'I am here to be looked at and you have only a few minutes more to gratify your curiosity.' Having finished his newspapers he walks to the post office, gets his mail and then perhaps to a bank or a book store and does any other errands that may be on his list, and then returns to his home for a two o'clock dinner."

Ibsen wrote all his plays and his letters with his own hand; he never employed a secretary, and never dictated. On his table was always to be seen a board, on which rested a number of Swiss bears carved in wood, a little black devil, and some cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper. "I never write a single line," he used to say, "if I do not have the board and the little figures before me. It is strange but I must always have the board before me. Why I need them," he added smilingly, "is my secret."

At the time of his death, Ibsen was seventy-eight years old. "Although not of unusual stature," says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, "his whole figure bespoke great strength. With the tangle of gray hair and beard, he reminded me of one of our moss-covered live oaks which seem forever to defy time and the elements. The close-pressed lips, the steady glint of the eyes under the heavy eyebrows made one feel that 'the whole face was gathered in a resolution.' The soft voice and the caressing accent alone failed to betray the indomitable will behind the broad forehead." The same writer continues:

"It was impossible to look at the man and hear him speak without remembering something of the story of his early life: The saddened childhood,

the dreary years as an apothecary's apprentice in a small coast town inhabited by philistines who could not understand him, where during the night vigils he worked to acquire an education and wrote his first drama, 'Catiline'; the pathetic failures to gain recognition as an author amid poverty so great that it compelled him to dispose of the unsold copies of his first work to grocers, to be used for wrapping paper; the long succession of disappointments which filled him with doubts and misgivings more trying to the soul than the enmity of the pharisees who, smarting under the lash of his satire, did much to block his path."

Ibsen is survived by a wife and one son, Sigurd, who at present occupies a position in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Sigurd Ibsen is the husband of a daughter of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, his father's most formidable rival in the hearts of the Norwegians. Heroic statues of Bjørnson and Ibsen were erected by popular subscription not long ago in front of the new theater in Christiania.

"THE GREATEST TEACHER OF THE PIANO THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD"

Concentration, it seems, is the watchword of Theodor Leschetizky, the Vienna music master. In "complete, unswerving concentration," says Annette Hullah, an English writer, he has fulfilled his own life and character; and he is never tired of impressing upon his pupils the idea that "without concentration you can do nothing."

Leschetizky's personality and piano "method," both of which are fully described in a new book* by Miss Hullah, have a real and vital interest for all mankind. They helped to mold the careers of several of the greatest living pianists, among them Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, Gabrilowitch, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, and for thirty years have drawn, as a magnet, the promising musical students of every nation. It is well to remember, however, that the "Leschetizky Method," so-called, is not in any strict sense a method at all. The term was coined by Leschetizky's assistants, who arranged in a connected series the technical exercises through which they have put the pupils to be prepared for him. He himself has said: "I have no technical method. There are certain ways of producing certain effects, and I have found those which succeed best; but I have no iron rules. How is it possible one should have them? One pupil needs this, another that; the hand of each differs; the brain of each differs. There can be no rule. I am a doctor to whom my pupils come as patients to be cured of their musical ailments, and the remedy must vary in each case." In only one respect can it be said that Leschetizky has originated a method, and this is in the way in which he teaches

his pupils to learn a piece of music. He requires the student to analyze a composition bar by bar, slowly and deliberately engraving each point on his mind as on a map, until he knows it so thoroughly that he can play any part of it accurately, beginning at any point, without the music.

Leschetizky endeavors to inculcate: (1) an absolutely clear comprehension of the principal points to be studied in the music 'on hand'; (2) a clear conception of where the difficulties lie, and of the way in which to conquer them; and (3) the mental realization of these facts *before* they are carried out by the hands. "Decide exactly *what* it is you want to do in the first place," he counsels his pupils, "then *how* you will do it; then play it. Stop and think if you played it in the way you meant to do; then only, if sure of this, go ahead. Without concentration, remember, you can do nothing. The brain must guide the fingers, not the fingers the brain." Other points in musical science have been conveyed by Leschetizky in felicitous similes and suggestions, as follows:

"To make an effective *accelerando* you must glide into rapidity as steadily as a train increases its speed when steaming out of a station."

"Teach yourself to make a *rallentando* evenly by watching the drops of water cease as you turn off a tap."

"A player with an unbalanced rhythm reminds me of an intoxicated man who cannot walk straight."

"If your wrists are weak, go and roll the grass in the garden."

"If you want to develop strength and sensitiveness in the tips of your fingers, use them in every-day life. For instance, when you go out for a walk, hold your umbrella with the tips instead of in the palm of your hand."

"Practise your technical exercises on a cushion

*THEODOR LESCHETIZKY. By Annette Hullah. John Lane Company.

or upon a table sometimes. You do not always need the piano to strengthen your muscles."

Leschetizky is said to love his pupils as if they were his own children; but "as a good father," observes Miss Hullah, "he considers his duty better done through the aid of discipline than of sympathy." Like all highly strung people, he is extremely sensitive to personality. Once in a while, when the door-bell announces the arrival of the first pupil, if the professor happens to be in a fastidious frame of mind, he will steal downstairs to find out who it is, and if on peeping surreptitiously into the room he sees someone antipathetic to him, he promptly steals upstairs again and stays there a quarter of an hour or more to recover from the blow. Like all individualistic natures, he desires the monopoly of certain emotions. He may be sad, but others must not be so. He cannot endure half-heartedness; enthusiasm he must and will have. Nor can he bear dismal solemnity and silence. On one occasion he gave a lesson to a taciturn lady without uttering a single word. She would not speak, he said, so why should he? Still further eccentricities are recounted by Miss Hullah:

"He is full of benevolent sympathy. But when the time for the lesson comes, everything but the immediate need of getting the thing done in the right way is obliterated from his mind, and in the enthusiasm of the moment all traces of this benevolence speedily disappear. He forgets the pupil is full of original sin and cannot wait for the signs of grace.

"This leads to misunderstanding. It leads also to the sudden exit of the pupil; to the slamming of doors; to the crushing of music on the floor; to grim remarks about a future better spent 'in tomato planting.' Once it led to total darkness. In the intensity of his feelings the master arose, hastily put out the gas, rushed away, and left the pupils sitting round the class in silence and gloom till things were patched up by some comforting soul outside."

When all goes well, however, a lesson with Leschetizky is a really wonderful experience. Says Miss Hullah:

"His point of view is so interesting, the depth of his comprehension so profound, his power of clear exposition so great, the parallels he draws between art and life so unexpected, that his listener is held under a spell of wondering enthusiasm throughout. Both his ear and his memory are very remarkable. He is able to retain accurately in his mind every detail in a piece of music on hearing it for the first time; and not only to play it through immediately afterwards, but to discuss points in it. . . .

He sits very still and very straight, never stooping over the keys, or swaying about. His hands, often partially resting on the notes, are almost flat, the wrists low, the fingers doing all the work, his whole figure taut with the tension of concentrated thought.

"His playing is as difficult to describe as himself, for it is the translation of his nature into sound. Then, as at no other time, his varied temperament discloses itself, its contrasts finding in music their best interpretation. These sonorous chords weighed out by so masterful a hand; this steady beat of measured emphasis; the lilt and swing of the rhythm; the fine-pointed staccato; the piquant charm with which the dainty notes come dancing off the keys; the melancholy tenderness of the soft caressing tone, stealing in unawares—these tell the story, more faithfully than any other language, of his nature, not only as a musician, but as a man."



THEODOR LESCHETIZKY

The Vienna music master who taught Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, Gabrilowitch and Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Leschetizky is seventy-five years old, but he can still tire out most of his friends. "He gives the impression of being the very essence of nervous force," says Miss Hullah, "rather than the possessor of great physical energy." She concludes;

"His whole being is bound up in his music, and his ideals of it are as bright now as they were fifty years ago. The Principles of Music Study are to him as important and interesting as the Principles of the Universe were to Newton or Herbert Spencer; and it is this firm belief in the necessity of his work, and his loving devotion to it, that have made him the greatest teacher of the piano that the world has ever had."

GORKY'S NEW PLAY—"THE BARBARIANS"

"I have been looking for—I thought I would find—a strong, firm man whom I could respect. It is now long since I have been looking for him. I am looking for a man who is worthy of reverence, with whom one could go hand in hand. Perhaps it is a dream, but I shall continue to look for such a man. . . . Can it be that there are no people, saintly people, on this earth, priests, heroes, to whom life is a great, creative labor? Can it be that such people exist not?"

This cry of Lydia, one of the characters in "The Barbarians," gives us the pessimistic keynote of Gorky's last play, now being produced in Berlin. As will be seen, its purport is very similar to that of the two previous dramas of the same author, "The Summer Folk" and "The Children of the Sun," written in quick succession. "Summer Folk" depicts a part of Russian society to whom life presents no serious problem, who fritter it away sportively and trivially as "holiday folk" on their summer vacation; "The Children of the Sun" presents the melancholy struggle between the ignorant, poor, and superstitious classes of Russia and the intellectuals who unselfishly devote their lives to the uplifting and emancipation of those who are not only incapable of understanding them, but who, in their ignorant superstition, turn against them; and in this latest dramatic work of Gorky we have a picture of the society of a small provincial town, at first piteous enough in its monotonous, dull, humdrum existence and later transformed by the invasion of the "barbarians" into a veritable inferno of corruption and vice.

These barbarians appear in the provincial town in the form of two engineers from the capital who have come to introduce "civilization" into the province, to build a railroad. They are Cherkun and Tzyganov. Cherkun, the younger man of the two, is of a serious turn of mind and absorbed in his work, but he suffers from the misfortune of not being in love with his wife, Anna, who is a commonplace and uninteresting person. This makes him susceptible to the temptations prepared for him by his companion, Tzyganov, a profligate, worthless fellow, who, though a man far past middle age, has not yet finished sowing his wild oats. Nadyezhda, a native of the town, also unhappily married, falls in love with Cherkun.

The latter is not aware of the storm he has raised in the heart of the passionate, provincial lady, but succumbs to her charms through the machinations of Tzyganov, who has made up his mind to introduce his young friend into the pleasure of secret love intrigues. A doctor who is infatuated with Nadyezhda, finding that she loves not him, but Cherkun, makes an abortive attempt to commit suicide; while her husband cries to the young engineer: "Give me back my wife; give her back to me. I have nothing but her. She is my all. I have given her my entire life. I have stolen for her." These complications awaken in Nadyezhda a sense of shame and poignant remorse, and the play ends dramatically and disconsolately with her suicide.

Thus is depicted the influence of the city on the province, with its false civilization, its lack of any high ideal, its emptiness, and its triviality. Instead of introducing into the province a higher life, an ideal toward which the provincials might aspire and be raised above their petty, trivial existences, these barbarians, the embodiment of modern city corruption and sham civilization, seek only to relieve the *ennui* from which the inhabitants of the small town, and they themselves, are suffering, by frivolous intrigue. This leaves its mark upon Cherkun. He goes from bad to worse, loses his manly qualities, his honesty, and firmness of character, becomes indifferent to his duties, and fails to expose graft where he knows it to exist. His demoralization is complete, and he becomes weak and vacillating, even in affairs of the heart. Thus, while this young engineer has come into the province full of promise, and with a capacity for benefiting his country, he winds up in utter ruin, a moral wreck.

This somber picture is relieved only by one bright ray of sunlight, in the person of Lukin, a student, who has suffered imprisonment for his political convictions. He has come into the town as assistant to Cherkun, but he does not stay long; he feels the need of a larger, greater life. The revolutionary cause calls him and he goes; but in going he takes along with him Katia, the daughter of an ignorant, greedy and ambitious merchant. Katia is a girl with noble impulses; she, too, feels the need of a greater life. She responds quickly to the revolutionary teachings of the young student Lukin, and goes with him to

live the life of a revolutionist, and to help the work of Russia's emancipation and regeneration. This merchant has a son, too, who falls under the corrupt influences of Tzyganov. Thus the entire family of the merchant is broken up, but the father sees no harm in Tzyganov, while he is rendered furious by Lukin.

As in the case of all the other plays of Gorky, there is scarcely any action in this drama. But action has long ceased to be an essential of modern European drama, and the realism and significance of this last work of Gorky are of such a quality as to render its success on the European stage highly probable.

HAMLET AS A TYPE OF HUMAN DEGENERACY

"It is impossible to conceive a man more morally contemptible than Hamlet," says John Churton Collins, the English critic; and yet "there is no human being in whom some of the characteristics of Hamlet do not exist." Mr. Collins sums up Hamlet as a voluptuary who sought in reflection and in the indulgence of irony the intellectual gratification he needed, and in exciting himself imaginatively with what appealed to his passions—his hatred, his love, his ambition—the emotional gratification he needed. He thinks that Hamlet's relations with Ophelia are "a sufficient indication of his moral rottenness on the side of the affections, and of the real callousness of his nature." But he feels impelled to add: "Probably no poet, no artist, no philosopher has ever existed who would not recognize a kinsman in him, and who would not read more than one chapter of his own secret history in this all-typical delineation." These startling generalizations appear in an article in *The Contemporary Review*, from which we quote further:

"To men tempered like Hamlet life owes almost all its refinements and grace, its radiance and its romance. In every votary of the beautiful, in every transcendentalist, he has his counterpart, nor can either æstheticism or sentimentalism assume, practically or potentially, any form or phase into which what is embodied in him does not enter. Wherever poetry, wherever painting, wherever music weave their charms, we may be very sure that all that entered into the constitution of Shakespeare's creation entered into the constitution of the charmer. But what adorns and beautifies life strews it with wrecks. Man has no more perilous endowment than æsthetic sensibility, for it stands in the same relation to the nature which differentiates him from the brutes as animal passion stands to the nature which links him with them. If that sensibility be undisciplined, if it be without the balance of reason, and of the moral sense, it results in a form of profligacy infinitely more disastrous and ruinous than physical profligacy."

Terrible as may be the consequences of undisciplined "æstheticism," Mr. Collins goes on to remind us, the withdrawal of its contribution to art and letters would leave the world immeasurably poorer. Two-thirds of what is most thrilling in poetry and music, of what is most exquisite and ethereal in painting, of what is most moving and eloquent in fiction, must be attributed, he thinks, to the "æsthetic" type. To quote again:

"It may be questioned whether any artist or poet in the full sense of the term has ever existed in whose diathesis there is not much in common with that of the typical æsthete. In such men as Griffiths Wainewright, undoubtedly a man of genius, it assumed its complete and most frightful proportions; in such men as Poe and Verlaine it was no doubt equally developed, but did not find such hideous expression. Our own times have witnessed one of the most pathetic and tragical illustrations of its predominance, in some at least of its phases, which has ever been recorded. In Byron we have an instance of this temperament in morbid but not mischievous excess, because having the counterpoise of a singularly sane mind and healthy physical constitution. But even with poets and artists of the highest order, men in whom, when mature, æsthetic sensibility, the moral sense, spiritual insight and intellectual power have, each in its fullest development, harmoniously co-existed, there has been a stage in their progress in which what has wrecked so many of their feeble brethren has all but wrecked them. It was so with Goethe, for, in the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' he has himself recorded it. It was so with Browning, for it is notorious that in 'Pauline' he has given us a chapter of his own autobiography; it was probably so with Shakespeare, if we may deduce any autobiography from the sonnets and from 'Hamlet.'

"Thus has Shakespeare, in one of the facets at least of this marvellous and many-sided masterpiece, not only delineated a type of character, in many respects the most hopeless and mischievous with which mankind can be cursed, but has presented in all the imposing proportions of colossal tragedy what every day witnesses in little—the anarchy, failure and ruin resulting, in different degrees and in different sensés, from the infirmities of which Hamlet is the embodiment."

TWO NEW OPERAS—REALISM *VERSUS* MELODY

"Absolute modernism," on the one hand, refined and fluent melody, reversion to musical "sweetness and light," on the other—this is what the European operatic stage has just presented by way of contrast. The former is the characteristic of a work called "Le Clown," a "musical novel in two acts," by a new composer, I. de Camondo, a Frenchman who has until now been rather an amateur than a professional. "Le Clown," however, has been instantly acknowledged as a striking production. It has proved a social as well as artistic event in Paris, and marks the entrance of the composer into the realm of serious music.

The libretto is written by M. V. Capaul, and it tells a story which recalls that of "I Pagliacci," though it is even more realistic, lurid, sensational. The composer is faithful to the atmosphere of the plot and ultra-dramatic and violent in his musical setting of it. The story is summarized in the Paris *Figaro* as follows:

The first act represents a public holiday, a festival. The people are on the streets; all is excitement, gay disorder, movement. A circus is in town, and the extremely popular clown is in the crowd. The women are especially enamored of him, but he has no eyes or ears for any of these admirers. He is very much in love with Zepherine, the playmate of his childhood, a member of the circus company, who reciprocates his devotion to a degree and has some tenderness of heart, but who still hesitates between this affection and a strong leaning toward a brilliant and care-free life with some wealthy man.

Auguste, another member of the company, has been jealous of the favorite clown, and has watched him with envy and bitterness. Himself in love with Zepherine, he has especially resented the latter's warm feeling for the clown, and he follows the two with a persistence that augurs evil.

The second act shows the wings of the circus. A performance is on, and Auguste, in a fit of insane jealousy and rage, cuts the rope which protects the clown while making his amusing "turns," and the latter falls from a considerable height to the ground. He is fatally injured and removed, bleeding, unconscious, dying, from the arena into the wings. In his delirium he calls for Zepherine and mistakes another woman, who has cared for him in vain, for that circus heroine. But Zepherine has disappeared, eloped with another, and the poor clown, when he regains consciousness, cannot even bid her farewell. However, she happens to hear of the terrible deed and returns in time to receive the last words of the clown and to comfort him by an avowal of her love.

In discussing the score of the opera,

Gabriel Fauré, a noted musician, says in *Le Figaro* that it is characterized by an abundance of color and a neglect of harmony. In combining, recombining and changing his material, the composer shows great skill; he often treats six themes together, as Wagner and Richard Strauss do, and is not afraid of discord and bizarre effects.

In contrast with this work may be placed "The Princess and the Vagabond," a dainty, light, charming operetta that belongs in the same category as Humperdinck's "Haensel and Gretel." It is the work of F. Poldini, and has just been produced at Covent Garden, in London, after a series of successful performances on the Continent. The plot is provided by a familiar Hans Andersen fairy-tale. A certain princess rejects the love offered her by a princely suitor. He disguises himself as a showman and vagabond, wins her love in that capacity and induces her to kiss him. Then, triumphant and avenged, he reveals his identity and departs, forsaking the lamenting and humiliated princess.

The music of this piece is described by the critic of *The Westminster Gazette* (London) as "graceful and delightful," full of happy little touches and numbers that indicate a real gift of melody and an original method. *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London) is even more complimentary, and admonishes the composer to be more independent and daring. It says:

"The music contains a great deal of inspiration; in fact, it has a great deal more inspiration than many much more ambitious works. Now and then, it is true, the influence of Wagner is somewhat too apparent; but it is a sort of diminished Wagner that you listen to, and not Wagner on the grandiose scale. What pleases one most throughout the whole score is that its melodies are real melodies, and not cheap tunes. It would have been so easy, for a man of less talent, to have written cheap tunes for such a libretto; but Mr. Poldini has had the talent to avoid this trap, and has also had the liveliness and the wit to write a score which is, without question, exceedingly pretty. The little chorus, for example, 'Seht, O seht,' is an exquisite bit of work, and, in the pages that follow, one notes real musical feeling, and a most genuine desire to please a public that requires amusement. We have mentioned the influence of Wagner upon the composer of this opera; but it is an influence of which he should quickly get rid; he has personal talents of so dainty and so charming a nature that to introduce Wagner's 'big guns' into so delicious a little score seems sometimes to make the effects quite disproportionate."

IBSEN'S LAST PLAY—"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN"

! This highly symbolistic play, which by his death becomes the last word of Ibsen, is, like most of Ibsen's dramas, an apotheosis of life, the complete life. Yet it forms a decided departure from all his other works in that the problem as to what constitutes the true life appears in this drama as a riddle, a mystery which the dramatist himself apparently is unable to unravel.

There are two distinct types of characters in "When We Dead Awaken": Professor Arnold Rubek, a sculptor, and Irene, both of whom are idealists; and Ulfheim, a sportsman, and Maia, Rubek's wife, materialists. These follow opposite courses in life. The former, especially the sculptor, in their pursuit after an imaginary ideal, are afraid of life and refrain from a mere earthly union to which their youth and their congenial natures had called them, for fear that the ideal for which they were both striving would be sullied thereby. They find out their mistake only when a return is no longer possible. Ulfheim and Maia, on the other hand, boldly strike out for the pleasure the world seems to offer them, and enjoy the coarser indulgences without scruples or hesitations. Yet these two modes of conduct of essentially opposite natures are not represented by Ibsen as contrasts from which a moral lesson may be drawn. Neither of them measure up to Ibsen's ideal. Rubek and Irene have wasted their lives by their too tense and ethereal idealism; they are complete failures. The dramatist plainly teaches: "Do not live like Rubek and Irene; this road leads to disappointment and ruin." Have Ulfheim and Maia, then, found the key to real life and happiness? Here, too, Ibsen's answer is plain, and may be found in the scriptural phrase, "Not by bread alone." The play ends with Ulfheim and Maia "going down" into life, and Rubek and Irene "going up" into death. This is the meaning of Ulfheim's and Maia's descent down the precipice, to save themselves from the oncoming snowstorm, while Rubek and Irene, defying the raging elements, rise higher and ever higher, until they are swallowed up and perish in an avalanche.

In Rubek's younger years Irene had served as a model for him, and under her influence, for she was not merely a model to him but also an inspiration, he had produced his masterpiece, "The Resurrection Day," which had made him famous. They then parted, although they were in love with one another. Professor Rubek later married Maia, but there was apparently no great love between them, and they had little

in common. Rubek finds that since the departure of Irene the inspiration has gone from him, and he can no longer produce anything great. While staying at a bathing resort on the coast Rubek meets Irene, changed, icy and cold, seeming but the shadow of her former self. Maia strikes up an instantaneous friendship with Ulfheim, whose elemental, physical force appeals to her, and he invites her to go hunting the bear with him in the mountains. Rubek assents to this excursion and follows her with Irene to the upland. The first conversation between Rubek and Irene takes place at the bathing resort. It is as follows:

Irene (in a toneless voice, setting down her glass): You can guess who I am, Arnold?

Professor Rubek (without answering): And you recognise me too, I see.

Irene: With you it is quite another matter.

Professor Rubek: With me?—How so?

Irene: Oh, you are still alive.

Professor Rubek (not understanding): Alive—?

Irene (after a short pause): Who was the other? The woman you had with you—there at the table?

Professor Rubek (a little reluctantly): She? That was my—my wife.

Irene (nods slowly): Indeed. That is well, Arnold. Someone, then, who does not concern me—

Professor Rubek (nods): No, of course not—

Irene:—one whom you have taken to you after my lifetime.

Professor Rubek (suddenly looking hard at her): After your—? What do you mean by that, Irene?

Irene (without answering): And the child? The child is prospering too. Our child survives me—and has come to honor and glory.

Professor Rubek (smiles as at a far-off recollection): Our child? Yes, we called it so—then.

Irene: In my lifetime.

Professor Rubek (trying to take a lighter tone): Yes, Irene—I can assure you "our child" has become famous all the wide world over. I suppose you have read about it.

Irene (nods): And has made its father famous too.—That was your dream.

Professor Rubek (more softly, with emotion): It is to you I owe everything, everything, Irene—and I thank you.

Irene (lost in thought for a moment): If I had then done what I had a right to do, Arnold—

Professor Rubek: Well? What then?

Irene: I should have killed that child.

Professor Rubek: Killed it, you say?

Irene (whispering): Killed it—before I went away from you. Crushed it—crushed it to dust.

Professor Rubek (shakes his head reproachfully): You would never have been able to, Irene. You had not the heart to do it.

Irene: No, in those days I had not that sort of heart.

Professor Rubek: But since then? Afterwards?

Irene: Since then I have killed it innumerable

times. By daylight and in the dark. Killed it in hatred—and in revenge—and in anguish.

Professor Rubek (goes close up to the table and asks softly): Irene—tell me now at last—after all these years—why did you go away from me? You disappeared so utterly—left not a trace behind—

Irene (shaking her head slowly): Oh Arnold—why should I tell you that now—from the world beyond the grave?

Professor Rubek: Was there someone else whom you had come to love?

Irene: There was one who had no longer any use for my love—any use for my life.

Professor Rubek (changing the subject): Hm—don't let us talk any more of the past.

Irene: No, no—by all means don't let us talk of what is beyond the grave—what is now beyond the grave for me.

Professor Rubek: Where have you been, Irene? All my inquiries were fruitless—you seemed to have vanished away.

Irene: I went into the darkness—when the child stood transfigured in the light.

Professor Rubek: Have you travelled much about the world?

Irene: Yes. Travelled in many lands.

Professor Rubek (looks compassionately at her): And what have you found to do, Irene?

Irene (turning her eyes upon him): Wait a little; let me see—. Yes, now I have it. I have posed on the turn-table in variety-shows. Posed as a naked statue in living pictures. Raked in heaps of money. That was more than I could do with you; for you had none—And then I have turned the heads of all sorts of men. That, too, was more than I could do with you, Arnold. You kept yourself better in hand.

Professor Rubek (hastening to pass the subject by): And then you have married, too?

Irene: Yes; I married one of them.

Professor Rubek: Who is your husband?

Irene: He was a South American. A distinguished diplomatist. (Looks straight in front of her with a stony smile) Him I managed to drive quite out of his mind; mad—incurably mad; inexorably mad.—It was great sport, I can tell you—while it was in the doing. I could have laughed within me all the time—if I had anything within me.

Professor Rubek: And where is he now?

Irene: Oh, in a churchyard somewhere or other. With a fine handsome monument over him. And with a bullet rattling in his skull.

Professor Rubek: Did he kill himself?

Irene: Yes, he was good enough to take that off my hands.

Professor Rubek: Do you not lament his loss, Irene?

Irene (not understanding): Lament? What loss?

Professor Rubek: Why, the loss of Herr von Satow, of course.

Irene: His name was not Satow.

Professor Rubek: Was it not?

Irene: My second husband is called Satow. He is a Russian—

Professor Rubek: And where is he?

Irene: Far away in the Ural Mountains. Among all his gold-mines.

Professor Rubek: So he lives there?

Irene (shrugs her shoulders): Lives? Lives? In reality I have killed him—

Professor Rubek (starts): Killed—!

Irene: Killed him with a fine sharp dagger which I always have with me in bed—

Professor Rubek (vehemently): I don't believe you, Irene.

Irene (with a gentle smile): Indeed you may believe it, Arnold.

Professor Rubek (looks compassionately at her): Have you never had a child?

Irene: Yes, I have had many children.

Professor Rubek: And where are your children now?

Irene: I killed them.

Professor Rubek (severely): Now you are telling me lies again.

Irene: I have killed them, I tell you—murdered them pitilessly. As soon as ever they came into the world. Oh, long, long before. One after the other.

Professor Rubek (sadly and earnestly): There is something hidden behind everything you say.

Irene: How can I help that? Every word I say is whispered into my ear.

Professor Rubek: I believe I am the only one that can divine your meaning.

Irene: Surely you ought to be the only one.

Professor Rubek (rests his hands on the table and looks intensely at her): Some of the strings of your nature have broken.

Irene (gently): Does not that always happen when a young warm-blooded woman dies?

Professor Rubek: Oh Irene, shake off these wild imaginings—! You are living! Living—living!

Irene (rises slowly from her chair and says, quivering): I was dead for many years. They came and bound me—laced my arms together at my back.—Then they lowered me into a grave-vault, with iron bars before the loop-hole. And with padded walls—so that no one on the earth above could hear the grave-shrieks. But now I am beginning, in a way, to rise from the dead. (She seats herself again.)

Professor Rubek (after a pause): In all this, do you hold me guilty?

Irene: Yes.

Professor Rubek: Guilty of that—your death, as you call it.

Irene: Guilty of the fact that I had to die. (Changing her tone to one of indifference) Why don't you sit down, Arnold?

Professor Rubek: May I?

Irene: Yes.—Do not be afraid of being frozen. I don't think I am quite turned to ice yet.

Professor Rubek (moves a chair and seats himself at her table): There, Irene. Now we two are sitting together as in the old days.

Irene: At a little distance from each other—also as in the old days.

Professor Rubek (moving nearer): It had to be so, then.

Irene: Had it?

Professor Rubek (decisively): There had to be a distance between us—

Irene: Was it absolutely necessary, Arnold?

Professor Rubek (continuing): Do you remember what you answered when I asked if you would go with me out into the wide world?

Irene: I held up three fingers in the air and swore that I would go with you to the world's end and to the end of life. And that I would serve you in all things—

Professor Rubek: As the model for my art——

Irene: —in frank, utter nakedness——

Professor Rubek (with emotion): And you did serve me, Irene—so joyously—so gladly and ungrudgingly.

Irene: Yes, with all the pulsing blood of my youth, I served you!

Professor Rubek (nodding with a look of gratitude): That you have every right to say.

Irene: I fell down at your feet and served you, Arnold! (*Holding her clenched hand towards him.*) But you, you, you——!

Professor Rubek (defensively): I never did you any wrong! Never, Irene!

Irene: Yes, you did! You did wrong to my innermost, inborn nature——

Professor Rubek (starting back): I——!

Irene: Yes, you! I exposed myself wholly and unreservedly to your gaze—— (*More softly*) And never once did you touch me.

Professor Rubek: Irene, did you not understand that many a time I was almost beside myself under the spell of all your loveliness?

Irene (continuing undisturbed): And yet—if you had touched me, I think I should have killed you on the spot. For I had a sharp needle always upon me—hidden in my hair—— (*Strokes her forehead meditatively.*) But after all—after all—that you could——

Professor Rubek (looks impressively at her): I was an artist, Irene.

Irene (darkly): That is just it. That is just it.

Professor Rubek: An artist first of all. And I was sick with the desire to achieve the great work of my life. (*Losing himself in recollection*) It was to be called "The Resurrection Day"—figured in the likeness of a young woman, awakening from the sleep of death——

Irene: Our child, yes——

Professor Rubek (continuing): It was to be the awakening of the noblest, purest, most ideal woman the world ever saw. Then I found you. You were what I required in every respect. And you consented so willingly——so gladly. You renounced home and kindred—and went with me.

Irene: To go with you meant for me the resurrection of my childhood.

Professor Rubek: That was just why I found in you all that I required—in you as in no one else. I came to look on you as a thing hallowed. You became for me a sacred being, not to be touched save in adoring thoughts. In those days I was still young, Irene. And the superstition took hold of me that if I touched you, if I desired you with my senses, my soul would be profaned, so that I should be unable to accomplish what I was striving for.—And I still think there was some truth in that.

Irene (nods with a touch of scorn): The work of art first—after it the human being.

Professor Rubek: You must judge me as you will; but at that time I was utterly dominated by my great task—and exultantly happy in it.

Irene: And you achieved your great task, Arnold.

Professor Rubek: Thanks and praise be to you, I achieved my great task. I wanted to embody the pure woman as I saw her awakening on the Resurrection Day. Not marvelling at anything new and unknown and undivined; but filled with

a sacred joy at finding herself unchanged—she, the woman of earth—in the higher, freer, happier region—after the long, dreamless sleep of death. (*More softly*) Thus did I fashion her.—I fashioned her in your image, Irene.

Irene (laying her hands flat upon the table and leaning against the back of her chair): And then you were done with me——

Professor Rubek (reproachfully): Irene!

Irene: You had no longer any use for me——

Professor Rubek: How can you say that!

Irene: —and began to look about you for other ideals.

Professor Rubek: I found none, none after you.

Irene: And no other models, Arnold?

Professor Rubek: You were no model to me. You were the fountain-head of my achievement.

Irene (is silent for a short time): What poems have you made since? In marble I mean. Since the day I left you.

Professor Rubek: I have made no poems since that day—only frittered away my life in modelling.

Irene: And that woman, whom you are now living with——?

Professor Rubek (interrupting vehemently): Do not speak of her now! It makes me tingle with shame.

Irene: Where are you thinking of going with her?

Professor Rubek (slack and weary): Oh, on a tedious coasting-voyage to the North, I suppose.

Irene (looks at him, smiles almost imperceptibly, and whispers): You should rather go high up into the mountains. As high as ever you can. Higher, higher,—always higher, Arnold.

Professor Rubek (with eager expectation): Are you going up there?

Irene: Have you the courage to meet me once again?

Professor Rubek (struggling with himself, uncertainly): If we could—oh, if only we could——!

Irene: Why can we not do what we will? (*Looks at him and whispers beseechingly with folded hands.*) Come, come, Arnold! Oh, come up to me——!

(*Maia enters, glowing with pleasure, from behind the hotel, and goes quickly up to the table where they were previously sitting.*)

Maia (still at the corner of the hotel, without looking around): Oh, you may say what you please, Rubek, but—(*Stops, as she catches sight of Irene*)—Oh, I beg your pardon—I see you have made an acquaintance.

Professor Rubek (curtly): Renewed an acquaintance. (*Rises*) What was it you wanted with me?

Maia: I only wanted to say this: you may do whatever you please, but I am not going with you on that disgusting steamboat.

Professor Rubek: Why not?

Maia: Because I want to go up on the mountains and into the forests—that's what I want. (*Insinuatingly*) Oh, you must let me do it, Rubek.—I shall be so good, so good afterwards.

Professor Rubek: Who is it that has put these ideas into your head?

Maia: Why he—that horrid bear-killer.—Oh, you cannot conceive all the marvellous things he has to tell about the mountains. And about life up there! They're ugly, horrid, repulsive, most

of the yarns he spins—for I almost believe he's lying—but wonderfully alluring all the same. Oh, won't you let me go with him? Only to see if it's true what he says, you understand. May I, Rubek?

Professor Rubek: Yes, I have not the slightest objection. Off you go to the mountains—as far and as long as you please. I shall perhaps be going the same way myself.

Maia (quickly): No, no, no, you needn't do that! Not on my account!

Professor Rubek: I want to go to the mountains. I have made up my mind to go.

Maia: Oh thanks, thanks! May I tell the bear-killer at once?

Professor Rubek: Tell the bear-killer whatever you please.

Maia: Oh thanks, thanks, thanks! (*Is about to take his hand; he repels the movement*) Oh, how dear and good you are to-day, Rubek!

(*She runs into the hotel.*) (*At the same time the door of the pavilion is softly and noiselessly set ajar. A Sister of Mercy stands in the opening, intently on the watch. No one sees her.*)

Professor Rubek (decidedly, turning to Irene): Shall we meet up there then?

Irene (rising slowly): Yes, we shall certainly meet.—I have sought for you so long.

Professor Rubek: When did you begin to seek for me, Irene?

Irene (with a touch of jesting bitterness): From the time when I realised that I had given away to you something rather indispensable, Arnold. Something one ought never to part with.

Professor Rubek (bowing his head): Yes, that is bitterly true. You gave me three or four years of your youth.

Irene: More, more than that I gave you—spendthrift as I then was.

Professor Rubek: Yes, you were prodigal, Irene. You gave me all your naked loveliness

Irene:—to gaze upon—

Professor Rubek: and to glorify—

Irene: Yes, for your own glorification.—And the child's.

Professor Rubek: And yours too, Irene.

Irene: But you have forgotten the most precious gift.

Professor Rubek: The most precious—? What gift was that?

Irene: I gave you my young, living soul. And that gift left me empty within—soulless.

(*Looking at him with a fixed stare.*)

It was that I died of, Arnold.

(*The sister of Mercy opens the door wide and makes room for her. She goes into the pavilion.*)

Professor Rubek (stands and looks after her; then whispers): Irene!

The scene is now transferred to the mountains. In a brief conversation Rubek and Maia declare their unfitness for each other, and Maia departs for the hunt with Ulfheim with the words: "Henceforth I shall go my own ways." Rubek then meets Irene. He urges her to come back to him, and after many refusals and declarations on her part that she is dead and can no more rise to life again, she seems to yield, and they are about to fall into each other's arms, when the

Sister of Mercy appears, who seems to be the personification of the moral sense in man, and Irene draws back, promising to meet him again that night. They go up the mountain, and there find Maia and Ulfheim.

Professor Rubek (coldly to Maia): So you, too, have been all night on the mountain,—as we have?

Maia: I have been hunting—yes. You gave me permission, you know.

Ulfheim (pointing downward): Have you come up that path there?

Professor Rubek: As you saw.

Ulfheim: And the strange lady too?

Professor Rubek: Yes, of course. (*With a glance at Maia*) Henceforth the strange lady and I do not intend to part.

Ulfheim: Don't you know, then, that it is a deadly dangerous way you have come?

Professor Rubek: We thought we would try, nevertheless. For it did not seem particularly hard at first.

Ulfheim: No, at first nothing seems hard. But presently you may come to a tight place where you can neither get forward nor back. And then you stick fast, Professor! Mountain-fast, as we hunters call it.

Professor Rubek (smiles and looks at him): Am I to take these as oracular utterances, Mr. Ulfheim?

Ulfheim: Lord preserve me from playing the oracle! (*Urgently, pointing up towards the heights.*) But don't you see that the storm is upon us? Don't you hear the blasts of wind?

Professor Rubek (listening): They sound like the prelude to the Resurrection Day.

Ulfheim: They are storm-blasts from the peaks, man! Just look how the clouds are rolline and sinking—soon they'll be all around us like a winding-sheet!

Irene (with a start and shiver): I know that sheet!

Maia (drawing Ulfheim away): Let us make haste and get down.

Ulfheim (to Professor Rubek): I cannot help more than one. Take refuge in the hut in the meantime—while the storm lasts. Then I shall send people up to fetch the two of you away.

Irene (in terror): To fetch us away! No, no!

Ulfheim (harshly): To take you by force if necessary—for it's a matter of life and death here. Now, you know it. (*To Maia*) Come, then—and don't fear to trust yourself in your comrade's hands.

Maia (clinging to him): Oh, how I shall rejoice and sing, if I get down with a whole skin!

Ulfheim (begins the descent and calls to the others): You'll wait, then, in the hut, till the men come with ropes, and fetch you away.

(*Ulfheim, with Maia in his arms, clammers rapidly but warily down the precipice.*)

Irene (looks for some time at Professor Rubek with terror-stricken eyes): Did you hear that, Arnold?—men are coming up to fetch me away! Many men will come up here—

Professor Rubek: Do not be alarmed, Irene!

Irene (in growing terror): And she, the woman in black—she will come too. For she must have missed me long ago. And then she will seize me, Arnold! And put me in the strait-waistcoat.

Oh, she has it with her, in her box. I have seen it with my own eyes——

Professor Rubek: Not a soul shall be suffered to touch you.

Irene (with a wild smile): Oh no—I myself have a resource against that.

Professor Rubek: What resource do you mean?

Irene (drawing out the knife): This!

Professor Rubek (tries to seize it): Have you a knife?

Irene: Always, always—both day and night—in bed as well.

Professor Rubek: Give me that knife, Irene!

Irene (concealing it): You shall not have it. I may very likely find a use for it myself.

Professor Rubek: What use can you have for it, here?

Irene (looks fixedly at him): It was intended for you, Arnold.

Professor Rubek: For me!

Irene: As we were sitting by the Lake of Taunitz last evening——

Professor Rubek: By the Lake of——

Irene: —outside the peasant's hut—and playing with swans and water-lilies——

Professor Rubek: —What then—what then?

Irene: —and when I heard you say with such deathly, icy coldness—that I was nothing but an episode in your life——

Professor Rubek: It was you that said that, Irene, not I.

Irene (continuing): —then I had my knife out. I wanted to stab you in the back with it.

Professor Rubek (darkly): And why did you hold your hand?

Irene: Because it flashed upon me with a sudden horror that you were dead already—long ago.

Professor Rubek: Dead?

Irene: Dead. Dead, you as well as I. We sat there by the Lake of Taunitz, we two clay-cold bodies—and played with each other.

Professor Rubek: I do not call that being dead. But you do not understand me.

Irene: Then where is the burning desire for me that you fought and battled against when I stood freely forth before you as the woman arisen from the dead?

Professor Rubek: Our love is assuredly not dead, Irene.

Irene: The love that belongs to the life of earth—the beautiful, miraculous life of earth—the inscrutable life of earth—that is dead in both of us.

Professor Rubek (passionately): And do you know that just that love—it is burning and seething in me as hotly as ever before?

Irene: And I? Have you forgotten who I now am?

Professor Rubek: Be who or what you please, for aught I care! For me, you are the woman I see in my dreams of you.

Irene: I have stood on the turn-table—naked—and made a show of myself to many hundreds of men—after you.

Professor Rubek: It was I that drove you to the turn-table—blind as I then was—I, who placed the dead clay-image above the happiness of life—of love.

Irene (looking down): Too late—too late!

Professor Rubek: Not by a hairsbreadth has all that has passed in the interval lowered you in my eyes.

Irene (with head erect): Nor in my own!

Professor Rubek: Well, what then! Then we are free—and there is still time for us to live our life, Irene.

Irene (looks sadly at him): The desire for life is dead in me, Arnold. Now I have arisen. And I look for you. And I find you.—And then I see that you and life lie dead—as I have lain.

Professor Rubek: Oh, how utterly you are astray! Both in us and around us life is fermenting and throbbing as fiercely as ever!

Irene (smiling and shaking her head): The young woman of your Resurrection Day can see all life lying on its bier.

Professor Rubek (throwing his arms violently around her): Then let two of the dead—us two—for once live life to its uttermost—before we go down to our graves again!

Irene (with a shriek): Arnold!

Professor Rubek: But not here in the half darkness! Not here with this hideous dank shroud flapping around us——

Irene (carried away by passion): No, no—up in the light, and in all the glittering glory! Up to the Peak of Promise!

Professor Rubek: There we will hold our marriage-feast, Irene—oh, my beloved!

Irene (proudly): The sun may freely look on us, Arnold.

Professor Rubek: All the powers of light may freely look on us—and all the powers of darkness too. (Seizes her hand.) Will you then follow me, oh my grace-given bride?

Irene (as though transfigured): I follow you, freely and gladly, my lord and master!

Professor Rubek (drawing her along with him): We must first pass through the mists, Irene, and then——

Irene: Yes, through all the mists, and then right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise.

(The mist-clouds close in over the scene—Professor Rubek and Irene, hand in hand, climb up over the snow-field to the right and soon disappear among the lower clouds. Keen storm-gusts hurtle and whistle through the air.)

(The Sister of Mercy appears upon the stone-sceer to the left. She stops and looks around silently and searchingly.)

(Maia can be heard singing triumphantly far in the depths below.)

Maia:

I am free! I am free! I am free!

No more life in the prison for me!

I am free as a bird! I am free!

(Suddenly a sound like thunder is heard from high up on the snow-field, which glides and whirls downwards with rushing speed. Professor Rubek and Irene can be dimly discerned as they are whirled along with the masses of snow and buried in them.)

The Sister of Mercy (gives a shriek, stretches out her arms towards them and cries): Irene! (Stands silent a moment, then makes the sign of the cross before her in the air, and says) Pax vobiscum!

(Maia's triumphant song sounds from still farther down below.)

Religion and Ethics



A BURNING ISSUE IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH

The Crapsey heresy trial, treated in these pages last month and resulting in the suspension of the minister involved, has raised an issue that is as old as religion itself and that is now agitating the American religious world to a degree that, in some of its phases at least, is probably unprecedented. This issue is: How far is it the duty of a religious teacher to follow tradition, and how far is he justified in following his own brain and conscience in the elucidation of religious truth? There exists in many quarters a feeling that "heresy hunting" should be abandoned; that the creeds should be more liberally interpreted; that young men entering the ministry should be encouraged to do independent thinking; and it is profoundly significant that this sentiment is freely expressed by those who are most closely associated with our theological seminaries. It is admitted that something like a crisis confronts the American church at this time. Speaking recently at the annual dinner of the General Theological Seminary in New York, Dean W. C. DeWitt, of the Western Seminary of Chicago, said in regard to the Protestant Episcopal situation:

"The Church lacks ministers. She is unable to man the earthworks. The situation is as serious as any the American Church has ever faced. Only nineteen men are graduating in the West to fill 174 vacancies. At the present rate of supply it will take just nineteen years to top the present gap."

At the same dinner Dean Robbins, of the General Seminary, declared his conviction that "heresy hunting is one of the most despicable pursuits in which the human mind can engage." He said that the General Seminary must follow "no erratic line of individual caprice in its teaching," and added:

"But liberality is coming to such a focus that it is well for us to consider that truth-seeking does not mean irresponsibility. There are those who would have us so regard facts that there is left no God but the ideal God, and where, then, is the God of the Incarnation? The General Seminary stands for honest if liberal acceptance of the faith to the saints once for all delivered."

"We believe that faith and fearlessness go together at this crisis. For there is a crisis and a grave danger. I think heresy hunting one of the

most despicable pursuits in which the human mind can engage."

The speeches at the annual dinner of the Alumni of the Union Theological Seminary, held in New York a few days previously, were even more significant. The Rev. Dr. George William Knox, acting President of the Seminary, humorously told the assembled clergymen: "The churches don't want ministers who speak above the neck." He said further:

"The truth that is to come is greater than that which men now know. There is no such thing as authority in theology, as there is no such thing as authority in philosophy. The trouble is that the church doesn't want the prophet, but the scribe and the traditionalist."

Dr. Knox's position was stated in even more radical terms by the Rev. Dr. William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, Maine. He said that the religious world stands to-day before a great fixed gulf, more clearly marked than ever before:

"On one side of the gulf is tradition, on the other truth; on one side servile repetition, on the other free invention; on one side imitation of the dead letter, on the other reproduction of the living spirit; on the one side constrained assent to doubtful ideas, on the other joyous response to compelling ideals; on the one side extraneous revelations attested by miraculous credentials, on the other original righteousness appreciated by the pure in heart; on one side passive hope of a better world hereafter, and on the other active work for the betterment of conditions here."

There is a College of Tradition, continued President Hyde, and a Seminary of Tradition; and "the man who has graduated from a college and a seminary, both of the traditional type, is useless and juiceless." To quote further:

"The College of Tradition has a fixed curriculum composed mainly of dead languages and changeless mathematics. On top of it is placed a course of Christianity, aiming to prove by what is found in the world a God who can never be found outside it, and to confirm the student in the childish views of religion he brought with him from the nursery. Of course all the virile, vigorous fellows in such an institution plunge into dissipation. What else is there genuine and interesting for them to do? While the strong and vigorous majority of the boys go straight to the bad, there will be a feeble remnant who meekly

swallow the pre-digested intellectual food offered them and, for the sake of its sugar coating of prizes and scholarships, profess to like it. Out of the most feeble in this weak minority the candidates for the ministry are chosen. They have never done a bit of original thinking or independent acting in their lives.

"The Seminary of Tradition is tenfold more the child of this same docile unreality. Dead languages, the deadest of the dead, are the spinal column of the course. The student must be taught the exact words in which the miraculous and final revelation was deposited. Church history is the cut and dried narrative of the precise views and ceremonies and institutions of the particular denomination to which, in the providence of God, the student and the seminary happen to belong. Dogmatics are injected by authoritative dictation, lest if taken by the method of reading, discussion and reflection some precious particle might be regurgitated, which would be proof of dangerous heresy. Add a few points about raising money for foreign missions and home expenses and the proper course of training has been carried out.

"If you send a student from the College of Tradition to the Seminary of Truth, his contracted lungs cannot breathe the free air. His faith seems to be slipping away from him. The result is unpleasant, but, on the whole, harmless. And what of the student who comes from the side of light and liberty to the seminary bound in darkness and tradition? You cannot make him believe that Christianity is anything but a fabric of priestly and professional lies. The man who has graduated from a college and a seminary, both of the traditional type, is useless and juiceless. He can doubtless comfort a few sisters weaker than himself, but that is all. He is dead the day he graduates."

The young men of to-day, concluded President Hyde, believe, rightly or wrongly, that "the ecclesiastical machinery is in the hands of the same sort of men who held it in Jesus' day—who will neither look the

truth squarely in the face nor suffer anyone who does to enter the official service of the churches they control."

These views have evoked widespread comment in both the secular and religious world. The New York *Evening Post* commends President Hyde's "refreshing directness and candor," and thinks it "highly probable that if the churches would put their hands to the work of revising their creeds and enlarging the freedom, while heightening the self-respect of their ministers, they would see again drawn to their service those choicer youth whose aloofness they now lament." The New York *Times*, on the other hand, comments:

"President Hyde's singular notion that a bull in a china shop realizes the ideal of a Christian pastor aroused his hearers to tumultuous enthusiasm. It is a pity to dampen such enthusiasm by the mild suggestion that a church is not an arena nor a forum, but an organization established to attain definite and valuable ends by stipulated means. It may be encumbered by traditional doctrines which have now become intellectually obsolete, and upon which there is no use in insisting. But it may do its work all the same. It is not what its members disbelieve, but what they continue to believe, that makes its strength in the modern world."

Similarly, *The American Hebrew* (New York) says:

"It is curious to reflect, after all these somewhat boastful utterances, that so far as theology has any claims to be a science, its advance has been more due to the conservative wing than to the liberals. Certainly in England the weight of learning has been for many years with the less radical school. Stanley and Jowett, admirable writers as they were, could not cope in learning with men like Lightfoot or Westcott."

"THE SAINT OF RATIONALISM"

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Stuart Mill has elicited a notable tribute from John Morley. For one who was "the first guide and inspirer of a generation that has now all but passed away," Mr. Morley can find no better characterization than that of Gladstone's when he referred to Mill as "the saint of rationalism." This phrase must, of course, be taken to apply to the moral value of all Mill's work as a thinker, and not in any exclusively religious significance. Compared with other thinkers of his own and the time immediately preceding, Mill is thus placed by Mr. Morley (in the *London Times Literary Supplement*):

"Bentham founded a great school, James Mill inspired a political group, Dugald Stewart impressed a talented band with love of virtue and of truth. John Mill possessed for a time a more general ascendancy than any of these. Just as Macaulay's *Essays* fixed literary and historical subjects for the average reader, so the writings of Mill set the problems and defined the channels for people with a taste for political thinking and thinking deeper than political. He opened all the ground, touched all the issues, posed all the questions in the spheres where the intellects of men must be most active."

As is known from Mill's remarkable "Autobiography," he never possessed what is commonly understood as a religious faith. His education was strictly superintended by

his father, and James Mill himself belonged in the ranks of rationalistic thinkers. Mill had none of Mr. Gladstone's faith in an overruling Providence, says Mr. Morley, but he gave expression to the conviction that social feeling in men themselves might do as well. "The failure of what he regarded as an expiring theology made this exaltation of social feeling a necessity." In writing of the temper displayed by Mill in his treatment of this social feeling, Mr. Morley says:

"One profound master sentiment with Mill was passionate hatred for either coarse or subtle abuse of power. Hatred of oppression in all its forms burned deep in his inmost being. It inspired those fierce pages against the maleficence of Nature (in the 'Three Essays on Religion'), his almost vindictive indictment of Nature's immorality—immoral because 'the course of natural phenomena is replete with everything that when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence; so that any one who endeavored in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men.' This poignant piece is perhaps the only chapter to be found in his writings where he throws aside his ordinary measure of reserve, and allows himself the stern relief of vehement and exalted declamation. The same wrath that blazes in him when he is asked to use glozing words about the moral atrocities of Nature to man, breaks out unabated when he recounts the tyrannical brutalities of man to woman. Nor even did the flame of his indignation burn low, when he thought of the callous recklessness of men and women to helpless animals—our humble friends' and ministers whose power of loyalty, attachment, patience, fidelity so often seems to deserve as good a word as human or a better."

The great genius of Pity, in the age embraced by Mill's life, was Victor Hugo. But in Mill, says Mr. Morley, pity and wrath at the wrong and the stupidities of the world meant steadfast work and thought in definite channels. His life was not stimulated by mere intellectual curiosity, but by the resolute purpose of furthering human improvement. In brief, "he was bent on making the most of life as a sacred instrument for good purposes." He was for three years a member of Parliament (1865-68), and his presence in the House, declares Mr. Morley, "was of value as raising the moral tone of that powerful but peculiar assembly."

Mill was the author of two monumental works, his "Logic" (1843) and his "Political Economy" (1848). The larger intentions of the former are indicated by Mr. Morley as "an elaborate attempt to perform the practical task of dislodging intuitive philosophy, as a step toward sounder thinking about society and institutions; as

a step, in other words, toward Liberalism." Other works followed, notably the "Liberty" (1859). He lived to see practical results from his teaching for, as Mr. Morley points out, among all the changes of social ordinance in Mill's day and generation, none is more remarkable, and it may by-and-by be found that none cuts deeper than the successive stages of the emancipation of women. And to this no thinker or writer of his time contributed so powerfully as Mill.

In estimating the quality and temper of Mill's mind, Mr. Morley writes:

"We English have never adopted the French word *justesse*, as distinct from justice; possibly we have been apt to fall short in the quality that *justesse* denotes. 'Without *justesse* of mind,' said Voltaire, 'there is nothing.' If we were bound to the extremely unreasonable task of finding a single word for a mind so wide as Mill's in the range of its interests, so diversified in methods of intellectual approach, so hospitable to new intellectual and moral impressions, we might do worse than single out *justesse* as the key to his method, the key to what is best in his influence, the master-mark and distinction of his way of offering his thoughts to the world."

The consonance of matter and manner in the writing of Mill is summed up as follows:

"In point of literary style—a thing on which many coxcombs have sprung up since Mill's day—although both his topics and his temperament denied him a place among the greatest masters, yet his writing had for the younger men of his generation a grave power well fitted for the noble task of making men love truth and search for it. There is no ambition in his style. He never forced his phrase. Even when anger moves him, the ground does not tremble under him, as when Bossuet or Burke exhorts, denounces, wrestles, menaces, and thunders. He has none of the incomparably winning graces by which Newman made mere siren style do duty for exact, penetrating, and coherent thought; by which, moreover, he actually raised his Church to what would not so long before have seemed a strange and incredible rank in the mind of Protestant England. Style has worked many a miracle before now, but none more wonderful than Newman's. Mill's journey from Bentham, Malthus, Ricardo, to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Comte, and then on at last to some of those Manichean speculations that so perplexed or scandalized his disciples, was almost as striking, though not so picturesquely described, as Newman's journey from Evangelicalism to Rome. These graces were none of Mill's gifts, nor could he have coveted them. He did not impose; he drew, he led, he quickened with a living force and fire the commonplace that truth is a really serious and rather difficult affair, worth persistently pursuing in every path where duty beckons. He made people feel, with a kind of eagerness evidently springing from internal inspiration, that the true dignity of man is mind."

As a final testimony to Mill's extraordi-

nary supremacy we quote what Mr. Morley declares, after citing it himself, to be "a true summary of the claim made for Mill, of the position generally assented to, and of the aims partially if not wholly achieved." The passage is from Taine, and represents a dialogue between Taine himself and some Oxford friend, actual or imaginary, in the sixties:

"What have you English got that is original?—Stuart Mill.—What is Stuart Mill?—A publicist; his little book on 'Liberty' is as good as your Rousseau's 'Social Contract' is bad, for Mill concludes as strongly for the independence of the individual as Rousseau for the despotism of the

State.—That is not enough to make a philosopher. What else?—An economist, who goes beyond his science, and subordinates production to man, instead of subordinating man to production.—Still not enough to make a philosopher. What more?—A logician.—Of what school?—His own. I told you he was an original.—Then who are his friends?—Locke and Comte in the front; then Hume and Newton.—Is he systematic?—a speculative reformer?—Oh he has far too much mind for that. He does not pose in the majesty of a restorer of science; he does not proclaim, like your Germans, that his book is going to open a new era for the human race. He walks step by step, a little slowly, and often close to the ground across a host of instance and example. He excels in giving precision to an idea, in disentangling a principle, in recovering it from under a crowd of different cases."

IS THE DOGMA OF THE VIRGIN BIRTH STILL CREDIBLE?

No doctrine of Christian faith, it may safely be stated, has more interest for the religious mind and is being more keenly discussed at this time than that of the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ; and in view of this fact a defence of the dogma from the point of view of so "advanced" a theologian as Prof. Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, is to be welcomed. He admits that the dogma is "the one most difficult of belief by a large number of Christian people," but thinks that the questions concerning its acceptance are mainly those belonging to the sphere of criticism, in which the layman is inexpert. What he sees is the conflict of opinion caused by criticism, and what he wishes to do is to so state the case for criticism that the terrors of its conflicts may be lessened for the untried mind. In this effort, we see a theologian renowned for his radicalism on the side of the staunchest orthodoxy.

In presenting the present-day view of the dogma of the Virgin Birth in the light of modern criticism, Professor Briggs distinguishes the subject (1) in its relation to biblical criticism, and (2) in its relation to other criticism. Biblical criticism, he says, is not sufficient for the establishment of any dogma; for the modern scholar, even though he be convinced that the authority of the Bible is infallible, demands in addition the verification of philosophical criticism, general historical criticism and scientific criticism.

Applying first the tests of biblical criticism, Professor Briggs declares that the dog-

ma of the Virgin Birth stands the test of what is known as the lower criticism—that dealing with the verification of the text. Higher criticism—which is essentially literary criticism, and as such dealing with the problems of "integrity, authenticity, literary features and credibility of the writings"—also confirms the dogma in pointing out the poetic sources employed by the evangelistic writers as "among the earliest of the documents upon which the New Testament depends."

Biblical historical criticism also supports the dogma, since the reliability of the story of the Virgin Birth rests upon the testimony of Joseph and Mary, who are named as "the only primary human witnesses possible, and the very best witnesses." Furthermore, argues Professor Briggs, the story must have had the sanction of James and Jude of the family of Jesus, "otherwise it could not have been tolerated in the Christian community and could not have been regarded as authoritative by the authors of the Gospels." These facts are held to dispose of the contention that the story is a myth, because the poems containing the statements of the Virgin Birth "are too near the event, too close to the apostolic community, too near the family of Jesus, too near the Virgin herself, to admit of the growth of such a legend or myth."

Biblical theology finally closes the case in confirmation. We quote Professor Briggs's words on this head (from *The North American Review*):

"The Virgin Birth is essentially a doctrine

or dogma. It is a mode of birth in Incarnation, and indeed the only mode known to the New Testament or Christian theology. It is quite true that, in all the many references to the Incarnation in the Epistles and the Gospel of St. John, there is no mention of the Virgin Birth, and nothing that involves it; and it is quite possible that St. Paul, when writing his Epistles, never thought of it. That, however, amounts to nothing more than this, that St. Paul was so deeply concerned with the preexistence of Christ, with His divinity, and with the saving purpose of the Incarnation that he did not concern himself with the mode of birth; or, if he did know the mode, did not regard that as important to the purposes he had in mind in writing his Epistles. The same may be said of the author of the writings attributed to St. John. On the other hand, there is no other mode of birth in Incarnation stated or suggested in any of the numerous references to the Incarnation in the New Testament; and nothing that is in any way inconsistent with the mode of Incarnation by Virgin Birth. If Jesus Christ is the incarnation of a preexisting divine person, then some mode of birth was necessary. There seems to be no alternative between the Virgin Birth and birth in the ordinary way of human generation. It is altogether improbable that any one in the first Christian century could have thought of the Incarnation in any other way than by Virgin Birth. Other religions remote from Christianity do not hesitate to attribute Virgin Birth to their founders. It was the common opinion in biblical times that barren women may conceive by the power of God in answer to prayers. Nothing is more common in all the religions of the world than for women to pray to their gods that they may conceive, and to regard conception as an answer to their prayers. It would be difficult to show that any one in the time of Jesus would have thought it possible that God could be born of a woman by the ordinary method of human generation. If any one really thought of the mode of Incarnation, the only mode thinkable in the first Christian century was Virgin Birth. Objections to Virgin Birth in the interest of natural generation are very modern, due almost entirely to the exaggerations of modern physical science. The environment of thought in the apostolic age verifies the conception of the Virgin Birth."

Turning now to those tests demanded by the modern mind which declines to accept any dogma on the testimony of the Bible or of the church, Professor Briggs invokes, first, general historical criticism. The demand made by this method of inquiry is "whether the Virgin Birth is in accordance with the experience of mankind and therefore natural; or contrary to that experience and therefore unnatural or supernatural." The answer that it is contrary to human experience puts the matter outside the domain of historical criticism, but does not entitle historical criticism to deny its validity. Upon this point Dr. Briggs reasons:

"But if historical criticism, on the one hand,

is impotent to verify the Virgin Birth as a fact, on the other hand it is impotent to discredit the doctrine. If angels exist, if there is a spiritual world, if there are spiritual relations between mankind and that spiritual world, if an incarnation of a preexisting divine person was necessary to human salvation; even if unique and unexampled in history, the Virgin Birth may be beyond the domain of historical criticism, but it is not impossible in itself; and if angels exist as ministering spirits they may have made the annunciation to Joseph and Mary. General history, if it cannot verify the fact of the Virgin Birth, verifies the dogma as appearing in the most primitive Christian creed, not later than the middle of the second century, as the unanimous consensus of the Christian church in all its great historical organizations until the present time, as a dogma which has determined the history of Christian doctrine, and through Christian doctrine the Christian church and Christian civilization for nineteen centuries. It is not possible to explain the history of the world without recognizing that there is a God in history, and that, to use the words of Lessing, 'the history of the world is the divine education of the race.' It is not possible to explain Christian history without the recognition of Christ in history, and if Christ, then what Christianity has always recognised Christ to be, the Incarnate Saviour, who by Virgin Birth identified Himself, once for all and forever, not with an individual man, but with human nature, as the Head of redeemed humanity. These things are dogmas interpreting history, which cannot be verified by historical criticism as realities attested by the human senses and human experience; but, without them, Christian history is unintelligible, inexplicable, a mass of heterogeneous facts and events without harmony and without unity."

Similarly, physical science is limited in its power to judge. It can only affirm, says Dr. Briggs, that "the Virgin Birth of our Lord is beyond the realm of science, and that it is in the realm of dogma; and that dogma must not be stated in any form that will contravene the laws of nature." But physical science, retorts the theologian, "face to face, as it is, with a world beyond the reach of human senses, and so shaken by recent investigations that it requires all its energies to reconstruct its own doctrines" is "at present in too unstable a position to give the law to theology." The Virgin Birth is "dogma, back of physical science; but in no respects antagonistic to scientific criticism or inconsistent therewith."

Philosophy, according to Professor Briggs, is confronted with the hardest of the problems respecting the Virgin Birth since it is called upon to explain the duality of personalities in the God-man. Many difficult questions are hereby raised for psychology and metaphysical and cosmic philosophy, but none, says the confident theologian, "that

have ever been regarded as insuperable by theologians, none that were not removed by the dogmatic statements of theologians more than a thousand years ago, when these questions were more hotly debated than at the present time." Dr. Briggs pursues his line of thought farther:

"These doctrines were formed with a full use of the greatest systems of philosophy that have ever appeared, the Platonic and the Aristotelian, and have maintained themselves through all the centuries to the present time. It is extremely improbable that they can be unsettled by that medley of heterogeneous and conflicting opinions that constitutes the philosophy of our day. Philosophy is at present the most unsettled and unstable of all departments of human knowledge. It is in no position to give the law to a dogma which has Plato and Aristotle at its back."

All the preceding arguments seem essential for the theologian and for a system of doctrine. This the writer admits, with the further admission that belief in the Virgin Birth is not essential to the faith or Christian life of individuals. Men are entitled, he thinks, to accept the doctrine of the Incarnation and to refuse to accept any doctrine as to its mode. But for biblical and historical scholars, as well as for dogmatic theologians, there is a necessity for its maintenance. To deny it "would be a denial of all the Christian philosophy of the centuries. . . . It would turn back the dial of Christianity nearly two thousand years; it would break with historical Christianity and its apostolic foundation, and imperil Christianity itself."

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE

It is a noteworthy fact that Palestine, although the most important of the Bible lands, is comparatively virgin soil so far as biblical archeological investigations are concerned. Although the Nile Valley for fully a century has been contributing, at least indirectly, to our knowledge of the Scriptures, and the cuneiform inscriptions, so abundantly distributed throughout the Euphrates and the Tigris countries, have for fifty years been a storehouse of rich biblical finds, Palestine itself has only in recent years, and that, too, grudgingly, been opened by the Turkish authorities to the investigation of the Western *savant* and specialist. American scholars, under the leadership of Dr. Bliss, have done some good work between Jerusalem and Joppa; but the most systematic efforts in this direction have been made by the German Palestine Society, whose agents, Drs. Blankenhorn, Schumacher and Guthe, have been working chiefly in the immediate neighborhood of Jerusalem and in the Tell-El-Mutesellim, the ruins of the ancient Megiddo, on the historic plain of Jezreel. The *Zeitschrift* of this society, together with the special *Mitteilungen*, have in recent issues given a mass of new data concerning this last-mentioned field.

It was already known from literary sources that Megiddo had passed through a long and varied history reaching from 1450 to 600 B. C., but no literary information could give any idea of the rich collection of finds that have been made here in recent years, begin-

ning with the excavations undertaken so successfully about three years ago by Professor Selin, of the University of Vienna. It has become more and more apparent that Megiddo is a second Troy, and, as in the case of the latter, its ruins show a series of layers or strata, dating from different periods of the past and bearing the evidences of separate and distinct types of civilization. A historical development going back at least to 3000 B. C. is revealed. Upon the ruins of one period the next period erected its structures, only to give way, when these were again destroyed, to the work of a following period. Leaving out of consideration a few comparatively unimportant remnants of the Hellenic period, it is possible to distinguish eight different periods, one upon the other. The ruins themselves cover a space 360 meters in length, 270 meters wide, these constituting a *tell*, or artificial hill, composed entirely of the remnants of older periods, more than ten meters in height, and at some places fully twenty-two meters. Only by the financial aid of the Kaiser, who contributed 46,000 marks, and of other special friends, has the Palestine Society been able to make investigations of sufficient width and depth to give an adequate idea of the types of civilization represented by these various strata. In some cases all that could be done was to secure tantalizing data in reference to structures which cannot, for lack of funds, be unearthed more fully. Among the latest finds is a palace that cer-

tainly dates back to the days of Solomon, yet only the outlines have been laid bare. It would take at least 100,000 marks to make anything like a satisfactory investigation of this rich archeological field.

Only a small portion of the lower three strata, the eighth, seventh and sixth, has been unearthed, and here the most interesting discovery is the remains of an old city wall belonging to the seventh period. It is quite extensive, but its height is only 2.50 meters, while the width is 8.60 meters. In the fifth stratum a number of skeletons were found of a kind that shows clearly that the people who inhabited Megiddo at this period were not Semites. The character of other finds, in particular some evidences of Egyptian engraving, and a reference to the name of King Sesostri I, points to a date about 2000 B. C. The fourth stratum evidently belongs to about the fifteenth pre-Christian century. The remains of a castle or citadel, and the type of architecture displayed, indicate the presence of a Semitic class of peoples. The same fact is indicated by large amphoræ and other utensils, among these being some used

for the performance of sacrifices. Of these last a comparatively complete outfit was unearthed. In this stratum, too, are found evidences of worship of Astarte, of *Massebas* (or high places), and other features of heathen worship condemned in the Old Testament. The richest stratum is undoubtedly the third, which shows a large number of architectural remains, among them some that suggest the treasury house of Atreus in Mycenæ. Here, too, full sacrificial equipments have been found with Egyptian ornamentation bearing the name of King Dhutmes III (about 1450 B. C.). Even the two latest strata as yet show but little evidences of Old Testament or Israelitish influence, although some utensils seem to bear Hebrew inscriptions. As yet only a meager collection of such inscriptions or other literary finds has been made. But the data secured has been of great value in elucidating the details of Old Testament history and archeology, and justify the hope that when once Palestine is fully opened to the Bible investigator the harvest of good things will be indeed phenomenal.

AGGRESSIVENESS OF RADICAL THEOLOGY IN GERMANY

In the land of Luther, the protagonists of advanced theology have inaugurated a new and aggressive policy by assuming the offensive and making a vigorous campaign for the possession of the theological chairs, the pulpits, the pews, and the schools. In former times they were generally content to be on the defensive, tacitly recognizing the superior rights of traditional theology as based on the official confessions of the church. But all this is being changed now. The men of the new school are organizing their forces for the systematic spread of their teachings and tenets. The old "Protestanten-Verein," in Germany, which for a generation voiced the principles of radical theology, but has lately been almost dormant, has awakened to new life. The "Freunde der Christlichen Welt," who cluster around the chief popular organ of advanced theology in Germany, are represented practically in all the larger cities of the Empire, and by lecture courses and publications, such as the "Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher," are vigorously pushing their claims. A "Deutscher Monistenbund" has also re-

cently been organized in the interests of a purely naturalistic type of religious thought, with Darwin's *alter ego*, Professor Haeckel, of Jena, at its head. The most active agent of the new association is its vice-president, Pastor Kalthoff, of Bremen, who a few months ago came into prominence by publishing a work on Christ, in which he practically denied his historical existence. Even so advanced a man as Professor Bousset, of Göttingen, felt himself called upon to protest against such teachings in the name of scientific theology and independent research.

The newest phase in this aggressive campaign is directed against the schools, the purpose being to win the rising generation. Radical theology has already penetrated into the secondary schools, or the *Gymnasias* and *Oberrealschulen*, with their nine years' course leading up to the university. It is a singular phenomenon in Germany that when a man is not orthodox enough to be admitted to a pulpit even in "advanced" circles, he is generally appointed religious teacher in some secondary school. Recently

a pastor named Römer was an applicant for a vacant pulpit in Remscheid, in the Rhine province. In his trial sermon he declared that Jesus Christ was a God only in the sense in which Hercules and other mythical heroes of antiquity were divine. His application was rejected, but he had no trouble in securing an appointment to teach the catechism, Bible history and other branches of religious knowledge in a *Gymnasium*. A pastor in Mecklenburg by the name of Schmalz had exactly the same experience. There are scores of such men appointed to school positions, who have suffered shipwreck in the faith of the church.

Special efforts are now being made by liberal theology to secure control of the common schools, too. Since State and church are united, religious instruction occupies a prominent place in the curriculum. In the free city of Bremen the Teachers Association, consisting of about 600 common-school teachers, succeeded in having a law passed excluding religion entirely from the course of study and substituting in its place "religious instruction without dogma," consisting of the inculcation of moral precepts divorced from any characteristic Christian elements.

In Bavaria particularly, this propaganda among the children is assuming noteworthy proportions, although Bavaria is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church in the Empire. The organ of free thought published in Munich, *Die Wahrheit*, was recently sent by mail to all the pupils of the public schools with an article marked in

which all the essentials of Christianity were ridiculed. The gist of the article was this:

All that is taught you in the name of religion is a falsehood, and the worst of the matter is, that your teachers know that it is so. The same is true of your parents; they also teach you what they themselves do not believe. But this matter is so important that it is the duty of all children to rebel against their teachers and parents. Tell them boldly that there is no God who exercises any providential care over people. You were forced into the church at birth by a baptism, to which you could not and did not give your consent. Now show your independence of thought and action and turn your backs on the church and her creed.

This "Appeal" was mailed in large numbers to children with the request that it be spread broadcast. Naturally conservative journals are indignant. Some of them, among them the *Leipziger Kirchenzeitung*, insists upon punishment of these propagandists under the national laws that protect the Christian religion.

In conservative circles these tactics are almost welcomed, on the ground that if advanced theology once shows its real colors a vigorous reaction in favor of historic and positive Christianity will make itself felt in a most determined way. The beginnings of such a reaction can indeed already be traced in church and State. The proposed new school law in Prussia, for instance, gives to the church and to religious instructors a much larger sphere than ever before. It is hailed as a sign that, in some parts of the Empire, "the biter is being bit."

A NEW RELIGION OF HUMANITY

"The first one who makes a religion of Democracy," wrote Mazzini, "will save the world"; and Henry Demarest Lloyd, the eminent American publicist, takes up the burden of this message in his striking work, posthumously published, "Man the Social Creator."* Tolstoy once said that the social problem could be solved if five men (of whom Mr. Lloyd was one) would get together and talk it out. It may be added that Mr. Lloyd's strenuous and public-spirited career, dedicated to social service and inspired by high moral feeling, admirably fitted him for

the definitely religious work which he undertook in his last book. He writes:

"The spectacle of a new religion in the making we can see to-day. In the co-operative literature, in the speeches of strike leaders and new party men, the lectures of scholars, the sermons of the clergy on the mount, in the church and outside, in the trades-union and socialistic press, in the magazines, in the conversation of all sorts of men, in the successful books of the year, and in the action, social and personal, which is embodying this thought, a new theory and practice of life are being worked out before our eyes. Anyone in a few hours can gather out of current discussion and movements of reform hundreds of illustrations of each count in this enumeration. We live at the conflux of two eternities, Carlyle

*MAN THE SOCIAL CREATOR. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. Doubleday, Page & Co.

says. This is as true of the thought of life as of life itself, and mankind has always been remaking its theory and practice of life, which is its religion. But ours is perhaps the first age which had the self-consciousness to see itself doing this, and our time by all its signs manifestly approaches one of the great crises which have marked off history into eras. In the sense in which Christianity, though only a variation in an unceasing evolution, was a new religion, may that also be said to be a new religion on which man is now brooding."

The new religion, continues Mr. Lloyd, is not merely the Christian religion, but an expansion of it. "There will be only one form of worship in the new religion—work. But one form of prayer—aspirations." More specifically, Mr. Lloyd writes:

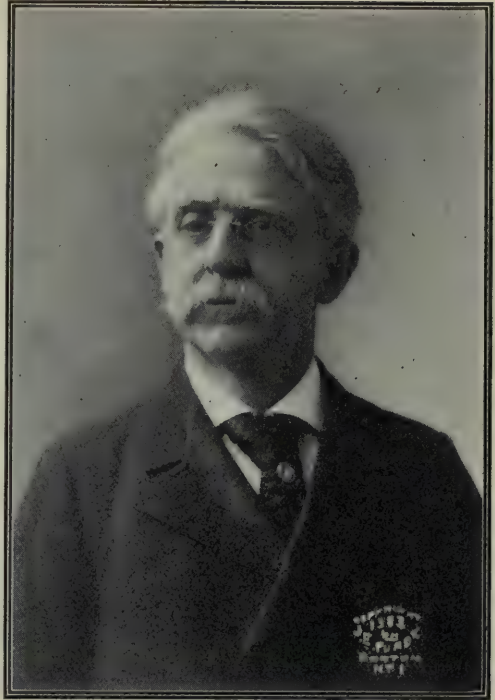
"It is nineteen hundred years since, for our province of the race, the conception of One Humanity and One God expressed itself in the idea of the Son of God and the Son of Man. That now is assimilated, fertilised, in the missions, emancipations and democracies of nineteen centuries, and interwoven forever in the tissues of race consciousness. Another thought stirs in the universal mind. The Son of Man, Father in Heaven, Son of God, God, Heaven, Mediator, the Holy Spirit—all these are symbols by which men have been picturing themselves to themselves. Their hinder parts not yet pawed free, they have hardly known themselves, they have seen themselves only darkly, they have hardly dared believe in themselves as far as they have known and seen. But now they begin to dare to believe. The words and deeds attributed to the gods are in truth the words and deeds of humanity. They are the words and deeds in which men not yet realising themselves have tremblingly expressed ideals they thought too great to have been their own creation. Men have been worshipping themselves, and they are beginning to see that the time has come for humanity to declare itself and express its hopes and fears in terms of humanity. God is the name man gives his own future. What men worship that they are growing toward."

Progress on earth, not perfection in heaven, according to Mr. Lloyd's gospel, is the word of the future. He illustrates this thought by describing the co-operative industries of England and Belgium, the growth of the trade-union and Socialist movements in all countries, and the great social reforms accomplished in Switzerland and New Zealand. He goes on to say:

"The Religion of Labor has its ten commandments. But they are the same old commandments. 'No new commandment but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning.'

"'Honor thy father and thy mother.' There is but one people to-day that has made so much as an approach to honoring its fathers and mothers—the Australasian people who give their destitute old fathers and mothers old-age pensions.

"'Six days shalt thou labor.' The people of Switzerland have been democrats longer than any



THE LATE HENRY D. LLOYD

In a posthumous work he urges that man becomes truly religious in just the degree that he is a "social creator . . . coloring, modeling, harmonizing mankind into living pictures, statues, songs and temples."

of the rest of us, six hundred years, and ought to be the best democrats, as they are. They remembered the commandment for a seventh day of rest, by giving it by law to the employees of the railroads. Private enterprise found the fourth commandment 'impracticable,' but the democracy of London and Switzerland can obey it and make money, and make something better than money—manhood—and that is the Religion of Labor.

"'Thou shalt not kill.' The democracy of New Zealand runs its railroads so humanely and conscientiously that in some years not a single passenger or railroad man is killed. On the railroads of this country in one year there were killed 8,588 and wounded 64,662, the death roll of a war. The Religion of Labor says: There is never any disobedience of the commandment 'Thou shalt not kill' if it is not disobeyed when such needless slaughter occurs because the laws requiring life saving appliances are disregarded, because men are overworked, because grade crossings are not guarded, because incompetents are put where life depends on competence, and because profits instead of being devoted to improved service are spent on more palaces, more yachts, more game preserves, more consolidations, more legislatures and—other luxuries.

"'Thou shalt not steal.'

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'

"'Thou shalt not covet.'"

In concluding, Mr. Lloyd draws an elo-

quent parallel between the artist and the social reformer, and pleads for a creative passion that shall make men gods indeed:

"Art is nature consciously creating itself, and all our arts are anticipations. We paint, model and make music in the constantly defeated, constantly renewed, attempt to become the masters of life. The innermost inspiration of the artist, whether poet, architect, orator or other maker, is to seize more life and make it better. Their rivalry is to personify the 'principle of perfection' which Plato saw at work in the nature of things. Realism is the demand, never silent since art began, that art be brave and take each day the one step along the shortening path that separates the picture from the reality. The artist keeps Humanity's courage up and saves the world from heartbreak over the misfits of its actual performance. These beauties, heroes,

prophets, loves and songs never die, and have never lived, but they make it appear what we shall be. The beauty and strength we dream to-day we will be creating to-morrow. We will paint red into the cheeks of the living, hope into their eyes, beauty into their forms and souls. By the help of marbles and ochres and whistling reed the creative within us has been making for itself the imaginings which it is to embody in nobler material than stone or paint or cadences. Already long at work among us, though few have the faith or the eyes to see it, is the art of arts, the art that unites and consummates all these other arts, the art social, coloring, modelling, harmonising mankind into living pictures, statues, songs and temples.

"No man can be truly religious who believes in the God of yesterday or rests in the God of to-day. There is no salvation save in the God of to-morrow."

THE CAPTURE OF CHRISTIANITY

Success cannot be said to have crowned the effort, wonderful as it was, made by Christ to establish in the world a system true to his teaching. To this conclusion that profound scholar and educator, Arthur Christopher Benson, of Cambridge, finds himself impelled in spite of himself, and he confesses it frankly, although with some evasion, in a work touching on many themes, ethical and esthetical.* He interprets Christ's teaching literally. The Son of Man saw in formal and organized religion the thing he must destroy. But the worldly spirit captured his doctrine and imprisoned it within a dungeon of formalism. Christianity became a system. Christ had no system. Christianity has creeds. Christ had none. At any rate, neither system nor creed, as Christianity of the organized type expounds both, can be found in the words of the Master. These things have been read into the Gospel message. In so far, then, as Christ aimed at the establishment of a rule of life outside of the "wrappings" of religion—and Mr. Benson feels convinced that this was Christ's only aim—he did not achieve that great mission. We have to-day, in consequence, the spectacle of a world religiously organized to an extent that negatives Christ utterly. He stands defeated:

"If ever there was a divine attempt made in the world to shake religion free of its wrappings, it was the preaching of Christ. So far as we can

gather from records of obscure and mysterious origin, transcriptions, it would seem, of something oral and traditional, Christ aimed at bringing religion within the reach of the humblest and simplest souls. Whatever doubt men may feel as to the literal accuracy of these records in matters of fact, however much it may be held that the relation of incidents was colored by the popular belief of the time in the possibility of miraculous manifestations, yet the words and sayings of Christ emerge from the narrative, though in places it seems as though they had been imperfectly apprehended, as containing and expressing thoughts quite outside the range of the minds that recorded them; and thus possess an authenticity which is confirmed and proved by the immature mental grasp of those who compiled the records, in a way in which it would not have been proved if the compilers had been obviously men of mental acuteness and far reaching philosophical grasp.

"To express the religion of Christ in precise words would be a mighty task; but it may be said that it was not merely a system nor primarily a creed; it was a message to individual hearts, bewildered by the complexity of the world and the intricacy of religious observances. Christ bade men believe that their Creator was also a father; that the only way to escape from the overwhelming difficulties presented by the world was the way of simplicity, sincerity and love; that a man should keep out of his life all that insults and hurts the soul, and that he should hold the interests of others as dear as he holds his own. It was a protest against all ambition and cruelty and luxury and self conceit. It showed that a man should accept his temperament and his place in life as gifts from the hands of his father; and that he should then be peaceful, pure, humble and loving. Christ brought into the world an entirely new standard. He showed that many respected and revered persons were very far indeed from the Father; while many obscure, sinful, miserable outcasts found the secret which the respectable and contemptuous missed."

*FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW. By Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Never was there a message which cast so much hope abroad in rich handfuls to the world. The astonishing part of the revelation was that it was so absolutely simple. Neither wealth nor intellect nor position nor even moral perfection was needed. The simplest child, the most abandoned sinner, could take the great gift as easily as the most honored statesman, the wisest sage—indeed more easily; for it was the very complexity of affairs, of motives, of wealth, that entangled the soul and prevented it from realizing its freedom. Christ lived his human life on these principles; and sank from danger to danger, from disaster to disaster, and having touched the whole gamut of human suffering and disappointment and shame, died a death in which no element of disgust and terror and pain was wanting:

"And from that moment the deterioration began. At first the great secret ran silently through the world from soul to soul till the world was leavened. But even so the process of capturing and transforming the faith in accordance with human weakness began. The intellectual spirit laid hold on it first. Metaphysicians scrutinized the humble and sweet mystery, overlaid it with definitions, harmonized it with ancient systems, dogmatized it, made it hard and subtle and uninspiring. Vivid metaphors and illustrations were seized upon and converted into precise statements of principles. The very misapprehensions of the original hearers were invested with the same sanctity that belonged to the master himself. But even so the bright and beautiful spirit made its way, like a stream of clear water, refreshing thirsty places and making the desert bloom like the rose, till at last the world itself, in the middle of its luxuries and pomp, became aware that here was a mighty force abroad which must be reckoned with; and then the world itself determined upon the capture of Christianity; and how sadly it succeeded can be read in the pages of history; until at last the pure creature, like a barbarian captive, bright with youth and beauty, was bound with golden chains and bidden, bewildered and amazed, to grace the triumph and ride in the very chariot of its conqueror.

"Let me take one salient instance. Could there, to an impartial observer, be anything in the world more incredible than that the Pope, surrounded by ritual and pomp and hierarchies and policies, should be held to be the representative on earth of the peasant teacher of Galilee? And yet the melancholy process of development is plain enough. As the world became Christianized, it could not be expected to give up its social order, its ambitions, its love of power and influence. Christianity uncurbed is an inconvenient, a dangerous, a subversive force; it must be tamed and muzzled. It must be robbed and crowned. It must be given a high and honored place among institutions. And so it has fallen a victim to bribery and intrigue and worldly power "

Our critic does not for a moment say that Christianity does not even thus inspire thousands of hearts to simple, loving and heroic conduct. The secret is far too vital to lose its power. It is a vast force in the world, and indeed survives its capture in virtue of its truth and beauty. But instead of being the most free, the most independent, the most individualistic force in the world, it has become the most authoritarian, the most traditional, the most rigid of systems. As in the tale of Gulliver, it is a giant indeed, and can perform gigantic services still; but it is bound and fettered by a puny race. Now the question must be asked, how are those who are Christians indeed, who adore in the inmost shrine of their spirit the true Christ, who believe that the star of the east still shines in unvelled splendor over the place where the young child is,—how are they to be true to their Lord? In answer:

"I would say that if they are true to the spirit of Christ they have no concern with revolutionary ideals at all. Christ's own example teaches us to leave all that on one side, to conform to worldly institutions, to accept the framework of society. The tyranny of which I have spoken is not to be directly attacked. The true concern of the believer is to be his own attitude to life, his relations with the circle, small or great, in which he finds himself. He knows that if indeed the spirit of Christ could truly leaven the world, the pomps, the glories, the splendors which veil it would melt like unsubstantial wreaths of smoke. He need not trouble himself about traditional ordinances, elaborate ceremonials, subtle doctrines, metaphysical definitions. He must concern himself with far different things. Let him be sure that no sin is allowed to lurk unresisted in the depths of his spirit. Let him be sure that he is patient, and just, and tender-hearted and sincere. Let him try to remedy true affliction, not the affliction which falls upon men through their desire to conform to the elaborate usage of society, but the affliction which seems to be bound up with God's own world. Let him be quiet and peaceable. Let him take freely the comfort of the holy influences which churches, for all their complex fabric of traditions and ceremony, still hold out to the spirit. Let him drink largely from all sources of beauty, both natural and human."

But let the Christian beware of thinking that what is the open inheritance of the world is in the possession of any one small circle. Let him not even seek to go outside of the persuasion, as it is so "strangely" called, in which he was born. Christ spoke of little sects and the fusion of sects because he contemplated no church in the sense in which it is now so often used, but a unity of feeling which should overspread the earth.

GOETHE AS A MYSTIC

"Jesus would have been Goethe's dearest friend, had he known him," says Vernhagen, a contemporary of the great German thinker. In view of Goethe's radical views and well-known disregard for Christian morality, these words are somewhat startling. But Eduard Herrmann, a writer who quotes them in the Theosophical monthly, *The Word* (New York), insists that Goethe is a much misunderstood personality. The widely prevailing idea that Goethe was a materialist and a forerunner of Haeckel and Darwin, Mr. Herrmann brands as entirely misleading. He says:

"It is true that many years before Darwin, Goethe conceived the idea of evolution (see his 'Metamorphosis of Plants'), but this is the only resemblance he has with the materialistic philosophers who like to claim him as their own.

"Goethe was too great a seer to lose sight of the fact that matter has its origin in spirit; indeed, is spirit materialized. His wonderful intuition taught him things which are abhorred by those materialists who, owing to constant and exclusive occupation with what they call matter, have lost connection with the spiritual world and are deaf and blind to everything which borders on the occult world.

"Goethe, on the contrary, recognized early in life the extraordinary importance which the study of the hidden forces in nature has for the development of humanity. Hence we need not be astonished if we find him to be a mystic and an occultist who believes in powers hidden in man which we cannot yet understand and explain. Although his works abound with proofs for this assertion, yet few people know that this is the case."

Goethe was a freethinker, says Mr. Herrmann, only in the sense in which Kant and Schopenhauer were freethinkers. He was "a true sage, always searching for the reality underlying all phenomena"; he "investigated everything without prejudice" and he "did not deny what he did not know." There is evidence to show that Goethe believed in what we now call telepathy. He more than once expressed his conviction that "a soul is able to impress another soul by the thought alone." He also seems to have believed in specters or astral bodies, and at times saw his friends in this guise. He liked to write stories of an occult character, and said to Lavater: "I am more inclined than anybody else to believe in a world other than our visible one, and I have enough power of life and poetry to feel my own self enlarged into a universe of spirits, as Swedenborg teaches." To quote further:

"Even miraculous works like those reported in the gospels, this great freethinker did not regard as impossible. This may be seen in his Autobiography ('My Life,' vol. VII.), and also in his story of the Saint Filippo Neri ('Italian Voyage') of whom he says that he had the natural gift of feeling the approach of a person not yet in sight; of having a presentiment of things happening in distant places; of knowing the thoughts of people; of transmitting his own thoughts unto others. Then he says: 'Those and similar gifts many people possess; some may pride themselves with having one or the other now and then; but the uninterrupted presence of such faculties and their ever ready exercise, is only conceivable in a century when the concentrated, undivided forces of soul and body can make their appearance with astonishing energy.'

"Goethe knew well that the existence of these occult or psychical powers is more often denied by so-called learned men than by others, because they wholly depend on the evidence of the senses. He also knew how little the senses are reliable, for he says: 'The greatest verities very often contradict, nay mostly always, the testimony of the senses. Than the movement of the earth around the sun—what can seem more absurd?'

"On another occasion he says: 'The most excellent, the most remarkable happenings will be denied as long as possible. It is a matter of great prejudice that any one method of investigating nature could be put under the ban, as being unworthy of serious consideration.'

Goethe foreshadowed a strong tendency in modern thought when he dwelt on the power of the mind and the will to prevent disease, and said to Eckermann, his secretary: "It is incredible what the moral will of man can do in cases where it seems to be impossible to avoid infection by a disease. It permeates, so to speak, the whole body and brings it in an active condition which repels all hurtful influences. Fear, on the contrary, is a state of lazy weakness, which makes us an easy prey to every enemy." He went even further, and admitted the possibility of a time when man's will power should control the very elements of nature. He believed in "inspiration," too. On this subject he wrote:

"Every productivity of the highest kind, every invention, every great thought with its consequences, is beyond all terrestrial power, and can be commanded by nobody. The man who has them must receive them gratefully as a gift from heaven. He is, in such cases, very often the tool of a higher power; a vessel that has been found worthy of receiving divine influences.

"It is a mistake to believe that every work of art is nothing but the product of purely human powers. Just try, yourself, to create with human forces and will alone some such master work as

is comparable to that of Mozart, Raphael or Shakespeare."

Goethe had strong convictions in regard to reincarnation and immortality. "I am sure of having been here thousands of times and I hope that I shall return thousands of times," he said to his friend Falk. In one of the poems to Frau von Stein, for many years his most intimate woman-friend, he wrote:

Tell me what has fate ordained for us,
Why did it bind together you and me
Inseparable, intimate and close?
Well I know that in olden, long-gone times
You, dearest, were my *sister* or my wife.

His works are full of allusions to immortality:

"By no means would I be deprived of the happiness which the belief in a future existence brings with it; yes, I should say that all those are dead for this life who do not believe in another one."

"It is absolutely impossible for any thinking being to think of the non-existence or cessation of life and thought; therefore everyone carries the proofs of immortality in himself and quite involuntarily."—(To F. V. Müller.)

"The conviction of our continued existence arises in my mind from the conception of activity; for if I am restlessly active to my last day, nature is bound to grant me another form of existence if that one is not any more adequate to my spirit."—(Eckermann.)

"The thought of death leaves me perfectly quiet, for I have the firm conviction that our spirit is an indestructible being; it is comparable to the sun which to our mortal eye seems to set, but which, in fact, never does so, but forever shines."—(Eckermann.)

"Man, although ever attracted to this earth with its thousands and thousands of phenomena, lifts up his eyes, searching and yearning for the immeasurable spaces above him, to heaven, because he feels deeply and distinctly that he is a citizen of that spiritual world in which he must believe. In this presentiment lies the secret of eternal aspiration after an unknown goal."—(Eckermann.)

"To create this clumsy world out of simple elements, and let it eternally roll in the beams of the sun could not have satisfied God, if it was not his purpose to found on this material basis a seed plot for a world of spirits. Thus he is always active in higher natures, in order to elevate the lower ones."—(Eckermann.)

"Man is the first discourse between nature and God. On another planet the dialogue will be higher, deeper and wiser."—(To Falk.)

In our age of materialism, concludes Mr. Herrmann, it is well to remember these wise and noble thoughts, which "have come down to us and will live long after us, because they are expressions of that eternal truth which is cherished by many, but which reveals itself only to the heart either of a child or of a genius."

A SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR IDEALISM

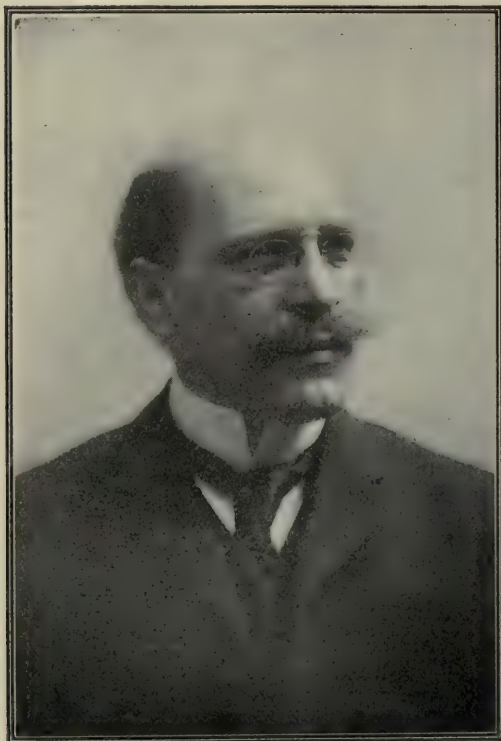
In the entire domain covered by religion and philosophy there are few problems more interesting than that involved in the question which Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard University, has endeavored to answer in his latest work*. This question may be stated: Is there a standard of absolute values in the universe? or, in ethical terms: Is there a standard of absolute morality by which man's life and conduct may be guided? And Professor Münsterberg's emphatic answer can be summed up in his concluding words, "Science falls asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals."

At first sight, says Professor Münsterberg, it is true that science presents an absolutely passionless, an absolutely unmoral, aspect. "The stars may move, the earth may grow hot or cold, men may be born and die, but from the standpoint of natural science one combination of atoms cannot be better

in itself than any other possible combination." Likewise "to the chemist the poison is not worse than the food, and the weed is not worse to the botanist than the flower, the cosmos not better to the astronomer than the chaos." Even from the standpoint of the psychologist, speaking scientifically, pleasure has no more value than pain, and wisdom and virtue are not to be exalted above vice or foolishness. The element of valuation and of moral feeling only enters when we consider the physicist and the psychologist as themselves neither objects nor yet passive, but as beings who stand completely outside of the natural system. In taking attitudes which affirm truth or reject error, they "represent a life-experience which must be superadded to the dead objects of the scientist."

But even if we are "subjects with attitudes, free actors on the stage of life," has the world, then, gained the possibility of absolute values? Says Professor Münsterberg:

*SCIENCE AND IDEALISM. By Hugo Münsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Professor of Psychology in Harvard University.

"We must decide for ourselves," he says, "what ideals we wish to uphold, whether we want the world to be a world for us or merely a dream and a chaos; but this at least we must understand, that science falls asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals."

"If progress and law and peace, the true and the beautiful and the moral and the religious, have been preferred simply because they gave to you or to me or to the greatest possible number the most intense possible individual pleasure, then we still remain in a world in which nothing has an absolute value, and in which every claim for every other kind of valuation is equally justified and has merely to legitimate itself as another taste for other attractions. What we call ugly or inharmonious, untrue or immoral, has just the same right to be called valuable if somewhere people chance to have so curious a liking. And every one knows that this is no vague hypothesis. Do not our sociologists amass most fascinating material to show us how in the moral ideas of the Hottentots or the Fiji Islanders our vices become virtues, how that which is ugly to us they call beauty, and how that which is absurd they value as knowledge? Does there not run through all the history of civilization an eternal Spencerianism which triumphantly presents such facts to the naïve as proof that there is indeed no absolute standard for human ideals? Again and again have pseudo-philosophers conducted to their own satisfaction the onslaught against absolute idealism, by showing that the truth of yesterday cannot be the truth of to-day; that Chinese music is not that of Beethoven, that the law of Kam-

chatka is not that of our supreme courts, and that somewhere, I do not know where, moral children eat their grandfathers and grandmothers."

In spite, however, of the apparently conflicting ideals and truths of different nations and epochs, there is a sense, as Professor Münsterberg points out, in which they express unity. They all aim toward the same eternal value: self-fulfilment, self-realization. "Whenever ideals are to be valuable to me," he observes, "they must somehow bring satisfaction and fulfilment to my desires: the purpose of my will must be realized." He proceeds to ask: "Cannot my will aim at the realization of an end which does not appeal to my personal interest, but which I will because I enter into the willing and feeling of the independent world, and because I feel satisfied if its purpose becomes realized?" To this question, he replies: "All this is possible, it is clear, only if two conditions are fulfilled: the objective world must have a will of its own, and its will must force itself upon me and thus become my own desire." A simple illustration follows:

"I hear a melody. I like the sound of that melody; it gives me pleasure, just as I like the taste of a sweet fruit. The liking of those tones is a personal taste; some one else may like better a melody of stronger rhythm. That I personally have at present just a longing for this sad little melody cannot have more than an individual, personal meaning. It is a fulfilment of personal desire, and yet no one can hear the melody without being aware that another kind of demand is fulfilled therein which is independent of my present personal feeling. As that melody approaches its end, the player is no longer free in his choice of the last notes. We may never have heard it before, and yet we feel that those first tones seek just this last tone. They long for it. The melody is not complete without it. Those tones themselves desire that end, and whether I care to hear music now or not, I must subordinate myself so far that I must want that closing of the melody, as the demand lies outside my personal wishes. Those first tones have the right to demand that last one. Not I will it, but they will it; and as such a melody, with its own eternal rights, sounds endlessly about us the universe itself."

It is in this sense that Professor Münsterberg conceives the relation of man to a universal standard at the heart of things. As individuals, we are forced by the very law of being toward the fulfilment of personality, the realization of ourselves; and to "make a world out of our experience means, and cannot mean anything else than to apperceive every bit of the chaos as something which must will to be *itself*."

"But the will to be itself must lead to different

demands, and each of these demands thus introduces a special group of values into the world, eternally given with its deepest ultimate structure. To be itself may mean, firstly, that our bit of experience is to be preserved, is to last through ever new experiences, and is to be found again and again. The satisfaction of this demand gives us the values of truth. But to be itself may mean, further, that our bit of life experience is to stand for itself, complete in itself, independent of everything beyond it. The satisfaction of this desire gives to the world the eternal values of harmony and beauty. Thirdly, to be itself may also mean that our bit of experience demands a completion which it has not yet reached, and which it aims thus to secure. The satisfaction of this demand gives to the world the values of progress and law and morality. And, finally, to be itself means to

be ultimately without inner contradiction, to be a unity. If those various desires interfere with one another, if the order of knowledge and the beauty of happiness and the duty of morality cannot dwell together, then we have not a world which remains really unified in all eternity. Thus arises the ultimate demand that all the values become one, that the world remain absolutely itself; and the satisfaction of this demand brings us the values of religion and philosophy."

Whether the world is to be a world for us or merely a dream and a chaos, says Professor Münsterberg in conclusion, we must decide for ourselves; "but this at least we must understand, that science falls asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals."

ARE WE PASSING THROUGH A GREAT MORAL CRISIS ?

That "the human race is at present passing through one of the most acute crises since the age of Charlemagne" is the conviction of an able London writer, F. Carrel. Mr. Carrel defines moral crises as "conflicts of principles of conduct occasioned by altering conditions of society," and, in arguing the reality of the present crisis, he draws upon economics and science, as well as upon religion and ethics. In all of the great spheres of thought, he indicates, there is an apparently irreconcilable conflict of principles.

Turning to the social problem, first of all, he cites the increasing social unrest of our times. The poor are no longer passive or contented, he observes; they are stretching out their hands toward the pleasures which knowledge and enterprise have rendered abundant and exquisite. "Never was the life-zest greater than to-day, yet never was the competition for the means of gratifying it more keen." The writer continues (in *The Monthly Review*):

"The hitherto undisputed right to superfluity is challenged, and those who claim it fear that the tenure of wealth will one day be insecure, for they foresee that the votes of the proletariat may eventually prevail against them. Many also are disturbed in their sense of right, considering that all attempts to alter the ancient laws of property are vicious and predatory in principle, destructive of the sacred right of each man to enjoy the fruit of his own labor or of that of his ancestors, and these are generally unwilling to admit that even a modicum of truth can reside in doctrines which subvert what they regard as a primordial principle of social weal. Sometimes they maintain that the ignorant poor are by reason of their ignorance unfit to be entrusted with the use of

wealth, but they see that as education extends its scope this objection loses weight. On the other hand, many of the poor, especially those possessing a certain education, are conscious of a sense of injustice, and seek the means of a more equal distribution of advantage. There probably never was a time, unless it was under the Antonines, when the poor were contented with their lot, but there probably never was a period when the lot of the poor was more discussed and their interests more actively pursued. And as the issues of the struggle between wealth and poverty are enormous for each of the opponents, it is evident that the present strife must contribute greatly to the present crisis."

The trouble has been rendered more intense, Mr. Carrel goes on to say, by the faulty and immoral applications of Darwin's famous theory of "the survival of the fittest" to social life. We have "made the error of concluding that social progress has as its end the survival of those who are the best adapted to existing conditions, rather than of those who are the best adapted to a series of ulterior conditions." On this point the writer says further:

"The result of the struggle for life practised à outrance by human beings is to banish the human sentiment of pity, and to fill men's minds with apprehension of the neighbor. It tends to reduce the free man, happy in his own initiative, into poverty or into subservience to a master; and the existence of the feeling thus created is destructive of the peace of mind which is essential to social happiness. We cannot conceive the life of primitive man, competing for existence with wild beasts and often with his own species, ever on the alert to guard against attack, to have been a happy one. Neither can we conceive that a society engaged in a relentless competition can lead a felicitous existence. Restitutions of the result of successful competition are sometimes

made, and the fact proves that those who make them are conscious of the need of clemency; but it is very doubtful whether the alleviations which these restitutions procure compensate for the misery and social discontent produced. It is certain that as long as this pseudo-Darwinism endures, fear and suspicion must be rife and society must suffer."

Next in importance as a factor in the present crisis is mentioned the opposition which is being manifested between the religions and the moral codes they maintain, and the moral code which is being slowly evolved from scientific conceptions of the world and life. The one body of doctrine is rooted in theology and the supposed relation of man to a personal God, while the other either denies God altogether or conjectures Him as an unknowable first cause; and the simultaneous exposition of the two views must have a disturbing influence. Moreover—

"The one acknowledges a divine incentive to do right, the other only the conviction of reason to act in a way that is best for men. The 'right' of the one is not always the 'right' of the other. It would be unlawful for a religious person to pursue his ordinary vocation on the seventh day, but a man possessing no religious belief would not be deterred if he found it convenient to do so. A practising Christian should sacrifice himself for his neighbor, but a follower of Spencer would hold that individuals have duties towards themselves as well as towards their neighbors. Scriptural religion also, owing to the remoteness of the period when its conduct laws were made, does not mention moral defects which have grown out of civilisation, such as temptation to alcoholism and

the adulteration of food, yet these are held by the scientific to be grave offences against the race. Wars in the past have been sanctioned by religion, or, at all events, not decreed as immoral, yet the humanitarian contingent of the scientific host considers them as such."

This sense of conflict has made itself felt in almost every domain of life to-day—in the relations of the sexes, in the attitude of the younger toward the older generations, in the clash between collectivism and individ-

ualism, between internationalism and patriotism. The responses of the representative teachers of the age to the questionings of the modern world can only be described as baffling and contradictory. Comte, Herbert Spencer, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Nietzsche—who can extract a coherent body of doctrine from these, admittedly great thinkers though they are?

Mr. Carrel does not pretend to solve the momentous problems that he suggests. Every individual, he seems to indicate, must settle his own problem and follow his own conscience. What is needed above all is the quality of moral courage. "If existence be accepted," he says in closing, "a fortitude must be maintained to persevere in a well-ordered life of moderated but unfailing energy, of limited indulgence of the senses, of stoicism in bodily or mental pain, with a determination to strive for others as well as self without waiting for the final proof of the wisdom or the logical necessity for such a course."



Courtesy of The Arena (Boston).

"THE TWO AMBITIONS"

This sermon in bas-relief is by Frank F. Stone, of Los Angeles. "The sculptor has been very happy in making the clay tell his story," observes *The Arena*. "How well does the sleek, well-fed, self-centered figure represent the egoist who through wealth, the assumption of divine rights, the accident of birth or the sword of force seeks power, prestige and advantage over others! And equally felicitous is the type of noble humanitarian who, thoughtless of self and unwilling to rise alone, has fixed his eyes on the heights to which he is raising his weaker brother. Here we have epitomized the heart of the great struggle that is now raging throughout the civilized world."

Science and Discovery

INFLUENCE OF TUBERCULOSIS ON ART IDEALS

It appears to Dr. John Bessner Huber, the eminent American specialist in tuberculosis, that the quality of the genius of a great man, if he be consumptive, may be, in some cases at least, affected by his disease. Dr. Huber suggests that this is due to the effect upon the nervous system of the toxins evolved in the body by the bacillus. One instance among many that could be cited is afforded by the malady and the music of Chopin. During the last ten years of his life Chopin suffered from what appears to have been fibro-caseous tuberculosis, which is the usual form of the disease popularly known as consumption. In consequence of the sufferer's resisting power, there was an effort on the part of nature to effect a cure. The downward progress of the patient was slow. It may have been arrested. In any event, there occur in Chopin's compositions those alternations of hope and despair, of joy and sorrow, in which the psychical states of the phthisis patient are faithfully reflected. The inspiration was strictly tuberculous in this regard. To quote Doctor Huber on the subject of the psychic state in tuberculosis:*

"The pathetic fact seems to be, with regard to tuberculosis, as in all things else, that all phases of individual life, the physical, the moral, the mental, the spiritual, seem intimately blended and interdependent, so that the whole is affected by an abnormality in any one aspect. We may here note that as regards the moral nature the consumptive differs in no way from other chronic sufferers.

* CONSUMPTION AND CIVILIZATION. By Dr. J. B. Huber. J. B. Lippincott Company.

"The consumptive, however, as regards his psychism has to contend with some factors which do not generally obtain in other chronic affections. It is no wonder he is sensitive and that his sensitiveness makes him morbid, when others manifest fear because of his mere presence among them; look upon him as if he had committed some crime; are annoyed because of the cough and the expectoration compelled by his disease.

"We might here adopt the old classification of mind into will, intellect and emotions. The will, as all other mental aspects, is unstable and variable; however, there is sometimes an extraordinary optimism. The intellect is often acute; and sometimes it is oddly uncanny and outré. The emotions of consumptives are very varied. Ecstasy, impulsiveness, obstinacy, irritability, abnormal energy, alternate with depression, grief, disappointment."

Here we have a psychic state which reflects itself uncannily in Chopin's compositions. Indeed, it has even been said that it was wrong in Chopin to produce music so unearthly as his. After a piano concert devoted wholly to the compositions of Chopin, notes Dr. Huber, the absence of the virile element is so impressive that the healthy would wish to run, to shout, to jump, to do some feat of strength by way of establishing an equilibrium. "Much, indeed, of almost spectral beauty there is in this man's work, suggesting too insistently the white moonlight and exotic atmospheres. What mortal, indeed, will ever again, unless in a dream, hear such exquisite music—music supernatural and not at all of the earth—as that in the trio of the first polonaise; or such plaintive melody, which sounds as if the composer were communing with spirit



Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company.

A LEADER IN THE WAR UPON TUBERCULOSIS

Dr. John Bessner Huber, author of "Consumption and Civilization," thinks that the history of mankind on its artistic as well as its economic side, may have been conditioned by tuberculosis.



THE BACILLUS OF TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION
IN RELATION TO BOTTICELLI'S ART

"Its characteristic tendency to typify," says an art critic, "gives an almost emblematic character to some of Botticelli's pictures." Pathology attributes this expressiveness to the consumptive model.

creatures, as is to be found in the nocturne (opus 37)?" And it is not too far fetched an

inference that tuberculosis has developed a school of musical theory deriving its inspiration from the symptoms of the disease which has psychical effects wrought out in eerie harmonies, strange phrases in sixths and duo waltz passages of the wailing description. And as tuberculosis inspires so it establishes a taste. The melancholy mood of certain stages of the disease predisposes to an appreciation of such music. Art and music were appreciated by Marie Bashkirtseff with the whole gamut of her emotions conditioned by the bacillus which is the specific cause of tuberculosis. And thousands upon thousands of women are in her condition, perhaps without suspecting it. We are at the threshold, then, of a pathology of music.

There is reason to believe that tuberculosis and music, if not precisely allies, are in no sense antagonists. Music has a therapeutic value of a kind, and it is noteworthy that Chopin's malady was protracted for a period of some ten years. Among the laboring classes, according to expert opinion, a case of tuberculosis may last less than a year. The average duration of cases which grow steadily worse is between one and three years. But among musicians, among whom the conditions of life are usually easy physically, the disease may be indefinitely prolonged. In the incipient stages of the disease, the musical amateur may reveal his peril by the character of the compositions appealing to him, and the same is true, in an even greater degree, of the composer. This is shown deductively by the case of Chopin.

In the plastic arts a similar influence is at work. Tuberculosis, or at any rate the symptoms of it, are reflected in the latest school of German sculpture, which stands for a revolt from the healthiness of the Venus de Milo. Instead of well-developed chests we have flattened mammæ. Lankiness is transformed into statuesque effects. The poise of the head is consumptive, and the attitude is frequently characteristic of tubercular lassitude. If this school makes headway in Germany, the sculpture of the empire will in time be the inspiration of a tuberculous ideal, pure and simple—that is, from the standpoint of medical diagnosis.

The circumstance would not, to be sure, be an artistic novelty. As far back as the fifteenth century, the masterpieces of Italian painting were inspired by the bacillus. or, to be more accurate, by its ravages. A perfect instance is afforded by Botticelli's master-

piece catalogued as "Venus." This treasure of Italian art has distinct value as a pathological exhibit in the study of tuberculosis. It demonstrates that functional modifications due to the disease may be unaccompanied by anatomical stigmata of a virulent type. Nevertheless, hereditary predisposition to consumption is indicated in the sunken cheek, the long, slender neck, the steep, sloping shoulders. The model who sat for this masterpiece almost certainly died if not of acute miliary tuberculosis, then of the fibro-caseous form. The Botticelli painting speaks volumes of the influence exerted by the prevalence of consumption upon artistic taste. We must remember that in Italy, as soon as Brunelleschi had discovered the laws of linear perspective, anatomy came to be studied by artists as well as by physicians. The result was a marked improvement in drawing. But there was no improvement in the art of medicine. Diagnosis was unknown in the modern sense. The connection between tubercles and phthisis was not demonstrated until the seventeenth century by Silenus, the Italian physician. Nor were dissections permitted until after the Renaissance. In the fifteenth century, when the Florentine school, to which Botticelli belonged, was in the lead, no anatomist or pathologist was in a position to study or explain tubercles. We see the result in the work of Filippo Lippi, the first to portray individual faces in sacred pictures. It is observable in the characteristic sentimental type of countenance developed by the Umbrian artists, inspired by the Florentine school. We have human faces indicating the type of tuberculosis in which the lungs become denser, cavities form here and there and the downward progress of the patient is slow and may be arrested.

Dr. Huber would point to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the modern disciple of Botticelli, as an exponent of the tuberculous ideal in painting. "Many of his paintings have that expression of suffering which is undoubtedly phthisical in origin. A certain sweet sadness which attaches to these pictures is due to phthisis in the models. It is the appealing sadness of disease." And as Simonetta Catanea, who sat for Botticelli, died of consumption at an early age, the model most frequently engaged by Dante Gabriel Rossetti was likewise a consumptive.

More suggestive than any generalization from these facts is the theory that art criticism derives its standards from a tubercu-



PRE-RAPHAELITISM EXEMPLIFYING THE STAGES OF TUBERCULOSIS

In these works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti we see immortalized that wistful melancholy which the miliary stage of lung infection imparts to the human countenance.

lous ideal. "It is, indeed," writes Dr. Huber, "difficult to gauge such influence; to

compute the extent to which thought can affect the development of a leucocyte, the making of a drop of lymph or the behavior of

an excretory cell. The process is not susceptible of investigation by the microscope or by laboratory methods."

PROFESSOR SHALER ON CHANGES TO COME IN THE HUMAN PERIOD

Though, so far as we can fairly conjecture, mankind of the latest generation are to be structurally the same as those of the first, the late Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler saw good reason to believe that important changes of proportion are certain to occur. He was of opinion that there is a prevailing tendency to certain modifications, such, for instance, as enlargement of the great toe and lessening in the size of the external ear. Professor Shaler enlarges upon the general topic in his newly issued work,* but comes at last to the conclusion that no changes in man's structure will ever fundamentally modify his physical being.

It is in the intelligence, according to Shaler, that we are to look for the important changes in the nature of man. In that part of his being we find a variability the like of which exists nowhere else in the organic realm. Between the lowest and the highest varieties of living men the difference in mental power is so great that if like variations existed in their bodily parts they would be assigned to different orders, or perhaps even diverse classes in the type of vertebrates. From the most inferior normally developed intelligence of the human type and the noblest intellect in man the interval, measured in like manner, would be vastly greater than between races or tribes of men. It did not seem to Professor Shaler too much to say that it exceeds the anatomical range from the fishes to the highest mammalia.

Were it not, indeed, for the fact that these differences are hidden under the mask of our human shape, they would be overwhelming in their effect—such as to take away all sense of kinship with our fellows. Thus, while measured by physical standards we must assume that the earth is not likely to come by a new anatomical genus of man, and may never attain even so far as a new species differing from some of those now existing as much as the Hottentot differs from the Aryan, it may

come to know intellectual species, genera and families of which we can form no conception. In the mind of man we have entered upon a new realm of life, one where development appears to have no such limitations as control the lower stage of anatomical history.

Professor Shaler, however, reckoned it an essentially vain endeavor to forecast the psychic future of man in its fulness as so many contemporary scientists are essaying to do. As for himself, he looked forward to what he termed an organic advantage to mankind—the avoidance of the tax that disease levies upon society and upon the individual:

"In the infra-human life this tax is so slight as to be of small consequence, at least among the vertebrates; it is not great among the lowlier tribes for the reason that the habits of brutes and brutal men do not lend themselves to disease, and even more for the reason that maladies mean the speedy removal of the sufferers from the association, and, as the result of the selective process, the protection of the stock from contaminating inheritances. It is when the weak come to be protected that the malady tax on the society in which they belong effectively begins. Thus the first result of sympathetic care for the invalid, that care which marks the first stage of the truly human society as distinguished from the mere herd, is to lower its capacity for action, so that in the existing conditions of our commonwealths the care devoted to the inactive absorbs probably near to one-half of their resources. There is reason to believe that we are now coming to a stage where the disease tax, which has hitherto mounted with the advances of culture, is to be diminished by the extirpation of maladies. This is evidently not to be accomplished by any hideous Spartan plan of destroying weak infants, but by a fitting care that such come rarely to life and that they do not send their weakness on to mar the race. We are rapidly coming to a sense that while the individual life has an absolute right to a seemly place in the world it has absolutely no inborn right to send its infirmities onward through the generations: that this question as to the fitness of the men to be belongs to the commonwealth and is to be determined by reason. It is also to be accomplished by the development of sanitation—in the larger sense of that large word—through which our kind is to effect the most important part of its difficult task of reconciliation with the environment."

**MAN AND THE EARTH.* By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Fox, Duffield & Co.



Courtesy of *The World's Work*.

THE GEOLOGICAL PROPHET OF MANKIND

The late Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who, as dean of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, had long been the ablest exponent of American geological theory. "Perhaps," writes Mr. Langdon Warner, in *The World's Work*, "it should be said that he was a psychologist before he was a geologist. All science was written for him in terms of humanity."

ANTS THAT HAVE LIVING HONEY-JARS

More than a quarter of a century ago Dr. Henry C. McCook journeyed to the Garden of the Gods for the purpose of studying a little-known variety of ant which had the pecu-



From Harper's Magazine.

HONEY ANT WORKERS OBTAINING HONEY FROM A HONEY BEARER ANT

The working ants within the ant nest get their meals from the rotunds—the ants swelled with loads of honey gathered outside. In this picture the rotund stands with head erect. She has regurgitated a drop of the honey with which her abdomen is tense. This drop hangs to the mouth and is enjoyed by a big ant while two others strive to get what they can.

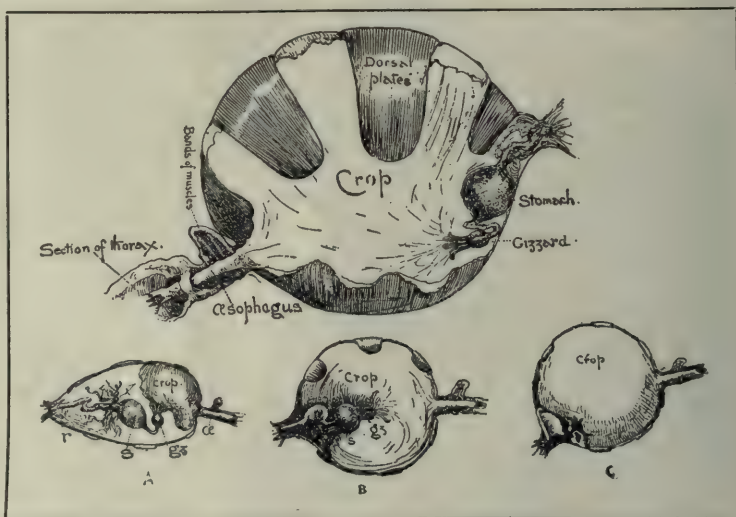
avers, on the basis of mathematical calculations made by himself, that it could never pay to cultivate these ants after the fashion of the bee-keepers. Not that the honey of the ants is not edible. In fact, it is a delicacy much appreciated in some parts of Mexico. But the industry is not commercially feasible, for the product is not sufficiently abundant.

Dr. McCook's impressions when he broke into the ants' dormitory were vivid:

"The vaulted roof is beaded with rich amber-colored spheres, from beneath which protrude the yellow trunks and legs of living insects. These are the honey-bearers, whose rotund abdomens with their stores of sweets have made their species famous among the emmet tribes. As the light breaks in—the first these cavernous halls have ever known,—a faint wave of movement stirs throughout the compact group of 'linked sweetness.' The shock of the income sunshine, and the confusion that has seized and scattered so many of their fellows, as their habitation crumbles about them, do not loose their hold upon their perch. It could hardly be by chance that the roof to which they cling has been left rough and gritty, instead of being smoothed off as are the galleries. At least, so it is, and the fact aids the rotunds to keep their place."

Whence did the ants get their honey? It required no little patience on Dr. McCook's

liarity of utilizing certain of its fellows as living honey-jars. The quest was successful. The ants were studied on the spot and in captivity—for Dr. McCook secured specimens for leisurely investigation. Yet it has only been within a very recent period that Dr. McCook has formulated definite conclusions regarding this insect, and he has just given them to the world in *Harper's Magazine*. He traced the ants to the moundlets in which they live, and his great triumph came when his chisel, deftly wielded, uncovered a large room within the ant moundlet. He had burst into the dormitory of the fat members of the community, the living honey-jars in which the staff of life of these creatures is stored. Dr. McCook



From Harper's Magazine

HOW THE HONEY ANT SWELLS WITH HONEY

"In ants," writes Dr. Henry C. McCook, "the alimentary or intestinal canal passes as a nearly straight tube through the thorax into the abdomen. There it has two special expansions, the crop and the stomach, which are united by the gizzard. The crop is in the fore part of the abdomen. The canal opens directly into it and therein the gathered nectar is stored. Its elasticity . . . admits of immense expansion."



From *Harper's Magazine*

HONEY ANTS ASSEMBLED UPON THE ROOF OF A CHAMBER WITHIN THEIR NEST

The bulk of the store within their swollen abdomens comes from the workers, the true honey gatherers. Of these there are three castes, the majors, minors and minims or dwarfs.

part to establish the fact that the source of supply is the oak-gall or rather galls from which the flow is stimulated by the trituration of gall-fly larvæ. The ants set out on their honey-gathering expeditions at sunset. They keep a strong force at home, some of which, writes Dr. McCook, are seen at all hours of the night on guard around the gate and patrolling the mound, even pushing the pickets beyond. The return home begins about midnight. The incomers are challenged by the sentries, who guard the approach to the nest with military vigilance. The antennal countersign is always exacted. It is now proved by Dr. McCook's investigations that foraging workers, to which caste the rotunds or honey-bearers belong, when returning as "repletes," are "tolled" by the sentinels and watchers. That is an important mode, seemingly, of effecting a distribution of the food supply, although the living storeroom is drawn upon when necessary by the workers. It is likewise drawn upon by many a Mexican lover of the sweets stored therein. These ants have no means with which to repel invasions. To quote again from the study in *Harper's Magazine*:

"That the workers are fond of the honey which the rotunds carry was seen while excavating a nest. Some of the tense abdomens were accidentally ruptured. The excitement that racked the formicary, the martial ire and fervor to assail a foe, the instinct to save larvæ, pupæ and other dependents, were suspended in the presence of this tempting delicacy, and amid the ruins of their home the workers clustered around their unfortunate comrade and greedily lapped the sweets from the honey-moistened spot. It was a pitiful sight, and noted to the disparagement of the ants, until the observer remembered that human beings have displayed equal greed and ignoble self-gratification amid their country's wreck.

"Over against this, one may put a fact apparently more to the credit of our Melligers. From time to time the rotunds died in their artificial nests. The bodies hung to their perch for days ere the death-grip relaxed and they fell. Sometimes the attendant workers failed to note the change for a day or more, and caressed and cleansed them with wonted care. When they perceived the truth, and set about to remove the body, the abdomen was first severed from the thorax. Then the parts were taken to the 'cemetery,' that common dumping ground for the dead which ants maintain. The abdomens, with their tempting contents, were never violated. The amber globes were pulled up steep galleries, rolled along rooms and bowled into the grave yard along with juiceless heads, legs and trunks."

THE PREDICTING OF EARTHQUAKES

Earthquake predictions of a scientific character are things of the future, confesses a writer in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), but such forecasts are not so far in the future as some might suppose. Two circumstances simplify the subject. We are to remember, first of all, that earthquakes of any violence occur only in a certain well-defined area. In the next place, all the seismographic records of the past ten years indicate—so far as they have been collated—a distinct periodicity in the energy of the terrestrial crust. Dr. F. de Montessus de Ballore, whose recently published work on earthquakes is rated very highly by the *Revue Scientifique*, confirms the generalizations just supplied. He thinks that earthquakes will in time be predicted with the accuracy of astronomy in foretelling the transits of Venus. But it may be necessary to wait many years for the necessary calculations and deductions. These will be based upon the interpretations of seismographical records. Now, it is far from certain that any seismologist knows just how to draw an inference from these records. They must be deciphered as carefully as inscriptions in an ancient tomb. Seismologists here and there think they have the key to the riddle in the distribution and periodicity of sun-spots. Sun-spots vary in frequency and distribution on the sun's surface in a period averaging a little more than eleven years. The great vibrations which are said to agitate the sun are believed to extend to the earth in a mode directly connected with a seismic cycle. This seismic cycle is undetermined as yet. It remains for seismologists and astronomers to collate the two sets of records bearing upon the twin subjects. The result may be a scientific method of forecasting earthquakes.

So much for French speculation upon the subject. English scientists and American scientists place more confidence in a connection traced by many of them between the times and the places of earthquakes. Prof. H. H. Turner, F.R.S., one of the professors of astronomy at Oxford, and a student of seismography for years, writes in the *London Times* that we may be able to predict periods of earthquake frequency with sufficient definiteness to answer practical purposes:

"There seems to be some evidence in support of the view that exceptional irregularities in the rotation of our earth may be responsible for an increased number of earthquakes at particular times. That the evidence is slight must be at-

tributed to the shortness of the time during which it has been possible to obtain it, and not necessarily to inherent weakness in the evidence itself. The discovery that such irregularities existed was made only 20 years ago, though the phenomenon was then traced back through the old observations. The irregularities are systematic in character, and the law governing them is approximately known already; so that, if the presumed connection between them and earthquakes is confirmed, we may be able to predict periods of great earthquake frequency. Such periods would be in some respects analogous to the times of spring-tides. It is a familiar fact that at new and full moon the tides are much greater than when the moon is at the quarters. The reason is that we have two tide-raising bodies, the moon and the sun, which sometimes act in concert, and then we get large tides; sometimes in opposition, and then we get small tides. If the influence of these two bodies were more nearly equal, instead of the moon being so predominant a partner, we can imagine times when the tides would be barely perceptible. Similarly there are apparently two contributors to the variation in our earth's rotation, which sometimes act in unison and sometimes in opposition. They are more nearly equal in influence than are our moon and sun; and consequently there are times when these two contributors nearly balance one another and the axis of rotation remains almost steady. But in due time the contributors reinforce one another and the axis acquires a considerable 'wobble.' Each end of the axis then describes a curve composed of wide sweeps and sharp bends; and the evidence seems to be that at the sharp bends we are particularly liable to earthquakes.

"It is eminently to be desired that a mathematical investigation of the point should be undertaken; but the difficulties are very great, and as yet no one has had the time and courage to attack them. It will be seen, then, that the seismologist is as yet not able to give forecasts of any commercial value, though he is by no means without hope of doing so."

The whole subject of periodicity in earthquake forecasts is much involved in the problem of the connection between earthquakes and volcanoes. The independence of the volcano from the earthquake seems well established to the Comte de Montessus de Ballore. London *Nature* cannot persuade itself that all the conclusions of this eminent authority have been arrived at by sound methods. It inclines to the opinion that a far more sweeping application of the statistical method must be made before earthquake prophesy will become anything but a kind of guess-work. Earthquakes are most abundant where the crust movements have been greatest and most recent. Earthquakes become rarer as these movements have diminished in frequency or violence. This is as far as seismology has been carried,

THE FUTURE OF LOVE-MAKING IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE

Of all the social revolutions to which mankind will yet be indebted to the progress of science, not one, asserts that eminent biological psychologist, Mr. Havelock Ellis, can ever equal in importance the modification of the sentiment of romantic love already effected in part—and soon to be completed—by eugenics. The science of eugenics, as defined by its founder, Dr. Francis Galton, is simply the study of the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial quality of future generations either physically or mentally. Through the munificence of Dr. Galton and the co-operation of the university of London, the beginning of the attainment of the eugenic ideal has at length been rendered possible. The senate of the university has this year appointed Edgar Schuster, of New College, Oxford, to the Francis Galton Research scholarship in natural eugenics. It will be Professor Schuster's duty to carry out investigations into the history of classes and of families and to deliver lectures and publish memoirs on the subject. "It is a beginning only," writes Mr. Havelock Ellis in *The Nineteenth Century* (London), "but the end no man can foresee."

It is not to the point to declare, adds our authority that love laughs at science and that the winds of romantic passion blow where they list. That, as eugenic investigations of the few years last past demonstrate, is by no means true. It is not true, says Mr. Ellis, that anyone loves anyone and that mutual attraction is entirely a matter of chance. The investigations which have been lately carried out show that there are certain definite tendencies in this matter. Certain kinds of people tend to be attracted to certain kinds. Like are attracted to like rather than unlike to unlike. Again, while some kinds of people tend to be married with special frequency other kinds tend to be left unmarried. Nor are the causes on the surface. There are numerous subtle influences, paradoxical enough on the surface, which eugenics will not merely investigate but control. Sexual selection, even when left to random influences, is still not left to chance. It follows definite and ascertainable laws. In that way the free play of love, however free it may appear, is really limited in a number of directions.

These limitations to the roving impulses

of love, while very real, to some extent vary at different periods in accordance with the ideals which happen to be fashionable. In more remote ages they have been still more profoundly modified by religious and social ideas. Polygamy and polyandry, the custom of marrying only inside one's own caste or only outside it—all these and various contradictory plans have been easily accepted at some place and at some time. But they have offered no more conscious obstacle to the free play of love than among ourselves is offered by the prohibition of marriage between near relations. To quote from Mr. Ellis:

"The eugenic ideal which is now developing is not an artificial product but the reasoned manifestation of a natural instinct, which has often been far more severely strained by the arbitrary prohibitions of the past than it is ever likely to be by any eugenic ideals of the future. The new ideal will be absorbed into the conscience of the community, like a kind of new religion, and will instinctively and unconsciously influence the impulses of men and women. It will do all this the more surely since, unlike the taboos of savage societies, the eugenic ideal will lead men and women to reject as partners only the men and women who are naturally unfit—the diseased, the abnormal, the weaklings—and conscience will thus be on the side of impulse.

"It may, indeed, be pointed out that those who advocate a higher and more scientific conscience in matters of mating are by no means plotting against love, which is for the most part on their side, but rather against the influences that do violence to love—on the one hand, the reckless and thoughtless yielding to mere momentary desire; and, on the other hand, the still more fatal influence of wealth and position and worldly convenience, which give a factitious value to persons who would never appear attractive partners in life were love and eugenic ideals left to go hand in hand. It is this sort of unions, and not those which are inspired by the wholesome instincts of wholesome lovers, which leads to the deterioration of the race. The eugenic ideal will have to struggle with the criminal, and still more resolutely with the rich; it will have few serious quarrels with normal and well-constituted lovers.

"It will now perhaps be clear how it is that the eugenic conception of the improvement of the race embodies a new ideal. We are familiar with legislative projects for the sterilisation of the unfit. But such projects, and, indeed, any mere legislation, cannot go to the root of the matter; for, in the first place, what we need is a great body of facts, and a careful attention to the record and registration and statistical tabulation of personal and family histories; in the second place, we need that sound ideals and a high sense of responsibility should permeate the whole community, first its finer and more distinguished members, and then, by the usual contagion that rules in such

matters, the whole body of its members. In time, no doubt, this would lead to concerted social action. We may reasonably expect that a time will come when if, for instance, as in a case known to me, an epileptic woman conceals her condition from the man she is marrying it would generally be felt that an offence has been committed serious enough to invalidate the marriage. We must not suppose that lovers would be either willing or competent to investigate each other's family and medical histories; but it would be at least as easy and as simple to choose a partner from those persons who had successfully passed the eugenic test."

Nor will it be a matter of any great difficulty for eugenic science to devise so effective a test that without it no member of our race within the pale of civilization can be eligible as an object of manifestations of romantic love. Eugenic certificates, according to the suggestion of Dr. Galton himself, would, in time, be issued by a suitably constituted authority to those candidates who chose to apply for them and were able to pass the necessary tests. Such certificates would imply an inquiry and examination into the hereditary influences dominating or conditioning the constitution, health, intelligence and character of the individual.

The possession of such a certificate would involve a superiority to the average in all these respects. No one would be compelled to offer himself for such examination, just as no one is compelled to seek a university degree. Its possession would often be a decided advantage. There is nothing to prevent the establishment of a board of examiners of this kind at once. Mr. Havelock Ellis is sure that, once established, many candidates would hasten to present themselves before the board. There are obviously, he thinks, many positions in life wherein a certificate of this kind of superiority would be helpful. But its chief distinction would be that its possession meant a patent of natural nobility. The man or the woman who held it would be one of Nature's aristocrats to whom the future of the race might be safely left without further question. There would, with the progress of scientific knowledge and the increasing importance of the eugenic certificate, soon follow an extinction of that adventitious superiority enjoyed by the rich and the socially prominent types of persons in all that relates to love-making eligibility.

THE DISAPPEARING LINE BETWEEN MATTER AND ELECTRICITY

The corpuscle is in reality nothing but a disembodied electrical charge. A corpuscle contains nothing material. It is electricity. It is nothing else. Instead of speaking of the corpuscle we should speak of the electron. The electron is, then, a disembodied electrical charge, containing no matter, and is the term which will yet be employed to designate this ultimate unit of which all so-called matter is probably composed. And if the electron contains nothing that corresponds to our ordinary conception of matter, and since the same electron can be split off from atoms or from the molecules of all substances, the question naturally arises: Is not all so-called matter of an electrical nature?

This query, set forth by Dr. Harry C. Jones, Professor of Physical Chemistry in the Johns Hopkins University, in his new work on the alleged electrical nature of matter,* is answered boldly by him. There is a large

and increasing mass of evidence, says Professor Jones, warranting the belief that the line separating matter from electricity is on the point of disappearing. Indeed, this conclusion is accepted, at least tentatively, he says, by a considerable number of the leading physicists and physical chemists the world over.

This theory makes the electron—the corpuscle, as some prefer to call it—the ultimate unit of all matter. The atoms are made up of electrons or disembodied electrical charges in rapid motion. The atom of one elementary substance differs from the atom of another elementary substance only in the number and arrangement of electrons contained in it. Thus we have at last the ultimate unit of matter, of which all forms of matter are composed. The remarkable circumstance is, says Professor Jones, that this ultimate unit of matter—of which all matter is composed—is not matter at all, as we ordinarily understand that term. It is electricity.

*THE ELECTRICAL NATURE OF MATTER AND RADIO-ACTIVITY. By Harry C. Jones. D. Van Nostrand Co.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, says Professor Jones, that matter is a pure hypothesis. What we know in the universe, and all that we know, is changes in energy. In order to have something to which we can mentally attach the energy, we have created, in our imagination, matter. Matter, then, is a pure hypothesis. Energy is the only reality. We are accustomed to take exactly the opposite view and to regard matter as the reality and energy as hypothetical. But not only is matter a pure hypothesis, but we have not the least evidence for its existence, as we ordinarily understand the term. And it is interesting to note that Ostwald and Thomson have reached the same conclusion on a point of far-reaching importance in connection with any theory of matter that may finally prevail.

All atoms of whatsoever kind, if all that has preceded be correctly presented, are made up of electrons. Electrons are nothing but negative charges of electricity in rapid motion. In accepting this wonderfully simple and beautiful theory that the nature of all matter is essentially the same, we must not forget, proceeds Professor Jones, that the facts of chemistry and of physics have to be accounted for. We must remember that we have over seventy apparently different forms of matter which cannot be discomposed into anything simpler or into one another, by any agent known to man:

"We must also remember that these elements of the chemist have each their definite and distinctive properties, both physical and chemical. They enter into combination with one another in perfectly distinctive ways and form compounds with definite and characteristic properties. In a word, we must remember the almost unlimited facts of chemical science, which are facts, regardless of whatever conception of the ultimate nature of matter we may hold.

"We must also not be unmindful of the great mass of facts that have been brought to light as the result of the application of physical forces to these apparently different kinds of matter. To take one concrete example: The results of spectrum analysis show that most of the chemical elements have their own definite and characteristic spectrum, that an element sets up vibrations in the ether that are of perfectly definite wave lengths and by means of which the element in question can be identified—these being different for every element.

"Further, while this is true, certain simple and beautiful relations between the wave length of the waves sent out by a given element have been discovered."

Thousands of facts of the character of those mentioned must be dealt with by any ultimate theory of matter that can be re-

garded as tenable. To this condition the electrical theory of matter is responding more and more. The atom, however, is rendered very complex by this theory. Take, for example, the atom of mercury. This contains somewhat more than 150,000 electrons. Some of the heavier atoms are even more complex. The approximate number of electrons contained in an atom is found by multiplying the atomic weight of the atom in terms of hydrogen as the unit—by 770.

But this complex nature of the atoms enables us to account for the facts of spectrum analysis. Certain elements, such as iron, uranium and the like give out thousands of wave-lengths in the ether, in accordance with the prevailing theory of light, as is shown by the enormous number of spectrum lines produced by these elements. In terms of the old conception of the atom, it was difficult to see how such a large number of vibrations of such widely different periods could be set up in the ether by a single element. Before we had the electron theory, it was recognized that the atom must in its ultimate essence be complex in order to produce such effects as are brought out by spectrum analysis alone. "The simplest atom must be more complex than a piano." The electron theory, giving us some idea of the complexity of even the simplest atoms, makes it possible to form a mental picture of how an atom can produce such effects in the ether as is shown by a study of the spectrum. Light is not only thrown by the electron theory on the problem of spectrum analysis, but we are led very far in the direction of an identification of matter and electricity. All science thus seems to be on the eve of a generalization more comprehensive in its scope than the law of gravitation itself.

While the law of the conservation of mass can have but a limited application in the light of the new views gaining acceptance among physicists, Professor Frederick Soddy is another who suspects that a far more fundamental modification of all theories of matter is impending. He too refers to the growing faintness of the distinction between electricity and matter, the view, that is, that all material and mechanical phenomena possess an electro-magnetic origin. There is no doubt, he adds, in a paper published by the Chemical Society of London, that it is only a question of time before it becomes possible for these far-reaching conclusions to be put to the test of experiment.

THE WEATHER FROM NOW TO 1913

It is probable—in truth, it is almost certain—that the prediction of weather over much longer periods than are now practicable will be successfully accomplished when we possess a more intimate and continuous knowledge of the meteorology of the sun than we do at present. So declares Prof. R. A. Gregory, who holds the chair of Astronomy in Queen's College, London, and who advances a theory of weather periodicity based upon a solar cycle. It is a remarkable fact, he says, in a paper contributed to *Macmillan's*, that the cycle of thirty-five years, shown by solar phenomena, corresponds exactly with a cycle of meteorological changes on the earth. Prof. E. Bruckner discovered some few years ago that there is a periodic variation in climate over the whole earth, the average length of the cycle being thirty-five years. No matter what results of meteorological observations are examined, or whether they are obtained in the tropics or in polar regions, a variation in a cycle of thirty-five years can be detected in them.

Rainfall, pressure and temperature, movement of glaciers, frequency of severe winters, or the height of water in rivers, lakes or inland seas, all vary year by year. But, neglecting individual years, it is found that the conditions for about seventeen years are below the average, while for the next seventeen years they are above the average. It is impossible to predict whether any particular year will be colder or warmer than usual or whether the rainfall will be above or below the average. But, taking several years together, Bruckner's cycle affords justification for the belief that the rainfall will be more than usual until about the year 1913, just as it was thirty-five years ago—in the seventies of last century. On the average, we may expect that during the next ten years the pressure will be below the normal and the rainfall will be above what is usual.

Here, then, we are afforded a clue to a well-marked cycle of change in terrestrial and solar meteorology. It is a cycle of about thirty-five years—that is, about three of the eleven-year periods of sun-spot frequency. In a period of a little more than eleven years, spots upon the sun wax and wane in number and extent. At the present time the sun is in a condition of maximum activity. Sun-spots, which may be regarded as solar cyclones, frequently appear upon its

face. The annual area of spotted surface will decline from now to about the year 1912, and then will increase again to 1916, when sun-spots will be as numerous and frequent as they were during the past year. This eleven-year period is of a very definite character. The magnetic conditions of the earth vary in precisely the same cycle.

Successive cycles are found to differ in certain respects from one another when a critical examination is made of solar phenomena. It was discovered not so long ago by Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer that, underlying the ordinary sun-spot period of about eleven years, there is another cycle of greater length, namely, about thirty-five years. In other words, the sun has to pass through three cycles of eleven years before it reaches the same state as it was before. There will be a condition of maximum activity until 1916. Another maximum will occur in 1927. But not until 1938 will the sun be in precisely the same condition as it was last year.

These results indicate the value of the investigations of meteorological records obtained from all over the world by Sir Norman Lockyer and Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer. They sought to ascertain whether the observations prove any definite cycle and whether any relationship exists between meteorological changes on the earth year by year and variations of solar phenomena. The results were in line with the work of Prof. H. C. Russell, government astronomer for New South Wales, who made a list of the dates of all the droughts that had been recorded in history from the earliest times. Says Professor Gregory of Mr. Russell's work:

"The conclusion he arrived at from the records was that they all fitted into a cycle of 19 years though of course there were many blanks in the series, owing to the absence of historical evidence. The drought predicted by Elijah (I Kings xvii. 1) was 42 times 19 years after Pharaoh's drought (Gen. xli. 54), which was 5 times 19 years after the drought in the time of Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 1). Some 19 years later Elisha's prediction of a drought (2 Kings viii. 1) was fulfilled. It is also noteworthy that the drought in David's time (2 Sam. xxi. 1), although it does not appear to have been predicted, was 36 times 19 years after Pharaoh's. In all probability the astronomers of the ancient world were familiar with cycles of drought and famine, just as they were with the 19 years' cycle of eclipses, nearly 4000 years before the commencement of our era. There is evidence that the Egyptians knew of the cycle of fat and lean years, and the Jews probably took the knowledge away with them." . . .

Recent Poetry

On both sides of the sea San Francisco has been made the subject of numerous poetical efforts, very few of which deserve more than the life of an hour or two, and some of which do not deserve that. Mr. Edwin Markham, however, contributes a short poem of sonnet size that tells the story of the city's destruction with dramatic power. It was read by Mrs. Fiske at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, May 4, and was published later in the New York *Dramatic Mirror*:

SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky,
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, or power,
Gone in the splendor of an hour.

A longer poem on the same subject is written by "the Bentztown bard" and is published in the Baltimore *Sun*. It is somewhat imitative of Joaquin Miller, but displays a fairly adequate sense of the poetical opportunity furnished by the occasion, and is better than the writer's rather ridiculous pseudonym would lead one to expect:

THE SPIRIT OF '49

By THE BENTZTOWN BARD

Gray-bearded, rugged, lithe and long,
He stood and gazed upon the spot
Where, proud and beautiful and strong,
A city was that now is not.
Tears, manly tears, coursed down his face;
The thing that *was* to him was dear,
For he had seen it in its grace—
This California pioneer!

"O city of my sunset seas,"
He murmured, as a voice that dreams.
'Farewell her golden argosies,
Her voyagers of the old triremes;
Far out beyond her ocean gate
I see miraged the things that were
The human tide that followed fate
Unto the naked birth of her.

"The long processions o'er the hills,
The cracking whips above the steers,

The lumbering wagons memory fills
With souls who entertained no fears;
The picks on shoulder in that train
That sought a new world in the old,
And left the harvest fields of grain
To till these Western hills of gold.

"Her first rude huts, I see them rise,
Her later avalanche of life,
Building beneath these matchless skies—
To love as one could love a wife—
A city with the spirit fine
That follows rugged manhood's sway;
A portion of the new world's spine,
A measure of the far Cathay.

"A little of Parisian verve,
A spice of warm Castilian things,
A rugged share of homespun nerve
That gives and takes and lifts and flings;
A savor of freebooter law,
An oath, a blow, a bullet's leap,
Or, less of tragic, on the jaw
A fistful of uncourted sleep.

"But out of it, and through and through,
Mixing the rugged with the fine,
She grew—oh, how my city grew!—
Into conglomerates divine;
Into a hairy-breasted Gath,
A red-blood, tawny-bosomed town.
Good God, what reason for this wrath
That tossed her, sundered, shook her down!

"Down, yet not down, for she shall wake.
Her spirit sends its roots far back
Into the hearts that for her sake
Will bend with courage to the rack.
Her children are the children yet
Of those who left the plains behind,
Who conquered mountains, all they met,
And whistled hardship to the wind.

"Their spirit is the spirit true
That out of all this wailing waste
Will build the framework and the flue,
A finer city, firmer based.
Take courage, brothers of my race;
Hail, stricken daughter, splendid mart,
These tears that trickle down my face
Are for the comfort of thy heart!"

Gray-bearded, like a shade he passed,
A halo of his hope arose,
And where the golden waters glassed
The city's desolate repose
A bow of brilliant promise streamed
O'er that dark ruin, burned and sear,
In whose aurelian colors gleamed
The vision of the Pioneer.

The next poem, which we take from the *Monthly Review* of London, might well have been inspired by reading one of the eerie reports printed by the Society for Psychical Research:

THE RECONCILIATION

BY A. MARGARET RAMSAY

"The snow has ceased, the wind is hushed,
The moon shines fair and clear,
The night is drawing on apace.
Yet Evan is not here.

"The deer is couched among the fern,
The bird sleeps on the tree;
O what can keep my only son,
He bides so long from me."

"O mother, come and take your rest
Since Evan stays so late;
If we leave the door unbarred for him,
What need to sit and wait?"

"Now hold your peace, my daughter,
Be still and let me be,
I will not seek my bed this night
Until my son I see."

And she has left the door unbarred,
And by the fire sat still;
She drew her mantle her about
As the winter night grew chill.

The moon had set beyond the moor,
And half the night was gone,
When standing silent by her side
She saw Evan her son.

"I did not hear your step, Evan,
Nor hear you lift the pin."
"I would not wake my sister, mother,
So softly I came in."

"Now sit ye down and rest, Evan,
And I will bring you meat."
"I have been with my cousin John, mother,
And he gave me to eat."

"Then have ye laid the quarrel by
That was 'twixt him and you,
And given each other pledge of faith
Ye will be friends anew?"

"We have laid the quarrel by, mother,
For evermore to sleep,
And he has given to me his knife
As pledge of faith to keep."

"O is it blood, or is it rust,
That makes the knife so red,
Or is it but the red fire-light
That's shining on the blade?"

"No rust is on the blade, mother,
Nor the fire-light's ruddy hue;
The bright blood ran upon the knife
To seal our compact true."

"O is it with the pale gray gleam
That comes before the dawn,
Or are ye weary with the road,
That ye look so ghastly wan?"

"A long and weary road, mother,
I fared to reach my home,
And I must get me to my bed,
That waits for me to come."

"The night is bitter cold, Evan,
See that your bed be warm,
And take your plaid to cover you,
Lest the cold should do you harm."

"Yes, cold, cold is the night, mother,
But soundly do I rest,
With the bleak north wind to wrap me round,
And the snow white on my breast."

It has been a long while since Louise Chandler Moulton's name was a common one in the magazines. All the more welcome, therefore, is her recent contribution to *Scribner's*:

DO YOU MISS ME WHERE YOU ARE?

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Do you miss me, where you are—
You who held me dear?
While you roam from star to star,
Do you pause to hear
If there be a pleading cry,
From the world you knew,
On the restless wind swept by,
Calling, calling, you?

Does the Long-Ago come back—
Or have you forgot?
Does the present something lack,
Since the past is not?
If my voice from far away
Can but reach your ear,
Pause an instant, Love, and say
That the Far is Near.

The British magazine editors are not as fearful as most of our editors seem to be of poems of considerable length. They have an idea over there that poetry may have some mission beside that of filling a half-page of otherwise empty space in a magazine. *The Monthly Review* (London) not only prints the following poem, but prints it in small-pica type:

DREAM AND IDEAL

BY NORMAN GALE

Diana with her limbs of dream,
Her wavering heart of lily-stuff,
For long had mocked me with the gleam
Too sweet, and yet not sweet enough.
Hundreds of times my fevered hands
Had fallen almost on the slope
Of shoulder that was swift to be
At once the pulse and death of hope.
Stayed by her hair in hazels caught,
She fed my blood with honeydew,
And turning for a second showed
Her deep-down eyes of larkspur blue.
So near her lips, I smelled the breath
Could shame the bush of lavender,
Till all my body rang a peal
Of lovely bells in praise of her.
But as I stretched my arms to take
The Goddess from the hazel snare,
Once more with laughter she was gone,

Once more Diana changed to air,
O'erleaped a streamlet's gush of blue
And left me quivering as I thought
How nearly had the dream come true.

But as I follow wideawake
The fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake,
So in the courses of my dreams
I hunted tireless, and beheld
The Goddess in a thousand gleams
Flash on her woodland way unquelled,
And sometimes on a hillock stand
Horn-shaping there a sun-kissed hand
To set against her lips and blow
Across the whitebells' dancing snow,
To keep me to my hunting true,
The music of a girl's halloo.
Sometimes she held her bosom close
Against the beech-tree's flank of grey,
And joyed to watch me bear the chase
Beyond the marvel of her face
Till it was safe once more to use
The same, or else some other, ruse:
As when in hyacinths she pressed
Upon a couch of earth the breast
Had wisely mingled snow and sun
To shake thy heart, Endymion!
Or when among the ferns she drooped
The lovely length of her, and stooped
To watch me eagerly employ
My eyes to sack a leafy Troy;
Or when she used so passing well
Her royal right of miracle,
Changing her body into stone,
To ivy-spray her glittering zone,
And making mosses of her hair.
E'en as I rested by the rock
The buried beauties in a flock
Rushed back again to flesh, and flew
Along a pathway out of view,
While back to me the Goddess sent
Through lovely hand to horn-shape bent
The music of a girl's halloo.

And once she floated sweet and cool,
To lilies changing, in a pool,
Then, since the blossoms did appear
Too splendid for the plant to bear—
Strange flowering of Diana's hair!—
I waded down the talking stream
Toward the cups of golden beam.
Sudden the blooms together leapt
To make a mass of beauty swept
By Zephyr to the shoulders bright,
And in a flash I saw the leaves
In curves of loveliness unite,
And next the Goddess leap to land,
Shake little rainbows on the strand,
Lift to her mouth a horn-shaped hand
Then in the foliage rush away
To try once more her cunning play.

By early morn the chase was done.
I woke. My room was kissed by sun,
And birds about the neck of day
Were hanging pearls of roundelay.
Aroused, I watched the fading gleam
Of all had glittered in my dream,
And thought how in my waking hours

My heart went hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, hopings, tricks, and flowers,
Because I follow wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake.

She is the hopeless touched by Hope;
For thus on man the cheat is played
That helps him hour by hour to cope
Against his dooming, undismayed.
Deep in the heart of him there glows
A spark by which he warms his soul,
Believing faintly that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole.
He makes a garden rich in flowers,
In rainbows, nightingales, and streams,
In which he spends his lotos-hours
Beneath a sky in tune with dreams.
'Tis not a mother he creates
In fancy for his blessing there,
But with his wanting self he mates
The girl of joy without compare.
For her he plucks forbidden fruit,
For her he leaves his paradise,
For her he bends his aching eyes
Along the edge of world, and, mute,
A thousand times in spirit dies.
For though he carry from the vale
Nor rose's bud nor nightingale,
No whit he minds the Angel's blade
That cannot keep from him the maid.
So in the rougher world he fares
Among his blisses and despairs,
Compelled to treasure in the heart
A deathless hoping that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole;
And searching thicket, stream, and bole
While hunting, hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, tremblings, tricks, and flowers,
Because he follows wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for his sake.

Here is a didactic poem in dramatic form,
and the lesson it teaches is one well worth the
learning. We are indebted for it to *The New
England Magazine*:

THE TORCH

By ELISABETH R. FINLEY

The God of the Great Endeavor gave me a torch
to bear.
I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky
air
And straightway, with loud hosannas, the crowd
acclaimed its light
And followed me as I carried my torch thro' the
starless night;
Till mad with the people's praises and drunken
with vanity
I forgot 'twas the torch that drew them and
fancied they followed me.
But slowly my arm grew weary upholding the
shining load
And my tired feet went stumbling over the hilly
road

And I fell with the torch beneath me. In a
 moment the flame was out!
 Then, lo! from the throng a stripling sprang forth
 with a mighty shout,
 Caught up the torch as it smouldered and lifted
 it high again
 Till fanned by the winds of heaven it fired the
 souls of men!
 And as I lay in darkness, the feet of the trampling
 crowd
 Passed over and far beyond me, its peans pro-
 claimed aloud,
 While I learned, in the deepening shadows, this
 glorious verity:
 'Tis the torch that the people follow whoever the
 bearer be!

Here is a pretty little love-lyric from *Ainslee's Magazine*. It is just long enough, and the ending is exactly right:

MERIEL

BY MARGARET HOUSTON

"Let go my hand!" (A start of quick surprise.)
 "How could you dare?" (A flash of angry eyes.)
 And yet her hand in mine all passive lies.

"How rude you are!" (The rose-blush fully
 blown.)
 "I trusted you!" ('Twould melt a heart of stone.)
 And yet the little hand rests in mine own!

Oh, dainty Merial—little April day!
 However warmly pouting lips cry Nay,
 That little hand shall rest in mine—always!

Perhaps the moral of the above poem will be taken to heart by the writer of the next poem (*Scribner's*), also a love-lyric, but one ending with the sad word "alone."

LOVERS' LANE

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

It goes beneath a checkered arch
 Of leaf and sunlight, oak and larch;
 Athwart a mead of meadow-sweet,
 A field of lily-bordered wheat;
 Through groves of bridal birch it turns
 And mossy hollows, deep in ferns;
 Then up a hill and down a glen,
 From Nowhere out and back again;
 And many feet have worn it plain—
 That errant way of Lovers' Lane.

There, unafraid, the wood-folk play;
 There wanton briars dip and sway
 To catch and keep whatever comes
 And make much work for clumsy thumbs
 Of loosing tress and lacing shoe—
 Such task as lovers love to do.
 Of tales there told with eye or tongue
 I need not tell—if ye were young—
 Nor yet of castles reared in Spain
 By architects of Lovers' Lane.

If Lovers' Lane ye wander through,
 That roadway's rule is "two by two,"
 Although the path is wondrous strait;

For here's a hedge, and there's a gate,
 A brook, a stile, a quaking moss,
 The strong must help the weak to cross;
 Then, deep in shade ere set of sun,
 Its dells are never safe for one—
 Still (must the sorry truth be known?)
 In Lovers' Lane I walk alone!

We are given an excuse—we require but a very slight one—for reprinting the following verses under the heading of "recent" poetry. It is an old favorite, but *The Strand Magazine* reprints it as that one of Austin Dobson's productions for which he himself manifests a marked preference:

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."—Claude Tillier.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
 Were fast a mist becoming;
 In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
 And filled the room with humming.

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
 And, parted light, discloses
 Miss Di., with hat and book—a maze
 Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
 "O, mine's a mere romancer!"
 "So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
 And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too—
 That wisdom thus should harden!)
 Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
 Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
 (No author's name is stated)
 That sometimes those Philosophers
 Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear—the next's in stronger style;
 The Cynic School asserted
 That two red lips which part and smile
 May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more: "My book, I find,
 Observes some modern doctors
 Would make the Cynics out a kind
 Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I: "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
 No less than time's tradition,
 Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
 Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
 No wiser precept teaches,
 Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage
 And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
 (I find he too is talking)
 Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
 While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

The would-be writer of an historical romance
will find in the next poem, taken from the London
Spectator, a pretty full recipe for the work he or
she desires to produce:

ROMANCE

By C. FOX SMITH

Morn, and a world of wonder! O the time
Of winds like trumpet-calls, and seas that
gleam,
And sounding sunlit roads that wind and climb
Far over hills of dream,—

Travelled by knight and pedlar, prince and
priest,—
Past many an echoing port and ringing bridge
To some black fortress like a couchant beast
Crouched on a mountain ridge.

Fords perilous, and haunted reach and pool,
Far-shining spires under the blaze of noon.
And twilight shrines of Visions wonderful,—
Dusk, and an angry moon.

Glimmer of ambush,—dungeons, strange escapes,
Ships swinging on the swell of darkling tides,
And faerie forests full of eerie shapes,
Long, flickering, grass-grown rides.

Dark crooked streets with lights like peering eyes,
Plotters in half-lit halls of palaces,—
Orchards and gardens full of lurking spies
And whispering passages.

Travail and bondage, battle-flags unfurled,
Earth at the prime, and God earth's wrongs
above,
Honor and hope, youth and the beckoning world,
Peril, and war, and love.

The lost romance, the vanished joys of youth—
what poet has failed to sing that song, and nearly al-
ways in a minor key? The song is heard in the
preceding poem, though not in a minor key; in
the poem that follows, quoted from *The Smart
Set*, the pensive note is more distinct:

THE CHILDREN

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Mother of many children I—sprung out of my
heart and my brain—
And some have been borne in gladness and some
have been borne in pain,
But one has gone singing from out my door
Never to come again.

Content and Ease and Comfort—they abide with
me day by day;
They smooth my couch and place my chair as
dutiful children may,

And Success and Power, my strong-limbed sons,
Stand ever to clear my way.

And these be the prudent children, the careful
children and wise;
There was one and only one with a reckless dream
in his eyes.

He who was one with the wind o' the dawn,
And kin to the wood and the skies.

Faithful and fond are my children and they tend
me well, in sooth;
Success and Content and Power, good proof is
mine of their truth,
But the name of him that I lost was Joy,
Yea, my first-born Joy of Youth.

Well do my children guard me, jealous of this
their right;
Carefully, soberly, ever by daylight and candle-
light,
But oh, for my prodigal Joy of Youth
Somewhere out in the night!

Our poets used to do far more in the way of
translating, especially from the French, than they
do nowadays. We find in *The Critic*, however,
an excellent versification in English of one of
Coppée's most beautiful lyrics:

THE THREE ROSES

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

By A. I. DU P. COLEMAN

One morn the sudden triumph of the spring
Beguiled me to my garden, there to see
Three lovely roses, newly opening.

Poor dainty things, that by a stern decree
Have but one short sweet summer's day to live,
For each of you what service shall there be?

"I," said the first, "love's errand shall achieve,
Breathe out my soul a snowy breast upon,
And dying 'mid the sweetness, scarcely grieve."
"But I," the second spoke, "shall die alone
Within a churchyard, laid upon the moss
That hides a name deep carven in the stone."

Then said the third, "Of gain or seeming loss
I have the happiest lot—no service vain,
But to expire in worship 'neath the Cross."

I fell to musing in a tender strain—
On love, the passing madness of a day,
On death, and swift oblivion of its pain.

The flowers in homage sent where love hold sway
Flowers laid upon a grave with reverent care,
Alike they die, their perfumes pass away.

It must be so. Ye new-born roses fair,
No skill your beauty shall immortalize,
Save only thine, O mystic rose of prayer!

The soul by thee exhaled shall mount the skies,
And, mingling with the censer's fragrant cloud,
Unto the very throne of God shall rise!

Memento Mori: A Tale of the Balkans

This story is translated for CURRENT LITERATURE from the German of Rudolph Stratz, by Felix Waring. It has been somewhat abridged in the longer descriptive passages. The wild background of the Balkan mountains, the deep silences of the Trappist monastery, the passionate search of the woman who has repented, for the man she has wronged, the fierce undertones of racial and religious conflict, and the tragic end of the man who cannot forget, are combined into a narrative of rich coloring and savage strength. The author is one of Germany's most popular story-writers. He is also a successful dramatist, and is now dramatic critic of the *Kreuzzeitung*, Berlin.

I

Down from the inaccessible heights of the Bosnian mountains rush the foaming waters of the Vrábas, northward to the Slavonian plains. The snow-fields, melting in the early spring thaws, have flecked its waves with their tawny patches. From the Tisovac peaks and the majestic white dome of Cermenira, from the lofty reaches where the chamois alone can find a footing along towering precipices, from primeval forests where the golden eagle and the wild-hover build their nests in the ruins of Slavonic castles perched over dizzy cliffs, from every crag and gully the current swirls and dashes madly downward to the hill-sides and valley where men and bondage await it.

Just where the mountain flanks grow a little less steep and the fertile fields, though still on the fringe of a virgin forest, show tokens of civilization, the lords of this earth have harnessed the fierce offspring of the mountains. Behind an oddly constructed, long, whitish wall tall chimneys belch forth smoke in clouds, huge mill-wheels revolve in the foam of the stream, while above the river's clamorous complainings one hears, from workshops and buildings concealed from curious eyes by those mysterious walls, the clatter of machinery and whirl of wheels, the rattle of carts and bellowing of cattle, the music of chimes and organ strains—yet almost never the voice of man.

And yet there are men there. Else who directs the forces of the steam-engines, feeds and waters the stock in the stables, draws the electric sparks from the torrent of the wilderness, or pulls the bell-ropes when at evening the "Ave Maria" rings out over the land? And other men come from the world without to this lonely settlement in the solitude—poor famished folk for the most part, mothers, old people and children. Servian women with their shiny black locks carefully combed down over their ears, making an ebony frame for their Madonna-like faces; old Croatian farm-laborers, in faded fezzes and European rags; gipsies, too—all hungry and not one of them with a kreutzer in his pocket to pay for the bowl of warm soup they are waiting to receive gratis on this cold, rainy March day.

Just as the Bosnian ferrymen were about to push off into the stream with another boat-load of Lazarus-like objects, shivering with cold and wet to the skin in their gaudy tatters, suddenly above the railing which guards the roadway leading down to the ferry, a carriage came in sight and rattled down to the pier. There it halted. The ferrymen knew very well who would alight from it. The foreign lady, who, as she crossed the gangplank, barely returned their shy greeting, would let them ferry her across as she had done yesterday and the day before, and after three or four hours she would return, give each a half-gulden tip and then drive away down the hill-sides to the valley below. What could she be seeking in front of this Trappist monastery, which for so many long years, ay, way back in the days of Turkish rule, since first it was built amid the wilds of the Bosnian forests, had never opened its gates to any woman?

The two stared after the lady's dark robed figure as she walked slowly through the drizzling rain, some fifty feet in the rear of the crowd of hungry pensioners climbing up toward the cloister walls, both boatmen shook their shaggy heads wound about with ragged cloths. Then they questioned the coachman. He knew no more than they. It was his business to see that the stranger got safely back to the hotel in Banjaluka where she was stopping, get his pay, and leave the rest to providence.

At that they dismissed the subject, and seeking a spot beneath the bank where they could smoke their cigarettes under shelter, fell to discussing the great news of the day—the escape of two Mohammedan convicts from the central prison at Zenica. These two fanatical Mussulmans—one a Hadschi, a holy Mecca pilgrim, the other a Hodscha, an Islamic priest—had for some years been serving out life sentences for having fomented a Turkish conspiracy against the government. Now by some unexplained means they had managed to break jail. It was thought that they had climbed over the Vlasic saddleback and then, passing through the warm cleft by Ugar, taken refuge in that broader and more desolate desert in the upper Vrábas Valley. Several of the mounted police

had ridden by yesterday in that direction. For the first time in many years, since ever these famous Austrian guardians of the peace had dispersed and destroyed the robbers and bandit hordes which once ruled the Balkans in those vanished days still living in their folk-tales and legends, two *Heiducken*, two "free-born heroes" and lawbreakers, were now again at large in the Bosnian mountains.

While the men were thus engrossed the foreign lady stood near the monastery gate, some distance apart from the poor peasant folk, who were waiting their noon meal, or were going back and forth on errands to and from that forbidden threshold; apart, too, from the little grill in the door, through which, from time to time, she caught glimpses of the pale and bearded face of a monk in a brown cowl, friendly enough in expression, though with her he could not speak, as he did to the beggars in their Servo-Croatian dialect, since only in this service of the poor did his vows dispense him. What could he have told her, indeed? But one thing, and that she knew herself, had read and reread it on the inscription over the closed gates, that all women, without any exception, were denied admission into the cloisters of Trappist monks. This walled-in world within was at once a prison and a fortress, wherein one-half of mankind might fortify itself against the other.

Yet the mute brethren came forth from their citadel often enough. They were to be seen in their vans driving through the streets of Banjaluka, transacting business with the merchants and authorities there; one met them when traveling on the railway or at the military posts along the mountain roads. Everywhere they went at the command of their superiors. Everywhere throughout Bosnia the wealthy monastery had its agencies; here, in this half-savage land, the school-house, factory, bank, brewery, dairy business, building trades, everything was in its hands. Out yonder on the banks of the *Vrābas* two monks had been working in the vegetable garden. Now they came up, their shovels over their shoulders; and in passing covered their faces with the sleeves of their earth-colored habits, without glancing at the young woman, and disappeared within. Once more there was a long pause, broken only by the monotonous swish of the stream, the distant pounding and groaning of machinery. Then the great gate to her right was thrown open wide. Servian farm-hands came out with a long line of empty wagon racks drawn by strong oxen, and drove them out toward the fields; and again the heavy bolts fell behind them.

And still the traveler stared at the forbidden portal with the same strained, pitiful expression,

making her beautiful features look wan and drawn, as though by sheer force of will she would make that latch move and give exit to a bare-headed monk in his brown robe, leather girdle and coarse wooden shoes, and that monk should be the man she was seeking in her despair. But all her burning desires could not incorporate him; it was all in vain. Gradually her courage failed her. For hours she had stood there, for this the third day, like a poor penitent, a pauper, in the muddy street, with naught but that dead house before her. She turned her back upon it sharply. Along its many-windowed, barrack-like, white-washed front she picked her way down toward the ferry. But the charm which the cloister had cast over her would not pass away. She noticed the wheel tracks left by the wagons which the Servian teamsters had driven over the road, and she followed them up the mountainside. From up there, at the forest's edge, one might get a glimpse into the kingdom concealed behind the Trappists' walls.

The Bosnian watermen, who had sprung up in readiness to row the stranger over again, leaned back in their nest and continued their half-whispered gossip. They were still discussing the fate of the two fugitives far up there in the mountains.

She was soon standing higher up at a bend of the road. Beneath her lay the monastery—that strange world in miniature, where no women dwelt, only pale-faced men and laughing children—the pupils of the orphan asylum. It was the recreation hour now, and their shrill shouts pealed high above the noise of the factories, from the school playground below her. It was the one human note in this droning, rumbling world of silence, wherein only inanimate things were alive.

Oh, let those mute creatures there below seek their salvation in self-annihilation! Let them live as they saw fit! She would not have it otherwise. Each one of them had long since left earth's joys and sorrows behind him. Each one of them must needs know best why he had buried himself here in the lonesome forests of the Balkans. One alone they had no right to drag down into dark forgetfulness along with them, the tongueless, uncomplaining men—that one they might have left her, the only one she had been seeking throughout the wide world, concerning whom she had learned in all her long wanderings but one thing for certain: that it was here, in this Bosnian Trappist monastery that he must be buried.

Was he still living? Anyone looking down on the Trappists' little realm from this point could descry a square of untilled ground hard by the river wall. Therein were many wooden crosses standing in rows, one just like the other. No sign

of flowers or plants, no tender tokens from loving hands. Perhaps *he*, too, was lying there in the long sleep of those released.

At length the very sight of the cloisters became unbearable to her. She turned away and climbed deeper into the woods. From above came the clink and thud of axes or the crash of a falling tree. Here, too, the monks were busy. They were everywhere. One never saw them taking so much as a moment's rest.

A poor Turkish woman, with bare feet, balancing an enormous bundle on her head, shuffled past the stranger, but without speaking. She was old and ugly. Yet as an aged and bowed Trappist, a yardstick in his hand, with which he had been measuring the lumber piles, came toward her, the crone hastily drew a cloth like a veil over mouth and nose, and at the same time the monk, almost mechanically, raised his long sleeve, as if anxious to hide his face. Even in these two withered mortals, bent to earth with the weight of years, the man and woman within them feared one another as the embodiment of forbidden things—one according to Mohammed's command, the other obeying the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

Along the woodland road the creak of many wheels grew louder. Now the foremost wagons appeared at the turn, piled high with logs, the Bosnian drivers shouting and cracking their whips over the silver-gray oxen. These wage-workers were more industrious than is usually the case with the half Orientals. They knew that the eye of the master was on them. In the rear of the line rode a tall monk on a stallion. His long, full beard, streaked with gray, waved over his broad breast in the fitful gusts of the spring breezes. The gray eyes glanced, sharp and stern, through his spectacles, over the heads of man and beast. He needed no stirrups for the heavy wooden shoes, nor saddle to raise him higher, in order to oversee his workmen. Though his shoulders were bent, he overtowered all the rest of the procession, more like some lord of the manor bringing the harvest from field and forest into his barns than a pale ascetic.

The foreign woman stood close by the roadside as he passed by. She did not move. Her arms hung limply by her side. Her face had faded to a dead white, struck to stone with unbelievable, passionate terror, in the thrill and dread at having found him! Only her great dark eyes seemed alive. They clung to him, would not let him go. They spoke, though her lips were frozen. No question, no request, no reproach. They seemed to say one thing only, wrung from great need and her repentance, a lowly, silent: "See! I am here!"

And the monk, too, had seen her, for an instant only. Then, mechanically, he had hidden his

pale, clean-cut, imperious countenance and ridden on, composed as if nothing had happened—onward, still on, never once turning in his saddle, following the wagons—out of the woods—down riverward—then toward the monastery, the Isle of Peace.

The monastery gates closed behind the stately spectacled monk. He dismounted and went, with heavy tread, bareheaded, tucking his brown woolen habit higher under its leather girdle, on his rounds through the stables. As was his daily wont, he examined the horses in the stalls, looked over the calves and the milch cows and halted at the end of the cemented walk. Before him was nothing but a brick wall. No one anywhere about. And yet before his mind's eye a woman seemed suddenly to be leaning there, her arms hanging motionless at her sides, the lovely face white with fear, and two great dark eyes said to him: "See! I am here!"

He left the stables, indicating by a few gestures his commands to another monk, and strode straight across the broad courtyard. Hard by was the burial-ground. The rain dripped from the rows of small wooden crosses, whereon nothing was inscribed save the brothers' monkish names, and it seemed to him as if a pale, black-garbed woman stood there silently before a gravestone, and that gravestone was his own, and she read with her great dark eyes who was lying there: "Brother Johannes, Professus, died on the day that you deserted him!"

He had some errand in the weaving mills and performed it by mute gestures with a hoary Trappist patriarch. And when the clamorous buildings lay behind him, and as he crossed the yard, bareheaded in the ceaseless rain, and felt the tug of the spring storm winds fluttering his long red beard, even then the wretchedly sweet vision would not down. On his way a group of little Bosnian orphan boys ran by him. One of the children caught his glance. The lad stared strangely up at the towering pale figure. He knew not why it startled him so that he walked on hastily. And suddenly it came back to him. Those were the same great dark eyes, the same mute, sorrowful appeal: "See! I am here!"

Again in the community room those eyes followed him. There the monks have their day's work apportioned them; there they change their brown working-robcs for the grayish white ones which are the proper habit of the order, and which are hung there each on its own peg; there where all is confusion, and yet, save the clatter of heavy shoes on the floor, where no sound comes from this throng of men, who year after year have lived together and yet do not know one another, nor have ever exchanged a word one with another. And in

the refectory he saw again that beseeching, mournful gaze—in that low-studded, broad hall where the brothers eat in silence their scanty fare of vegetables at the long tables, and drink a goblet of beer of their own brewing—or, if Southrons, a swallow of native wine—and quietly pass the jug of olive-oil from hand to hand. Ay, even in the chapter hall the thought of those dark eyes never left him. No woman and no form of woman was there within these walls, save one—that of the holy Virgin! Her gentle figure beamed down on him from the great portal as he passed under it after service, and on her lips was a sweet smile, as though she understood all, forgave all. But the eyes did not smile. They were serious, big and dark, and were alive, and were no longer the eyes of the Madonna, the chaste handmaid of the Lord. Of a sudden he was gazing deep down into an earth-born heart, into the mysteries of mortal life and sadness, into the abyss of a tortured soul, which clung to him, and drew him, who likewise writhed and anguished, toward a mutual expiation!

Well he knew that, outside, those eyes were awaiting him. He felt their burning gaze long ere the gates swung wide to let his wagons and servants go forth for the afternoon's toil in the woodlands. Stoically and gazing fixedly through his spectacles on the far distance, the monk rode past the woman standing by the wayside. He never once turned his close-shaven head, grown prematurely gray. Only the great beard fluttered in the wind. The spring storm had waxed fiercer. The tree-tops throughout the forest bowed beneath its boisterous onslaughts, as with shrill swoops it swept down from the frowning snow-peaks, and like a conqueror worked havoc among the creaking boughs. And to the lonely man, standing there in the clearing, overseeing his workmen, it was as if there was a human voice in the storm that whispered in his ear: "See! I am here! You cannot escape me, for you are still in the world, and I am your world, your wife. I am life and love and sin—all that you have lost and never forgotten; all your longings and hopes and memories, which are mightier than all your penances and prayers; which, suddenly, all conquering, shall rise from the dead. In all the desperate conflict of these long years you have not slain *yourself*. You live and are mine."

The rain came in gusts. The day's work drew to an end. In twilight gloom the Trappist conducted the train of lumbermen back to the cloister, and there, in the open, the stranger was still standing. And now he realized: Just so she will be standing there to-morrow, and the day after, and every day thereafter, and thus rob his weary soul, worn out with superhuman chastisement of

the flesh, of its hard-won peace. Ay, even if he stayed in the cloister the thought of her nearness would give him no rest. She was there. And not merely without the gates. She came through barred doors; through stone walls and iron bars. She trailed behind him like his shadow; she halted not at the threshold of that holy of holies, God's house. As the brethren sat there in long double rows in the choir before the high altar, with the novices opposite and behind the iron grating the servants of the cloister, the orphan boys and the rest crowded together to hear mass—even in that place where never a female yet had stepped foot, there in the very sanctuary, a woman stood and gazed at him with great dark eyes.

The abbot had his cell with the others in the dormitorium. But he had another room on the floor below. There he could be seen on affairs of moment. With him alone the Trappist was permitted to speak and unlock his breast when the burden became too grievous to be borne alone.

Early on the following morning the red-bearded monk left the audience room of his superior. He did not gaze through his spectacles at the ground, as was his wont. His masterful gray eyes glanced unconsciously toward the horizon. There on the farthest borders of the land, where, with their strange compound of races, Servia, Turkey and Montenegro meet on the frontiers of the Austrian territory of occupation, a new branch of the monastery was to be founded. Thither, under escort from below, he was to start forth to-day, by order of the abbot, he and another brother, a meek little blond monk, on whose ever-smiling, honest and contented face consumption had set its seal—a man of the poorer classes, apparently, to whom life had not had much to offer. He would quit it thankfully, unwitting of its wealth and splendors, of everything which this tall, broad-shouldered, pale-faced man beside him, whose high station and lineage no monkish beard and habit could hide, had once enjoyed in their fulness. Now both men were equal. No matter how great or how small the measure of their renunciation, they wore the same monkish shroud and from their lips came the same greeting: *Memento mori!* Remember Death!

II

The first mail-coach, that left town about mid-day in the direction in which the two monks were traveling, had rolled away with every seat crowded, after some delay caused by a long discussion concerning the advisability of starting at all. For in the narrow passes of the Vrábas Valley the hunt for the two *Heiducks*, the Hadschi and the Hodscha, who had escaped from the penitentiary,

was being pushed relentlessly by the mounted police. The two monks followed in an open carriage. They sat motionless during the long drive under the murky clouds. Now the mountains again draw nearer and nearer, and cleave the skies over their heads, and the Vrábás, in its ever-narrowing bed, rages still more impetuously, now little more than a forest stream fed by foaming torrents that fall from the precipices on either hand, overhanging the way for hours and hours. The peasants' villages and the grazing cattle have disappeared. Once a bevy of Mohammedan women suddenly appeared on the lonely road, with their white veils and ink-black wrappings looking like nuns. In their long yellow boots with the high-pointed toes they slipped past on their pilgrimage to a near-by shrine, the vaulted tomb of some Islámite saint and his disciple. After that not a living soul came in sight along the military highway which winds its way upward between river and cliffs, still deeper into the wilderness, nature's unspoiled realm of foaming waters and rough gray rocks.

Almost beneath a *kula*, one of the strongholds built centuries ago by Swabian heroes, but long since abandoned, the monks' carriage came to a sudden halt. The weather-worn, deserted mountain fastness rose at a short distance over above them, where, between two steep cliffs, the valley of the Vrábás grows slightly broader. Just opposite a little herdsmen's hamlet was perched on the steep mountain side, and directly overhanging the highway which passed around the rock that served as its foundation, not much farther than a shot would carry. The buildings which had formerly begirt this daring outpost of the olden days had long since fallen into decay. Here and there one saw the empty walls overgrown with ivy and parts of the ruins still strewed the sheer ascent. But the stout little tower itself, pierced here and there with port-holes, had bidden defiance to the menace of the years. Anyone within it would find himself safely ensconced in a small fortress well-nigh impregnable.

From the ruins came no sign of life, but round about it, behind the shelter of rocks and underbrush, several Austrian patrolmen were keeping guard. Two others were posted below in the middle of the highroad and signaled to the approaching mail-coach. They could go no farther. Up yonder in the "*kula*" sat the *Heiduck* whom they had been hunting for the last two days; yes, the notorious Hodscha was in hiding there, and he was well armed. That very morning he had stolen a repeating rifle from the near-by country house of the beg to whom this ancient robber castle of his ancestors belonged. How many cartridges he had secured no one knew as yet. In

any event, however, he was lurking there, like a fox run to earth in his ambush, and it was a foregone conclusion that he would wreak vengeance on the first one of the hated "Swabians," or any one of their race, that came within his range. They could not begin the assault until the arrival of re-enforcements, and thus make sure that all means of egress from the other side were stopped, else he might easily escape them.

The passengers had alighted from the coach as well as from the carriage and were now listening anxiously to the explanations of the sergeant of the mounted police, and many a nervous glance was cast at the silent tower looming ominously against the sky. It seemed as if the reek of bloodshed already tainted the sweet mountain air. That crazy fanatic up there behind the ancient Bosnian bulwarks would sell his life dearly—that they knew full well.

A huge old man, clad in a faded blue jacket and breeches, approached the circle of listeners. The narrow green border around his neck told of his faith in Allah. One might have taken him for a simple Turkish peasant, were it not for the consideration shown him by the natives, who shrunk away at his approach. He was their landlord and tyrant, the Beg Ibrahim Islamovic. Field and forest for miles around belonged to him, and every child knew him. Accordingly here he went about in plain, almost shabby attire. In the city, where he had his winter residence, it was quite another story. There, an outrider preceded his equipage, his turban glistened with white silk embroidery in token of his duly accomplished pilgrimage to Mecca, costly furs covered the sky-blue silk caftan with its crimson sash, and beneath them shimmered the black silken breeches and the saffron-yellow slippers, so gorgeous withal that every unbeliever must realize to whom the greater part of this land, though ruled by the Swabian *giaours*, really belonged.

Beg Ibrahim Islamovic cast a dark upward glance at his "*kula*." The outlaw who had fled thither appealed to the deepest sympathies of the stern old Mohammedan bigot's heart. But he was far too much of an Oriental and son of lies to betray his thoughts and risk a conflict with the foeman who held the sword by the hilt. Accordingly, he merely answered the sergeant dryly, in Servo-Croatian dialect, that the Hodscha could not have stolen any ammunition from his villa since there was none there. There could have been only the two cartridges that he had left in the gun. One of these the fugitive had fired at his pursuers. Consequently he had but a single shot left, and that would doubtless hit its mark when it came to an encounter.

The mounted policemen shrugged their shoulders. They had no fear of the result. To these sturdy young fellows, who year in and year out lived like the monks, ten or twelve together in their outposts, on the loneliest roads and wildest passes, and kept such exemplary guard over the safety of the country, anything like a martial adventure came as a welcome diversion in their monotonous, but hard and responsible, service. Still, their orders were strict not to advance a step until re-enforcements arrived. Then, doubtless, would come the command, "Volunteers, forward!" and one of them would get the Hod-scha's last bullet in his heart, and the others get praise and medals from headquarters.

The stillness and suspense had become oppressive to the motley throng of onlookers, who by degrees had drawn still farther out of gunshot from the *kula*, some seeking shelter in the village, others standing in knots by the roadside, awaiting the inevitably approaching catastrophe. Two only had wandered away—the swarthy old Beg Islamovic and the pale, spectacled Trappist with the long red beard. The two towering figures, Moslem and monk, had nothing in common. Without so much as a glance at each other, he of the brown habit strolled slowly back along the right bank of the river, while the other, wearing the turban of the Prophet, climbed slowly along the steep path to the left leading up to his country mansion. One thing alone both felt deep down in their hearts: each, for reasons of his own, revolted at the prospect of being present when blood flowed and man murdered his fellow man.

At last the Trappist was alone. Only the Vrábás foamed below and filled the narrow ravine with clouds of soft mist and fretful splashing of waters. Clinging closely to the cliffs, the road bordered the stream with steep ascents and sudden turns, so that often one could see but twenty or thirty paces ahead. Beside one especially gloomy gully, through which a mountain brook emptied its sparkling quota into the stream, there stood a small stone cross. Beneath were buried the heads of three Austrian soldiers who, during the War of Occupation, had fallen into the hands of the rebels. Their bodies had never been found. As the Trappist read the inscription his expression grew graver. He clasped his hands and prayed in silence for the souls of the dead hussars.

And quite suddenly someone joined him in his prayers. Someone was standing beside him—a dark-clad womanly figure. Behind her at some distance was a carriage. The noise of its approach must have been drowned by the roar of the Vrábás. She had alighted from it and glided up to where he was standing, unconscious of her

approach. Now he looked up and knew her, and two great dark eyes gazed mutely, mournfully into his.

He turned and again strode toward the huts and the tower, more swiftly than was his wont, staring straight ahead at the outlet of the narrow chasm, like a fugitive, a broken prayer on his speechless lips: "Lord, lead us not into temptation!" But the woman's shadow flitted after him through the gloom and grumbling of the ravine, and when he hastened his steps she did likewise, and he knew that till he came to where the others were gathered she would not leave his side, while through the rustle and sweep of the torrent his ear caught her voice, faint, grief-struck, trembling with anguish:

"I have sought for you everywhere throughout the wide world. I have gone from one country to another only to see you just once again and to say to you I was wrong, if ever mortal was, and have repented, if ever mortal did. Forgive me! Forgive!"

He was silent.

The feverish whisper, almost at his ear, had ceased for a moment, as if choking with desperation. Now it began again: "I could not believe it possible that you had really buried yourself here until I saw it with my own eyes! I *could* not believe it, because I knew how unworthy I was of such a sacrifice. What a miserable, paltry creature I am and always have been compared with you!"

He was silent.

"Only when it was too late, then I saw how blind and deluded I had been, and what that man was for whose sake I left you. Gradually I got to know him better; then one day I read him through and through—so clearly, with such horror, that I thought I must go mad, and so fled from him and left him forever, and started out to find you, if only to fall on my knees before you. If sorrow and repentance ever lodged in a human breast, they speak now from mine, and beseech you. Oh! have pity on me!"

He was silent.

And again she began: "I know all that it has cost you. You gave me your best and I betrayed and forsook you. Now I must seem to you the very embodiment of all evil; and yet I am only a poor sinner, a poor sinful creature! One of those that are to be forgiven—is it not so written?—out of mercy, out of love. No, not love for me any longer, I did not mean that, but from pure love of all mankind! One that has known such love as was once yours can *never* have lost it entirely!"

They had come to the end of the gap. Perched on its promontory, the "grim" watch-tower glared

down defiantly at the road with its groups of men in uniform and brilliant Oriental garb. Had any of them turned from staring at the Hodscha's hiding-place amid the crags, he might have been shocked at the sight of a Trappist in company with a woman. That was something unheard of, impossible! Gravely and quietly he raised his hand, signing to her to stand back, and she obeyed nervously, the while he walked on toward the groups gathered at a safe distance from the *kula*.

In the meantime the police had been re-enforced. Now preparations for an assault on the Bosnian stronghold were being pressed before the gradually gathering twilight deepened into nightfall. Round about the tower, through the thickets, pulling themselves along the steep overhang, the soldiers swarmed like a flock of goats, concealing themselves behind rocks and bushes, their rifles in readiness, like huntsmen awaiting the beaters, and thus tightening the net about the doomed man.

From within there now came some signs of life. That whole afternoon the Hodscha had been lowering in this trap, thinking for the last time of his home—of far-off, sun-burned Herzegovina and the city of his birth, Mostar, that lovely oasis midmost the dread desert of waterless, treeless hills of granite. Even now it was high summer there, bright flowers were blooming in every garden-close, where fountains plashed in the shade of fig-trees and vine trellises, filling the silence of the dreamy, heavily fragrant, dark ruins of the old town with their silvery laughter, till together their waters danced down to the Narenta, where its grass-green waves are spanned by that wonder of this shepherd-land, the legendary bridge, built by the Romans in marvelous arches, making a picture of melancholy beauty; and below it, on the gravelly banks, where the tall poplars rise from amid the rocks, the evening wind plays with the white head-dresses and wafts to his ears the love-songs of the maidens kneeling over their washing; and from aloft, on the balconies under the minarets, the breeze bears with it a solemn, long-drawn-out cry. The white-bearded muezzin, through his hands hollowed like a speaking trumpet, proclaims the advent of *Akscham*, night's rest, and summons the faithful to prayer, while his white turban gleams like a tiny snow-cloud against the pale blue of the heavens.

All this the *Heiduck* knew he would never see again. Here he must make his last stand, on ground which had witnessed so many a struggle between Moslem and *giaour* since those days when, not far from this spot, the Turks had beheaded Stefan Tomasévic, the last Christian

king of the country, till that hour in the War of Occupation when a bold handful of Austrians, with the triumphant shout, "Long live his Apostolic Majesty, our Kaiser Franz Joseph!" had planted their Christian banners once again on the citadel of Jaice. Memories of those final scenes of combat and bloodshed now possessed the maddened Hodscha. They thrilled his soul. Up in the *kula* he made the old walls resound and re-echo with his shouts, as he howled his death-songs down at the silent valley below and cursed the *giaours* with all the wealth of imagery his glowing Eastern fancy could conjure up. Would that Banjaluka might fall a prey to flames, and Serajewo be eaten by plagues! Would that wolves might gnaw the bones of the last of the hated "Swabians" in the lonely mountains; and in Podmiljaca Church, the holiest, most ancient Franciscan edifice in the land, there might the Turkish priest preach to the true believers again, and the Crescent wave victorious as of old before the very gates of Vienna. Then would he, the *Heiduck*, die in peace. In any event *one* Christian must bear him company. Threateningly he rested his gun-barrel along the wall, still undecided. He had but the one bullet and his aim was sure.

The Trappist was standing apart from the rest, his eyes fixed on the *kula*. He did not even hear the defiant shouts of the Hodscha above him. In his soul he was listening to the soft whisper from a white-lipped woman: "One that has known such love as once was yours can never lose it entirely."

Never! Ay, if he took the wings of the morning love would go with him over land and sea. And though he knew that what he had once worshiped had been desecrated, had fallen in the dust, been trodden under foot, yet love said "All the same it is mine, even that which is honeycombed with human weakness and sin and guilt, and is not worthy of me." And though he might bury himself in unbroken silence and punish his poor body and kill every memory of the past—look yonder at that dead tree-trunk by the water's edge! Have not green things found root there and begun to sprout? So love springs up indestructible in all earthly things, and, though they be long since dead and decayed, it clings to them with unutterable yearnings and will never let them rest.

Never! Since he had been wont to look upon the pale woman over yonder as one dead to him he had felt her warm life closer to his heart than ever before. The more he had striven to strip and freeze his inmost soul, the richer it had grown in warm love of her. She had besought his pity, his forgiveness, and he could not grant it, for

where love is pity cannot be. And this love—helpless in its desperation and strength—lived in him and was with him in his vigils and fasts; whispered in his ears through the chiming of bells and the rippling Vrábas waters; gazed down upon him from the eyes of the Madonna, and would remain with him as long as he lived. Until now he had hoped that behind the cloister walls, in work and prayer, little by little, he might become master of his passions. Now, since he had seen again that desolated shrine of his adoration, he knew it was all useless. Even his heart hung upon its ruins forever, and forever his life among these ascetics, dead to the world, would be a living lie.

And still his vows would hold him fast to his last breath. Still he shuddered at the bare possibility of a return to the world of men. Still he shrank in horror from the thought of touching so much as the finger-tips of that pale woman yonder who had been once all the world to him and was now the same world broken in fragments about him.

Mutely he stood there, in direful need. Whither should he go? It mattered not. Life's burden had become unbearable. At that moment a peasant crossed the road directly in front of him. He hurried toward the Bosnian Franciscan with the big mustache, and, speaking low, but excitedly, pointed with his finger up at the *kula*, where, for an instant, the *Heiduck* had shown his shaggy head and then disappeared. With the gesture, the sleeve of his shirt fell back. On the bronzed forearm one saw tattooed in blue, a Crucifix, such as most of the dwellers in the Vrábas Valley wear, according to very ancient custom.

That token spoke almost audibly to the Trappist, as though the veil of this world had been swept from before his vision of ultimate unuttered things. Christ himself spoke to him. He had not shut himself up in incommunicable seclusion from all living things, as the white cenobites down there on the Vrábas banks had done. He had gone forth into the world and had freed himself from mankind—from the mortality within him and without him—in that He died for men. Love became the offering of his own life for the good of others.

So with the monk standing there plunged in thought, his lost and shipwrecked love rose above the poor relics of earthly things, casting off their ties, purifying his soul by a last act of renunciation. About him the officers who were to give the command to advance stood consulting together. They were very quiet and serious, for one of their company must needs fall before the sun set. And they were all so full of life, sun-

burned, red-cheeked, stalwart young fellows, who hoped that the future had in store for them such happiness as their fancy pictured, a few acres of their own, a home, with wife and child and grandchildren—all that men covet, whereby their lowly existence is perpetuated and adds its mite to the world's hereafter.

Suddenly the Trappist walked quietly past them all, in the direction of the dark tower. That inborn respect which they felt for his habit was so great that, for a moment, no one thought of daring to stop him. Anyway they had no notion of what he purposed doing. They stared after him in astonishment. His huge form towered above them now. The mountain winds swept down on him and tossed his great gray-streaked beard, but he breasted its gusts, mounting the steep path toward the Hodscha's post.

Now he appeared overhead. With unspeakable hatred, he, the Turkish priest, stared down at the Christian monk, the man in whom was incarnate all that was abhorred of Allah and his people. And this pale man came nearer and nearer. He had thrown back his cowl. Bare-headed, he climbed slowly from rock to rock, his arms hanging at his sides, and as the fanatic overhead, frothing with fury, brought his rifle to position, not even an eyelash moved behind the spectacles. He went on with wide-open gray eyes and with something in his whole bearing that seemed to say. "Behold, Lord, I too go up to Golgotha!"

At length those below realized his danger. In a second the soldiers made a dash and were after him. But already a reddish-yellow streak had flashed from the *kula* and the thunder of the report was reverberating from every crag and dying away in low growls. It seemed at first as if the monk were unharmed. He was standing quite still. Then he sat down on the nearest rock, and slowly sank back on a grassy mound.

There was no sign of suffering in his features when they reached him and rushed by to secure the now defenseless Hodscha. Yet even now the monk made no answer to the questionings of those about him. He was silent in death as he had been in life. His eyes alone gazed restlessly down toward the valley, as though seeking something he would fain see before he departed.

And it came. A woman came up thither. She knelt beside him. Her anguished, tearless gaze prayed for the last time, "Forgive me!" Mutely the dying man reached out his hand toward her, and she knew he had forgiven her, as one poor mortal forgives another—and threw herself weeping on the breast of him who was no more.

I Must Take A Rest

This humorous little skit (translated for CURRENT LITERATURE) shows Henryk Sienkiewicz in one of his lighter moods. It has a sort of semi-autobiographical air, much as if he were laughing at himself. Sienkiewicz is at present at work on another trilogy, of which "The Knights of the Cross" was the first volume, and the second of which is, apparently, the volume just published in English entitled "On the Field of Glory." He has lately been awarded the Nobel prize for literature amounting to nearly \$40,000, and the sum is probably welcome, as in a recent interview he says that he has received very little money on the numerous translations of his stories—practically none except on the English translations.

CHARACTERS:

Ferdinand, an author thirty-eight years old.

Anna, his wife, twenty-six years old.

Sophiczka and *Marinia*, their five-year-old twin daughters.

ACT I

Ferdinand: Oof!

Anna: You're very tired?

Ferdinand: As Vesuvius after an eruption. I scarcely breathe!

Anna: If you could take a rest for a few days, at least.

Ferdinand: I must. Come what may! (*He stretches himself in the armchair.*) The editor of the *Roschodnik* came to see me to-day. I promised him the beginning of the novel "Conquering Souls" for Friday, so that he could start with the printing two days before New Year's. It really gives me a chill when I think of it! And, in addition to this, I must wind up another serial *feuilleton* novel, and correct the proofs of a book! By Jove, it's enough to make one crazy!

Anna: My Ferdinand, if you've no regard for yourself, at least have consideration for the children and me. You're overworking yourself. You go to bed at two o'clock in the morning, can't get to sleep, are awake before eight, and at once get up. You know neither Sundays nor holidays. It's beyond endurance. What will happen if you get sick?

Ferdinand: You're right. Deuce take it! I declare that from this moment, for three whole days, I won't take a pen in hand and I'll try to forget the color of paper and ink. I'll amuse myself with the children, and that's all there is about it! *Sophiczka*! *Marinia*! Both come in! (*Both rush into the room.*)

Sophiczka: Papa's calling?

Ferdinand: Yes. We'll play. What do you want to play?

Sophiczka and *Marinia*: Frogs.

Anna: You'll soil your clothes.

Ferdinand: Let 'em get dirty! Well, how do you do it?

Sophiczka: You go on all fours.

Ferdinand: Down, then. Go ahead!

Marinia: On all fours. Mamma, too!

Anna: What shall I do with my dress? One can't represent a frog in a long gown.

Sophiczka: Mamma'll hold it up! Mamma has such pretty stockings!

Ferdinand: All down, then. No exception. Kwah, kwah, kwah!

Marinia: Papa and mamma'll be old and we'll be young frogs.

Ferdinand: Kwah! Kwah!

Anna: Kwah! Kwah!

The Children: Kwah, kwah! (*All leap on all fours. Then the dog, Medor, too, comes springing in and races with them, barking furiously. When, however, the two little frogs give chase to him he takes refuge behind the desk.*)

Ferdinand: Oh! I've a pain in the small of my back. But that's nothing. Go ahead! For three days' freedom, independence and idleness. (*A bell is heard in the vestibule.*)

Ferdinand (*still on all fours*): Receive no one!

Anna: Receive no one!

Sophiczka and *Marinia*: Receive no one! (*The maid comes.*)

Maid (*looking around astonished*): It was the postman. Here are letters.

Ferdinand (*still remaining on all fours*): Lay them down, and be off with you! So!

Maid (*on going out, to herself*): The master writes books, to be sure. But there's something out of order in his head.

Ferdinand: It hurts the small of my back. (*Gets up.*) Oh, what a lot of letters! They'll have to be answered, and it's all up with a rest. Suppose I let them lie unopened till after the holidays? But there might be something important. . . . I shall be constantly thinking of them and spoil my temper. . . . After all, it's better to sacrifice this evening, read through, answer them, and then be at leisure. So I fear I can leap no more. . . . Ending the

game's to be regretted, hm! What pretty stockings Anna really has, and what dainty little feet! . . . But there's no help for it. I must read.

Anna: Lay the letters aside.

Ferdinand: No! I want nothing on my mind, Anna! The children must play with Medor in the drawing-room, and I'll tackle the letters.

Anna: Then I'll help you! Good?

Ferdinand: Yes. Read! (*The children with the dog leave*)

Anna (opens the first letter and reads): "Highly respected maestro: I know that each of your minutes belongs to all society, and that your leisure is sacred. But I know also——

Ferdinand: Oh!

Anna (reading on): "But I know, also, that your heart, not less than your genius, embraces all mankind and sympathizes with every misfortune. I am at the head of a charitable institution for girls ashamed to work. Our funds are slender and the needs enormous. But if you, highly respected maestro, from your opulent portfolio, were willing to sacrifice to us some story or other, though not a long one, though merely a tale . . ."

Ferdinand (interrupting): Enough! May lightning strike her! What portfolio, what portfolio! What do people imagine that I have in the portfolio? I don't know where in the world I'm to lay hands on it! Was it signed.

Anna: Eulalia Cuckoo!

Ferdinand: Let her go to the devil!

Anna (gently): My Ferdinand, why are you so provoked with me? Is it my fault?

Ferdinand: I, provoked with you? Forgive me, my heart of gold! But you see, yourself, I might be actually weeping with sheer work and here some Eulalia Cuckoo or other wants me to write her a novel. Forgive me, my puss.

(*He kisses her hand.*) Read on!

Anna: Here's a parcel.

Ferdinand: Jesu Maria—a manuscript! But I see a letter, too!

Anna (opens and reads): "The manuscript that you will read is a confession. You were, as the poet says, 'with me and around me,'—and you are the father of my child——"

Ferdinand (uneasily): What?

Anna: Ferdinand! What does that mean?

Ferdinand: Some metaphor or other. My word on it! . . . A metaphor! Give the letter here. I'll read it myself.

Anna: No! Not for the world! . . . I will know what awaits me! (*Reads on.*) "I have grown up at your feet, like a climbing plant at the feet of a heaven-towering oak. But have the small, then, no right to take refuge in the

shadow of the great? And so I put myself under your protection. I am a young girl——"

Ferdinand (interrupting): And silly.

Anna: "I am a young girl, but love literature and should like to serve it, especially if I shall receive an encouraging word from you. Mamma, my aunts and cousins are full of praise for me, but I do not believe them and await your verdict. I know that each of your moments is precious to all society; but, trusting to your goodness, I forward you these poor, six volumes of my first novel, entitled 'On One Foot.' I beg you will read them through. You have inspired me; so, if you pronounce no sentence of death upon the child that came into the world under your influence——"

Ferdinand (drawing a long breath): You see, this is a metaphor? Into the waste-paper basket, into the waste-paper basket with it! It's enough to drive one frantic! I'm to read six volumes of an illegible manuscript! I said at once, however, it was a metaphor!

Anna (humbly): I beg your pardon! Don't be angry.

Ferdinand: I beg your pardon, my darling. Read the next letter.

Anna (reading): "Honored sir: I am a philosopher by calling, who devotes himself to psychical researches. At present I am working upon a physiological-psychical problem. It is of importance to me to know how different flesh-foods affect the power of production. Do you work most easily upon beef, upon mutton, or upon pork-chops? Upon what kind of meat do you most easily create characters, and what kind of scenery? I know that your time is the riches of the whole nation; but, as the holidays are approaching, I think that a few hundred lines devoted to a question that will interest all the creative intellects of the world will be a small matter to you."

Ferdinand (tears the letter from her and crushes it up): I'll throw him down-stairs!

Anna (gently): Dear Ferdinand, but meantime you're already getting angry again.

Ferdinand: Forgive me, my love . . . Read on.

Anna (taking another letter): "I know that each of your moments forms a pearl in the social crown, and so I will make no claim upon your time. But the dream of my youth and of my life was to see you. I have come here expressly from the country. I dare not come to you, lest I scare away your inspiration. But, if you are willing to give a glad moment to a misunderstood and unhappy woman, let me see you at least at a distance. As I do not know what day you

are disengaged, I will promenade for three days from two to six o'clock from Sigmond to König Street, on the right-hand side. Shall I see you at this time of day, or do you prefer another? That you will not come at all, I cannot suppose. He who possesses genius, has also heart!"

Ferdinand: May she break her legs!

Anna: Why, Ferdinand!

Ferdinand: Forgive me, my pet. (*He kisses her.*) But only imagine, I'm to run around in the street from two to six o'clock. Into the waste-paper basket! Read on! Or, no! Spread the rest of the letters with butter and let Medor devour them. I recognize them by the envelopes. They're from various editors. Each values my time, but each begs for a contribution for the New Year's number.

(*The maid comes.*)

Maid: An errand-man has brought this parcel and this letter. (*Exit.*)

Anna (*opening the parcel*): What's that? Frogs! Pretty, green, India-rubber frogs, and a key for winding up. They probably jump. Who can they come from? How delighted *Sophiczka* and *Marinia* will be!

Ferdinand: Read the letter. Perhaps it's a mistake.

Anna: Dear *Maestro*: I see your beautiful wife and your bewitching little frogs at church. May God bless them and keep them in health and you! I need pay you no compliments; but this I will say to you with all my heart, that all my life I have not seen such a little mamma and such little children——"

Ferdinand (*softened*): The first pleasant letter. That's an honest creature. Read on.

Anna: "I am sending to my adored little frogs two Paris frogs of recent invention. May they play with them, and may they grow up and be your joy and the delight of your eyes!"

Ferdinand (*touched*): That's a letter! Read on

Anna: "But in this world nothing is gratis.

The proverb says, 'Take the child by the hand; the father by the heart.' Thus, if the frogs please you, on account of their splendid bodies, then recollect a promise made to me four years ago. I know that your time constitutes the riches of all society. But have the poor, then, no claim upon social riches and treasures? You promise me a lecture for the benefit of the minor drunkards, so I now knock at your door and say: 'The holidays are approaching, you have time now, and the minor drunkards are freezing!' Am I to trust the autorial word? You have not forgotten, and I am sure that you will not reject my petition?"

Ferdinand (*in a stifled voice*): Whose is the signature?

Anna (*reads*): "An admirer of you, and yours, Skreczkowska."

Ferdinand: I think not, but perhaps I made a promise. Ah! who weighs every word in the balance! (*Seizes himself by the head.*) Perhaps I promised—yes, probably. And, besides, these little frogs . . . They've so taken me. Three holidays—yes! After all, the lecture could be written down. To the d . . .

Anna: Ferdinand!

Ferdinand: Pardon, my little flower. There's no other way out. I'll have to think about this lecture. Meanwhile, call the children and give them the little frogs.

Anna: My Ferdinand, you'll rack yourself to death . . .

Ferdinand: What can be done! To the d . . . Pardon! There are my holidays. *Sophiczka*! *Marinia*! (*The children rush into the room and, catching sight of the little frogs, begin to scream aloud for joy. Then they jump with them on the carpet. Medor barks.*)

Sophiczka and *Marinia*: Kwah, kwah!

Ferdinand (*throws himself frantically upon the floor and begins leaping*): Kwah, kwah! That's my holidays! Kwah, kwah, kwah! (*General uproar.*)

The Humor of Life

AN EXCEPTION

FLUB: "Oil and water won't mix, you know."
DUB: "Is that so? Why, I thought John D. Rockefeller was a Baptist."—*Judge*.

RECOMPENSED

FOND FATHER: "No, my boy! I can't afford to take you to the circus."
SMALL SON: "Boohoo! Boohoo!"
FOND FATHER: "But if you'll be good and stop crying, you can go with mama to the dentist's and see her teeth pulled."—*American Spectator*.

SPEECHLESS

FRIEND: "Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dressmaker's bill?"
WIFE: "Rather."
FRIEND: "And how did you quiet him?"
WIFE: "I showed him the milliner's account, and then he became simply speechless."—*London Tilbits*.

AN IMMEDIATE RESPONSE

"My son," said the strict mother, at the end of a moral lecture, "I want you to be exceedingly careful about your conduct. Never, under any circumstances, do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you doing."
The small boy turned a handspring, with a whoop of delight.
"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded the mother.
"No'm," was the answer. "I'm jes' so glad that you don't 'spec' me to take no baths never any more!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

TWO CZARS

Czar Joe has his troubles with the Democrats and Czar Nick with the Dumacrats.—*Puck*.

A CATCH

"How did you and your wife first meet?"
"We didn't meet," replied the meek little man; "she overtook me."—*Judge*.

A CHANGE

"Quarrel, eh? You don't mean it? Why before they were married she used to say there wasn't another man like him in the world."
"Yes, but now she says she'd hate to think that there was."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

FIRST REQUISITE FOR A YOUNG WRITER

A young woman newspaper reporter was sent by her editor to interview Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of *The Century Magazine*, and to secure a three-thousand-word article on "Young Women in Literature."

"It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only three thousand words in the story, but at least six thousand. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him, 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered: "Postage-stamps."
"That settled it."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



THE DARKTOWN TENNIS CLUB IN THEIR NEW WHITE SUITS

—*Puck*.

BRAVE MAN

"So Smithson deserted Miss Barkus almost at the altar! Did his courage desert him?"

"No, it returned."—*Smart Set*.

THE RIGHT NAME

HAWLEY: "I wonder why a dentist calls his office a dental parlor?"

SMART: "I don't know. Drawing-room would be more appropriate."—*London Titbits*.

NO PEACE FOR HIM

NEWITT: "Your wife seems to get very angry if you interrupt her while she's talking."

HENPECK: "Myl yes. Why, she even gets mad if I interrupt her when she's snoring."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

ROBBERY

"John, dear," wrote a lady from the Continent, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose a check," wrote John in reply; "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you!"—*London Titbits*.

APHORISMS OF AN UNACCEPTED PHILOSOPHER

Translated from Strekoza (Russia) by David A. Modell.

He who would not paddle must needs run with the current.

Whenever an author fails, the public is called a many-headed monster; but when he succeeds, the same public receives the name of Public Opinion.

It is mighty dangerous to be the only horse in a herd of asses.

When a woman takes a notion to have fierce and relentless revenge of a man, she need do but one thing—marry him.

The tiger will devour you alive even though you call him uncle.

The butterfly had better not look down upon the moth.

The modern man succumbs to two steady afflictions. These are: a wife, if he has one; and money, if he has none.

TASTES DIFFER

A San Francisco woman, who had just returned from Los Angeles, was asked concerning the service on the steamers.

"Oh, the meals were good enough going down," she replied, "but

I didn't like them coming up."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

COMFORT

Ah has dis great comfoht: dat er man wid only one suit ob cloe's ain' nebbah troubled by de moths.—*American Spectator*.

HIS BIGGEST STORY

After an unsatisfactory banquet the guest of the evening was introduced by the toastmaster as follows:

"Gentlemen, we have with us to-night Professor Long-Bowe, who will tell us one of his best and biggest after-dinner stories."

Amid loud applause, Professor Long-Bowe rose.

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," he said; "to begin with my biggest story, let me tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your banquet."—*London Titbits*.

HOW BANKHEAD DOWNED HOBSON

The story is told that during the first campaign in which Richmond P. Hobson and Bankhead ran for congress the latter had to resort to various mental gymnastics to defeat the hero. Bankhead was speaking one day in a district miles and miles from a railroad. Nothing that he could say of the political and professional shortcomings of his opponent seemed to affect the audience—they were plainly lined up for Hobson.

But an inspiration suddenly came to him.

"And what do you think?" says he. "My handsome opponent goes in *washing* with the women! Yes, sir; in *washing* with the women! Didn't I see him with my own eyes coming out of the water with a Boston girl on one arm and a New York girl on the other? No, fellow-statesmen; you don't want such a man as *that* representing you in the United States congress."

And they didn't.—*Judge*.

TOO SOON

"I am thirty-five years old," announced a woman of fifty-six at a tea last week.

"And I am twenty-six," said the woman of forty-five. Then turning to a girl of seventeen who stood near-by, she asked: "How old are you, Ethel?"

"Oh," replied Ethel, "according to present reckoning, I'm not born yet."—*Life*.



WHICH HAND WILL YOU TAKE?

—*Life*



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GOOD GRACIOUS!

Doctor (to wife of patient): "Be brave, madam. It is my painful duty to inform you that in twenty-four hours your husband will be no more."

THE WIFE (overwhelmed with grief, but at the same time having regard to expense): "Good gracious! And you have prescribed medicine for five days at least."—London *Ti-bits*.

PREJUDICE

MR. NERVES: "I suppose you know the object of my call, sir. To be brief, I want to marry your daughter——"

MR. MONEY: "Eh? What? I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing. The idea!"

MR. NERVES: "Nonsense! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all right."—London *Ti-bits*.

NO PLACE FOR TUNNELS

A story is told of a negro living in a sparsely settled portion of a certain Southern State, who was informed by a fellow negro that it was rumored that their town was to be made the terminus of a branch railway system.

"I don't believe no sich repot'," observed the first ducky, decisively; "I's travelled, and I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. Them railroad people can't build no line in dis here flat country."

"What makes you think dat?" asked the second negro.

Whereupon the other, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter, replied:

"Can't yo' see dat dere ain't any place round here to run tunnels through?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

BRYAN AND THE GOAT

Last year William Jennings Bryan visited Cornell University. While being entertained at dinner by a prominent legal fraternity he told the following story on himself:

Once out in Nebraska I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at twenty-five dollars. I claimed that a goat was not "real" property in the legal sense of the word and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant faced old man, very obligingly said that I could go upstairs with him and together we would look over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

We looked over the rules and finally the old man asked; "Does your goat run loose on the roads?"

"Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offence.

"Does he butt?" again queried the old man.

"Yes," I answered, "he butts."

"Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says, tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see that I can do anything for you. Good day, sir."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

IF HE ONLY WOULD

He talks like a book, his Admirers all say.

What a pity he doesn't

Shut up the same way.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SIMPLE LARCENY

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician was called. After looking at the patient a short while the white physician inquired:—

"Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?"

And the old colored auntie answered, "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch."—Silas X. Floyd in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

LIMITED SERVICE

Bishop Brewster, of Connecticut, while visiting some friends not long ago, tucked his napkin in his collar to avoid the juice of the grape-fruit at breakfast. He laughed as he did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?"

"Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."—M. B. Miller in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

A CLEAN BILL

So far, at least, as the city of New York is concerned, Lloyd Osbourne's record is clear; he has never been in jail there. This can be definitely stated, and without reservation because there is the highest authority for it. Mr. Osbourne, when in New York, generally makes his headquarters at The Lambs'. The other day, through the carelessness of some hurried clerk in the post-office, a letter addressed to Mr. Osbourne at The Lambs' was sent instead to The Tombs. From that city institution it was returned by the chief clerk himself, and, under Mr. Osbourne's name on the envelope, in the chief clerk's own hand, was this official endorsement:

"Not here—yet."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE SAME RESULT

A well-known bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist Church, but in embonpoint as well. His weight proved too much for the bench, which collapsed, spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the bishop, "do you think you could help such a great heavy man to his feet?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."—M. B. Miller in *Lippincott's Magazine*.



STANDARD OIL'S OHIO ATTORNEY

Virgil P. Kline, of Cleveland, is trusted to defend the great corporation against the attack now being made in Ohio. He has twice been Democratic candidate for a seat in the Supreme Court of that State.

manently organized in every great department of life."

"There can be no doubt," remarks the *London Times*, "that the question of the trusts will be the main internal issue of American politics for many years to come."

AMID the multitude of utterances on the subject, several stand out prominently. One of these is the article in the June *North American Review*, entitled "An Appeal to Our Millionaires." The writer remains anonymous, but the editor assures us that he is the most profound philosopher in America, or words to that effect. The article shows no evidence of such remarkable profundity as this, and it is decidedly weak in constructive suggestions, but its appeal is forcible and direct. We have treated our millionaires, young and old, of both sexes, most unfairly, says the writer. For a long time we unduly flattered them, and now we have relapsed into bitter hostility to them. Not long ago, our newspapers were all printing their pictures and chronicling their movements and those of their children as if they were semi-royal personages. Their gorgeous homes, their castles in Europe, the gowns and jewels of their wives and daughters,

their yachts, their four-in-hands, their motor-cars, were all subjects of admiring descriptions. Now the signs of public displeasure are ominous. Twelve American citizens acting as jurors declare that kidnaping a child is not a crime if the victim is the child of a multi-millionaire! A learned gentleman addresses a conservative Presbyterian club on the subject, "Why Great Fortunes in America Are a Positive Menace to the Public Welfare." Innumerable instances might be given to show the growing hostility, not in the ranks of the have-nots, but in the ranks of the fairly well-to-do middle class. The motor-car has had something to do with it. Since New Year's Day these great cars, kept for the pleasure of their occupants, "have killed more people on the public highways than were killed in the war with Spain." Our millionaires, and especially their idle and degenerate children, "have been flaunting their money in the faces of the poor as if actually wishing to provoke them to this insensate rage which is akin to madness."

THIS writer calls attention to the rapid growth of Socialism in Germany and in the Latin countries; to the sudden appearance in the British House of Commons of over fifty labor members; and to the fact that a majority of the citizens of New York (or any other State) can, whenever they wish, "readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which will limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters consider sufficient for him," and "turn every dollar of the property of every decedent into the public treasury at his death." In other words, according to this writer, "there is no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York, and precisely the same statement is true of all other American States, except such as a majority of the voters may decide to be just and wise, both to the possessors of such property and to the community at large." In his judgment, if an agitation for such legislation were started, "there would be at least a serious probability that it would succeed." The plea of "vested rights" will no longer avail; our millionaires must hereafter show some "moral title" to their millions, and it is high time to consider "whether we can not find some basis for private property which ought, and might even yet, receive the approval of a majority of the American electorate." Just what moral basis the writer has in mind is not very clear. His idea seems to be that the Government shall limit

the amount of compensation that our captains of industry may receive, gaging the maximum by the salary paid to the President of the United States. He concludes as follows:

"Unless, therefore, some moral basis for what the majority of voters believe to be the present grossly unjust inequality in the distribution of property in this country is soon found,—a moral basis which will prove acceptable to the majority of American voters,—we may encounter in the coming Presidential election a situation infinitely more disturbing and infinitely more dangerous than has ever before been encountered. It seems the dictate alike of interest and of patriotism for each of us, whatever his class, to do all in his power to prevent such a calamity; and, even should our united efforts ultimately fail to check the advancing tide of Socialism and to place the right of individual citizens to acquire and retain all property honestly earned by them upon an impregnable legal basis, it would surely always be a consoling reflection to have borne a part in so good a fight for so good a purpose."

A LIMITATION of incomes is foreseen as a probability of the near future by Hon. Wayne MacVeagh also, formerly Attorney-General of the United States. He wrote recently:

"Surely, if the time has arrived for the Legislature of Great Britain, composed of King, Lords and Commons, to take the subject into consideration, it cannot be too early for our own Congress to do so; and it must be expected that, at its next session, bills will probably be introduced imposing graduated taxes upon both incomes and inheritances, notwithstanding the decision by a divided court against the recent proportional income tax. It is, indeed, believed by many persons that, when the question is again presented, an income tax will be upheld. If so, no time ought to be lost in endeavoring to impress upon the public mind the necessity of proper limits upon such taxation."

Mr. MacVeagh thinks it idle to term such a tax "a wicked attack on property," though he is not prepared to favor an absolute and fixed limitation upon personal possessions. The *Chicago Tribune* quotes a justice-elect of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin as saying that the idea must be got rid of that an individual or corporation has the right to get, hold, or own as much money or property as he or it can acquire, and he would have an amendment written into the Federal Constitution providing the maximum amount that can be held by either the individual or the corporation.

BUT Prof. James Walter Crook, of Amherst, in a recent address, points out grave objections to a progressive tax on incomes or to an arbitrary limitation of fortunes. "It would put a premium upon relative inefficiency



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SNAP SHOT OF THE ROCKEFELLERS

The "richest and loneliest man in the world," as Frederick Palmer calls him, with his wife and son, leaving the steamer.

and deprive society of the advantage of beneficial enterprises." As for a progressive inheritance tax, while he approves it as a tax, he doubts its efficiency as a restraint upon large fortunes. He says:

"To accomplish the purpose the rate must be very high. A tax heavy enough would involve a problem of administration. Even so low a rate as 30 per cent. would mean a tax of \$15,000,000 for every estate of \$50,000,000, and there are now many fortunes of that size. There are said to be fifty men in Pittsburg alone whose fortunes exceed that amount, and in the case of some well-known fortunes the tax would amount to upward of \$43,000,000.

"The greatest objection is the encouragement which the heavy taxation of the wealthy will give to extravagant public expenditures. Our Federal financial machinery is so organized and our sources of revenue are so arranged that it is well-nigh impossible to check extravagance. Greater financial responsibility is one of the first requirements of good government. It is a maxim of public finance that those who spend must be held to account by those who pay. By this plan the maxim is reversed, for by it those who pay are held to account by those who spend."

A SUGGESTIVE and optimistic editorial appears in the *New Orleans Times* on "The Noble Discontent" now being manifested in this country in regard to our great fortunes. The writer calls attention to the analogy between our condition and that of England in the forties, when the United Kingdom was "entering upon the marvelous period of enrichment and expansion to which successive victories of peace and war had blazed the way." We quote further:

"The overthrow of Napoleon had left the Island Kingdom mistress of the seas and reduced the

mainland of Europe to industrial vassalage; the conquests of Hastings and Clive and a score of other iron proconsuls had brought a mighty transmarine empire to the Crown; countless inventions, like the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny, were raising provincial towns, like Birmingham and Manchester, to metropolitan rank; London was leaving all rivals hopelessly behind, in population and money alike; the noblesse of trade—with its Peels, its Overstones and its Barings—was beginning to overshadow the peerage whose titles went back to the Norman. From every quarter of the globe, a golden stream was setting toward the city by the Thames and the whole face of the countryside was in process of change, at the behest of the nabobs who had amassed fabulous fortunes in foreign commerce, or through the spoliation of dependencies."

It was in the midst of that plethoric condition that Carlyle wrote: "We have more riches than any nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied."

THIS was the voice of "the restlessness of convalescence," says the New Orleans editor. "We now know that Britain then stood upon the threshold of mighty reforms which were destined to redeem her from the thralldom of commercialism and turn the faces of the millions to the sun. In church and state alike, a new heaven was working." This, he thinks, is America's case at this hour. He continues:

"To us, too, have been given gold and the alchemy that transmutes the baser metals into gold. From field and factory, from counting-house and mine, pour the riches that leave the possessor unsatisfied, so long as he is their slave. Now, as of old, there rings in the ears of the millionaire the inexorable question, 'Is this all?' Now, as in the England of 1845, captains of industry are driven to declare: 'We have sumptuous garnitures for our life, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it.' Huge universities and cathedrals are built, as if by the stroke of the enchanter's wand, but are found to lack the soul which animates the cloistered seclusions of Bologna and Rheims. Splendid charities are endowed, but are seen to be devoid of the boundless self-sacrifice that left its ineffaceable impress upon the piles of the Middle Age. Vast collections of books, housed with a reckless disregard of cost, give no hint of the love that guided the hand of the scholar who lent glory to the pages of a misal, or made Homer's verse speak to the eye. In other words, we are in the mood to fling away the mess of pottage, and claim the birthright that is ours. As the years roll on, this revolt against the gospel of pelf will gain in strength and conviction, until the perfect enfranchisement comes; for no nation can perish, so long as it is filled with the

noble discontent and finds stimulus in the pessimism which is the herald of hope."

* *



THE poor Congressmen! After passing four thousand new laws, appropriating nearly nine hundred thousand dollars, and talking enough to fill ten thousand pages of *The Congressional Record*, they now, in the hot season, when the rest of us take our vacations, have to repair their fences and begin their campaign for re-election. The Senators can sit in the shade and drink pink lemonade. But every one of the four hundred and fifty odd Representatives must get himself re-elected this fall if he wishes to remain a Congressman. Just how far the Democrats can regain their strength in the elections is a matter of interesting speculation. The Republican majority in the late session was variously reckoned at from 111 to 114. It is nearly fourteen years since the Democrats had a majority. As the congressional elections occurring in the middle of a presidential administration are taken as an indication of the way the next presidential election is likely to go, all sorts of political hopes and fears are bound up in the result on November 6.

A FEW weeks ago, according to the Washington correspondents, the Democrats had many hopes and the Republicans many fears. "We are upon the eve of carrying the House of Representatives," said John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, "if we only act together, shoulder to shoulder, and show common tact and common sense." But the special correspondent of the *New York Times* (Dem.) says that "since Congress adjourned this hope has dimmed," for "the usual gibes and flings at the adjournment of Congress have not been noticed by any of the students of public opinion at the party headquarters, and instead they believe that the country is pretty well satisfied with Congress's record." The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) holds the same conclusion. It says: "With the continuation of general prosperity, even though it be rather thin in places, and with the Republican record of 'things done' to confront them, the Democrats will have an uphill fight in the congressional elections."

UPON this record made by Congress the fight this fall will manifestly be made. The Democrats will lay stress upon what it failed to do, the Republicans will dilate upon what it did. "This Congress," says John

Sharp Williams, "will be almost as much celebrated for what it failed to do as for what it did." The failure to pass the bill prohibiting campaign contributions by corporations in Federal elections, recommended by the President and passed by the Senate, will be, evidently, the principal count in the indictment made by the Democrats against the Republican Representatives. The "failure to lop off a single abuse or excrescence of the tariff system" is a second count in this indictment. On these two failures and the refusal to pass the Philippine tariff bill, Mr. Williams lays especial emphasis. The subject of campaign contributions from corporations is of special interest to most of the Democratic papers, and the Republican press are pretty free to admit that the failure of the bill was a deplorable mistake. Says the *Atlanta Journal* (Dem.):

"All that has been accomplished cannot blind the people to what has not been done. Such legislation as has been put through is calculated to perpetuate the Republican party in power, while it is a fact recognized in Republican councils that the untrammelled will of the people would place in power the Democracy whose policies and principles in these individual instances have been stolen by the Republicans. This free expression of the popular will can never be secured so long as it is possible for Mr. Bliss or Mr. Cortelyou to stretch out his hand and rake in thousands upon thousands of dollars from the large corporations as a corruption fund for use in the national elections."

The *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.) admits that a mistake has been made, but is sure it will be rectified next winter and that in the meantime no real harm is done. It says:

"Two measures the House, which has just adjourned, should have passed, but did not—one, the Senate bill, forbidding contributions to corporations for political committees, and the other the House bill, requiring reports of all campaign expenditures."

"Both will be passed next Winter. Nor is there anything lost by their failure to be enacted now. With a case pending before the New York Court of Appeals, to decide whether such contributions are larceny, no corporation officers are going to risk making any contributions this Autumn."

The Court of Appeals has since decided, by a divided vote, against the larceny view.

ON THE "things done" by Congress the line of argument which the Democrats are likely to pursue in the campaign has also been made clear. "What it [Congress] did," says Mr. Williams, "was distinctly Democratic in initiative, origin and character." The credit

for the legislation enacted, the importance of which is conceded, will, in other words, be assigned, first, to the principles and policies enunciated by the Democratic party, and, second, to President Roosevelt's persistency in whipping into line unwilling Republican legislators. The *New York Evening Post's* Washington correspondent writes:

"President Roosevelt's pæan of praise issued on Saturday night after adjournment, may be considered the 'opening gun' of the fall campaign. The Republican members are going home carrying this commendation to show that they have done what Roosevelt wanted them to do. Many of them are going to make a campaign for re-election upon a Roosevelt platform, in which hardly one in five of them believes. It is a matter of record that nearly every measure of importance which has been enacted into law at this session, save that, perhaps, which fixed the lock type of canal at Panama, has been passed against the wishes of the majority and because they dared not take any other course. The President has realized this as well as any one else. He has known how unpopular he was on Capitol Hill this winter, and the tone used by many Republicans in speaking of him privately. He has also known that the majority of them dared not go into their districts and talk about him as they have here. He may have extracted a certain entertainment out of the situation."

THIS "pæan of praise" from the President, referred to in the foregoing extract, was issued by him just before leaving Washington for Oyster Bay. It runs as follows:

"In the session that has just closed the Congress has done more substantial work for good than any Congress has done at any session since I became familiar with public affairs. The legislation has been along the lines of real constructive statesmanship of the most practical and efficient type, and bill after bill has been enacted into law which was of an importance so great that it is fair to say that the enactment of any one of them alone would have made the session memorable; such, for instance, as the Railroad Rate bill, the meat inspection measure, the Pure Food bill, the bill for free alcohol in the arts, the Consular Reform bill, Panama Canal legislation, the Joint Statehood bill and the Naturalization bill."

"I certainly have no disposition to blink at what there is of evil in our social, industrial or political life of to-day, but it seems to me that the men of genuine patriotism who genuinely wish well to their country have the right to feel a profound satisfaction in the entire course of the Congress."

"I would not be afraid to compare its record with that of any previous Congress in our history, not alone for the wisdom but for the disinterested highmindedness which has controlled its actions. It is noteworthy that not a single measure which the closest scrutiny could warrant us in calling of doubtful propriety has been enacted, and on the other hand no influence of any kind has availed to prevent the enactment of the laws most vitally necessary to the nation at this time."

Speaker Cannon's claims for the late Congress are equally emphatic. "In my judgment," he says, "the work done and the legislation enacted in the session just closed exceed in importance for the best interests of all the people of the Republic the work of any session during my thirty years of public life."

In four important matters, says the Boston *Herald*, the late Congress broke all records: (1) in the size of its appropriations; (2) in its readiness to yield to dictation and guidance; (3) in its centralizing tendency; (4) in the degree of restriction placed upon corporations and the conduct of business.

NO COMMENT upon the ensuing congressional campaign or the work accomplished by the Fifty-ninth Congress is more significant than that of the Democratic press upon the part played in national legislation by the President. There is criticism of his course in detail, but of his course as a whole there is a surprising amount of Democratic commendation. For instance, in referring to Senator Bailey's remark on the floor of the Senate, that, if certain figures given to him of the expenses of the White House were correct, then President Roosevelt has cost more and is worth less than any President we ever had, the *Richmond Times* (Dem.) says:

"We believe that he [the President] has gone too far in hammering Congress and in undertaking to force legislation, but his error is the result of zeal for the public welfare, and no one can deny that the agitation which he has started and kept going has been of incalculable value in putting a stop to abuses which have for so long a time existed. There is no sense in trying to belittle President Roosevelt, even for political effect. He may be criticised and censured for some of his impulsive acts, but he cannot be belittled."

Another Democratic paper, the *New York World*, admits that the President has every reason for elation over the record of Congress, for it "has evidenced almost phonographic fidelity" to his wishes, and it adds:

"Even Mr. Roosevelt's bitterest opponent could not minimize the healthful influence upon public sentiment of these activities. At a time when a horde of demagogues are trying to convince the American people that there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor the President is proving that there is only one law for everybody and that the National Government knows no distinction in offenders. Such an object-lesson could not be more opportune."

THE *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) also defends the President against the criticism that he has been too aggressive. With the right

kind of a Congress, it says, such aggressiveness would be resented; but it adds:

"There is no thoughtful American who does not realize that encroachments by the Executive upon the legislative branch, which are not only unchallenged by the majority of Americans, but acquiesced in by them, may establish precedents that may some day be used to justify the most serious departures from constitutional principles. But the fault, if any, lies as much with a Congress that does not invariably consider the people's interests supreme as it does with the President who by unconventional methods seeks to compel Congress to accept his views on legislation rather than its own."

None of the papers ranked as "Independent" is closer to the Democratic line than the *Springfield Republican*. It says editorially:

"What, then, has been the stirring force which has moved Congress, in a time of peace and prosperity, to enter so broadly upon a course of radical industrial legislation? The answer unquestionably is President Roosevelt, and President Roosevelt acting upon no mere disposition wantonly to meddle with and disturb existing arrangements, but acting in the enlightened conviction that a large measure of injustice and wrong enters into the industrial order of the time and that the work of correction cannot begin too soon to save the nation from disastrous class conflict. . . . President Roosevelt's services to the country in relation to this Congress session have been of incalculable value to the public interest and clearly within the bounds of our constitutional democracy."

* * *



STORY is told in Washington of Secretary Taft's rising in a crowded street-car recently and politely offering his seat to three ladies. Whether the story is true or not—and it is so good it ought to be true—it is certain that his recent speech in Greensboro, N. C., is occupying in newspaper discussion as much room as three political speeches ordinarily occupy in the hot weather period of a non-presidential year. It is discussed, first, as furnishing the "keynote" of the Republican congressional campaign. It is discussed, second, as the possible beginning of the Secretary's campaign for the presidential nomination in 1908. It is discussed, third, fourth and fifth, because of its appeal to the South to break away from one-party domination, because of the position taken or implied regarding the negro's political status, and because of the plain speaking to Southern Republicans about the unsatisfactory character of the Republican party in Southern States. It is discussed, sixth, because of its brief reference, in a critical way, to Judge Parker and his views enunciated in 1904 as to the sufficiency of the "common law" for the suppression of trusts and railway rebates.

ABOUT one-half of the address was devoted to a review of what the Republican party has done under President Roosevelt, and especially during the recent session of Congress, to secure the material prosperity of the country and to enforce observance of the laws on the part of the great corporations. He invited his hearers "to compare Democratic promises with Republican performances," refers to Mr. Bryan's suggestions for remedying corporate evils as "very vague," and expresses his belief that "it is not a matter for any surprise that the great combinations and organizations that have increased their profits and power by evil and oppressive methods should fear and dislike Mr. Roosevelt and his acts in the present much more than they do Mr. Bryan and the indefinite dangers with which he threatens them in the future." The replies made by the Democratic press to this part of the speech are to the effect that recent legislation in restraint of trusts has been enacted only with the aid of Democratic assistance and not in response to Republican party mandates. The *Boston Herald* and other journals which regard the revision of the tariff and the extension of our trade through reciprocity treaties as the paramount issues in the campaign this year accuse the Secretary of evading the real issue and of a "sophistical presentation of a fake issue."

THE Secretary's references to the South, the negro's political future, and the character of the Republican party in Southern States look to the future rather than the past and are generally regarded as utterances of considerable political moment. His position on the suffrage laws of the South, as they apply to the negro, was about the same as that taken in his Tuskegee speech a few months ago, namely, that these laws, even if designed to exclude ignorant black voters from suffrage while admitting ignorant white voters, do not create a hopeless situation for the negro; for

"If he continues to increase in intelligence, as under the public educational institutions he is likely to do, and if industrially he becomes a power, as his progress thus far justifies us in believing that he will, the men of the race who are eligible to vote in accordance with law will increase, and their common sense and judgment and position in the community will add weight to the vote they cast, and will secure more real influence for the benefit of their race than when the right of suffrage of the negroes was wholly unrestricted."

The Secretary expresses his conviction, however, that "it is impossible to frame a law establishing an educational qualification for suf-

frage which will stand the test of the Fifteenth Amendment, and which will not ultimately operate, no matter what the qualification of present effect, to exclude impartially the negroes and whites from the ballot who lack educational acquirement." A law that impartially excludes both classes, he says, "cannot be criticized." His utterances on this subject are taken to indicate both his own and President Roosevelt's disposition to acquiesce in the present political status of the negroes in the South, subject only to judicial rather than Federal legislative action. It is pointed out as significant that the President, in the amplitude of his references in the past to all sorts of evils, sociological as well as political, has never referred in a critical way to the suffrage laws of the South. "It is difficult to see," says the *Times-Union* of Jacksonville, Fla., presenting its interpretation of the Secretary's words, "how an approval of the position that many Southern States have taken could have been more clearly expressed."

WHAT the Secretary said about the Republican party in the South has excited considerable comment but no debate. Republican and Democratic editors, North and South, commend his utterance as both candid and truthful, and particularly courageous if the Secretary has his eye on the White House two years hence. He said, among other things:

"I do not wish to seem ungracious, but I must be candid. In my judgment the Republican party of North Carolina would be much stronger as a voting party if all the federal offices were filled by Democrats. Of course, I cannot deny that a wish to fill public office is an honorable aspiration, whether by appointment or election, but when all hope of choice by the people is abandoned, and everything is given over to influencing a distant appointing power to choose particular men to perform official functions in a community politically hostile to those men, the result is not good for the men or the community. . . . As long, however, as the Republican party in the Southern States shall represent little save a factional chase for federal offices, in which business men and men of substance in the community have no desire to enter and in the result of which they have no interest, we may expect the present political conditions of the South to continue."

"Manly censure" is the phrase applied by the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) to these words. "Calm consideration of a speech like this," says the *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Ind.), "in which the situation is stated plainly and the evils in each party are frankly and fearlessly exposed, ought to be profitable and convincing." And the *New York Sun* remarks:

"In its frank rebuke of the spoils-hunting Republican politicians, in its breadth of view and its candor and temperance of statement, in its force and logic, this speech is characteristic of one of the strongest, most independent and most promising of American statesmen."

The *New York Press* (Rep.), however, refers to this attack upon Republican spoils-hunters of the South as an attempt to "divert attention from the eminent grafters who sit in the legislative seats of the mighty," and it insists that the telling of the whole truth about the recent session of Congress "will carry with it the confession that President Roosevelt, although he succeeded in accomplishing more than had ever been done to shackle monopoly, and control the railroads, was beaten in the largest part of his endeavors by traitors to Republicanism."

IN HIS appeal for the breaking up of the "solid South," Secretary Taft attributes the fact of this solidity to "the specter of negro domination," and "unfounded alarm over an impossible return of reconstruction days." With the great industrial revival in the South of the last decade and the patriotic unity evoked by the Spanish War, "the bitterness of old recollections has passed into oblivion," he thinks. Much of the present wealth of the South, he asserts, is dependent upon the pro-

ductive tariff; a great majority of the Southern people are in favor of maintaining our flag in the Philippines until our national trust there is discharged; Southern interests are vitally involved in the construction of the Panama Canal and in the ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty. Yet on all these questions, he maintains, Southern Representatives in Congress have fought against the interests of the Southern States merely for the purpose of making a partizan point and embarrassing the administration. This "hidebound support of the Democratic party of the country, no matter what wild fallacies it may adopt in its platform, nor what candidate it may put before the country to invite the suffrages of the people," operates to the "tremendous disadvantage" of the South. He continues:

"The question which should address itself to the great business interests of the South is how much longer the spectre of things past is to hold them to a political allegiance that does them no good in national politics and deprives their communities of the inestimable benefit of the presence in local politics of two parties, each of which if it does wrong has a real chance of being punished for its misconduct. The possibility of a change of party control for such a cause is the best security of good government. Distinguished Southern Senators, referring to the States of this section, have deplored in Congress that 'there are some ten or twelve or more States in the American Union which have not a proper representative relation to this government through official representatives in the higher spheres of political life.' If this is true, it is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Southern people have not manifested politically the same enterprise, the same independence of action, the same progressive spirit and the same regard for future development as they have in agriculture and in business. Had they kept up with the times, had they at the ballot box expressed their real sentiments on the living issues of the day instead of allowing themselves to be frightened by a spectre and a shadow of the past, their political importance as communities and the significance of their views upon measures and men would have been vastly enhanced."

"Carried in the pocket of the Democratic party for reasons which long ago lost their force, why should any attention be paid by either party to their views in national matters as compared with the views of the voters in the North, whom each party hopes to attract to its support on living modern issues in the great national elections?"

THE reception given by the Southern press to the Secretary's views is a kindly one, though it shows no indication of any remarkable change of political fealty as likely to result. The *Richmond Dispatch* (Dem.) speaks of his "gracious words," but remarks:



For I am the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig;
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

—Warren in *Boston Herald*.

"He intimates that we should throw our sentiments and traditions to the wind, and go in for high tariff and an appropriation. Southern Democrats are not made that way. They put principle ahead of expediency and good local government ahead of national legislation. This may not, in Mr. Taft's opinion, be good politics and good business, but it is good morals."

The *Columbia State* (Dem.) says that it is not only the spoils-hunting character of Republicans in the South that has aroused the distrust of the Southern people:

"It is not only the State organizations that have played the game of 'pie' hunting. The national organization is equally guilty of abuse and folly. No attempt has ever been made to consult the wishes of the people of different Southern localities in the appointment of federal office-holders. In the appointment of these federal officers the South has been made to swallow many a bitter dose. As long as the Crums, the Smallses and the Tolberts, to name only a few, are appointed to office in South Carolina, for instance, it is perfectly idle to expect the upgrowth of an aggressive Republicanism in this State."

The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) admits that the prosperity argument has force and it remarks:

"Secretary Taft ought to be encouraged in his efforts to build up a Republican party in the South which will be more representative of the gains and character of that section. The South has nearly one-third of the population of the whole country. It is growing yearly in wealth. Its material resources are enormous. It has no lack of men of energy and ability. If Secretary Taft can convince a large number of men of this type that the Republican party is not a reactionary party, determined to revive the fearful conditions which made men of the South solid against Republicanism in every form, there may be some hope for the success of his propaganda."

The *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.), however, has no hope that the Secretary's appeal will prove to be "any more fruitful of results than similar appeals have been in the past."

* * *

IN the decade that has elapsed since William Jennings Bryan was first introduced to an audience as the next President of the United States, he has created many a furore of enthusiasm on American soil, but never until last month has he been urged for that exalted office with a unanimous voice by the newspapers of Moscow and Vienna. The conception of Mr. Bryan's greatness has, it is true, been growing in some parts of Europe for a longer time than one month. More than a year ago *The Saturday Review* of London, never prone to discern good in anything American, told its readers that William Jennings Bryan is the one man of genius extant in the politics of the United

States. The *London News* has printed the fondest eulogies of him in the recent past. But this sporadic appreciation has been so transformed by Mr. Bryan's entry into Europe by way of Asia that the *St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya* now indorses him almost as vehemently as did the Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg. - The man from Nebraska, in the opinion of the *St. Petersburg Russ*—published under many aliases to evade the censor—has a monumental mind. The leader of the peasants in the Duma, Deputy Aladin, had the honor of fifteen minutes' conversation with Mr. Bryan and proceeded to embody the ideas he imbibed in a letter to his Simbirsk constituents. Nor are these the only remote regions of the earth to which Mr. Bryan's fame as our "next President" has penetrated. The native press of India, from the Punjab to Mysore, had taken him up months before it occurred to August Belmont to do the like.

DURING the twelve months last past, indeed, Mr. Bryan has established a fame abroad comparable only with that of one other living American, Theodore Roosevelt, who, so President Fallières remarked a few weeks ago, is known by name to every peasant in France. But Mr. Bryan, if we may accept the word of *The Japan Mail*, is a celebrity in Korea, Formosa, Nippon and Yezo. He made speeches in India, exchanged ideas with the Mikado,



BREAKING THE SOLID SOUTH

—Dart in *Minneapolis Journal*

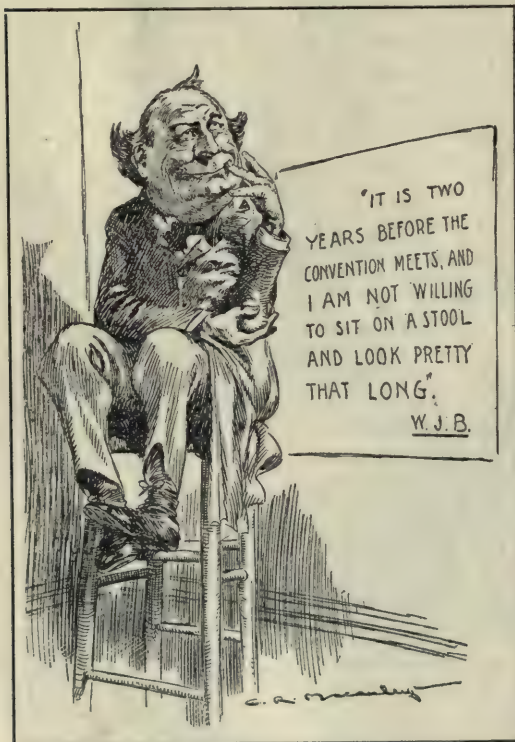


DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

BRYAN—The dear old party—she wouldn't have missed me if I had stayed at home.

—Dart in *The Minneapolis Journal*.

dined with Yuan-Shi-Kai, was entertained by Lord Cromer, met the Khedive and was seren-



OF COURSE NOT, COLONEL

—Macaulay in *the World*.

naded at the Taj Mahal—all in the capacity of "next President of the United States"—months before he said in Berlin to a reporter who mentioned 1908, "This is too sudden!" The inference is that Mr. Bryan had not kept track of the world's press while in Asia and Africa. Now, at last, he has heard that there is a Bryan "boom." It is raging in London, agitating Paris, and engaging even Berlin, not to mention the United States. Not so very long ago, when Mr. Bryan was in Berlin, Emperor William was too busy to see him! A month ago royalty was almost mobbing him. At the coronation of King Haakon, the Princess of Wales implored that Mr. Bryan be pointed out to her. There he was in a dress suit at ten o'clock in the morning shaking hands with the Danish Crown Prince. William Jennings Bryan has already carried Europe by a large majority.

THE Fourth of July banquet of the American Society at the Hotel Cecil in London was a tremendous event. Everybody turned out in order to see Bryan before he went away up the Rhine. He occasioned the same disappointment that dampened ardor when he delivered his famous speech of acceptance at Madison Square Garden in the summer of 1896. He read from a typewritten manuscript. He dwelt upon the facility with which the English language is spoken by those who have learned it, and he expressed the opinion that England and the United States have contributed to the result. He admitted being personally acquainted with Whitelaw Reid, who, he reminded his hearers, is the American ambassador in London. It was apparent to all that Mr. Bryan had heard the news, and as a presidential candidate was speaking cautiously. The *London Standard* told its readers that a momentous controversy has raged in America regarding the reception which is planned for Mr. Bryan on his return to New York. "Out of this reception the various political camps in America have made no little capital." The London dailies sent their reporters to Mr. Bryan and he explained everything.

THE first suggestion of a reception, Mr. Bryan—as he is quoted in the *London Standard*—said, came to him prior to the action of the State conventions that have been endorsing him. Mr. Bryan stipulated only—he was in Asiatic waters at the time it seems—that this reception be "characterized by simplicity." Otherwise it might be taken as an in-

indorsement for a presidential nomination. Getting as far as Berlin, Mr. Bryan was stunned by reports from State conventions in America. "While I appreciate the compliment paid me by various conventions," said Mr. Bryan to the *London Standard*, "I do not regard their expressions as binding upon them or upon the Democratic party in their respective States. I shall not prosecute them for breach of promise if they transfer their affections to another. I shall not even publish their letters." Nevertheless, to allow the grand reception in New York to be regarded as an indorsement of himself for the presidency would be unjust to others. The others in question think that they, too, are "next presidents" of the United States. Mr. Bryan told the *London Standard* that he had heard the name of Hearst in connection with the office of which Mr. Roosevelt is just now the incumbent. Then there is Governor Folk. Likewise Senator Bailey. They have all rendered conspicuous service to the Democratic party, said Mr. Bryan to the *London Standard*. Their claims should be considered. "I," concluded Mr. Bryan, "am advancing in years. Be-
side," he added, with a note of humor that is commented on in this country as new to him, "it will be two years before the convention meets and I am not willing to sit on a stool and look pretty that long."

LONDON'S one doubt of Mr. Bryan's future is suggested by the unexpected conservatism of his Fourth of July and other utterances. He is chary of speech for a leader of the radical element in the United States avers the *London Mail*. That is the notion of the *London Outlook* also. "To the non-reverential instincts of the American people," it explains, "there have always hitherto been two exceptions." Property has been one of them, a majority the other. Americans have worshiped both. But that the American attitude toward property is changing, that the American attitude toward democracy is changing, there can, thinks this London commentator, be no doubt. It has long been clear to foreigners, and it is now beginning to be realized even by the Americans themselves, that only the forms of true democracy obtain in the United States." Its spirit has been distorted. Its whole intent has been frustrated. So characteristic is the *London Outlook's* further analysis of current European comment on the state of politics in our land that it is impossible not to quote it:

"But while there is an awakening to the fact at three-fourths of American politics, and par-



MR. BRYAN AND HIS FROCK COAT

A fashion journal in England objects to the cut of the coat, but the man in it seems to have aroused unlimited enthusiasm on the Continent as well as in Great Britain.

ticularly of State and local politics, is a game between two sets of sharpers at the expense of a muddleheaded public, while it is beginning to be seen that the bosses and their allies, the captains of industry, are the real rulers of the country, and pillage the people with systematic impunity; and while Americans are at last realising that their traditional parties have lost all touch with the facts of modern economic life, exist merely because they have existed, and serve no more useful purpose than that of a screen for predatory intriguers, it is rather in regard to property and capital and vested interests generally that the American change of attitude is most complete. The money-making faculty, apart from its own special interests, is usually stupid and shortsighted. But it has nowhere been joined with more stupidity or shortsightedness than in the United States. For that revulsion of sentiment which is forcing some Americans into Socialism, many more into acceptance of the doctrines that public utilities should be publicly owned, and all Americans into anger and exasperation, capital has only itself to thank.

"American commercial morality is still in the Robin Hood stage of evolution. Most new countries that have suddenly bounded into prosperity have to pass through this stage into a more rational and responsible code of public and private morals. An extraordinary combination of circumstances has made the process peculiarly difficult to America, and what we are now witnessing is the first determined effort of the people to bring organized wealth to some sense of its obligations."

If, now, the radical spirit has captured the American democracy, how, ask European dailies, can Mr. Bryan hope to lead it in the guise of a conservative? For nothing seems clearer to foreign students of American affairs than an impending upheaval here that must soon sweep away special privileges in one colossal outburst of popular indignation. There would be no room for a conservative Bryan in that cataclysm.

WHETHER prompted by musings upon these London speculations or stimulated by perusal of newspapers from the United States, Mr. Bryan, just a fortnight after his arrival in the British metropolis, announced to the world that he is just as radical now as he was in 1896. "I notice," he observed in an interview cabled to the four points of the compass, "that I am now described by some as conservative." But, adds Mr. Bryan, he has always been a conservative, as he defines the term. If, by the term conservative, he goes on to remark, it is meant that he has changed his position on any public question or "moderated opposition to corporate aggrandizement" then some simple mortals "have a surprise waiting for them." Again: "I am more radical than I was in 1896 and have nothing to with-

draw on economic questions which have been under discussion." The only question upon which there has been any change is that of silver. The change therein has not been in the advocates of bimetallism, but in conditions. "I believe in bimetallism," proceeds the interview since published in every daily in the land, "and I believe that the restoration of silver would bring still further prosperity, besides restoring parity in exchange between gold- and silver-using countries." But, Mr. Bryan says, he recognizes that the increase in gold production has for the present removed the silver question from the list of present political issues. He remarked in conclusion that he will discuss the trust, railroad and labor questions at length when he lands again on his native soil. In the meantime he breakfasts with the Prime Minister of England, lunches with the Secretary of State for War, dines with Ambassador Reicher and evades the emissaries of Hearst. Even Mayor McClellan of New York is now lost in the horde of great ones clamoring for Mr. Bryan's attention.

AS FOR Mr. Bryan's "boom" here at home it is gathering momentum apparently not losing it. Tammany Hall, in the East, cheered his name jubilantly whenever it was mentioned by the Fourth-of-July orators. All the Democrats of the West, according to Congressman Charles A. Towne, are a unit in his favor. Senator Bailey of Texas and Congressman Williams of Mississippi are ready to guarantee the South for him. Mr. William R. Hearst rises to state "very positively" that he himself "is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1908," and goes on to refer to Mr. Bryan's "unequalled, unapproached" brilliancy as a champion of Democratic doctrines. President Roosevelt is reported (not authoritatively) to have said recently that the only Republican candidate who can beat Bryan two years from now is Taft. And finally a letter from Mr. Bryan himself to ex-Senator James K. Jones, dated June 18 last, is given publicity in which he says: "I am willing to become the party candidate again if, when the time for nomination arrives, the advocates of reform are in control of the party and think that my candidacy will give the best assurance of victory. If some one else seems more available I shall be even better pleased." There are, however, signs of reaction, the most notable being an editorial in the *New York World* of July 19, expressing distrust because of his recent utterances.

WERY few Americans bestowed their attention upon Elihu Root when he embarked from a New York pier on a hot morning early last month and was conveyed to the cruiser *Charleston* for his long journey around the South American coast. The Secretary of State was accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, the whole family submitting to be photographed just before the man-of-war sailed for Porto Rico. Yet the historical significance of these proceedings seemed thrown away. It was not lost sight of, however, by those officially connected with the Wilhelmstrasse, where the diplomatists of Berlin study the reports that pour in upon them from Emperor William's ambassadors and ministers at every capital on the globe. Those reports have had much to do with this trip of Elihu Root to the Pan-American conference now devoting itself to the innumerable phases of the Monroe doctrine in the capital of Brazil. Long before the American statesman could have arrived at Rio Janeiro arrangements had been made in Berlin—unless the advice of the semi-official Leipsic *Grenzboten* went for naught—to have him closely watched. Emperor William's diplomatic representative in Brazil appears to have been told that his tenure of office depends upon the efficiency of this espionage. The Leipsic *Grenzboten*, with slight faith in the diplomatist's capacity for this emergency, urges the instant despatch to Brazil of a functionary capable of coping with Mr. Root's well-known fluency in impressing South Americans.

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ALL this perturbation—reflected more or less in every German organ of the imperialist school—is due to a belief that Mr. Root means to force down the Hohenzollern throat a medicine that was first concocted for the diplomatic palate of Lord Palmerston. Since the days of Lord Palmerston, as a writer in the London *Monthly Review* has pointed out, it has been the rule of the British Government that the bondholder must be left practically to his own devices in South America, that he must accept full responsibility for his acts and not expect either the Foreign Office or any other government department to help him out of the slough of insolvency in which the Bolivias and the Venezuelas love to have him wallow. Now and then a British statesman has intimated to some Castro or Balnacada that the conclusion of a settlement between European creditor and South Amer-

ican debtor would be favorably viewed, but, on the whole, Great Britain has adhered to the practice inaugurated under Palmerston. That is all very satisfactory to Mr. Root, but he is believed, in Berlin, to marvel that the Hohenzollern dynasty does not follow the Palmerstonian example. He has gone to South America to communicate this amazement to the statesmen in the Latin republics. Such is the suspicion of a writer in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, who admires the astuteness of this Machiavelianism. For Mr. Root, by this course, aims to undo at Berlin's expense the mischief wrought in all South America by Mr. Roosevelt's revolutionary expansion of the Monroe doctrine. It is Mr. Roosevelt, hint the Pan-German organs, who created South American suspicion of the United States. Not content to supervise Europe's behavior toward South America, he aims at regulating South America's behavior toward Europe. The mere suggestion has incensed Chile, disgusted the Argentine and filled Brazil with alarm.

HOW ingenious, then, the plan accredited to Root, of diverting this South American suspicion from the policy of Roosevelt to that of William II! When Mr. Root, just before he sailed for South America, expressed his admiration for the statesmen of the republics he is to visit, he had in mind, intimates the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the resentment with which South American nations regard the Roosevelt claim to keep them in order. It is Mr. Roosevelt's way of covertly attacking their independence. This was written, of course, prior to the President's recent efforts as peace-maker between Guatemala and Salvador, to say nothing of Honduras. Now comes Mr. Root with his plan to thrust William II between Roosevelt and Pan-Latinism in the New World. He will assure the delegates in Rio Janeiro that William II has brought about all recent complications by strengthening his fleet in South American waters and by using it for police purposes on all occasions. Mr. Root's grievance against Berlin is understood to arise from Emperor William's persistence in striving for a South American foothold through subterfuge. His Majesty is even accused of inducing the Hamburg-American steamship corporation to apply to Colombia for a coaling station on the Caribbean. The application was forestalled by the State Department at Washington; but these incidents are always occurring, the diploma-



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE START FOR RIO JANIERO.

The Secretary of State is here seen on board the *Charleston* just before sailing, July 4. At his right is his wife, at his left Miss Root, and behind him his youngest son. The gentlemen in uniform are Commander Winslow and Lieutenant Palmer.

tists of the Wilhelmstrasse are accused of complicity in them, and Mr. Root is supposed to have his mind poisoned in consequence. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* is moved to remind its readers that Bismarck termed the whole Monroe doctrine a piece of impudence.

WASHINGTON distrust of German policy in Brazil is traced by the *Kreuz Zeitung* to London. The *London Times*, we read, has made every Pan-American Congress a text upon which to preach anti-German sermons. Mr. Root has visited London, has imbibed anti-German sentiment there and is under the spell of the fanatical Senator Lodge. Certainly the *London Times* has averred that the interests of the German settlers in Brazil have engaged the particular attention of those who desire to promote German colonial enterprise. But the *Leipziger Grenzboten* is not in agreement with the German ambassador at Washington on the subject of Brazil. His Excellency, in a recent article in *The North American Review*, spoke of the "flimsiness of the assertion" that a certain bureau in the fatherland centers its energies on promoting German emigration to southern Brazil especially. Now the *Grenzboten*, organ of imperial expansion and known to be inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse, tells us that "above all, Ger-

man enterprise in South America must avoid a wasting distribution of power by concentrating its energy in the three southern states of Brazil." In South Brazil, proceeds the same publication, "the best conditions exist for the development of colonization and the Germans who have settled there have through five generations preserved their German identity." To quote further:

"As soon as we have brought South Brazil within our sphere of interest, we can guarantee settlers absolutely undisturbed development, the more so as German capital will naturally under such circumstances be induced to interest itself extensively in those sections. We must, however, guard against transplanting German bureaucracy to Brazil. Let us permit the country as great a degree of self-government as possible. Let us permit it to be ruled by officials reared and educated there and let us organize a colonial army in which every man can serve his time without returning to Germany. Let us also give Brazil most-favored-nation tariff preferences. Within a few years, then, we shall see the rise on the other side of the Atlantic of a vigorous German colonial empire."

THE conditions under which Mr. Root now appears in Rio Janeiro convince the *Kölnische Zeitung* that German investments in Brazilian railway enterprises are jeopardized. It learns that a German syndicate and an American syndicate are already quarreling

over concessions in southern Brazil. Nor does it doubt on which side the influence of the Secretary of State from Washington will be exerted. It conceded long ago that no desire for conquest need be attributed to the Americans. "But the repeated visits of their representative as well as their present efforts to secure railway concessions with prospective colonization at least show that the North Americans are devoting special attention to the State of Santa Catharina and that they will make it a field of enterprise for their capital. . . . In that case German colonization, which for fifty years has been laboriously clearing the primeval forests, which has created promising fields for commerce and industry, will merely have been opening the way for the American dollar." The lament is not new, but it is repeated in most German organs that pay heed to the matter. Nor has Chile quite pleased the Pan-Germans by the fervor of the enthusiasm with which she has placed her little war-ship at Mr. Root's disposal. This man of mystery will next, it is feared, be doing the Germans out of their extensive rubber interests in Bolivia. He has already solidified himself with Argentina by promising her the next Pan-American Congress.

..

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, honeymooning with his bride these past few weeks among the peoples of the Old World, is reminded every morning by the most serious dailies on the Continent of Europe that he is the son-in-law of the President of the United States. Even the London *Spectator* hopes the young couple will not take it amiss if they are reminded that, be they as charming as they may, it is mainly for the sake of the great father in Washington that they are the cynosures of all eyes. Mr. Longworth, in truth, is incidental, like the luggage. It is "the lady Alice" whom Europe turns out to see at all railway stations. She is unofficially escorted to hotels and palaces by throngs of the curious, who, it seems, point her out as the daughter of the house of Roosevelt. Queen Alexandra of England finds the President's daughter charming. The wife of the President of the French Republic kissed her. The German Empress asks daily about the Miss Roosevelt that was. The Paris *Temps* harps upon the circumstance that the bride is unrecognized by the Constitution of the United States. The *Süddeutsch Reichs-correspondenz* is convinced none the less that the presence of the young American lady, un-



READY TO "DO" EUROPE

The gentleman is Congressman Longworth in this country; but Europe insists on making a Senator of him and a princess of his wife. They are dividing the attention of all classes there with Mr. Bryan, "the Princess" being well in the lead in aristocratic circles and "the next President" in the lead in radical circles.

official though she be, is historically important. It paves the way for that visit of the President



ALICE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Seeing Things on the "Other Side."

—Warren in Boston Herald.



TWO COLLECTION BOXES.

Uncle Sam gratefully declines contributions for the German sufferers of San Francisco—

—but he is ready to give the Germans in Europe the benefit of his surplus.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).



WHAT UNCLE SAM'S INSPECTION LABEL GUARANTEES.

—*Der Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

of the United States to the Old World which, it ventures to think, ought to be made and will be made. The *Berlin Post* fears that if Mr. Roosevelt does go to Europe, the sly English will manage to capture him. London will surely proclaim that Mr. Roosevelt has come to cement some vague alliance or other between the Anglo-Saxon powers. It hears that the President is even now about to violate all precedent by leaving the territory of the land he rules on a jaunt to the Isthmus of Panama.

MRS. LONGWORTH, meanwhile, has been about London in the equipage of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid. What Mr. Nicholas Longworth may have been about is not so precisely indicated. He inspires no more interest than any other newly married man. Emperor William is reported in London dailies to have ordered that Mrs. Longworth, whenever she touches German soil, is to be accorded just such honors as would accrue to her were her father Theodore I, American Emperor. This, declares our informant, is for the sake of impressing Americans. His Majesty is believed to have satisfied himself that his attentions to the President's daughter will facilitate the adjustment of certain tariff controversies between the empire and the republic. The one disconsolate potentate is the King of the Belgians. He is reported as feeling snubbed by the flat refusal of the Longworths to accept the hospitalities of Brussels. Socialist organs like the *Berlin Vorwärts* connect the incident with certain Congo atrocities of which the daughter of an American President would naturally be informed. The *Etoile Belge* is incensed at this. There is no diplomatic significance in the occasion at all, we read. For all that, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth cannot escape the official environment of their European tour. Never was the rumor that Europe may be honored by a visit from the President of the United States himself more persistent. Edward VII has been urged by British dailies to accept Canada's invitation to her shores. In that event, declares the *London Standard*, he must contrive to include Washington in the trip. All this, says the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, is part of a London game. Edward VII could not go to Washington, according to the *London Star*, without inciting William II to follow that example. Then Mr. Roosevelt would have to return calls and thus the Longworth tour becomes a diplomatic event!

THE meat-packers are taking their medicine, but they do so with countenances in which love for the doctor and nurse is successfully dissembled. "The investigation of the packing companies ordered by the Government will injure the country more than the San Francisco fire," Mr. Nelson Morris is reported to have said, and "the time is at hand," he adds in a strain of prophecy as doleful as Jeremiah's, "when the West will again have to raise cattle for their hides." Secretary Wilson, who will have charge of the enforcement of the new law, after a perusal of the report made shortly after the adjournment of Congress by the experts of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association and the Chicago Commercial Association, remarked to the reporters: "It seems to me that the packers have not yet learned their lesson." He was, however, able a few days later, after a personal inspection in Chicago, to speak of the "commendable vigor" with which the packers were at last making improvements. The figures issued by the Bureau of Statistics for June show a falling off for that one month, in the exports of canned beef, from 6,310,553 pounds to 2,977,979 pounds, a good share of this decrease being due, however, to the cessation of war orders from Japan. In replying to the inquiries of the English Federation of Grocers, President Roosevelt does what he can to restore confidence by telegraphing, through Ambassador Reid, as follows:

"You are at liberty to inform the Grocers' Federation that under the new law we can and will guarantee the fitness in all respects of tinned meats bearing the Government stamp. If any trouble arises therewith protest can at once be made not merely to the sellers of the goods but to the United States Government itself."

THOSE eulogies of their own canned goods to which the Chicago packers have addicted themselves since the passage of the inspection bill are not accepted as divinely inspired by newspapers across the water. Their temper is shown by the fact that they are actually denouncing their favorite, Theodore Roosevelt, for permitting the date of package to be eliminated from the inspection label. That seems to *The Saturday Review* a cowardly dash from the heights of San Juan hill, and it fears that much of the hereditary Dutch stolidness has been Americanized out of the presidential character! Even the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, which is far less hostile to things American, is afraid that Mr. Roosevelt



THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

INDIAN—"I poisoned arrows for my enemies, but never poisoned food for my friends!"

—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

thundered too loudly in the index. The *London Mail* adds the eating of Chicago canned meats to its list of "don'ts." All Germany is flooded with cartoons associating the evolution of potted pork with the gelid circle of Dante's hell. However confidently the packers may have looked to Washington to legislate Europe's lost faith back into tinned edibles, the most cursory perusal of the press of Europe indicates that the United States Government labels of the old kind have become a terror to all human stomachs everywhere. Whatever consolation we can get out of a *tu quoque* reply to the British cries of reproach may now be had, however, since the recent reports of government inspectors show a condition in some of the British jam factories and bakeries that rivals the most lurid scenes depicted in "The Jungle."

HAKON VII and his consort Maud were crowned King and Queen of Norway on the anniversary of the day they became man and wife—"happy augury for the



NORWAY'S CROWN PRINCE.

Olaf is so sprightly, so lovely and so fond of everyone he meets, that even the Socialists seem to have no fear that he will grow up into an autocrat of the Romanoff type

reign," remarks one Trondhjem daily. The Domkirke at Trondhjem witnessed this restoration of the Scandinavian land to its ancient position among the nations, Sweden alone among them electing to remain unrepresented at the ceremonies. Haakon did not adhere to the immemorial custom of the old Kings of Norway in proceeding afoot, attended by his wife, his little son, Crown-Prince Olaf, and the members of his household, through the streets of Trondhjem to the cathedral. The project had been mooted, but was abandoned because

HAAKON is now living through the first general election of his reign. The Storthing that placed the scepter in his hand has been dissolved. Already he has a Socialist agitation to deal with, for the proletariat of the land have been told that the trappings of monarchy were flaunted too boldly at Trondhjem. His Majesty is believed to have adopted an extreme democracy of manner and of life as an offset to this agitation. For all that, the new Storthing, it is predicted, will consist of elements in which the Socialist group must be powerful, although in a hopeless minority. The stern republicans complain that Queen Maud is resolved to make her husband's capital gorgeous and his court ceremonious. There are allegations that the Crown Prince, little Olaf, is to be educated by foreigners brought over from London by his mother. The Bishop of Christiania and his clergy are pronounced reactionary. Amid this clamor, Haakon has soothed many susceptibilities by appearing no more in the crown of gold adorned with emeralds, the glittering robe, the long straight sword of state and the jeweled scepter. Instead, he goes about his capital in a sack suit and Derby hat, holding aloof from all the political meetings now in progress. Socialists insist that he will be more magnificent when the election is over.



KING HAAKON AND HIS QUEEN ASSUMING THEIR ROYAL DIGNITY IN THE CATHEDRAL AT TRONDHJEM

There was not a hitch in the ceremonies from first to last notwithstanding a dread that anarchists had planned the hurling of a bomb during the proceedings.

there had been warnings of the presence of anarchists among the spectators. So there was only a rapid drive of a few minutes from the palace to the church door, the real pageant beginning when the monarch rose from his throne, advanced along the carpeted floor of the chancel and was anointed with holy oil on the forehead. Premier Michelson, who more than any other human being labored to make Norway a kingdom, assisted the bishop to place the crown on his Majesty's head.

BUREAUCRACY'S attempt to divert the fury of revolution in Russia from itself to the Jews led, one month ago, to renewed butchery of human beings at the town of Bielostok. There was the usual complete apathy of the authorities, the usual unchecked ruffianism, the usual mutilation of victims. But this Bielostok massacre eclipses, in the judgment of the *London Telegraph*—best informed of European dailies on things Russian—all that has been accomplished hitherto by bureaucratic cruelty. The procedure, it reminds us, is ever the same. For reasons satisfactory to the official mind, it is determined that the Jews, either on account of inveterate racial antagonism or because they naturally take sides with the revolutionaries, are to be "taught a lesson." Somebody has been killed. Some prominent official has been included in the list of assassinations which are now normal in the Czardom. As a result, the word of

command goes forth that vengeance shall be taken on the Jews. It matters not at all that no Jew has been implicated in the assassination of the day. Thus, as the cut and dried program is outlined in the London *Telegraph*, soldiers were brought into Bielostok in preparation for what was to ensue.

NEXT the story was spread throughout the fanaticized town that the Jews had thrown bombs at a religious procession or had in some other form manifested their contempt for the faith of Christians as it is held in Russia. At once the mob was let loose—a mob made up of those heterogeneous elements from outside and inside the town to which the term "black hundred" is loosely applied. A conventional massacre of innocent men, women and children proceeded like a dress rehearsal, the soldiers knowing their parts so well that most of them turned their backs while homes were ravaged and babes were tossed from windows. It seems practically certain to the press of Europe that the Bielostok massacre was engineered and organized by men high in authority. They were anxious, we read in well-informed organs, either to justify their own autocratic rule or else they were acting in obedience to instructions from St. Petersburg. That is the mature conviction of the London *Telegraph*. "It is a terrible hypothesis to account for the recent massacre, but what else are we to say?" Bureaucrats, adds the London *Times*, regard the Jews, "not without some justice," as the moving spirits in the whole revolutionary agitation, and they believe that in hounding the mob to attack the Jews they are turning revolution in upon itself.

ALL the streams of the Duma's oratory were darkened into turbulence when the deputies realized that the massacre had been planned a whole week in advance of the event. The eloquent Rodicheff pictured in hot phrases the land of Russia as abandoned to the appetites of demoniacs. He knew from private information that a Jewish deputation had even asked the governor of the district to take preventive measures, receiving in reply the assurance that nothing would happen. The enraged Aladin, leader of the group of toil (who a few days before had exchanged ideas with William J. Bryan), declared that several regiments quartered in Bielostok were used not to check the progress of outrage, which consequently lasted three whole days, but to

fire upon the homes of Jews. He demanded that the Duma vote an investigation. Zhoukovsky, a Polish deputy who resides at Bielostok, asserted that all nationalities and creeds in that town dwelt together in amity. The butchery must, he insisted, have been contrived with premeditation and skill. So the investigation was ordered and undertaken, the result showing once more that, as Hon. Maurice Baring puts it in the London *Post*, the autocracy morally denies the existence of the



NORWAY'S NEW QUEEN WORE THIS
CORONATION ROBE.

So gorgeous was the effect that the democratic sentiment of the Socialist leaders was outraged.

Duma. The committee of investigation was mocked to its face by adjutants from whom it requested information at the scene of disturbance. A minister influenced directly by General Trepoff went so far as to request a newspaper correspondent to state in the influential organ he represents that the Duma is no better than an assemblage of revolutionaries. The official organ of autocracy in the capital regularly finds space for attacks upon the Duma, the members of that body being met, when they protest, with a polite bureaucratic assurance that Russia is free and



ASTRAY

Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

that any man may discuss public affairs without loss of that freedom of speech to which the dynasty is attached.

GOREMYKIN, who burst into such prominence when the Czar lifted him from obscurity to the post of head of the ministry, has been pleased to remark that the Anglo-Saxon world needs a little instruction on the subject of the Duma. The Duma, said Goremykin in one of his recent confidential talks, is not a parliament at all. It is nothing more than a kind of mass meeting of the dissatisfied with no more official authority over the course of government than is possessed by any irresponsible trade-union council. "I do not make this assertion because the Duma is in opposition to the government," added Goremykin, "but because of the peculiar character of the Duma's opposition, which is revolutionary." He accuses this negligible Duma of refusing to indorse a censure of crime. He says its agrarian proposals are practical communism. Goremykin concluded with two predictions: the Duma will end by discrediting itself and it will work great injury to the fatherland. On the morrow he added more prophecy: there will be no revolution in Russia; talk of an agrarian uprising is preposterous. Nevertheless, notes the optimistic St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, there is yet hope that rupture between throne and Duma may be avoided. This authority hears that the ministry has met within the past two weeks and discussed its own collective resignation.

THIS would be nothing more than acceptance of the inevitable, proceeds this observer. If Goremykin withdraws now he might enable his successor to "confront a situation that is not past all cure"—that is to say, if the ministry that followed were chosen from the Duma. Nicholas II again found his determination to act decisively frustrated by his own temperament. Very strong influences were brought early in July to induce the Czar to summon the President of the Duma, Mouromtseff, to the post of Premier. That intelligence is confirmed by the *Paris Figaro* and the *London Times*. They agree that there seems a chance of interrupting the continuity of the charmed circle of reaction within which Nicholas pines so hesitantly. But his Majesty lingered, uncertain, till an advanced stage of the agrarian crisis decided everything for him through a conviction that he had let an op-



SINISTER FIGURE IN THE CZAR'S PALACE.

General Trepoff, at last accounts, rules the domestic household of Nicholas II. Trepoff decides who shall or shall not see his Majesty. A general who had the ill luck to resemble Trepoff was assassinated last month outside the palace.



THE PEASANT LEADER OF THE DUMA

Deputy Aladin is here shown in the costume he adopted on the model of that affected by some labor leaders in the House of Commons. Aladin leads "the group of toil," he speaks English, and is a conspicuous personality in the Duma.



THE PROLETARIAN ELEMENT IN RUSSIA'S DUMA

Nothing is more significant to the foreign correspondents in St. Petersburg than the gradual change in the attire and deportment of the peasant representatives since they arrived in the Capital. The peasants in this picture were at first clothed in the uncouth garb fashionable at home. Gradually sack suits and hats replaced belted coats and peaked caps.



THE FIRST MEETING

The Czar clasped the hand of the President of the Duma.

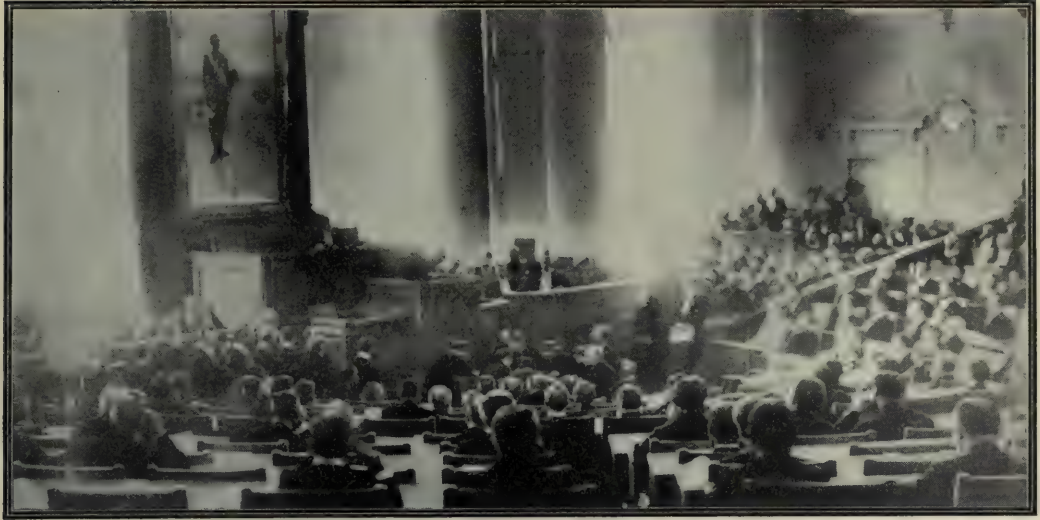
Then each washed his hands, the Czar to get rid

of his contamination, and the President of the Duma to be rid of the odor of blood.

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

portunity slip. The latest despatches reflect him chronically musing on great examples, animated by all the magnanimous sentiments ever heard or read, and reposing confidence in General Trepoff. The news that Trepoff was in disgrace turns out to have been true. But the disgrace lasted only forty-eight hours. Rumor says he had been told to pack his trunk and quit the palace; but that very even- ing changing circumstances melted away the form and outline of the imperial purpose.

MOUROMTSEFF'S intimate friends in Moscow—the home of the President of the Duma—were saying a fortnight since that he has received one positive assurance from the Czar himself. Without Mouromtseff's consent the Duma will neither be dissolved nor prorogued. Aladin, always outspoken as the chosen leader of the peasants in this uneasy Duma, insinuated in a speech that Trepoff is striving to induce the Czar to recall this pledge to Mouromtseff. But man of indecision though he be, there are two virtues in the character of Nicholas. He is incapable of what is termed "bluff." If he pledges his word he will not play false. Yet Aladin claims to know whereof he speaks. "It is no use waiting," he cried in one of his many outbursts to the excited deputies. "We must appeal to the people and ask their support against the bureaucrats. This we should do



HOW THE DUMA LISTENS TO ONE OF ITS ORATORS

It is the practice for a speaker—whoever he may be—to ascend the tribune in the foreground of the amphitheatrical circle of deputies' desks. When an orator has become tedious, President Mouromtseff suppresses him with a gong.

before revolution is upon us, as it will be soon. Then, when the Russian people have seized all the lands and beaten down all the barriers to their freedom, there will be an election for another parliament." That future Duma, he predicted, will, like the French assembly in the time of the greatest of all revolutions, change everything, root and branch.

MEANTIME, Emperor William is credited in certain Vienna dailies with the belief that the revolution in Russia is gaining strength and will almost certainly be at its height within a few months. The head of the house of Hohenzollern has brought his mind to a contemplation of international occupation of some parts of Russia and international control of the finances. The German Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bülow, is even said to have discussed this possibility with members of the diplomatic corps in Berlin. The subject is actually to be discussed, adds the *London Post*, when the forthcoming meeting of Emperor William and Czar Nicholas takes place. That meeting was to have occurred in Denmark last month, but it was deemed inexpedient for the Czar to leave the soil of Russia at a time when excitement ran high in the Duma. Later the ruler of Russia was so alarmed by the mutiny of a battalion of the Preobrajensky Guard that, if the Berlin *Vorwärts* be reliable, he sent a courier with an urgent message to William II. The mutinous battalion adopted a resolution pledging itself

to support the Duma and to refrain from firing upon the people. The men were then surrounded by a guard of Uhlans and sharpshooters and soon surrendered. Their leaders were placed under arrest and the Czar went



THE LITTLE FATHER'S FUTURE

NICHOLAS: "That is the thanks my people give me for all the benefits I have bestowed upon them—I must now black my own boots."

—*Der Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).



THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF
Russia's coat of arms revised to meet present-day conditions.

—Dart in the *Minneapolis Journal*.

through the ceremony of erasing the name of the battalion from the dynastic roll of honor. There have since been long articles in the *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg, reporting the existence of widespread disaffection in the army. But Nicholas II, fortified by the assurances of William II, remains the insignificant twig on the surface of the stream of Russian circumstance, intercepted by every weed of reaction and whirled in every eddy of intrigue. For if the Duma does not rule in Russia, neither does the Czar. For the time being the will that sways is the masterful one of the sovereign at Potsdam.

* * *

DREYFUS, the French army officer of Jewish faith who, ever since his first conviction by court-martial on a charge of betraying military secrets to the traditional enemy of his country, has been an object of the world's attention, was finally exonerated last month by the highest judicial authority recognized by the French Government. It took very nearly fifty judges to give validity to the decision that Dreyfus is innocent, that he is legally an officer in his country's army, that he was found guilty on insufficient evidence and that he had been the victim of conspiracy. Colonel Picquart, next to Dreyfus the most prominent figure in the twelve-year tragedy, is restored to his army rank after forfeiting it through the devotion and the courage with which he upheld what

until so recently seemed a hopeless cause. As for Dreyfus, he still seems to be incapable of arousing personal enthusiasm even as he was unable to inspire it in Zola and other men who made his case their cause. Here, as a London sympathizer pointed out months ago, is one reason for the long world-agony with which this man's name will be associated forever. Dreyfus has a lack of magnetism that was fatal to his defense in a land where personality counts for so much. His most ardent vindicators never loved the man enough to fight for him; they fought for justice alone. No one denies the personal honor, the estimable character and the simple-minded devotion to duty of the man who served his weary years on Devil's Island. But even his dearest friends are said to wish he had been more lovable. Not the least factor in the ultimate vindication, however, was a devoted wife who brought Zola the documents upon which he based his famous denunciation of the conspiracy. Even a second conviction by court-martial did not daunt the wife, who kept at work until the red-robed judges had rendered their decision last month in the hall of the Court of Cassation.

BEHIND the accumulated evidence of forgeries, beneath the tissue of conspiracy woven by a military clique that would not tolerate a Jew in the service, we must look for the cause of the Dreyfus case, insist many students of French politics, in the seesaw of clericalism and anticlericalism. Dreyfus in-



THE UNLOVED HERO OF LAST MONTH'S
GREAT EVENT IN FRANCE

Alfred Dreyfus, although vindicated after years of injustice, remains, it is admitted, the same unmagnetic mortal he has always been. He cannot inspire enthusiasm. He cannot speak a thrilling word. The *London News* regrets that he was incapable, even in the hour of his great triumph, of being anything but himself.

carnated, say such organs as the *Humanité*, the *Lanterne* and the *Action* (leaders of the crusade against the church), that clerical bugbear, the spirit of toleration for which the third republic stands. In 1895, when he was first brought to trial, the religious orders seemed all powerful and the French army was officered mainly by their pupils. Certain it is that the clerical organs have, in the main, declared that Dreyfus seemed a guilty man. Only from certain anticlerical sheets has it been possible for France to learn that there was a Dreyfus side to the celebrated case. The first great stride in the direction of justice came when an anticlerical ministry gained power. It is significant that those ministries alone which drew their strength from the anticlerical groups now potent in the Chamber of Deputies had the courage to take up the cause of the prisoner on Devil's Island.



S SOCIALISM a real menace in America? Ever since the recent era of exposures in high finance began, trepidation has been evident in the press and on the platform lest one result

of the exposures shall be a plunge toward Socialism. Comparatively little things have been sufficient, in this apprehensive condition of mind, to excite wide discussion. A few months ago a conference of social workers, many of them of Socialistic tendencies, was held at the country home of Mr. Phelps-Stokes, and though the gathering had no particular importance, no representative character whatever, and no program of action, it received attention from the whole press of the country. Another incident of still less inherent importance was the resignation, some time since, of young J. Medill Patterson from the office of commissioner of public works of Chicago, because he had become an out-and-out Socialist. The young man is twenty-seven years of age and the only public office he had held prior to the commissionership was that of State legislator for one term. Yet his accession to the Socialistic ranks was an occasion for many columns of interviews and editorials. A large part of this sudden outburst of Bryan enthusiasm is due, as we have pointed out,



THE SOCIALIST MEMBER OF A MILLIONAIRE
FAMILY

Mr. J. G. Phelps-Stokes has just left Mr. Hearst's Municipal Ownership League, whose candidate he was last year for president of the Board of Aldermen of New York, for the Socialist party. He is a Yale graduate, an M.D., a railroad president, and will inherit a large fortune some day.



HEAD OF THE MOST SOCIALISTIC COMMON-WEALTH ON EARTH

Sir Joseph G. Ward, Premier of New Zealand, has been visiting this country in the last few weeks, and telling how his government curbs the corporations on the other side of the world.

to the grateful discovery (which might have been made years ago) that he repudiates Socialism. All the symptoms of a somewhat panicky state of mind have been observable, in fact, for some time, and editorials on "The Rising Tide of Socialism" and like subjects are frequently to be seen.

IN THE United States, the Socialist vote in the last presidential election amounted to 442,402 (divided between two parties), the largest vote in any one State being 69,225 in Illinois, and the next largest being 36,883 in New York. The size of the vote is not, evidently, sufficient to account for the trepidation that we have noted, as the party is a long distance from electing anything but petty officials in any of the States. The rate of increase has, however, been rapid, as reckoned by percentages, in the recent years. In 1896 the Socialist vote was 36,275, two years later 82,204, two years later still 131,122, reaching in another two years 277,257, and jumping to 442,402 in 1904. It is probable, however, that the growth of Socialism in Europe has done more than any other factor to arouse appre-

hension in this country. The figures tabulated in Dr. Josiah Strong's new book ("Social Progress," p. 234) have a formidable look. In Germany, the Social Democrats polled in 1903 a vote of 3,008,000 electing 81 out of 397 of the members of the Reichstag, and supporting 159 Socialist journals. In France, the vote in 1902 was 863,159, the number of deputies elected was 47 out of 584, the number of journals supported was 45. In Belgium two years ago 38 out of 166 members of the national legislature were Socialists; in Italy 32 out of 508; in Great Britain (1906) 27 out of 670.

IT WAS probably with these figures in mind that Mayor McClellan, President Woodrow Wilson and ex-President Cleveland all took occasion a few weeks ago to warn the Democracy of the nation against Socialism. Vice-President Fairbanks may have had his eye on the same figures when two months ago he spoke of Socialism as "a peril to our social and industrial development." Later we find Judge Morgan J. O'Brien saying in a speech in New York: "If there be a failure to realize our seeming destiny, it will be due to Socialism, materialism, irreligion, and the inordinate growth of the vices." The late Senator Hanna predicted that in 1912 Socialism would be the chief political issue in this country—a prediction of which, however, according to Ralph Easley, he subsequently repented. In the meeting held this year by Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July, the main stress of the meeting was laid upon the Socialistic "peril," Bourke Cockran, the Grand Sachem, declaring that "in the last analysis the questions which confront the people of this country are the proposals that Socialism be substituted for Democracy." And it was but a few weeks ago that Mr. Carnegie said that he saw evidence everywhere that "Socialism of a sort is growing in this country."

BUT there is Socialism of various sorts. "It may be doubted," says the *New York Sun*, "if there is in the world to-day an institution more difficult of precise definition than that which is commonly called Socialism. It stands loosely for almost anything from the lofty principles of the Sermon on the Mount to the destructive forces of anarchy and nihilism." The real simon-pure, Karl Marxian Socialism, for which the two Socialist political parties in this country stand, means not simply the municipalization or national-

ization of what is called "public service" (meaning the railroads, telephones, telegraphs, etc.), but as well the nationalization of "private service," embracing all industries and all the means of industrial production. That is the Socialism for which Jack London stands when he says:

"When I write to a Socialist, I start the letter with the phrase, 'Dear comrade,' and I close the letter with the phrase, 'Yours for revolution.' That is the practice among 400,000 Socialists in the United States. There are throughout the civilized world 7,000,000 Socialists, organized in a great international movement. Their purposes are the destruction of the bourgeois society, the doing away with the ownership of capital and with patriotism; in brief, the overthrow of existing society. We will be content with nothing less than all power, with the possession of the whole world. We Socialists will wrest the power from the present rulers. By war, if necessary. Stop us if you can!"

It is this same sort of Socialism for which Bernard Shaw stands when he says:

"Why condemn the beef magnates in particular? Every millionaire is guilty of some crime of equal hideousness. But the fault does not lie with the millionaire. The poor millionaire cannot help himself. The present social system forces his crimes upon him. He is in business as a millionaire and the spirit of the times dictates that he shall succeed. If there is competition he is compelled to grind the competition down. It is not the fault of the millionaire, it is the fault of the system."

The out-and-out Socialists have their differences in regard to methods; but the aims they profess to seek are the same. And they make much of their phrase "in the interests of the workingmen," all other remedies, so they claim, including "municipal ownership," being in the interest chiefly of the middle classes or capitalists.

ANOTHER sort of thing is meant when the word Socialism is loosely applied to the municipalization or nationalization of "public utilities" or "public service" only. It is this sort that seems to prevail in New Zealand (the other sort prevails nowhere) and which was described the other day in interviews in the New York papers by the new Premier of that country, Joseph G. Ward, K.C.M.G., on his visit here. He said:

"With a population of less than one million persons we are the wealthiest people per capita in the world. Our bureaus for the unemployed, with offices all over New Zealand, take care of the laborer even before he has finished his last position. There are no idlers in New Zealand and I have not seen a beggar for twenty years in our colony. With one exception the government owns



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A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR EDITOR

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, of the New York *Evening Journal*, receives that amount as a yearly salary from Mr. Hearst. He is a "Socialist" only to the extent of believing in public ownership of "public utilities."

the railroads of the colony, and this private company is limited to earning dividends of seven per cent. All over that goes to the government. In the operation of our railroads the small shipper receives the same rate as the largest firm. The rates are publicly gazetted and when we find that our railroads are earning sufficient to take care of their expenses and leave a balance we reduce both the passenger and the freight tariff. To the passenger the distance makes no difference—it is three cents a mile for a first-class passage for one mile or a hundred.

"You see, there are no special privileges to any one. All fare alike, and in this way it is impossible for a person or corporation to become wealthy by unfair methods. We have millionaires and there is no limit to which a man may by application add to his wealth. There is a limit to the manner in which he accumulates, for he can take nothing away from another by the reason of special privileges granted—rebates, I believe, is the favorite word here.

"In no way does the government in New Zealand interfere with fair profits obtained by producer or manufacturer, but when the people believe that there is a semblance of an attempt to corner or force up prices they demand that the government intervene.

"Public utilities should be owned by all governments, without doubt. This particularly ap-



"YOURS FOR THE REVOLUTION."

Maksim Gorky wants a political revolution in Russia, and H. G. Wilshire wants an industrial revolution here on the Socialist line. He is proprietor of *Wilshire's Magazine* and he doesn't love the postal authorities.

plies to the lighting of municipalities, the telegraph and telephone systems, water and all means of transportation. We have been successful in every venture, and no party could present itself for election in our country except it announced that it stood for the present form of socialistic government."

It is this so-called Socialism which Mr. Bryan seems more or less willing to accept while strongly opposing the other kind. It is this also which Mr. Louis F. Post, editor of the Single Tax journal *The Public*, indorses when he writes:

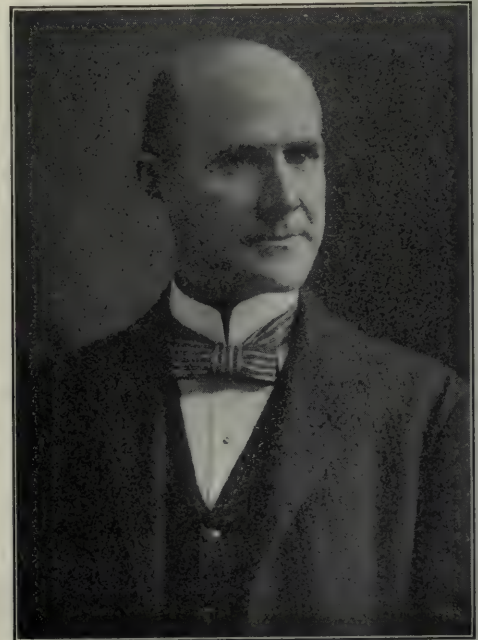
"If we municipalize private and public functions indiscriminately we tend toward objectionable Socialism. If we leave public and private functions alike to private enterprise we tend toward anarchy. But if we leave private functions to private enterprise and municipalize public functions we tend toward that democracy which is the ideal of American institutions—namely, individual freedom in private affairs and people's government in public affairs."

It is this kind of "Socialism" also for which Mr. Hearst and his league stand.

MOST of the opponents of Socialism who have not made a study of the subject in a sociological way confound the two forms and apply the same arguments to both. As a matter of fact, the Socialists of the Eugene Debs and Jack London and Upton Sinclair kind aim to destroy the competitive system entirely, and they distrust the other kind, which is not Socialism but lacks a definitive name of its own, as tending to delay the destruction of that system and to prolong the life of "capitalism" by removing the abuses that have fastened upon it. No one word is more needed at the present time, for clear thinking, than a name for those who indorse this second kind of "Socialism"—a name that shall be distinct and appropriate. The nearest we seem to have come to such a name is the term "Municipal Ownership," which is both awkward and inadequate.

IN THE meantime, while waiting for the right term to be found, we may listen to the philosophical Mr. Dooley, who is not worrying over the peril of Socialism or any other revolutionary change:

"I'm sthrong fr anny rivolution that ain't goin' to happen in my day. But th' truth is, me boy, that nawthin' happens annyhow. I see great



SIX MONTHS IN JAIL MADE HIM A "MARTYR"

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for President in 1904, was once jailed for contempt of court because, as manager of a big railroad strike, he refused to honor a writ of injunction. He is fifty-one years old.

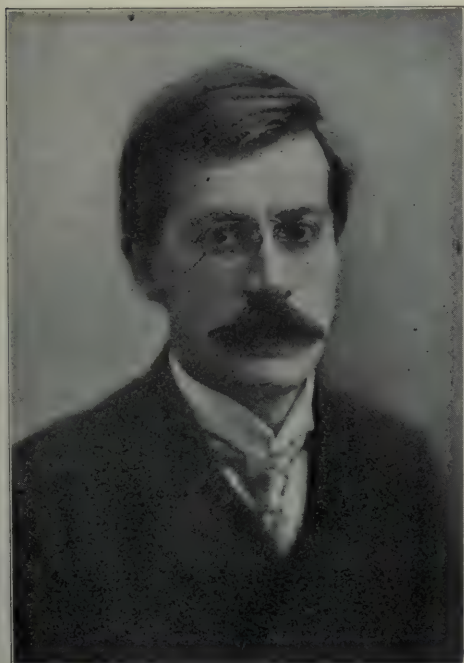
changes takin' place ivry day, but no change at all ivry fifty years. What we call this here counthry iv ours pretinds to want to thry new experiments, but a sudden change gives it a chill. It's been to th' circus an' bought railroad tickets in a hurry so often that it thinks quick change is short change. Whin I take me mornin' walk an' see little boys an' girls with their dinner pails on their arms goin' down to th' yards, I'm th' hottest Socialist ye iver see. I'd be annything to stop it. I'd be a Raypublican even. But when I think how long this foolish old buildin' has stood an' how many a good head has busted against it, I begin to wondher whether 'tis anny use fr ye or me to thry to bump it off th' map."

NEVER have the forces behind Socialism met with a more disastrous repulse in a verbal encounter than in the collision a few weeks ago in the French Chamber of Deputies between Jean Jaurès and George Clémenceau. That, at least, is the opinion of the liberal newspapers of all Europe. But it is not a mere matter of opinion, but of fact as well, and the fact in the case is that the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 365 to 78, sustained Clémenceau. The outcome has been, in the judgment of many enthusiasts, to place Clémenceau beside William II and Roosevelt



"THE INTELLECTUAL LEADER OF THE NEW YORK SOCIALISTS"

Morris Hilquitt was born in Russia thirty-seven years ago and now practises law in New York City. He was delegate from this country to the International Socialist Congress in Amsterdam. He is author of the "History of Socialism in the United States."



Courtesy of *The Independent*

ORGANIZER OF A NEW SOCIALIST SCHOOL

Mr. W. J. Ghent, author of two Socialistic books of recognized weight, is secretary of the Rand School of Social Science, soon to open in New York with an endowment of \$200,000. It is frankly a Socialist school.

as one of the very few statesmen of genius surviving in our age. There was piquancy in the situation, says the *London Times*, in the fact that Clémenceau, the terror in the past of so many French ministries, was the spokesman of the Sarrien Cabinet in its maiden battle with the united Socialist party. It did not seem possible to many of Clémenceau's most enthusiastic admirers that he could survive the crisis so ingeniously contrived for his undoing. As Minister of the Interior, he had last May seen France brought within measurable distance of civil war. By the first of that month a general strike in Paris and the provinces had resulted in a widespread terrorism and an armed defiance of the forces of the law. The spectacle of such a Jacobin as Clémenceau presiding over so important a department as the Ministry of the Interior on the eve of a national election in which radicals had everything at stake was regarded as a paralysis of the whole government. Never had a Labor Day been

looked forward to with greater apprehension by the classes against which the Socialist movement is especially directed.

UPON Clémenceau all the odium of this situation seemed about to fall. Rumors of a plot to overturn the republic were flying about Paris. For at least ten days the region of which the Courrières mines are the center was the prey of violent and shouting mobs of strikers. Armed encounters between locked-out wage-earners and the soldiery entailed ten deaths and a formidable hospital list. Socialists were everywhere parading with their red flags, vowing the doom of capitalism. Lorient, Toulon, Brest, were so many armed camps. That uncompromising organ of French Socialism, the Paris *Humanité*, edited by Jean Jaurès, was inviting the forces of capitalism to come and be killed. Staid organs in touch with vested interests asked again and again why the Minister of the Interior had abdicated his functions in the face of revolution. Even when strikers began laying siege to the troops in their barracks, supplementing such energies by the spoliation of shops and the pillage of market-places, Clémenceau was not more in evidence. Towns in the north, ruled by Socialist mayors, found themselves cut off from communication with the rest of France. Fomenters of social unrest were sacking the homes of mine magnates, leading iron-workers to such enterprises as the burning down of their employer's chateau and the dynamiting of industrial establishments. Clémenceau still seemed unaware that a domestic crisis had attained proportions sufficient to fix the gaze of all Europe upon France. Clémenceau, explained those French newspapers which detest him, was exemplifying the imbecility of radicalism when browbeaten by its twin brother, Socialism.

IT WAS, nevertheless, the energy of Clémenceau that then saved the government of France. Unarmed and unattended, he went into the disturbed region. There he was rapturously welcomed by agitators who thought the Jacobin had come to fraternize with them. Nothing could exceed the suavity and the patience with which he listened to their grievance committees and words cannot interpret the amazement of those grievance committees when they heard from Clémenceau's own lips that they must obey the law. Law had become irksome to these champions of the principles of 1789. Strong government

was identical with tyranny. Force might justly be met by force. Clémenceau assented. "But," he added, "you and I are not fighting on the same side of the barricades now." No sooner had the conferences ended than troops poured in from all points of the compass. Comrades could not assemble except to find themselves within the range of rifles. Regiments paraded the strike region in overwhelming force. Paris was transformed into a center of mobilization. Dominating all was the word of warning uttered by the Minister of the Interior: "The weapons of the troops are loaded and they have orders to shoot to kill." Some rash experimenters found by practical test that Clémenceau meant just this. The strike melted away, but Jaurès and his followers looked forward to the battle at the polls, then only a few days off.

IN THAT battle the ministry of which Clémenceau is a member won the most sweeping triumph in favor of the anticlerical combination that has ruled France uninterruptedly for six years. "There was a clash of two political ideals," asserts the London *Times*, "the collectivist Socialism which M. Jaurès expounds untiringly in parliament and the press, and the individualist yet markedly democratic policy which M. Clémenceau has never abandoned." The Minister of the Interior, who had won the first battle, at the mines, was also victor in the next struggle at the polls. The augmented ministerial majority which emerged from the national elections was hailed in the press of Europe as a personal vindication for Clémenceau. The great final battle was yet to be fought in the Chamber of Deputies. It was with no little anxiety that law-abiding France looked forward to the onslaught of Jaurès and the possible collapse of the Sarrien ministry.

JEAN JAURÈS, now called upon to make the most ambitious effort of his long career in the Chamber of Deputies, has for more than a score of years been the recognized genius of French Socialism. This little professor from Toulouse, as his enemies in the press dub him, has oratorical talents of such prodigious versatility that no elocutionist in France deems his education complete unless he has listened to a whole series of Jaurès speeches. All the rhetorical qualities that belong to oratory, says the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, meet in one of the sentences of Jaurès. His subject is always Socialism. Whether

attention of the Chamber be concentrated on reform in the army, separation of church and state, an impending presidential election, the fall of a ministry, the Socialist leader Jaurès beholds a collectivist moral which he vents out in explosive but magnificent French. Jaurès has not, indeed, held his leadership of the country's Socialism unchallenged. For his course in accepting ministerial office in the Clemenceau government he was severely censured at the international congress of Socialists at Amsterdam, and told that his policy of co-operation with existing governments, even in France, is unorthodox and treasonable to the teaching of Karl Marx. But his personal following has remained immense, and his prestige as the greatest living Socialist leader, with the single exception of Bebel in Germany, has remained intact. The man, the occasion, and the theme were such as to insure a great address.

WHEN Jaurès rose to speak in a Chamber so packed that the crushed bouquets of the ladies made a carpet of petals in all the aisles, his excited followers made a demonstration against which no official efforts at repression could be effective. Jaurès never spoke more eloquently. He sketched the propriety of the mining region, an indefatigably laborious race, he said, deprived of everything but its hope of a society based upon the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution, a society which, Jaurès predicted, will soon be an established fact. Next he detailed the steps taken by Clemenceau against these "inoffensive leaders of innocent men" of whose cause the Minister of the Interior had professed himself a champion. Then came the series of sentences framed with an intelligence, glowing with indignant passion, brilliant in fancy, in which Jaurès touched for perhaps the hundredth time in the Chamber his ideal of the collectivist society of the future. The workers, he declared, risen in revolt against capitalism in order that France might be transformed into a democracy of economics. All were to labor, all were to share equally in the products of labor, society was to be organized afresh, without rich or poor. There were to be no makeshifts masquerading as social legislation and termed income tax, old-age pensions and the like. There must be collectivism, pure and simple. There was nothing new in the scheme but the brilliance of it, says the *Journal des Débats*; but brilliance itself, it adds, is no

novelty in Jean Jaurès. There were hurricanes of applause even from those who do not call themselves Socialists, while, if we may trust the Socialist dailies, there were moments during which the taking of a vote of confidence must inevitably have precipitated the fall of the ministry. Clemenceau seemed to be in a most embarrassing position. His antagonist had cleverly emphasized those very points upon which Clemenceau's radicalism seemed to base itself.

CLEMENCEAU in his reply was as restrained and sarcastic as Jaurès had been impassioned and indignant. He spoke of the noble passion for justice animating Jaurès, of the torrential quality of his eloquence, an eloquence not his own, alas! "In an impulse of irresistible idealism," cried Clemenceau, "he longs for a happy humanity. No price is too high to pay for that." Amphion, modestly, to the notes of his lyre, reared the walls of Thebes. At the voice of M. Jaurès an even greater miracle is accomplished. Jaurès speaks and the whole secular organization of human societies crumbles on a sudden. Enlarging more fully upon this point Clemenceau proceeded incisively:

"All that man has thought, willed, realized, to better his lot, to bring about a commencement of social justice, all that he has suffered, through blood and the sword since he emerged from his prehistoric caverns for the conquest of the planet, all these victories resolve themselves into dust, fly off in smoke. If you follow that smoke into the air you behold it spreading out into sumptuous and gorgeous palaces where human misery is banished. Social evil is eliminated from the work of Genesis, the very evil that Jehovah himself did not manage to eliminate."

"M. Jaurès speaks loudly, absorbed as he is in his magnificent mirage, but I, down in the plain, labor over a less grateful soil. It refuses me a harvest. Hence those differences of point of view which his benevolence finds it so difficult to forgive. He has graciously left me a few flowers, but I see at once that they are only for the purpose of immolating me more pompously upon the altar of collectivism. Unfortunately, I am not, from sheer force of habit, one of those resigned victims ready to stretch out an innocent breast to the knife of the sacrificial priest Calchas. I protest, I cry out, I revolt."

ALL which things Clemenceau proceeded to do to such purpose as to place a new aspect upon the accusation of Jaurès that the Minister of the Interior had crushed the working class in its struggle for the betterment of its lot. "I crush the working class!" exclaimed Clemenceau. "Where, then, have I encountered it?" For it must not be imagined, he

went on, that the working class is involved wherever and whenever a working man is found. That would be a misuse of language. Had he encountered the working class behind the barricades at which soldiers fell in the discharge of their strike duty? Was the working class made up of those misguided mortals who were pillaging and burning the homes of their fellows? The worst of all conflicts, he said, is one between workers and the soldiery. He had done everything possible to avert that disaster. But it is the first duty of all government everywhere, unless it be a mockery of government, to uphold the law and to maintain order. Here the French must get their education in liberty. Respect for the law must be maintained if government is to exist:

"Is it a legitimate manifestation of the working class to do violence to those who will not strike when others strike? Nay so plainly, if that be your opinion. It is true that I have not made use of the methods available to a Minister of the Interior when he wants to benefit by eulogistic articles in certain newspapers. I had thought that my conduct would speak for itself. Those who really act against the interest of the working class are those who encourage it to believe that wherever there is a workingman who does not respect the law or the right of another, there, too, is the working class; he who points out as an enemy the government charged with the duty of maintaining order and which ought to maintain it, for it is within the four corners of the law that the emancipation of the workers ought to be achieved. Such are they who teach that strikers, whatever they do, are never in the wrong.

"Social education is not a matter of words. It is accomplished by acts. The working class will be worthy of emancipation on the day when its action is in conformity with law and right. Mere discourses do not guide the world. Were it otherwise, the Sermon on the Mount would have been realized in practice long ere this."

AS FOR the idea that there can be no alternative between the existing social system and that so opulently theorized in the speech of Jaurès, Clémenceau ridiculed the contention spiritedly. Innumerable other social systems are conceivable, he insisted. Even the social system of to-day is not at all like the social system of twenty years ago. Nothing is so common in history as the revolutionizing of a whole social system by an apparently little thing. To reject Socialism, Jaurès had said, is to proclaim the bankruptcy of the human mind. But we must distinguish, retorted Clémenceau, between the bankruptcy of the human mind and the bankruptcy of the Jaurès mind. It is natural enough that dead religions should be followed by prophe-

cies. But is this Socialistic ideal offered to the world in the twentieth century anything new? Christ had seen his followers establishing anew that state of bloodshed and violence against which it was his mission to protest. During the great revolution in France, as well as in the general European upheaval of 1848, plans for a new social system were plentiful. Did not Thomas More, author of "Utopia," condemn in the sixteenth century the social system of his age with more vigor than Jaurès himself displayed in denouncing the capitalism of our time? But where are More and all his like? The Socialists have taken their place, added Clémenceau, and they will be supplanted in their turn. When they have perfected the structure of their new social system, it will remain for them to find the man to fit it. Where will they go in order to find him? Certainly the man of our day lacks all adaptability to the system of Socialism.

SUCH are the salient passages in a speech which by a vote of 365 to 78 the Chamber of Deputies ordered to be placarded throughout all France, an honor denied, on a subsequent ballot, to the oration of Jaurès. It may be doubted, insists the London *Outlook*, in its comment upon Clémenceau—"more than ever the first personality in France"—whether any parliament has listened to a more brilliant and searching effort than this statement of the case against the ideas and temper of cosmopolitan Socialism. The dramatic contrast between the two speakers is emphasized by our London commentator. Jaurès it finds sonorous, expansive, but vague. Clémenceau it characterizes as cool and pointed. His phrases it deems classic. Alas that this idiomatic and inspirational French should lose so much in translation! How fine a point when, in the defense of his course in the maintenance of order at the point of the bayonet, Clémenceau challenged Jaurès to say whether, if he had been Minister of the Interior, he would have adopted a different line. The leader of the Socialist party answered nothing. "You do not reply? And in failing to reply you do reply!" Nothing could be more characteristic of the peculiar talent of Clémenceau at its best. Thus the London weekly. The third republic, it avers, has lived through the greatest of its epochs. Certainly Clémenceau, according to all Europe, has lived through the greatest triumph of his political career; a triumph, too, not of talents that destroy but of talents that conserve.

Persons in the Foreground

"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY COMPOUND IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE"

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, Senator for two terms from South Carolina, is soon to be re-elected, if the press despatches are to be relied on, without opposition. It seems like a satire of fate; for no man ever seemed more fond of opposition or did more to secure an ample supply of it for the solace of his old age. There are many pathetic figures in the history of American politics, but which of them all is more pathetic than this of Tillman going through a campaign with no chance for a fight! Perhaps fate will yet relent.

The best writers in America of vivid and picturesque English have found in Tillman during the last eleven years a fit subject to call into play the utmost resources of their vocabulary. Gradually the country has been earning to look behind the rough husk of the man's nature, and when a few months ago he was selected to act as the pilot of the railroad rate bill through the Senate, interest in the real character behind the rough exterior was quickened throughout the country. There is no doubt about the rough exterior. Here is his physical appearance as described by James Creelman in *Pearson's Magazine*. A little allowance may be made for the journalistic high-lights of the picture:

"He is tall, deep in the chest, sinewy, loose-limbed and awkward. There is not a more formidable figure to be found in America.

"The countenance is singularly coarse. The brow is wide but not high. It overhangs a dead eyesocket and a single living brown eye. The nose is large, long and fleshy. It is the nose of a born commander of men. The cheeks, which once were flat, are now pudgy. The jaws are heavy and have a terrific grip. The mouth is thick-lipped and has a brutal suggestiveness. The chin is wide and square, the chin of a desperado. The neck is thick and muscular.

"But the head is almost Napoleonic in its strength and symmetry and it is ordinarily carried high, with an air of defiance.

"The face makes one think of piracy, cannibalism. It is the splendid outline of the head that redeems and explains it. Not that there is any trace of cunning or treachery in the countenance; yet it is beyond comparison as an example of savage masculinity."

That is Tillman the ogre, the savage, whose

name, we are told, is still used by some of the people in his own State to frighten children into obedience. The same writer describes Tillman's first speech in the Senate:

"Who that was there can forget it? Walking down one of the aisles to the front row of desks, he wheeled about in his long black coat, folded his arms tightly across his broad chest, threw his head back—his eye glaring from his paled visage, his lip lifted in a mocking, snarling sneer—and, in a speech of almost unexampled virulence, he scoffed at the dignity of the Senate, ridiculed its smothering traditions and denounced President Cleveland as 'a self-idolatrous, bull-necked despot.'

"And how the orator's face lighted with a sudden, cruel pleasure when his rough language to Senator Hoar crimsoned the face of that silver-haired leader and caused him to throw up his hands despairingly! For it was in the law of destiny, foreshadowed many times in American history, that South Carolina and Massachusetts should find joy in the clash of their opposite temperaments and traditions. And the spark of anger that flashed across those rows of seats, from the infuriate face of Tillman to the mild, round countenance of New England's most venerated and cultured spokesman, was of the same fire that blazed in the breasts of Roundhead and Cavalier before they left England to resume their struggle in the Western world.

"It was Senator Tillman's shocking frankness, couched in language never before heard in the Senate—for not all the Southern States together could prevent him from admitting, sometimes glorying in, the barbarous political methods made necessary by the fear of negro domination—it was this that made men like Senator Hoar loathe his very presence.

"It was hard for one brought up in the air of New England to understand Tillman when he said exultingly in the Senate of the South Carolina negroes:

"We took the government away. We stuffed ballot boxes. We are not ashamed of it. The Senator from Wisconsin would have done the same thing. I see it in his eye right now. He would have done it. With that system—force, tissue ballots, etc.—we got tired ourselves. So we called a constitutional convention and we eliminated all the colored people we could under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments."

That there is another side to the man's nature has been gradually and with some difficulty discovered. Senator Hoar was one of the first to make the discovery. He became a close friend and warm admirer, according to all accounts, of the ferocious Carolinian,



THE TILLMAN FAMILY

"The chin of a desperado, the head of a Napoleon," is the way one writer describes the Senator from South Carolina. "No other senator can arouse his compeers to greater activities. No other man exhibits a fonder tenderness to his family, or can provide more genuine hospitality to his guests."

and "the two men were thicker than thieves." The mere fact of Tillman's intimacy with the cultured Senator from the Bay State is taken by Mr. Thompson, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, as in itself a proof that Tillman is really "as good a fellow, as sensible and decent a citizen and as wise a man as one could wish to meet with . . . absolutely sober, temperate, in every way decent and respectable."

As a matter of fact, says Mr. Thompson, Tillman, for some mysterious and occult reason, deliberately holds out his worst side to the public. He can't help it. "Deliberately he paints himself as a savage wearing a breech-clout and brandishing a spear, and deliberately he shocks and paralyzes decent sentiment in the North and the best part of the South." Why does he do so? No one knows. "It is the unsolvable mystery of this complex character." The lion Tillman, says another journalist, loves the jackass's hide,

Senator Tillman is by ancestry half English, one-quarter Irish, and one-quarter German. His father was a cotton planter with a hundred slaves when Benjamin R. was born fifty-nine years ago. The civil war ruined the family pecuniarily. Benjamin was but fifteen when the war began, and knowing that in one more year he would be able to join the army, he devoted his time assiduously to his schooling, not knowing when he would ever get any after that year. Studying by the light of a pine-knot, the left eye was injured by the heat, and a plunge in cold water added to the injury. The eye was a total loss, and the two years of sickness that followed kept him out of the war entirely. His young manhood was passed in the Reconstruction days, and in 1876 he led a company of volunteer hussars, as captain, in race riotings. It was not until 1886, however, that he entered political life. He was then a farmer, and he joined in the revolt of the farming element against the aristocratic

element that had until then ruled the State. The Farmers' Alliance grew out of this revolt, and in 1890 Tillman was made governor. Stormy scenes attended the campaign and followed the new governor to the State Capitol. The "dispensary system," by which the State took charge of the dram-shops, aroused an insurrection. The Governor's Guards and other companies of militia refused to obey orders and were deprived of their arms. The new governor appealed to the farmers—the "wool hats"—to stand by him, and soon by every train they were entering Columbia, armed with rifles, shot-guns, revolvers and knives. In two days he had eight or nine hundred men quartered at the penitentiary ready to fight for him. He won out. The dispensary system still stands.

The other side of the man, of which mention has been made, appeared in his famous speech on the race question, in which he blurted out the truth of the situation as he saw it in the South in the most uncompromising way. But this passage occurred in the speech:

"It may appear in the eyes of some that I am bringing out all this for the sinister purpose of splitting the negro race—of dooming them to obloquy and mistreatment. I want to say to you—and I say it with all the sincerity of my nature—that I do not hate the negro. I was nursed by a black mammy, I have on my farm in South Carolina to-day a negro man of about my own age, Joe Gibson, who has been with me thirty years. He has charge of my keys and of everything I possess there in the way of a house, furniture, horses and carriages, and everything for a farm of two hundred acres, worth some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. I trust him implicitly. He cannot read or write. He has got a wife who is as trustworthy as he is. . . . Joe does not want

to go—my Joe. I do not know whether I belong to Joe or Joe belongs to me. Anyhow, we have been together for thirty years, and we have agreed to live together until one or both of us die, and when I go away, if I go first, I know he will shed as sincere tears as anybody. I would die to protect him from injustice or wrong."

That shows the man on his gentler side. According to common report in Washington, he is better loved by the negroes there than any other man in the city. "There is not a negro who has ever met him," says one writer, "whose face will not light up when you mention Tillman's name." Another glimpse into the gentler side of his nature was furnished by his statement, in a speech of otherwise fierce invective, that Lincoln was the greatest figure of the Civil War. "And I, from South Carolina," he added, "tell you so and feel honored in doing it."

The United States Senate has been the target, of late, of an unusual amount of assault in the magazines and papers. But from this usually fierce and cyclonic assailer of the defenders of special interests come these words of vindication, in a recent interview:

"I believe the Senate to be a great body of great men. When I came to Washington at first I thought that the senators were generally corrupt or corruptible; that was my honest opinion.

"Since that time I have been compelled to change my belief. Nothing could be falser than the idea that the Senate is corrupt or treasonable. I am convinced that, with rare exceptions, the senators are honest and patriotic personally, and that when they have failed to do their whole duty in the Senate it has been because of party loyalty and prejudice, rather than personal crookedness."

From no other man in the Senate, probably, could such words as these come at this time with greater force.

A PERENNIAL YOUTH IN ENGLISH POLITICS

HEALTH so bracing that he is always "fine as a fiddle" is pronounced by all who know him well to be the salient characteristic in the personality of Joseph Chamberlain. The month just gone has seen him celebrate his seventieth birthday synchronously with the thirtieth anniversary of his election to the British House of Commons. He looked as young to the crowds surrounding him in his Birmingham political citadel four weeks ago as if, instead of being the father of the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, he were the son of that sometime pillar of the Balfour government. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has

not about him a trace of the old man aggressively young. He does not ape the manners and the traits of those who are forty years behind him on the score of the date of their birth. The Birmingham *Post* vouches for that, and every English daily devoting space to him tells us practically the same. All coincide that Joseph Chamberlain has had the rare good fortune to possess or to seem to possess a health that nothing can wear down. He is young in disposition, in temperament, in enthusiasm. He does not refuse to grow old, so the London *Mail* assures us. He simply cannot.

His movements are of the elastic sort. He

springs to his feet, jumps into a carriage, runs for his train, takes you by the hand with cries of delight, bubbles with joy. Yet he gives no impression of being in a hurry. It is all sheer vitality. How he contrives to keep so well groomed, so spotlessly immaculate in garb amid the turmoil of his days, is a riddle given up by the *London Standard* in its appreciative estimate. He has an orchid in his buttonhole—orchids are his passion—he keeps a monocle in his eye, the point of his handkerchief peeps out of the pocket of his coat at a correct angle. Nevertheless he has to rush from crowd to crowd, fly in carriages through the streets of cities, address turbulent mobs. These are matters of course. Not less a matter of course is the crease in his trousers, the carefully adjusted necktie being an effective accessory. His long frock coat is fashionably cut. The hair on his head, thick and plentiful, seems to stay combed of itself. But there is no trace of dandyism about the statesman. Unlike Mr. Balfour, he does not come upon the platform travel-stained or dusty or wrinkled as to garb. He is the faultlessly attired leader in exactly the sense that he is the perennial youth of England.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has a son who insists upon being a copy of his father in all things. The son, too, wears a monocle. He puts an orchid in his buttonhole. He dons a frock coat on all occasions. He moves briskly. But he conveys no such impression of eager health, of untiring youthful energy. There are lines, now, in the forehead of Joseph Chamberlain, but there are lines in the face of his son. It is not so easy to decide, if one does not know both well, which is the father and which is the son.

The elder Chamberlain declares that his chief form of exercise is going up and down stairs. He devotes himself to that sport at Highbury, the beautiful home he has built for himself in his Birmingham constituency. The Chamberlain money—there is a lot of it—was made in trade. But he has made a place for himself in the most aristocratic circles in England. In doing so he keeps in touch with the proletarian element in the manufacturing city that supports him. He knows the working men of the place intimately. As he goes through the streets of the town, he stops this one, asks that one if he likes his new job, remembers that little Mazie had the whooping-cough and entreats to be kept informed of her progress. Nor is this a political policy. Joseph Chamberlain knows every inch of Birmingham be-

is proud of the fact that he has a more or less personal acquaintance with every voter there. He can predict the next parliamentary majority within a hundred.

Local manufacturers never refuse a job to the man who comes to them with Mr. Chamberlain's card. On the other hand, he will not permit a government contract to be taken away from his city without a fight for it. There was a tendency of late to have government supplies procured outside of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain took that subject up in his quick way. The contract was altered. The *London Spectator* did not quite like this sort of thing. It savored of American jobbery. But Mr. Chamberlain would not be gainsaid. Birmingham was placated. He keeps every factory in the town going when the thing is humanly possible. It is a saying that the man who votes for Joe is somehow or other never out of a job. To be sure, it is the opposition press that is fondest of insinuating that.

Had the early experience of Joseph Chamberlain been that of a university man instead of that of the proficient in counting-house life, he would not, we are told, be so much the "outsider" in English life. He gains access to all circles, but he is "an outsider." Thus *London Public Opinion*, which deems him a business man primarily. It is true that he dispend about two years of his callow youth at University College School, but he was called upon to enter business life before he could gain the higher education. He has got along without it pretty well, he says himself, but he has studied and read much. There is a want of initiative in the university man, according to Joseph Chamberlain. The man with a degree is apt, he fears, to be out of touch with the popular spirit, to be lacking, in consequence, in capacity for leadership of a democracy.

For one American statesman Joseph Chamberlain has a profound admiration. That statesman is Alexander Hamilton. He professes to be acting in the spirit which prompted Hamilton to labor for the unification of the thirteen colonies of America into one strong nation. As likely as not, Chamberlain will allude to some incident in Hamilton's career when he wishes to emphasize his own imperialist argument. He is also in touch with America through his wife, the daughter of the Massachusetts house of Endicott. They are co-workers politically, for Mrs. Chamberlain attends most of her husband's political meetings and is wildly cheered at them. They are in every sense a mated couple.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

MOST AMERICAN OF ENGLISH POLITICAL LEADERS

By the monosyllable "Joe," Mr. Chamberlain, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, is referred to by most Englishmen. In personal appearance he is said by those who know him best to have scarcely altered at all the thirty years that have passed since he entered the House of Commons.


there is a certain hotness of temper in Mr. Joseph, and he displays it in public. He is said to be very free in hurling epithets and he shouts angrily when he is contradicted. Nor does he submit patiently to the English practice of heckling. It is a recognized right in England to question a public man from the audience when he is speaking on a political issue. Mr. Chamberlain is apt to stop and glare when thus dealt with. "Who is that?" he asks. "Let me get a look at you." Dozens of willing hands raise the questioner aloft for all to behold. "Now," Joe will say, "let's hear this question of yours." The situation invariably proves embarrassing to the maker of the interruption.

Mr. Chamberlain is believed to have spent a fortune in the cultivation of flowers, of orchids especially. He knows all about them. He denies that he is prone to the aristocratic practice of having his coffee and rolls served to him in bed. But it seems that roses are brought to his room when he rises in order that he may gather from their perfume some inspiration for the labors of the day. He has books read to him while he is dressing. His light reading is supposed to be done when he takes his annual tour on the Continent of Europe, while

his heavy reading is done on railway trains. He is said to be the most indefatigable eater of banquets in England, to be very fond of late hours and to take no care at all of his health. One writer has attributed to him a desire for sudden death. He wants to die in harness and to go quickly. There are prophets who think he will get his wish. But just now he seems the healthiest agitator alive.

It is said that Mr. Chamberlain is photographed every day of his life, made the subject of a volume every week that he lives, waited upon in a single session of Parliament by more deputations than any human being without the constitution of a horse could listen to in a year, and to give his personal attention to every detail connected with the active life he leads. One-half the people of England are said to believe him the greatest genius that ever was heard of, while the other half are taught that he is an arrant humbug. The truth, according to the London *Spectator*, is to be found in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has so much imaginativeness. He is a living and perambulating imagination, striving to transform a world that does not exist into a Utopia that can never be.

THE ONE MAN OF GENIUS IN FRENCH PUBLIC LIFE

EORGE CLÉMENCEAU, sometime physician, later a school-teacher, then a journalist, and to-day the most conspicuous personality in the public life of the third French republic, is described by the London *Spectator* as a man who has come late into his inheritance. His hair had whitened and fallen out long before it seemed possible that he would realize the brilliant promise of his youth. It was a troubled youth. The parents of George thought him a born physician. Persons of sound judgment indorsed that view, and at twenty-four, when he received his license to practise medicine, he had already won general attention by the brilliance of his contributions to the professional press on the subject of pathology. He was one of the first to hint at the relation between the pathogenetic micro-organisms of human diseases and their nutritive supplies, the contemporaneous presence of both in man being one factor in the so-called zymotic diseases. But Clémenceau was given no opportunity to prosecute these studies. He

was drawn into a movement, popular with high-spirited young men, for the overthrow of the empire of the third Napoleon.

Now it was that Clémenceau's genius in the use of words became manifest. He is the author of many incisive catchwords that have played their part in French politics—catchwords so cruelly personal as well as political that one of them—aimed at Napoleon III—occasioned Clémenceau's flight to this country.

Clémenceau's English was good when he landed on American soil. Practice made it better, and in time he was made instructor in a Connecticut school. His branch was the French language, of course, and his success was all that any instructor could desire. He seems to like teaching, and he has said himself that a schoolmaster's calling is wholly to his taste. He has such lucidity of phrase in his intercourse with all whom he essays to teach and his interest in his pupil's progress is always so unaffected that, whether attempting to educate a boy or a nation, his success would, remarks the Paris *Journal des Débats*, be

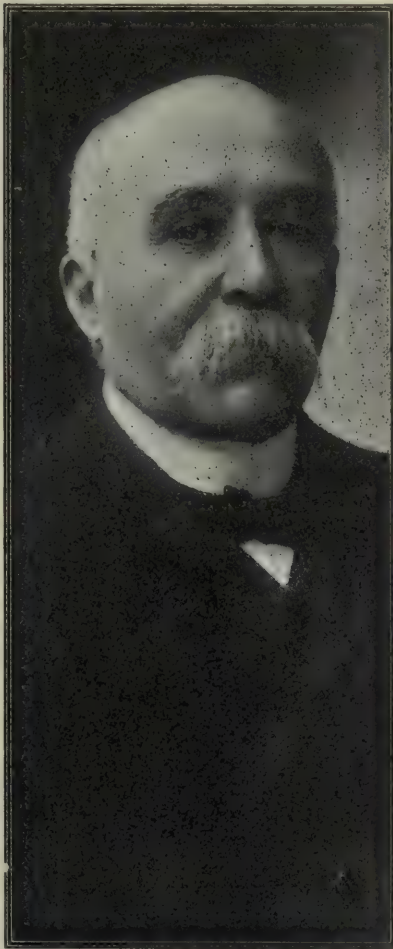
prodigious. One of his many hobbies is education, and he has written and spoken much upon the theme.

Nothing is more characteristic of the man than the good terms upon which he lives with many clergy of the church he has attacked all his life. Roman Catholic priests have pronounced him in private life the most courteous anticlerical of them all. In this he is in marked contrast, observes the *Paris Temps*, with Combes, another physician turned politician, who has no personal intercourse with priests at all. Clémenceau's character is too genial to permit his anticlericalism to take an unsociable turn.

In conversation, Clémenceau, say his enemies, must either take the lead or sit still. He seems unable to participate in general talk; but he is not a Macaulay, insisting upon doing all the talking. He will listen with admirable patience for a whole evening. Then there are the nights when he is "inspired," as his admirers say. He will let himself out on such topics as Greece, Greek, the Greeks, all of which he loves. The range of his information on these themes is prodigious. He keeps up his Homer and

his Vergil, his pathology and his science, his art and his literature. His favorite English author is Milton, his favorite German Goethe. Even a subject in which he feels little interest, however, will detain him far into the night, for it is this capacity for study upon which he bases his belief in his own powers.

Intellectually Clémenceau is very much alive. He confided to a Paris journalist recently that study is the best bulwark against old age. He thinks a man should learn a new language every decade, according to one writer who has produced one of the innumerable character sketches which appear in the European press. Mathematicians live to a good old age, he is



MOST BRILLIANT OF FRENCH POLITICIANS

George Clémenceau deserves to be thus regarded, according to the judgment of the European press. He has just acquired new renown by attacking Socialism so ably in the Chamber of Deputies that the party orators could not withstand his eloquence.

quoted as saying, because they study all their lives. Clémenceau has studied all his life, at any rate. He finds the still, small hours most favorable to that exercise. For hours after his household has retired the light burns in his library. The practice is supposed to have supplied him with the wealth of allusion and of illustration that helps to make his speeches and his editorial articles so quotable.

Nor is Clémenceau a smatterer. He dives deeply into philosophy and writes about it, showing an intimate acquaintance with Spinoza, Aquinas and Aristotle, to say nothing of the modern thinkers. So far as he may be said to have an intellectual diversion pure and simple, it is for bric-a-brac. His collection of Buddhist decorative art is celebrated, and has been amassed with such judgment that it ought to bring, say collectors, many times what it cost him.

Someone asked him to give advice to a young man. "Never contract a habit," he said. His own habits are simple and of an intellectual or artistic character. He eats very sparingly, drinks only light wine, and that in moderation,

and is fond of experimenting with dietetic notions. He has in his time been a vegetarian, an eater of raw foods, a liver upon nuts and fruits and a devotee of hot water. He has retained no prejudice in favor of any one of these articles of diet, he says. "One's mental food is as important to health as one's physical food," he said, when asked to give a verdict. At any rate, he sits out the longest official banquets and tastes pretty much everything. Yet he is wholly free from that "contagious ardor of the banquet hall" which so besets some of his anticlerical pupils.

His most marked personal trait is believed to be decision of character. His is a mind

that hates to exist in a state of uncertainty. He makes up his mind in a flash and is said never to take time to consider. Once he arrives at a decision, nothing can move him. Friends give this the name of firmness. Enemies have a harsher word for it. In any case, he is never at a loss how to act.

As an orator, Clémenceau seems always on the point of breaking out into impassioned speech. But he has too much self-restraint, observes a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, to make an exhibition of himself after the fashion of that oratorical volcano, Pelletan. Clémenceau's humor is too keen to betray him into overstatement. He seems on the point of working himself up to a fury, but he subsides into an epigram at the tense moment and the audience relieves its feelings with a laugh. Nothing can be more effective than the sardonic gravity with which Clémenceau can say funny things in the Senate—where he has sat some years—or on the platform, where his gestures are graceful and his voice loud without ever attaining a shouting quality. "Clémenceau is not an admirer of hyper-oratorical displays, and makes no secret of his contempt for the imaginativeness of Southern French orators. M. Camille Pelletan, formerly in the French Cabinet and always a pupil, politically, of Clémenceau, vouches for this anecdote: On one occasion,

after M. Gambetta had finished a most impassioned speech in the Assembly, Clémenceau's countenance was observed to wear a very scornful expression. 'But you must admit that it was a magnificent oration,' expostulated M. Naquet, the deputy for Vaucluse. 'It was incomplete,' replied Clémenceau dryly; 'M. Gambetta should have accompanied himself on the guitar.'

It seems odd to the Vienna daily just quoted that Clémenceau should have attained a position of commanding importance so late in life. Even to-day he is merely Minister of the Interior in a cabinet that may be short-lived. But adverse circumstances held him in a tight grip. He married unhappily. He was involved in the Panama scandal. For years he lived in political obscurity, writing for his newspaper and now and then making a speech in favor of anticlerical ideas. There was never a thing in the charge that he received De Lesseps's money, says George Brandes, one of his innumerable friends among literary men. But there are many who say that, compared with what he might have been, Clémenceau has not succeeded. He is a failure in life, they tell us—the most brilliant of failures, to be sure, but a failure. None the less, according to a writer in the *London News*, this George Clémenceau is the only man of genius in French public life to-day.

THE MUCH LOVED PERSONALITY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Dethery-tethery! down in the dike,
Under the—under the ooze and the slime,
Nestles the wraith of a reticent Gryke,
Blubbering bubbles of rhyme.



HE writer of the above lines is a "Master of Arts"—made so by Yale; and "Doctor of Letters"—made so by the University of Pennsylvania. A few months ago—last December, to be more exact—he was honored by a special session of the Indiana State Teachers' Association, which was devoted entirely to the eulogy of himself and his poetry. Four thousand persons were present. President Hughes of De Pauw University presided; Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, delivered one of the addresses; Senator Beveridge delivered another, and all the proceedings have just been published in a little book entitled "In Honor of James Whitcomb Riley."

In view of these circumstances, the reader may perhaps reread the four lines of verse above in an effort to find some sense in them. He would better not. They are simply illustrative of a certain pranky quality in the author's mind that gives both to him and to his poetry a considerable part of the interest which they possess for a wide public. The lines were published in a country newspaper, under the ominous looking title "Wrangdillion," when Riley was just beginning his literary flights, and were explained by him a little later as "a sort of poetic fungus that springs from the decay of better effort." The explanation is more interesting than the thing it explains. He wrote:

"After long labor at verse, you will find there comes a time when everything you see or hear, touch, taste or smell resolves itself into rhyme and rattles away till you can't rest. I mean this

literally. The people you meet upon the streets are so many disarranged rhymes, and only need proper coupling. The boulders in the sidewalk are jangled words. The crowd of corner loungers is a mangled sonnet with a few lines lacking; the farmer and his team an idyl of the road, perfected and complete when he stops at the picture of a grocery and hitches to an exclamation point. From this tireless something which

Beats time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain!

I walk, I run, I writhe and wrestle, but I can not shake it off. I lie down to sleep and all night long it haunts me. Whole cantos of incoherent rhymes dance before me, and so vividly at last I seem to read them as from a book. All this is without will power of my own to guide or check, and then occurs a stage of repetition—when the matter becomes rhythmically tangible at least, and shapes itself into a whole of sometimes a dozen stanzas and goes on repeating itself over and over and over till it is printed indelibly on my mind.

"This stage heralds sleep at last, from which I wake refreshed and free from the toils of my persecutor; but some senseless piece of rhyme is printed on my mind and I go about repeating it as though I had committed it from the pages of some book. I often write these jingles afterward, though I believe I never could forget a word of them.

"This is the history of the 'Craqueodoom.' This is the history of the poem 'Wrangdillion.' I have theorized in vain. I went gravely to a doctor, on one occasion, and asked him seriously if he didn't think I was crazy. His laconic reply that he 'never saw a poet that wasn't' is not without its consolation."

At this time Riley was local editor of *The Democrat*, of Anderson, Ind. He had already tried the editing of another little country paper, which, after a brief existence, ended in bankruptcy. Prior still to that, at the age of fifteen, he had left school and tried to study law. But the law office was hot and stuffy and the open road was very inviting. One day a patent-medicine man came driving down the road with a big bass-drum used to attract attention. When he left the town—Greenfield—Riley left with him, and during the summer months he beat the bass-drum and "saw life" from the top of the big and showy wagon. When the summer was ended he found himself without enough means to get him back home; but procuring a bucket and a brush, he managed to earn enough on the route home by painting signs and fences to see him through.

The "Wrangdillion" stage of Riley's literary career was soon followed by a prank that won him a certain national fame. He had been sending his verses to the magazines, only to have them returned, until he came to the conclusion that no poem with such a commonplace name as J. W. Riley signed to it would ever be accepted. He declared that if he could only

sign a well-known name to one of his poems it would be instantly accepted. One day, in the law office of one of his friends, he drew out a manuscript poem and announced that he was going to use it to test his theory. His friends saw no end of amusement in the experiment and the possibility of serious consequences did not occur to them. The editor of a country paper in a neighboring town was taken into confidence and persuaded to launch the hoax upon the public. Consequently in the *Kokomo Dispatch* of August 2, 1877, appeared a plausible story of the discovery of an unpublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe, found on the fly-leaf of an old Latin-English dictionary owned by the grandson of a tavern-keeper in Virginia. The hoax was well put up, even Poe's handwriting being diligently practised on by one of Riley's friends for several days to make the story go.

The poem was widely copied and the critics were fast accepting the poem as a genuine Poe product. One critic, however, refused to accept the story. He scouted it all in lofty scorn. This was the critic of the *Anderson Democrat*—Riley himself—and his scorn was attributed, as he knew it would be, to newspaper jealousy, and he was gravely lectured by the editor of the rival paper, the *Anderson Herald*. Finally the joke assumed such huge proportions that the facts were allowed to be published; but for years after Riley could not bear to hear the incident spoken of. The poem is a very neat bit of work, and is now included in his published works. It is worth reprinting here:

LEONAINIE

Leonainie, angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night.—

In a solemn night of summer
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot, as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the Angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you,—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
 Matchless and supreme;
 Heaven's glory seemed adorning
 Earth with its esteem;
 Every heart but mine seemed gifted
 With the voice of prayer, and lifted
 Where my Leonainie drifted
 From me like a dream.

Mr. Riley's first volume of verse, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems," appeared in 1883, with the pseudonym of "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone." This Mr. Johnson was another newspaper hoax, being represented as an illiterate and artless old farmer of the locality. In 1887 Riley's second volume, "Afterwhiles," was published, and since then hardly a year has passed without the appearance of a new volume of his poetry.

Bliss Carman writes in the *New York Times Saturday Review* a two-column appreciation of Mr. Riley's personality. Mr. Carman does not express any views on his poetry, but he gives an enthusiastic indorsement of the man. "Riley is so entirely human and companionable," we are told, "so genuine and unpretentious that it is difficult for a personal acquaintance to regard him critically." Says Mr. Carman further:

"I don't know whether you would call Riley a typical American humorist; he's a typical American of the rare sort in whom the sense of humor is unfailing and abundant. He will sit with you by the hour and swap stories, or keep you in a simmer of joy with the absurd drolleries of his talk, and he will never once try to be funny; you are like to disgrace yourself with your laughter in the eyes of conventional folk, if you go a-walking with him in the street—at least I am. I never could keep the sober demeanor which dignified propriety demands. If once you have tasted the rare stimulant of Riley's companionship, you will find that every once in a while, just so often, you will feel that you cannot keep away from Indianapolis any longer, but must pack your grip and take the first express for the West. Not for the sake of the poetry, but just to see the best of Hoosiers once more."

"His mirth is the ecstatic glee of a youngster on a holiday. He takes the hours as they come, and finds them so good that he cannot but give vent to his joy. He has nothing of the recent spirit of skeptical mockery, which likes to indulge its brilliancy in endless epigrams and facetious flippancies, and holds nothing too sacred for its acrid jest. He is too full of kindness and veritable mirth to have any room for bitter and scornful wit. He has not imbibed the acid of modern thought, and feels no call to doubt the excellence of the world or the validity of old-fashioned notions."

"He adheres, rather, to the ancient beliefs and pieties, and this simple credence, I doubt not, has much to do with the sweetness of his songs. His poetry has no trace of the incredulity and unrest which form so large a part in the thinking and feeling of many men to-day."



"THE HOOSIER POET"

"He adheres to the ancient beliefs and pieties," says Bliss Carman of James Whitcomb Riley, "and this simple credence, I doubt not, has much to do with the sweetness of his songs."

The Hoosier poet is a true dreamer, the kind that is hopelessly at sea in a strange city and must carry the key of his room in his pocket when at a hotel because he never can remember the number of the room.

The eulogistic speeches that were made last December were full of affection and pride that left, apparently, little chance for the expression of critical opinion. Senator Beveridge styled Mr. Riley "the American Burns." Mr. Meredith Nicholson assured the audience that "the poems of Riley form our great Hoosier Iliad." And Henry Watterson had no hesitancy in asserting that Riley "stands at length with the immortals of the whole creation"—hastening to add a little later: "We are not here to make literary criticisms—just to love Riley and one another."

The only thing against Mr. Riley is the fact that he remains a bachelor. In spite of his poem on "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," he has never succumbed to the beguiling voice of the little god with the bow and arrow. But, as one of the speakers at the meeting last December remarked, he has managed to square himself with the women through his poems of child-life and the quick sympathy they show with the joys of child-life.

Literature and Art

THE NOVEL AS AN INSTRUMENT OF REFORM

UPTON SINCLAIR'S story of the Chicago stock-yards, "The Jungle," is said to have already produced more visible results than any other book ever produced in the same time. If the statement is accurate, as it probably is, the novel emerges as something that cannot be confined any longer within the domain of pure literature. It becomes a powerful instrument of reform, projected into the social and political world.

There is a sense, of course, in which Mr. Sinclair's novel has had its predecessors in many countries. Jack London's enthusiastic characterization of the book as "the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of wage-slavery" recalls an earlier work which left indelible impress on the history of the United States. "The Jungle" has been placed in the same class with Charles Reade's famous novels, "It Is Never Too Late To Mend" and "Hard Cash," which brought about reforms in the English prisons and lunatic asylums; with Sir Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which led to the establishment of the People's Palace in London; and with Dickens's "Oliver Twist," which aroused public wrath against the conduct of the "poor schools." In a still broader sense it has kinship with Victor Hugo's moving and eloquent portrayal of the nether world in "Les Misérables" and with Zola's pictures of squalor and filth in "L'Assommoir" and "Germinal." But in one respect "The Jungle" is felt to be unique. Its influence has been as definite as it has been widespread. It has created legislation and transformed the working conditions of thousands of men and women. "We do not believe," says the *New York Bookman*, "that any book has ever produced a concrete result of this sort so rapidly as did 'The Jungle.'"

The nature and significance of this "concrete result" are being debated on all sides, and the new function of the novel as an instrument of reform has been subjected to careful analysis. The great body of public opinion in this country, it need hardly be said, has been revealed as strongly in sympathy with the spirit of "The Jungle" and with the legislation it inspired. But prominent "opposition" voices

have been heard. *Leslie's Weekly* (New York) thinks that "incalculable harm has been inflicted on one of the greatest American industries" by "the assaults on the beef industry, coupled with publication of atrociously sensational stories"; and Elbert Hubbard, in a lengthy article in the *New York Herald*, calls "The Jungle" an "insult to the intelligent people of America." In further discussion of the novel, Mr. Hubbard links Upton Sinclair's book with that of Harriet Beecher Stowe's as an example of sincere, but wrong-headed, writing. He says:

"What Harriet Beecher Stowe did for the emancipation of the negroes Upton Sinclair is trying to do for the working man. And, according to Mr. Sinclair, the condition of the man who works for wages is worse than the fate of the slaves of 1861.

"We now realize that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was not true to life. No living negro was ever quite so good as Uncle Tom; no white child was ever quite as angelic as little Eva. The typical slave owner was no more represented by Legree than Marks, the lawyer, stood as a pattern of the legal lights of the South, or Miss St. Clair symbolized the womanly intelligence of Vermont. But these caricatures passed, for we were in a hysterical mood, not a critical one.

"Mrs. Stowe's book tied the hands of Lincoln. Without her literary firebrand Alexander Stephens and Abraham Lincoln could and would have bought and paid for the slaves—at double their appraised value, and then expended not one-fourth the money that has been paid for pensions since 1870.

"There was a goodly dash of humor in Mrs. Stowe's characters that made the book readable, but in the 'Jungle Book' there is not a saving smile from cover to cover.

"And yet, striking the country at a time when the political steers have their tails in the air, this harmless, necessary cat has sent a spasm of alarm even through our doughty President, and he has ordered the bugles to sound 'Boots and saddles!' And the 'yellows,' intent on circulation, have taken up the call like the fools in a theatre who cry fire.

"What this country needs now is a sea wall of common sense."

Mrs. L. H. Harris, a Southern writer, concedes that "buzzard geniuses" are necessary "to show the decayed places in the world's life," but she evidently does not think very highly of the dignity of their calling. In an article in the *New York Independent*, entitled "The

Walking Delegate Novelist," she classifies this *genus* under several heads, coming at last to "the lowest grade, but the most useful";

"To be one of this kind requires a natural taste for what is vicious, indecent and revolting. He must have a vocabulary that settles like a swarm of flies over open cesspools and in houses filled with vermin. He must know how to create heroes, not villains, out of thieves, how to excite the reader's sympathy and admiration for a man who 'shovels guts' on the 'killing beds' in a meat packing house; who sleeps in his clothes and never changes them; who drinks, suffers like an animal, fights like a fiend and sinks into the lowest leprosy of sin. He must know how to portray a saturnalia of fallen women in a light which represents them as the slaughtered lambs of a monstrous social system. He must be able to describe babies with the rickets snuffling and crawling over drafty floors. He must dull pain and dishonor into sensations that are daily commonplace; show men and women who have become acclimated to all the horrors of hell so that they do not go mad at the sight of themselves, but accept their condition with sullen indifference. He must never see a flower or blade of grass, for these would be mitigating circumstances, and it is not the business of this kind of walking delegate novelist to look for mitigating circumstances. He would not confess the sky itself except to smoke it black above the heads of his beloved demon people, who are demons of necessity, the unsightly victims of great trusts and powerful corporations.

"Evidently all this requires a peculiar kind of genius, and Upton Sinclair has it. He has always had it, but never until he smelled the stench of the Chicago stock-yards, saw the 'killing beds,' learned the horrible secret economies in disposing of diseased and tainted meat in the packing houses, saw the offal of humanity rotting in Packingtown, has he found the right atmosphere in which to home it."

Against these derogatory estimates of "The Jungle" and its author may appropriately be set the tribute of Thomas W. Lawson, who refers to Upton Sinclair as "the youngest 'muck-raker,' but one of the noblest of them all," and says further: "I believe Sinclair is justified in laying before the American people in big, bold, cold print, not only his 'Jungle,' but the worse conditions which he knows exist in Packingtown, and which were too unutterably and inhumanly foul for even his 'Chamber of Horrors.'" Fred D. Warren, of the editorial staff of *The Appeal to Reason* (Girard, Kan.), the Socialist paper in which Mr. Sinclair's novel first appeared, writes: "'The Jungle' has vindicated itself—it has made its author the most talked of literary man in the world to-day, and it has stirred a nation to the verge of revolt." And a New Haven clergyman, in a letter to the author of "The Jungle" lately made public, has described as follows the impression the book made upon him:

"Tolstoy, Zola, Gorky—these are the men with whom I compare you. None of them has done anything greater; at least, more significant. You have a surer hold upon the raw facts of life, as deep a vision, and that rare witchery of treatment that creates a new world out of chaos—the solid earth of substantial fact beneath; and above, the wide expanse of cloud and sky, of night and day, of silence and brooding mystery. In 'The Jungle,' one feels how unutterably tragic is the life of the oppressed poor—how much of beauty and joy they miss. The man who can read it without being moved to the depths of his being, may know that judgment has been passed upon him. Already he is a dead soul. . . . Men may rejoice in or hate 'The Jungle,' but they will never look at the social question after reading it, in quite the same way again."

An interesting point in connection with "The Jungle," which is emphasized in the Socialistic press, but has almost been lost sight of in the general comment, lies in the fact that Mr. Sinclair's fundamental purpose in writing his novel has been largely misunderstood. He wished to appeal to the hearts of the people, but now complains that he only succeeded in reaching their stomachs! Says his Socialist friend, Mr. H. G. Wilshire, in *Wilshire's Magazine* (New York):

"Sinclair, in publishing 'The Jungle,' had in view:

"First—To instruct the people regarding Socialism.

"Secondly—To draw attention to the dreadful conditions under which the workers labor in the stockyards in Chicago; and thirdly, and only very incidentally, to call attention to the disgusting manner in which meat was prepared for consumption by the American public.

"So far, 'The Jungle' has apparently quite missed fire as far as drawing any attention to the problem of Socialism, and also it has missed again as to the condition of the workers in the Chicago Stock Yards. However, in stirring up public indignation about the quality of food which is being furnished to the public, 'The Jungle' has been a huge success.

"I understand that Sinclair thinks of writing another novel based upon the condition of the workers in some other industries in the country, where conditions are possibly even worse than those in the stockyards, but where the product turned out is not in the least affected by the condition of the worker. For instance, the condition of the boys in the glass-works is very dreadful, but nobody would think that a piece of glassware is any the worse for it, as far as health goes, on account of its being produced by the labor of little boys who are practically murdered in the process of producing it.

"I am sure that if Sinclair writes his novel upon the theory that he is going to attract attention to the boys working in the glass works and thereby help their lot, then he will find the same experience he had regarding 'The Jungle,' namely, failure."

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE NOVEL



WITH Shakespeare and Saint-Simon, Balzac is the greatest store-house of documents on human nature that we possess." This is the tribute paid by one of the greatest French critics, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, to the greatest French novelist, in a masterly study* newly translated into English by Lorenzo O'Rourke. With marvelous insight the dissector of poets analyzes the dissector of souls and lays open to our eyes "that strange, sickly and magnificent flower"—the Shakespeare of French prose.

Like Shakespeare, Balzac portrayed his characters with infinite care, but his method was different. We read:

"He began in the fashion not of artists, but of savants. Instead of painting he dissected. He did not enter into the souls of his characters violently and at a single bound like Shakespeare or Saint-Simon; he walked round and round them patiently and slowly like an anatomist, lifting a muscle, then a bone, then a nerve, and only reaching the brain and heart after he had traversed the whole cycle of organs and their functions. . . . Arrived at his character, he exhibited the structure of his hands, the curve of his spine, the shape of his nose, the size of his bones, the length of his chin, the size of his lips. He counted his gestures, his winks, his warts. He knew his origins, his education, his history, how much he had in land and income, what circle he moved in; what people he saw, what he spent, what he ate."

Taine goes on to describe the soul of man as "a crystal lens which gathers to a focus all the luminous rays darted from the boundless universe, and like a radiator reflects them into infinite space." He says further:

"It is on this account that every man is a being apart, absolutely distinct, capable of being multiplied to an enormous extent, a sort of abyss whose depth is equaled only by his prophetic genius and enormous erudition. I dare to assert that in this respect Balzac has risen to the level of Shakespeare. His characters live; they enter into familiar conversation; Nucingen, Rastignac, Philippe Bridau, Phellion, Bixiou, and a hundred others are men whom we have seen, whom we cite to give an idea of some real person whom we meet in the street."

It has been said of Shakespeare that he was a "universally rounded" man and in the en-

tirety of his work left unexpressed no human emotion. In Balzac, we are told, one can grasp on every page the whole human comedy.

"The landscape is such that it can be seen entire at every turn. The characters rise before your imagination surrounded by the innumerable train of circumstances associated with them. You view at a glance their family relations, their nationality, the sources of their authority and of their means. Never has artist concentrated so much upon the countenance he was painting. Never has artist so made up for the essential shortcomings of art. For the isolated drama or novel only gives a one-sided idea of history and explains nature badly. It merely scoops an event out of the vast conglomerate of things, suppressing all the shreds and ligatures that bind it to adjacent things. In selecting it mutilates, and in reducing the model it spoils it.

"To be exact, therefore, is to be great. Balzac has grasped the truth because he has grasped the whole."

Balzac's style, continues the critic, is representative of the "grandness, richness and novelty" of his world.

"This style is a gigantic chaos; everything is there: the arts, the sciences, the crafts, all history, philosophies, religions. There is nothing which has not furnished it with words. In ten lines you traverse the four corners of thought and of the world. Here is a Swedenborgian idea side by side with a metaphor taken from a butcher or a chemist, two lines further on a philosophic tirade, then a coarse joke, a shade of tenderness, the half-vision of a painter, a bar of music. It is an extraordinary carnival of down-at-the-heel metaphysicians, Grub-Street Silenuses, wan scholars, rollicking artists, workmen in smock-frocks, bedizened and caparisoned with every species of magnificence or frippery. The costumes of every age elbowing each other, here tatters, there golden raiment, purple sewed to rags, rags edged with brilliants—all this whirling chaos striving in the dust and light under the reflection of the gas-lamps with their hard and dazzling glare."

Yet if, like Shakespeare, Balzac makes himself the mirror of a world it is the evil aspects that he portrays most eagerly and with the greatest mastery. Good and evil are one to him, or rather, he has a decided preference for the latter. To quote again:

"Purity and grace hardly concern him; in his eye a toad is the equal of a butterfly; the bat interests him more than the nightingale. . . . If he does embellish, it will be in a strange fashion, as he loves natural forces, and those alone; he introduces into his picture the deformities, maladies, and grandiose monstrosities which they produce when magnified.

*BALZAC: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Translated, with an Appreciation of Taine, by



"LOLA LA GITANE"

Zuloaga has painted with equal power and charm the cultured beauty in all the glory of priceless lace and mantilla, and the daughter of the people, hardly less attractive in her naive, innocent grace.

"The ideal is lacking in the naturalist; still more is it lacking in Balzac the naturalist. He has none of that vivid and alert imagination by means of which Shakespeare gilds and manipulates the slender threads of human destiny; he is overburdened; we behold him painfully sunken in his scientific dunghill absorbed in the study of all the fibres of his dissection, encumbered with tools and repulsive preparations. . . . He lacks true nobility; delicate things escape him; his anatomist's hands pollute modest creatures; he makes

ugliness more ugly. But it is in painting baseness that he achieves a triumph. . . . No one is more capable of describing beasts of prey whether small or great. . . . He shakes the tree of science and gives you the greenest apples to munch."

Perhaps the reason for Balzac's temperament lies in the fact that he is the child of his century and his environment. His genius would have developed differently had he lived in the time of Elizabeth. As it is he created a Vautrin, and might have created an Iago—an Imogen was wholly beyond him. "The nature of women, remarks Taine, "is composed of nervous finesse, delicate and alert imagination, and a certain reserve, innate and acquired. That is to say that nearly always it escapes Balzac."

After this analysis Taine draws a striking comparison between the poet-dramatist and the novelist—the sixteenth and the nineteenth century writers:

"Shakespeare has found more striking words, more extravagant deeds, more despairing cries; he has more enthusiasm, more madness, more fire; his genius is more natural, more abandoned, more violent; he invents by instinct, he is a poet; he sees and makes us see by sudden illuminations the abysses, and the farthest reach of things, like those grand lightning flashes seen in southern nights which reveal and light up with flame the whole horizon.

"Balzac slowly lights and stirs up his furnace; we feel pain at his efforts; we partake of his painful labors in the black and smoky workshops where he prepares, by scientific means, thousands of lanterns, which he arranges in infinite varieties so that their intermingled and united rays light up the whole country. At the end all embrace; the spectator looks; he sees less suddenly, less easily, less splendidly with Balzac than with Shakespeare, but he sees the same things on a large plane."

THE GREATEST SPANISH PAINTER SINCE VELASQUEZ



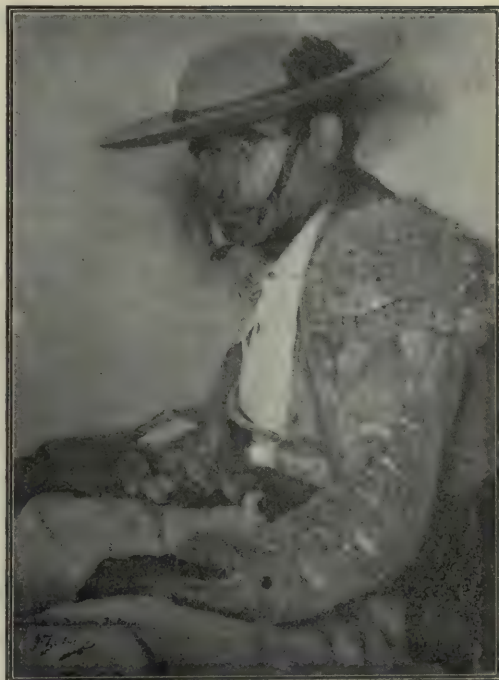
NEW painter of genius has arisen in Spain. He comes up from the ranks of the toreadors. His name is Ignacio Zuloaga, and his work as artist is attracting world-wide attention. Two of the leading European galleries—the Luxembourg, in Paris, and the Brussels Museum—have lately acquired paintings by him, and others of his pictures have been exhibited in Berlin, Bremen, Vienna and Barcelona. His subjects are drawn from provincial Spain—a home of romance as yet almost untouched by the modern spirit. His style, which is simple,

powerful and intensely national, recalls the great epoch of Spanish art, and is being compared with that of his most eminent predecessor, Velasquez.

From an article in *Le Monde Moderne* (Paris) by Tristan Leclère, we learn that Zuloaga is a comparatively young man, not yet thirty-five years old. Success did not come to him all at once. He had to encounter those not unusual trials of genius, opposition on the part of his family and lack of popular appreciation. In early youth he tried his hand at a commercial occupation, but soon realized

that such a life was impossible for him. He left the accountant's desk for the bull-ring, and seems to have found the free and reckless life of a toreador a congenial one. As it turned out later, this occupation was of inestimable service to him, for when he found himself settled in his true vocation, that of an artist, his practical experience in the bull-ring enabled him to portray the national pastime with a realism and brilliancy that no other artist has equaled.

It was after he had killed his seventeenth bull that the accident occurred which changed his career. He was severely wounded while battling in the arena, and the result of his mishap was to turn his thoughts to art. In 1889 he went to Paris and lived for a time with the Spanish colony of L'Isle Saint Louis. Here he became acquainted with Santiago Rusinol, who was destined to achieve fame as a landscape-painter. In 1893 he sent his first picture to the Salon. It was a portrait study of Don Pedro, the dwarf of Eilar, a subject familiar to Spanish painters since the time of Velasquez. It aroused much interest by reason of certain original touches, but was not



'THE PICADOR'

(By Ignacio Zuloaga)

The artist was at one time himself a toreador, and his practical experience in the bull-ring has enabled him to portray the national pastime of Spain with a realism and brilliancy that no other artist has equaled.



IGNACIO ZULOAGA

Whose simple, powerful and intensely national paintings recall the great epoch of Spanish art.

an official success, and the artist was disappointed in his dream of achieving fame at the first attempt. This and succeeding canvases made him known, however, to a circle of artists some of whom were to become famous. Among these was Dannat. It was only after an interval of about five years, in 1899, that Zuloaga's genius received full recognition through his fine study, "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters," which he exhibited at the Salon of the Champ de Mars. This is the painting that has been bought by the Luxembourg. Its success was instant, and it stamped its author as a painter of an original type who deserved to be ranked with Fortuny. The picture is regarded as one of the masterpieces of modern portraiture. The simplicity of the grouping, the naturalness of pose, the elegance of the types represented, the daring contrasts of the blues and blacks, stamp it as a painting in the great style.

In 1900 Zuloaga sent to the Paris Exposition "The Eve of the Bull Fight," a large and imposing canvas. It was rejected by the Spanish judges, to the great dismay of the painter and his admirers. This incident recalls the



"WORKING MEN DRINKING"

An admirable example of Zuloaga's proletarian portraiture.

similar cases of Manet and Whistler, whose countrymen refused to recognize their genius until it had received the stamp of foreign approval. Zuloaga did not have to wait long for vindication. His picture was purchased by the Brussels Museum almost at the same time that the Luxembourg acquired his "Daniel Zuloaga."

The new painter has traits of striking originality. His modeling is vigorous and of a characteristic nobility, and this strength of touch, suggestive of the masters, does not exclude a certain delicacy and refinement which are thoroughly modern. What stamps him a painter of extraordinary creative gifts is the slight use which he makes of models. They pose merely for his first sketch. He has no further need of them, and yet his finished picture is as full of the movement and naturalness of life as though each completed detail had been wrought after the living model. Another trait is still more remarkable, and the only analogy that comes to mind is that of Gustave Doré. It is this: Zuloaga relies absolutely on memory aided by his imagination for the landscape backgrounds which are so notable an accompaniment of his pictures. He never makes open-air studies; but depends en-

tirely upon the impressions which he bears in his memory. These impressions are so vivid that he is able to reproduce them upon canvas even after a considerable lapse of time.

The women that Zuloaga has painted are the women of Byron's dreams, glorious creatures compact of fire and passion, born for love. Their beauty has almost nothing of the spiritual, yet it never approaches grossness. Their attitudes and gestures, full of grace, their dark languishing glances, the adorable coquetry of their costume—all is of the essence of Spanish romance. The native luxuriance of the Andalusian is admirably expressed by Zuloaga's brush. In these figures, full of life, and character, and beauty, he has expressed the unique charm of Spanish womanhood as perhaps no other modern artist has done. He has not confined himself to one type of beauty, as painters usually do, but has exhibited an extraordinary variety. He has painted with equal power and charm the cultured beauty, enthroned in her balcony in all the glory of priceless lace and mantilla, and the daughter of the people, hardly less attractive in her naive, innocent grace.

One can see that the peasant type has made a strong impression upon the artist. Hardly



"THE GRAPE-GATHERERS"

(By Ignacio Zuloaga.)

The peasant type has made a strong impression upon the artist. Hardly less interesting than the seductive charm of his women is the rugged nobility of his men. These men of the people stand out in Zuloaga's canvases, figures of compelling interest.



"PARISIENNES"

(By Ignacio Zuloaga.)

' Their attitudes and gestures, full of grace, their dark, languishing glances, the adorable coquetry of their costume—all is of the essence of Spanish romance.'

less interesting than the seductive charm of his women is the rugged nobility of his men. It is only in Spain that one can see the actual survival of the antique Roman type of manhood, in which personal honor is not merely a conception, but the breath of life. The very rags of the Spanish peasant have a sort of dignity. These men of the people stand out in Zuloaga's canvases, figures of compelling interest. Their peasant costumes fall in almost classic folds round their figures, full of dignity and characteristic grace. The portrait of Don Miguel of Segovia, the poet of the people, is a fine example of this.

"Though a revolutionary in the eyes of his compatriots," writes M. Leclère, "Zuloaga is deeply imbued with the national traditions." He says further:

"Like all the painters of the Spanish school, from Greco to Goya, he loves grays—iron grays, ashen and silver grays. Like them he is instinctively a realist: forms and tones enchant him. Like them he has taken his subjects from his environ-

ment; and if one is inclined to reproach him for this, it must be remembered that these models have remained the same for time out of mind, that the toppers of Zuloaga are the toppers of Velasquez, that it is the same blood that flows under the brown and weather-beaten faces of the men, the same smiles that light up the black eyes and lurk upon the charming lips of the women. The resemblance, however, ceases there: it is a resemblance of race, of climate, for which Ignacio Zuloaga merits the highest praise. The individuality of the painter is always dominant. His manner has nothing in common with that of Goya, still less with that of Velasquez. He has not, like the latter, especially in his later period, made use of impasting, for the purpose of expressing textures of the flesh. He paints directly, seeking to impart at once the just degree of tone and strength and to preserve to the end the freshness of improvisation. If we must perforce give him a direct ancestry, we must go back to the Greeks. His coloring, powerful at the outset, but moderate and confined to a few elements, becomes gradually diversified; in the last stage the grays give place to the whole gamut of *nuances*, and the shadows are full of color. Nevertheless, the artist keeps to the palette of the ancients; he avoids the new and brilliant colors that have no permanence."

THE "FLABBERGASTING GENIUS" OF MR. CHESTERTON



"gifted, graceful, flabbergasting genius" is the fetching phrase applied to Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English essayist, critic, journalist and novelist, who is regarded as the most able antagonist in English journalism of the redoubtable Bernard Shaw. In the quality of cleverness and in the challenging audacity of their views, the two men are very similar. In more respects they present a marked contrast. "I am neither young nor a Liberal," wrote Shaw not long since, declining a dinner invitation. Mr. Chesterton is quite young—thirty-three—and very Liberal.

"I don't care for anything except to be in the present stress of life as it is," he said recently to an interviewer. "It so happens that I couldn't be immortal; but if I could I shouldn't want to be. . . . No, I don't believe in a man working purely for the sake of art. It does him good to work for bread and cheese. It is putting himself into the stream of life. . . . What I value in my own work is what I may succeed in striking out of others." Of his latest book of essays, he remarks: "Heretics" isn't certainly a particularly good sort of book, but I enjoyed it because it was so very rude to all my contemporaries."

In personal appearance, Mr. Chesterton is of gigantic stature, writes his friend and fellow Liberal, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, recently. He "presents a formidable appearance when swaggering down Fleet Street in the small hours of the morning, or in the midst of the crowd which surges around him, and to which he is entirely oblivious. He wears a huge slouch hat, which is the despair of his friends, and is accustomed to pursue long, solitary walks through London, often penetrating right through the great town, from north to south or east to west. When over-wearied with journalism, he will suddenly start on a country ramble, taking the train to some station, the name of which pleases him, on the time table, and striking thence in any direction to any destination. Here he wanders till his friends organize relief parties, or till he strikes another railway line, when he contentedly journeys homeward." He is a mystic and optimist, this swaggering young giant, who can say with Walt Whitman, "No array of terms can express how much at peace I am about God."

Mr. Chesterton was born in London about thirty-three years ago. He was educated at St. Paul's, and on leaving school intended to

become an artist. Even now, it is said, he is in the habit of carrying a bit of crayon about in his pocket and decorating blank walls with his caricatures and fantasies. But his father—a successful real-estate agent—chose a business career for his son, and for a while young Chesterton was hitched to a desk in a publisher's office. His first book, printed in 1900, was a little volume of nonsense verses, "Greybeards at Play," illustrated by the author. Then followed shortly a collection of serious verses—"The Wild Knight, and Other Poems"—which was considered a work of great promise. "I think everybody, right in the middle of them, would sooner write poetry than anything else," says Mr. Chesterton. But his next, and more popular book—"The Defendant"—was made up not of poems, but of brief paradoxical essays. These "defences" of Penny Dreadfuls, Rash Vows, Slang, Baby-Worship, etc., were laughed over as great jokes by many readers; but we find the author earnestly defending them (in the preface to a second edition) as "ethically sincere, since they seek to remind men that things must be loved first and improved afterwards."

About this time, Mr. Chesterton left his desk in the publisher's office and began to give all his time to literary journalism, contributing to dailies, weeklies and monthlies an astonishing amount and variety of matter. Some of his friends think that he has been writing too much and kindly advise him to go bury himself in the desert for a few years before bringing out another book; but it is not likely that he will follow their advice while public and publishers are eagerly asking for more. Besides, Mr. Chesterton is a family man, and his wife might object. Moreover, he is not the writer to get much inspiration from the back of a camel. Mr. Chesterton gets his daily inspiration right in the heart of John Burns's Battersea, where he is deep in local politics, frequenting the ale-houses, drinking with the men, and listening to their opinions on municipal milk or their own Right Honorable. He is ambitious to be their representative on the borough council, just as Bernard Shaw was representative for St. Pancras. Only Chesterton intends to represent his constituency—which he claims Shaw never did. "Shaw succeeded in representing merely himself," says this romantic young Liberal, who thinks that because he goes into ale-houses and drinks with the men, he is a fitting rep-

representative of the workers in one of the poorest districts of London.

Mr. Chesterton is also very busy combating the "efficiency" of the Fabian Society, the determinism of Robert Blatchford, the Socialist editor of the London *Clarion*, and the Superman. And he is on the committee of an energetic Anti-Puritan League, organized "for the defense of the people's pleasures."

The list of Chesterton's published works is already long. It includes, besides the nonsense and serious verses and controversial essays, a romance, biographical sketches and a "Life of Robert Browning" in the dignified English "Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley.

It is in "Heretics" especially that Chesterton has proved himself such a militant opponent of Bernard Shaw's philosophy. He makes no mistakes about the famous Fabian's qualities. He does not call him a "soul-destroying cynic," a *farceur* or a *poseur*, etc. He simply says: "I am not concerned with Mr. Bernard Shaw as one of the most brilliant and one of the most honest men alive; I am concerned with him as a Heretic"—that is to say, with a man whose philosophy seems to him "quite solid, quite coherent, and quite wrong." To quote more fully:

"Mr. Bernard Shaw is always represented by those who disagree with him, and, I fear, also (if such exist) by those who agree with him, as a capering humorist, a dazzling acrobat, a quick-change artist. It is said that he cannot be taken seriously, that he will defend anything or attack anything, that he will do anything to startle and amuse. All this is not only untrue, but it is, glaringly, the opposite of the truth; it is as wild as to say that Dickens had not the boisterous masculinity of Jane Austen. The whole force and triumph of Mr. Bernard Shaw lie in the fact that he is a thoroughly consistent man. So far from his power consisting in jumping through hoops or standing on his head, his power consists in holding his own fortress night and day. He puts the Shaw test rapidly and rigorously to everything that happens in heaven or earth. His standard never varies. The thing which weak-minded revolutionists and weak-minded conservatives really hate (and fear) in him, is exactly this, that his scales, such as they are, are held even, and that his law, such as it is, is justly enforced. You may attack his principles, as I do; but I do not know of any instance in which you can attack their application. If he dislikes lawlessness, he dislikes the lawlessness of Socialists as much as that of Individualists. If he dislikes the fever of patriotism, he dislikes it in Boers and Irishmen as well as in Englishmen. If he dislikes the vows and bonds of marriage, he dislikes still more the fiercer bonds and wilder vows that are made by lawless love. If he laughs at the authority of priests, he laughs louder at the pomposity of men of science. If he condemns the irresponsibility of faith, he

condemns with a sane consistency the equal irresponsibility of art. He has pleased all the bohemians by saying that women are equal to men; but he has infuriated them by suggesting that men are equal to women. He is almost mechanically just; he has something of the terrible quality of a machine. The man who is really wild and whirling, the man who is really fantastic and incalculable, is not Mr. Shaw, but the average Cabinet Minister."

After which appreciation, Mr. Chesterton proceeds at once to knock down not Mr. Shaw, but his Superman. "He who had laid all the blame on ideals," he says, "set up the most impossible of all ideals, the ideal of a new creature." Yet Shaw predicts that every ideal broken will be replaced by a new one. It is the clinging to old, outworn ideals which, he thinks, plays the mischief with modern life. "The truth is," asserts Chesterton, "that Mr. Shaw has never seen things as they are. If he had he would have fallen on his knees before them. He has always had a secret ideal that has withered all the things of this world. He has all the time been silently comparing humanity with something that was not human, with a monster from Mars, with the Wise Man of the Stoics, with the Economic Man of the Fabians, with Julius Cæsar, with Siegfried, with the Superman. . . . Mr. Shaw, on the practical side perhaps the most humane man alive, is in this sense inhumane. He has even been infected to some extent with the primary intellectual weakness of his new master, Nietzsche, the strange notion that the greater and stronger a man was the more he would despise other things. The greater and stronger a man is the more he would be inclined to prostrate himself before a periwinkle. That Mr. Shaw keeps a lifted head and a contemptuous face before the colossal panorama of empires and civilizations, this does not in itself convince one that he sees things as they are. I should be most effectively convinced that he did if I found him staring with religious astonishment at his own feet."


Moreover, Mr. Chesterton picks a quarrel with Mr. Shaw because he thinks him an ascetic, a Puritan, and an old maid! "He is, strictly speaking, 'in maiden meditation, fancy free'"—so it is written. "He is innocent, and he is free from fancies, as a person must be who is too innocent to be romantic. . . . But all this is only a part of that weird austerity and perfection of Mr. Shaw's mind. In his diet he is too healthy for this world. In his politics he is too practical for this world." One would suppose that Mr. Shaw had refused to join the Anti-Puritan League.

Politically, Mr. Chesterton is a Liberal and a Nationalist; philosophically, a democrat—and a very radical one. He complains that so “vast a section of the modern world is out of sympathy with the serious democratic sentiment.” “Democracy is not philanthropy,” he reminds us; “it is not even altruism or social reform. Democracy is not founded on pity for the common man; democracy is founded on reverence for the common man, or, if you will, even on fear of him.”

The democratic emotion, which was native to St. Francis of Assisi and to Walt Whitman, is “peculiarly difficult to describe in our enlightened age, for the simple reason that it is peculiarly difficult to find,” says Mr. Chesterton. And in this connection he touches on one of the most singularly undemocratic symptoms of our time—the slum novelists and other students and writers of the slums, criticizing them sharply as follows:

“A poor man is a man who has not got much money. This may seem a simple and unnecessary description, but in the face of a great mass of modern fact and fiction, it seems very necessary indeed; most of our realists and sociologists talk about a poor man as if he were an octopus or an alligator. There is no more need to study the psychology of poverty than to study the psychology of bad temper, or the psychology of vanity, or the psychology of animal spirits. A man ought to know something of the emotions of an insulted man, not by being insulted, but simply by being a man. And he ought to know something of the emotions of a poor man not by being poor but simply by being a man. Therefore, in any writer who is describing poverty, my first objection to him will be that he has studied his subject. A democrat would have imagined it. . . . These books are not a record of the psychology of poverty. They are a record of the psychology of wealth and culture when brought in contact with poverty. They are not a description of the state of the slums. They are only a very dark and dreadful description of the state of the slummers.”

AMERICA AS A NATION OF ARTISTS AND POETS

E have been artists in America without knowing it, poets, though all unconscious of the fact. So at least avers Paul Adam, the well-known French artist and novelist. He came to this conclusion several years ago during the course of a visit as French commissioner to the St Louis Exposition, and he states it anew in his “Vues d'Amérique,” just published in Paris. One of the surest signs of our artistic vitality he finds in the oft-depreciated “sky-scraper,” which he treats as a “new and titanic” form of architecture. But, in the eyes of this critic, *all* our commercial activity partakes of the nature of the creative and artistic. He confesses that he finds a purely esthetic delight in the transcontinental schemes of our financial magnates, and he pronounces our bridges and railroads “poems.”

According to M. Adam's definition, art is “the translation of a thought by means of a symbol.” It is in this sense that he eulogizes American art. Applying the formula historically, in a brilliant passage that begins with the names of Æschylus and Shakespeare and ends with the American “sky-scraper,” M. Adam says:

the dogma, but have been unable to clothe it with its living forms. Others have been able to produce technically acceptable work without being able to inscribe in the symbol the idea which justifies it. The man of genius has combined the two faculties. Thus Æschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe and Flaubert; thus Bach, Beethoven and Wagner; thus Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Holbein, Titian, Rembrandt, Delacroix, Lenain, Fragonard, Ingres, Whistler, gave evidence of the highest genius. These great men possessed the faculty of suggestion equally with the faculty of expression. Their works communicate to us a sort of emotion which owes nothing to pity, to fear, to joy, to sorrow, but which owes everything to the unique and surprising art of having inscribed an impressive idea in a perfect symbol. The masterpiece of sculpture from the time of the Egyptians and the Greeks up to the most productive period of the Renaissance always expressed abstract forces: divinity, sovereignty, glory, wisdom, beauty. These forces were at first part of architecture, which seems to be, in its essence, the art of reducing to lines the data provided by nature; the art of transforming the trunks of trees into pillars, the forest thickets into colonnades; the hollowed granite of grottoes into vaulted ceilings; the sloping thatches of the primitive huts into pediments. The Greek developed the habit of putting everything into geometrical figures. His monuments, with their bas-reliefs and statues, were a pure translation of a geometrical science, invented in its entirety by man. The same thought, which was applied by Scandinavians, who descended into the Balkan peninsula in

“Some artists have been able to develop the idea,

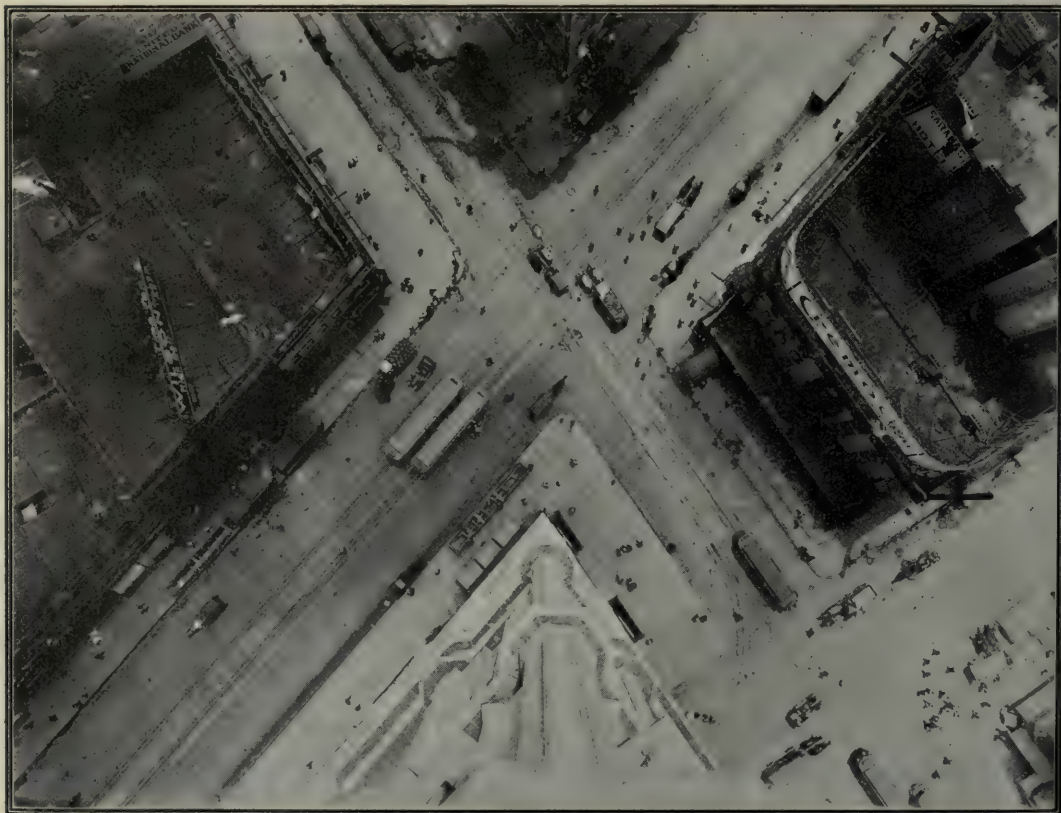
the course of their migrations and who were instructed in their destinies by the adepts of Memphis, and by the Phœnicians of Tyre, was the thought that borrowed the least from the world of sense. Architecture was a symbol of ideas from the moment it ceased to preside over the construction of the hut and began to dedicate the temple.

"This is the reason why the North Americans are preparing at this moment a new and titanic architecture, symbol of the activity of their brains."

Bringing all contemporary American art to the test of his favorite touchstone, M. Adam arrives, by this route also, at a glorification of our architecture as being the only adequate symbolic expression of our national life. Our painting, he says, is as yet in the imitative stage, and even the greatest of our sculptors, such as St Gaudens, have not learned to subordinate "the life of the form" to "the desire for an ennobling composition." American art, in M. Adam's judgment, is strong in technique, but, save in architecture, weak in imitative originality. It is in architecture that the American artist "finds" himself; it is here that

the spirit of "colossal cities," of the "flames and the Cyclopean workshops of Pittsburg," finds expression. M. Adam's admiration for our sky-scraper as the architectural symbol of our "genius for synthesis" is almost without limit. He characterizes the Frick Building at Pittsburg as "the most remarkable architectural achievement on the other side of the Atlantic," and goes on to say:

"As a rule, opinion deprecates these square towers which are being built in all American cities, where the excessive cost of land obliges the contractors to make up in vertical what is lacking in horizontal space. Persons who pride themselves upon their taste affect disapproval of structures of this sort. Wrongly, I think. Their very height exempts them from the heaviness with which they are reproached. Among the other buildings, they are like the donjons of yore among the straw-thatched cottages. Now no æsthetician judges unfavorably the group formed by the tower and the tiny houses of a medieval city. All agree rather in pronouncing it picturesque. Even the young girls practise copying its arrangement with pencil and brush because they desire to please. They would do well also to transfer to their water-color pads these colossal, tower-like structures and the



A CURIOSITY IN ARTISTIC PERSPECTIVE

A photograph taken with a camera tied to a bamboo pole suspended from the top of the New York Times building.



"BROAD STREET, NEW YORK"

(By Colin Campbell Cooper.)

"Crude as these buildings are to-day," says a writer in *The Booklovers Magazine*, "the drift of the sunlight on them, the glorious and often merciful veil of mists, and the glittering galaxies of their own lights by night help us to that relation toward them of instinctive joy in a beauty already there. And this relation gives the surest promise of their future perfection."



NEW YORK'S JAGGED SKY-LINE

"Is there no suggestion of poetry in that silent company of stone giants?—in this fairy harbor with its floating constellations and argosies of brilliant color?" asks Michael Monahan in *The Papyrus*. "Must the poet be voiceless in the presence of beauty and power manifested in symbols peculiar to this age and this land? Or is it not rather that we have no poet whose tiny soul does not shrivel up into impotence before your greatness, O Manahatta?"

buildings that cluster in their shadows. In fact, certain photographers have succeeded in achieving, by careful selection, excellent and surprising results. The rhythmical sweep of the lines of the ensemble is highly satisfying. I firmly believe that the Americans have discovered a new type of architecture which their coming art will raise to a high degree of excellence.

"And this art will be theirs alone!"

"In the twenty-three stories of these buildings the force of America is concentrated. There, promoters come to think; there, inventors and financiers form partnerships; there, banks buy, sell, discount, consolidate, prepare elections, devise social laws, project railroads, whet the appetites of the masses, satisfy them and exploit them, command the digging of mines, the ploughing of the desert, the spanning of rivers with bridges, the sowing of railway stations, the founding of cities, the capturing of sources of gas and petroleum, the cornering of the cotton of the South, the grain of the West, the metals of the East and the leather of the North, in order to cause the price to rise or fall a few cents. Such a change in price is sufficient to make a difference in the total of millions of dollars by reason of the abundance of national wealth due to the bigness of the territory, the variety of the products, the fertility of the virgin soil, the energy of eighty million inhabitants and the prosperity of a commerce on which immigration alone confers 900,000 customers a year. These marvelous architectural artists are striving to endow their structures with the power of suggestion. They understand perfectly that this is the principal part of their task. To erect donjons of twenty-five stories, to superimpose business offices therein, to exalt above the city the omnipotence of money as the tower of the feudal castle was exalted of yore above the surrounding country—what exact and happy symbolism is this! Our ignorance has fondly maintained, hitherto, that the Yankees possess no personal art. Here is the refutation."

It is not surprising that a man who can discern these artistic qualities in our despised sky-scraper should discover qualities of art also in the business and business methods

of which the sky-scraper is the logical product. To M. Adam, business as carried on in America is poetry, and, consequently, American business men are poets. He writes on this point:

"Half of the American enterprises appear on examination to be of such a sort that the most courageous of our speculators would consider a person crazy who should venture to announce his faith in them, and would commend him to an alienist's care. Yet some of these senseless dreams pay their dreamers largely. . . . As soon as the Spaniards had evacuated Cuba, their conquerors deemed it incumbent upon them to build a railroad the whole length of the island, since, without a railroad, it would not take on the aspect of a civilized land. American pride demanded this permanent evidence of its civilizing work. Immediately, a financier of Chicago assembled friends who joined hands with him. To-day locomotives draw Pullman cars from Havana to Santiago at normal speed. Everybody knows that for ten or twenty years agriculture will not be sufficiently developed along the length of this line to afford it a business sufficient to keep up its material and pay the salaries of its employees. *And yet the affair was carried through because it was beautiful to think about!* The founder was enamored of the idea of bestowing on the unfortunate Cuban nation a new life by creating an artery which will circulate the force of men and the fruits of their toil later, when the virgin forests shall have been partly cleared, when villages and factories shall have arisen near the now empty and solitary railway stations. As a poet imagines the splendor of a sonnet or the beneficent force of a god, so the American millionaire is inspired by a vision of the glory of creating by his art, greater human ease, smoking industries, new cities, bustling quarters, the fever of business, the genius of inventors born in the midst of active populations—a whole future world to arise from the gold sown in this brush shaded by the flights of melancholy little vultures and the royal palm.

"In our Old World, what financier would be willing to deplete his treasures for such a poem of hope?"

Music and the Drama

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE THEATER

I see a great building to seat many thousands of people. At one end rises a platform of heroic size on which figures of a heroic mould shall move. Scenes shall be such as the world shows us. The movements on these scenes shall be noble and great: all shall be illumined by a light such as the spheres give us, not such as the foot-lights give us, but such as we dream of. Each thing done on the stage in this new world shall be significant, intentional; nothing shall be the result of chance, neither shall people have cause to exclaim, "How clever!" but only "How beautiful!"

These glowing words are taken from a new brochure on "The Art of the Theatre,"* by Edward Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, and the man who wrote them is a doer as well as a dreamer. With eyes turned toward the ideal theater of the future, Mr. Craig works in and through the theater of the present. London has applauded his marvelous presentations of Shakespeare and Ibsen, and the Les-sing Theater, in Berlin, now employs his services as stage-director. "The fact that a famous German theater should have sent for an Englishman to stage German plays," remarks

Gertrude Norman, in a recent issue of *The Theatre Magazine* (New York), "is, perhaps, sufficient introduction of Edward Gordon Craig as an extraordinary man." By the same writer Mr. Craig is summed up as "actor, artist, writer, musician, stage-director, designer of scenery and costumes, initiator of a new system

of stage-lighting, composer of quaint verses, and in all equally successful and original."

Expressing his views in the present instance through a kind of Socratic dialogue prefaced by an introduction and illustrated by his own designs, Mr. Craig appears not only as a prophet but also as an iconoclast. He thinks that "the plays in the theaters are, artistically, failures," and that "the theater itself is a failure artistically and commercially." The very form of the theatrical building, he maintains, will have to be entirely changed. "Dare we not say that the modern theater, in comparison with the theater of the future, is as the mud-hut of the savage in comparison with the Parthenon?" Foot-lights, it seems, are to be abolished. Mr. Craig declares, semihumorously, that "the only thing to do is to remove all the footlights out of the theaters as quickly as possible and say nothing about it." He shares the theory of M. Ludovic Celler that the system of footlights



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE MASQUE OF "HUNGER" DESIGNED AND WRITTEN BY GORDON CRAIG

"At the first note of music, the curtain, which is a thing of shreds and patches, is rent in the middle, and a man with a hideous mask is seen standing on a little hillock of mud. He is breathing so heavily, one might almost say he snorts: the kind of noise a bull makes when his mate has been removed to the shambles. From his right arm hangs a little dead boy, which he stretches out to the audience. He shows this figure to all, moving it from right to left and from left to right, and all the time the sound of restrained bellowing is heard. His movements are slow and deliberate—we think that all emotion and all life has gone from him as well as from the dead figure which he holds. From every side, and beneath him, come the many echoes of his solitary cry, and these echoes take new shapes, resolving into the words 'Pain . . . Pain . . . and Sorrow' which float singing in the air, or roll like billows around his feet. Then a black rain commences to fall, very softly at first, then like a hail-storm, and finally becomes so swift and dense that the two figures are lost to sight and everything ceases—sound—vision and all."

*THE ART OF THE THEATRE.
By Edward Gordon Craig.
T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh.



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF GORDON CRAIG'S
STAGE ART

Showing a proposed massing of lights and shades:



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*.

ONE OF MR. CRAIG'S DESIGNS FOR SHAKE-
SPEAREAN DRAMA

A suggested harmony of curtains and scenic effect.

owes its origin to the fact that during the seventeenth century the poorer play-houses were unable to afford the chandeliers used in more elegant theaters, and therefore placed tallow candles on the floor in front of the stage.

These and similar strictures on the theater grow out of Mr. Craig's conviction that modern drama utterly lacks essential unity and harmony. "No longer is a play a balance of actions, words, dance and scene," he says, "but it is either all words or all scene." He continues:

"Some people go to the theater now-a-days expecting to be bored. This is natural, for they have been taught to look for tiresome things. When you tell me you have been satisfied at a modern theater you prove that it is not only the art which has degenerated, but that a proportion of the audience has degenerated also. But do not let this depress you. I once knew a man whose life was so occupied he never heard music other than that of the street organ. It was to him the ideal of what music should be. Still, as you know, there is better music in the world—in fact, barrel-organ music is very bad music; and if you were for once to see an actual piece of theatrical art, you would never again tolerate what is to-day being thrust upon you in place of theatrical art. The reason why you are not given a work of art on the stage is not because the public does not want it, not because there are not excellent craftsmen in the theater who could prepare it for you, but because the theater lacks the artist—the artist of the theater, mind you, not the painter, poet, musician."

The advent of the artist in the theater world—this is what Mr. Craig hopes and strives for. He will be an artist who will "slowly but surely gather around him the better craftsmen," and "together they will give new life to the art of the theater." He will be a stage-director in the true sense, interpreting plays by means of actors and scene-painters, and mastering the uses of actions, words, line, color and rhythm. Here we quote Mr. Craig's own description of the functions of an ideal stage-manager:

"His first work is to read the play through and get the great impression, and in reading he begins to see the whole color, rhythm, action of the thing. He then puts the play aside for some time, and in his mind's eye mixes his palette (to use a painter's expression) with the colors which the impression of the play has called up. . . . Remember he does not merely sit down and

draw a pretty or historically accurate design, with enough doors and windows in picturesque places, but he first of all chooses certain colors which seem to him to be in harmony with the spirit of the play, rejecting other colors as out of tune. He then weaves into a pattern certain objects—an arch, a fountain, a balcony, a bed—using the chosen object as the centre of his design. Then he adds to this all the objects which are mentioned in the play, and which are necessary to be seen. To these he adds, one by one, each character which appears in the play, and gradually each movement of each character, and each costume. He is as likely as not to make several mistakes in his pattern. If so, he must, as it were, unpick the design, and rectify the blunder, even if he has to go right back to the beginning and start the pattern all over again—or he may even have to begin a new pattern. At any rate, slowly, harmoniously, must the whole design develop, so that the eye of the beholder shall be satisfied. While this pattern for the eye is being devised, the designer is being guided as much by the sound of the verse or prose as by the sense or spirit. And shortly all is prepared, and the actual work can be commenced."

This "actual work" consists, in the first place, of the painting of scenery and the making of costumes. Then comes the lighting scheme, and, after that the most interesting task of all—"the manipulation of the figures in all their movements and speeches." On this point Mr. Craig writes:

"Some actors have the right instincts in this matter, and some have none whatever. But even those whose instincts are most keen cannot remain in the pattern, cannot be harmonious, without following the directions of the stage manager. . . .

"Let me illustrate this point. The play to be presented is 'Romeo and Juliet.' We have studied the play, prepared scene and costume, lighted both, and now our rehearsals for the actors commence. The first movement of the great crowd of unruly citizens of Verona, fighting, swearing, killing each other, appals us. It horrifies us that in this white little city of roses and song and love there should dwell this amazing and detestable hate which is ready to burst out at the very church doors, or in the middle of the May festival, or under the windows of the house of a newly-born girl. Quickly following on this picture, and even while we remember the ugliness which larded both faces of Capulet and Montague, there comes strolling down the road the son of Montague, our Romeo, who is soon to be lover and the loved of his Juliet. Therefore, whoever is chosen to move and speak as Romeo must move and speak as part and parcel of the design. He must move across our sight in a certain way, passing to a certain point, in a certain light, his head at a certain angle, his eyes, his feet, his whole body in tune with the play, and not (as is often the case) in tune with his own thoughts only, and these out of harmony with the play."

In brief, the theater must become a "master-piece of mechanism" dominated by one hand and brain. Says Mr. Craig in closing:



Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine

THE GIFTED SON OF ELLEN TERRY

Gordon Craig is characterized by a recent magazine writer as "actor, artist, writer, musician, stage-director, designer of scenery and costumes, initiator of a new system of stage-lighting, composer of quaint verses, and in all equally successful and original."

"When the theater has become a masterpiece of mechanism, when it has invented a technique, it will without any effort develop a *creative art* of its own. But the whole question of the development of the craft into a self-reliant and creative art would take too long to go thoroughly into at present. There are already some theater men at work on the building of the theaters; some are reforming the acting, some the scenery. And all of this must be of some small value. But the first thing to be realized is that little or no result can come from the reforming of a single craft of the theater without at the same time, in the same theater, reforming all the other-crafts. The whole

renaissance of the art of the theater depends upon the extent that this is realized. The art of the theater is divided up into so many crafts; acting, scene, costume, lighting, carpentering, singing, dancing, etc., that it must be realized at the commencement that *entire* not *part* reform is needed; and it must be realized that *one* part, one craft, has a *direct* bearing upon each of the other crafts in the theater and that no result can come from pitiful, uneven reform, but only from a systematic progression. Therefore, the reform of the art of the theater is possible to those men alone who have studied and practised all the crafts of the theater."

"A MILITANT MORALIST WHO CHOSE TO BECOME A GREAT DRAMATIST."

IT is one of the paradoxes of dramatic history that Alexandre Dumas fils, who has won world-wide fame chiefly through "Camille," a play that on its first production in France was condemned as "immoral" and to this day cannot be given in England except in mutilated form, should now be charged with too rigid moralism. His life and work have come to the fore in connection with the unveiling of a new

monument in his honor in Paris. Among the eminent men who participated in the dedication ceremonies were Victorien Sardou, Paul Bourget, Paul Hervieu and Jules Claretie. In the evening, scenes from his plays were performed with Mounet Sully and Coquelin in the cast. And the Paris *Figaro* has devoted an entire number to articles on Dumas and personal recollections of him.

Dumas's "moralism" is said to have been



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*.

A SCENE FROM LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S RELIGIOUS PLAY, "BETHLEHEM"

As produced in London by Gordon Craig. Showing the stage illuminated by means other than footlights.

the result of his observation of the dissolute habits of his father, the famous author of "Monte Cristo" and the D'Artagnan romances. Dumas the younger was an illegitimate son, and his first literary effort, a novel, is a moving picture of the torments he endured on account of his irregular birth. "Camille," which he wrote in 1848, was also a novel. Soon after its publication a writer of melodramas brought him a stage version of the book which was so at variance with his ideas that he was led to make his own dramatization. The resulting play marks an epoch in the modern stage. It was the forerunner of all the "Zazas," "Saphos," and other *demi-mondaines* who have been glorified on the modern stage. (The word "demi-monde," by the way, may be said to have been coined by Dumas.) "Camille" has been presented by the world's greatest actresses—Modjeska, Bernhardt, Duse—and, by general consensus of critical opinion, it deserves the place it has won. Montrose J. Moses writes in a late number of *The Theatre Magazine* (New York):

"Notwithstanding the frankly immoral character of its heroine, 'Camille' will always rank among the world's great plays; and to be able to act its principal characters adequately will ever be the goal of ambitious players, and at once the reward and test of dramatic genius. The proof that 'Camille' is a great play is that it has survived, and that, when competently played, the human interest in its story and the high moral it points—that no creature is so degraded as to be incapable of regeneration and purification through a supreme sacrifice—never fails to hold audiences and move them to tears."

"Camille" struck the keynote of all Dumas's subsequent dramas. "Diana de Lys" (1853); "Le Demi-Monde" (1855); "L'Ami des Femmes" (1864); "La Femme de Claude" (1873)—all deal realistically with some phase of social ethics. However they may have been misunderstood—and it is said that Dumas's last days were clouded by his consciousness of the utter misapprehension of his motive by the public at large—their aim was intensely moral. Dumas conceived his plays as social sermons, showing the baneful influence of romantic love and false sentiment, and warning mankind against "those charming, terrible little creatures for whom we ruin, dishonor and kill ourselves, and whose sole occupation in the midst of this universal carnage is to dress now like umbrellas and now like bells."

Dumas "loudly proclaimed the civilizing power of the stage," writes R. Poincaré, a French critic; "he compared the stage to the pulpit, the platform and the press; and he



A MONUMENT TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS
(Recently unveiled in Paris.)

Of his intentions in this work, the sculptor, M. de Saint-Marceaux, says: "Dumas *fils* was the father confessor of women, their confidant; and that is the way he should be represented. . . . The figure is raised on a very simple plinth about which flutter a group of airy women, symbolic of feminine emotions. He listens to the frail creatures for whom his heart was always full of pity."

claimed the right to place it at the service of the Idea, the Truth and the Future." Jules Lemaitre says: "He was a prophet of Israel, uttering epigrammatic truths."

From the personal recollections of Paul Bourget, contributed to the *Figaro*, we learn that this "insistent moralist" was as strict with himself as he was with his misunderstanding auditors. Bourget had ample opportunity to study the complex nature of the dramatist, counting Dumas among the friends who showed most concern for his own work at the beginning of his literary career. Dumas, he says, was as tender as he was strong. With little fondness for the abstract, or for purely

speculative analysis, he was quick to carry out his ideas in his own life. "This theoretician," he maintains, "was above all a realist in the philosophic sense of the word. The most natural of men, the most spontaneous, he was at the same time the most rigorous in applying to himself the principles he had recognized as true; and he was as careful to apply them to little as to big things. He went about among people a good deal; but before eleven o'clock you could see him leaving the house where he had dined, no matter whose house it had been, to get to his own home early and be able to rise at six o'clock in the morning. He abstained entirely from alcoholic drinks, and though at one time he had been a great smoker, he gave up tobacco altogether because it made him dizzy."

The tenderness and thoughtfulness for others, on which Bourget dwells at length, is brought out very clearly by a little anecdote related in the *Annales*. The mother of Dumas was a poor seamstress whom her husband, the elder Dumas, had allowed no share in the education of their son. Nevertheless, Dumas fils was extremely attached to her. He paid her rent and looked out for her welfare in general. She lived very simply and seldom had company, the rarest visitor being Dumas père.

On the night of the first presentation of "Camille," Dumas père, elated at the extraordinary success of his talented son, invited him to take supper with a number of friends, to celebrate the occasion with fitting doses of champagne, and the other traditional concomitants of a new dramatic sensation in Paris. But he received this reply:

"I have already been invited elsewhere."

"You will take supper with some ladies?" queried the father.

"With one lady."

"I don't want to be indiscreet; but may I ask who the favored lady is?"


"Mother."

And late that night the lady was surprised to hear a knock at her door. She admitted her son, who after partaking of the simple fare his mother could offer him, passed a night of sound sleep in her unpretentious apartments; satisfied, so the *Annales* concludes, that he had accomplished that night not only a great but also a good act.

The New York *Evening Post*, to which we are indebted for the phrase at the head of this article, takes a much less exalted view of Dumas's genius than that generally voiced in France. "There never was a literature," it says, "less literary than his, more exasperatingly insistent in its attack upon mind and heart." *The Post* continues:

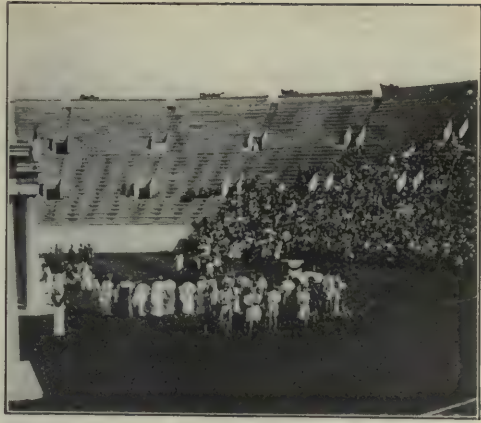
"It is precisely this denunciatory quality of the man that makes the non-French reader rebel a little at the work and doubt its permanent value. Scornful of the minor perfections of French style, the younger Dumas stands aside also from its great tradition. A generation from now there will be, we judge, few to read him for his manner; few, in fact, have ever done so. And it is probable that his matter will seem a little old-fashioned. Indeed, already the problems of the plays are those of a class of men about town, discredited if not obsolete. It is to be more than suspected that, with all its technical ability, his theatre belongs, at bottom, to the class of literature of which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the consummate type. We do well to erect monuments to such writers, if only that posterity may not forget the great services of those whose literary works hardly live after them. But a hundred years from now one can hardly doubt that the statue in the Place Malesherbes will seem to stand there by grace of that 'prodigal father' who cared little enough about improving mankind, but a great deal about amusing them and himself."

THE "AGAMEMNON" OF ÆSCHYLUS AT HARVARD

N astonishing success," says the veteran New Englander, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "was the recent performance at the Harvard Stadium of that 'greatest of ancient dramas'—the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus. This success was achieved in spite of countless obstacles and discouragements, including rainy weather on the day of the presentation; and it crowns a unique undertaking. Two other Greek plays—the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' and 'Ajax' of Sophocles—have been produced in

this country; but never before has a Greek tragedy been given in America in the open air and under circumstances closely approximating those which environed the original Greek drama. The actors on this occasion were all Harvard students; the chorus was composed of members of the University Glee Club; and the incidental music for the drama was written in strict conformity with Greek models by John Ellerton Lodge, son of Senator Lodge.

The fact that the play held the attention of a fairly large audience for two hours in a slow,



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TWO VIEWS OF THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD

"In the mere coming and going, the magnificent exits and entrances," says Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "a new power is brought to bear by such a presentation. We seem to behold before us successive groups of kings and queens, no longer Harvard students, but Argive Kembles and Siddonses, at least."

constant rain, was, to a New York *Evening Post* reporter, "sufficient proof of the permanent dramatic force in Æschylus's work and of the excellence of the presentation." The same writer continues:

"As a bit of archeological reconstruction and as brilliant spectacle, the undertaking was thoroughly successful. The new theory of Dörpfeld as to the stage had been adopted by the committee after some hesitation, but proved itself indubitably right. According to this theory, the old notion of a high, narrow stage, on which the actors performed while the chorus moved on a lower level, was abandoned. As arranged at the Stadium, actors and chorus were on the same plane and could mingle freely together, although during most of the time the actors stood at the main entrance of the palace, or Skênê, which was floored and slightly raised. No one, it should seem, could see the effects thus produced without feeling the utter impossibility of visualizing a Greek tragedy on the elevated stage which certainly never existed in the early years at Athens. The tableaux formed by the relative positions of chorus and actors were no small part of the dramatic effect at Cambridge, and these would have been lost entirely with the old idea of the stage. The whole spectacular effect would have been better if the Stadium seats had not been seen to extend beyond the entrances at the sides of the palace front, but this was a difficulty which, in the nature of the case, could not be obviated. The scene on the stage (if the acting-arena may be so called), was imposing and beautiful, and the color scheme particularly, the work of Joseph Lindon Smith, would have been, under a clear sky, rich and harmonious. There was an obvious intention to combat the notion that Greek life was colorless and statuesque."

The impression produced by the play, according to the Boston *Transcript*, was one of "tremendous force, merely as a spectacle, lurid and loody"; and Samuel J. Barrows, writing in

The Christian Register (Boston), says: "The genius of Æschylus, slumbering in the written text, seemed to burst forth in living flame." Dr. Barrows writes further:

"The 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus is one of the greatest of Greek tragedies, though not one of the most interesting. It furnishes no opportunity to present the grace and poetry of the Greek dance. It has a plot of little complication, indeed scarcely a plot at all. The only great contrast or surprise is when Clytemnestra, after welcoming her husband back with well-feigned joy, murders him when he has entered the palace, and the gladness of the chorus at greeting their king is turned to horror and detestation. It is a play of Doric simplicity and strength, in which the overmastering power of fate is made the lurid background of human crime and vengeance. A sustained power and dignity in presentation is required which may well demand and tax to the utmost the capacity of at least two actors of the highest order."

"What made the representation at Cambridge seem almost audacious is the fact that the two chief characters in the play are women, and these parts, in conformity to the primitive Greek tradition, were rendered by men. The part of Agamemnon is small and not difficult, that of Ægisthos and the Herald are manly and, therefore, possible to manly men. But the play in modern times would have been named 'Clytemnestra,' for in her centres all the action. Rivalling her in dramatic interest, one of the most pathetic figures in literature is Cassandra, pitiful in her slavery and subjection, weird and mysterious in her power of divination, womanly in her love and great in her fortitude."

"What shall be said of the representation? I had a chance to witness it twice, once at the dress rehearsal under a cloudless sky, and again under the dripping sky of the first performance. In the setting of the play and the detail of all its appointments, in the rhythmic flow of the lines, in the dignity of the action, the representation made a deep and lasting impression."



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CLARA MORRIS TO-DAY

Whose newly published stage reminiscences rival in interest the autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.

CLARA MORRIS'S UNIQUE INTERPRETATION OF LADY MACBETH

IN her newly published autobiographical reminiscences,* Clara Morris avers that she has never been able to accept the traditional conception of Lady Macbeth as "a martial-stalking drum-major of a woman" who "spoke in sepulchral stomach tones," "splashed about in blood as though she were quite used to it," and talked of "dashing out the brains of her suckling babe with a fiendish satisfaction in her own nerve." Miss Morris presented to the American public, contrary to all stage tradition, an emotional, red-haired and altogether feminine wife of the great Thane. This was in 1874. "Comparatively few New Yorkers probably can recall her impersonation," says a writer in *The Evening Post*, "which encountered much criticism and was, indeed, deficient in many tragic and romantic particulars, but which was, nevertheless, an effort highly notable for its intelligence, its independence, and its courage."

In defense of her impersonation of the rôle at that time, Miss Morris now writes:

"There is a sort of traditional terror that wraps Lady Macbeth about as with a robe. You find all the greatness of the mighty Pritchard, Siddons, Cushman, and the rest looming up between you and the part you are studying; they and their business, their reading of certain lines: Siddons—'We fail?'—Cushman—'Give me the daggers!'—go whirling through your brain. You feel smaller and smaller, and, worst of all, those great traditions are frightening you away from Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. You forget you have the same material to build with that they had—Shakespeare's own words. That you have the right to construe those words according to the best effort of your own God-given intelligence; and very often custom is too strong and one more Lady Macbeth is too monumental, declamatory, gory-minded and domineering."

Yet Sarah Siddons, over half a century before, had jotted down in her memoranda: "According to my notion, Lady Macbeth's beauty is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex,—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile. . . . She was made by ambition, and not by nature, a perfectly savage creature." And Sarah Siddons's historic impersonation was of a blonde-haired "beautiful fiend."

But Clara Morris in her interpretation softened and emotionalized the character. She says:

"Macbeth loved the fair-faced hypocrite, and petted her with endearing terms. . . . Nor was this darling of the rough soldier's love supported in her dread deeds by her own mere normal strength. Crafty and subtle as she was, clever as her reading of Macbeth's character proves her to have been, she only became terrible as a fate through her absolute reliance upon the supernatural power of the witches. There is something appalling in her ready faith and eager summoning of the spirits of evil to her aid; and right in that invocation I find my proof that Lady Macbeth was naturally womanly, pitiful, capable of repentance for wrong done, and had sufficient belief in God to at least fear Him. . . . She is relying utterly upon the supernatural power of the witches . . . and when at last it is borne in upon her that they have played her husband false; that all stained with crime they two are left to face an outraged God, how quickly the delicate woman becomes a physical wreck. Masculine? Never! Could a masculine woman show such tender pity and patience as Lady Macbeth shows for Macbeth in the banquet scene? Oh, the weariness, yet the wifely, almost maternal gentleness of that line to the broken man: 'You lack the season of all natures, sleep.'"

Nevertheless, Miss Morris found it extremely difficult to overcome all those time-honored stage traditions. Her reading and make-up of the part were almost as revolutionary as Kean's Shylock. "Don't, my dear! Give it up," said old Mrs. Farren one day at rehearsal. To continue the narrative:

"Don't what, Mrs. Farren?" I asked, leaning by head against her breast for a few restful moments. "Give up what?"

"Your foolish idea of a coaxing, crafty, womanly Lady Macbeth. Forgive my plain speaking, my child, but you work so hard, and I fear you are pouring your strength upon the dry earth. I hate to see such waste. My dear, I starred for years in 'Macbeth,' and the louder, more violent, more declamatory I was the better the people liked me. They expect to see Macbeth bullied into action, to speak frankly."

"But," I asked, "what makes her break down, if she is such a white sergeant of a woman? The public must think—"

"That's where you blunder, my dear, the public does not think. That's one of your new notions. Now, my child, you are sensitive, so why not save yourself unkind criticism. Cut your cloth by the good old-fashioned pattern."

Then there came to the much-tried actress the great encouragement of Charlotte Cushman's approval. Some one in the tragedienne's hearing had criticized "the Morris" for her presumption in attempting to play the part without "the grandeur and the terrifying force you have accustomed us to." (Miss Cushman,

*THE LIFE OF A STAR. By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co.

by the way, is described by actor Vandenhoff as literally "pitching in" to Macbeth.) Writes Clara Morris enthusiastically:

"The stately head went up—a real Cushman flash came into the calm eyes, as with generous warmth she cried: 'In God's name, what would become of the stage without the presumption of the young? We, who have succeeded, cannot live forever! Others must make ready to fill our places.' Then, turning to the lady who accompanied her that morning, she said with a smile: 'My own luggage consisted in great part of youth and presumption, when I began my career, and I like this girl's pluck in standing out for her own idea—besides, she is right. I have for years recognised the absolute womanliness of Lady Macbeth—her reasoning is good. I have friends who rely to-day upon spiritualism for aid in well-doing, just as she thinks Lady Macbeth relied upon the witches for aid in wrong-doing. You cannot well escape from the perfect femininity of the character if you study her carefully. You look amazed—but what can I do at this time of my life? I played the part in the traditional manner, the big, heavy style, and it was lucky for me that the public liked it, or I should have been short of a good, drawing play—for though intellectually I am for the feminine Lady Macbeth, physically—she laughed—'I am not well fitted for the coaxing, purring, velvet-footed supple hypocrite.'"

Miss Morris had all sorts of minor obstacles to overcome on the night of her first performance of Lady Macbeth. One was her face, which she could not make up "nice and Macbethy." "I had gone very early to my dressing-room," so she writes, "that I might not get flurried over some trivial thing and lose my hold upon my part; and with head like fire and hands like ice, I looked in the glass and wondered miserably if any other Lady Macbeth ever had such modern-looking features—features that to my excited imagination flatly contradicted my perfectly correct woollen gown, my head drapery, my rolled scroll letter. . . . Oh, for a Greek coin-like profile!" she moaned.

Then, too, she had decided not to 'spoil Lady Macbeth's entrance by acknowledging a reception. A dangerous innovation for a popular actress? But Miss Morris was ever daring and determined. "I had come upon the stage swiftly, scroll open, lips moving, eyes racing eagerly from line to line," she writes. Then:

"The applause broke out. I stood and read. It increased in volume—my heart-beats choked me, but I read on. Would it go on forever? My knees trembled—my courage was failing me—the applause began to thin—the heart went out of it. I felt disapproval distinctly—obstinacy only was keeping the reception up. I was just going to raise my eyes when someone understood, and

said clearly, loudly: 'S-s-h—S-s-h!' then swiftly added, 'brava' and again 'sh-sh!' and like lightning the house caught the idea. There was a quick, sharp round of applause, approving, comprehending, then perfect silence fell, and in a voice choked by rapid breathing, I read: 'They met me in the day of success.'"

Miss Morris's quickness to make the most of an impromptu bit of "business" is well told in the following:

"Another happy accident came to me later on. I could ill support the dragging weight of the royal robes, while the crown was so cruelly heavy that the pain from it became at last almost unbearable, while in the banquet scene the tense watchfulness, the swift changes rung upon the emotions, the royal dignity, queenly hospitality, the fine self-restraint and calm assurance had all been in vain; and when the woman's whole splendid line of defense had broken down under Macbeth's second outburst of mad all-revealing terror, the player was physically as shattered, shaken, spent as was ever Lady Macbeth spiritually. It was in the momentary pause that followed the exit of all the guests that I realized, in addition to the weight, the unpadded edge of the metal crown was actually cutting my brow. Lady Macbeth's last line had been spoken. Macbeth had turned and walked with sombre mien to the R. I. entrance, repeating his exit speech. As he reached the line:

. . . My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use,
the queen unable to longer endure her suffering, raised both hands and lifted the crown up from her head, and in the same instant the king, turning, noted the action with such a surprised frown that quick as a flash the queen dropped it to its place again and bravely smiled into his face; while both were startled by the swift-following applause of sympathetic comprehension. He added his suggestive:

We are yet both young in deed,
and so made exit, and Lady Macbeth kept her forced smile till he was quite gone. Then it faded. Slowly she removed the crown and stood looking at it, calculating all its cost, until tears trickled down her wan cheeks, when, hearing a sound outside, she hastily resumed it, and with listless, hanging arms and drooping shoulders feebly dragged her royal trappings, her misery and herself out of sight as the curtain fell."

Of course, the impersonation was a "success," otherwise it would not be included in "The Life of a Star." But Lady Macbeth was never one of Clara Morris's most popular parts. Even Ellen Terry could not make the public approve a womanly interpretation of the character. "The simple fact is," says the *Evening Post* critic, "that there is in this great part a series of tragic notes far beyond the compass of all save the most gifted actresses, and the inability to utter them is the chief source of all objection to the traditional conception." Wherein he is sustained by that intellectually

great actress, Frances Ann Kemble, who used to say she never "*would could*" act the part (yet act it she did, and read it—hundreds of times) in all its bald wickedness. In a fine summing up of the character, she once wrote:

"Lady Macbeth was this: she possessed the qualities which generally characterize men, and not women,—energy, decision, daring, unscrupulousness; a deficiency of imagination, a great preponderance of the positive and practical mental elements; a powerful and rapid appreciation of what each exigency of circumstances demanded, and the coolness and resolution necessary for its immediate execution. Lady Macbeth's character has more of the essentially manly nature in it than that of Macbeth. The absence of imagination, together with a certain obtuseness of the nervous system, is the condition that goes to produce that rare quality,—physical courage,—which she possesses in a pre-eminent degree. This com-

bination of deficiencies is seldom found in men, infinitely seldomer in women."

And Mrs. Kemble adds that Lady Macbeth does not die of remorse, but of *wickedness*. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; the body can sin but so much and survive."

In the future we shall probably have both masculine and feminine interpretations of Lady Macbeth's character, according to the temperament and intellectuality of the actress who happens to be playing the part. Nance O'Neil presents a blonde-wigged, masculine-feminine, declamatory queen; and it is rather safe to predict that Julia Marlowe's Lady will be feminine. But never again will an actress be obliged to break through the hard and fast traditions of the character as did Clara Morris.

THACKERAY ON THE STAGE



DRAMATIZATION of Thackeray's novel, "The Newcomes," made by Mr. Michael Morton and recently produced at His Majesty's Theater, in London, by Beerbohm Tree, has led to the disclosure that Thackeray cherished an ungratified ambition to write for the theater. "It was his great grief," according to E. H. Clement, of the *Boston Transcript*, "that he could never write a play that the managers would accept. Lamb had the same sorrow, and so have Henry James and W. D. Howells. As for Dickens, the theory of one of the most painstaking of his critics is that in describing his types of London low-life Dickens pictured manners, if not his characters themselves, rather from the figures of the stage as represented at the popular theatres, than at first-hand from life itself." If Thackeray's plays failed, intimates the same writer, it was because, as a novelist, he lacks the dramatic mind. He is committed to a "discursive, rambling, long-drawn-out style of narrative mixed with philosophizing discussion of social morals." He is forever at the reader's elbow interjecting comment. He cannot trust his puppets to be their own explanation. "How, then," asks Mr. Clement, "can they ever walk forward to the footlights without him?" To quote further:

"Still, several of Thackeray's stories have been prime favorites with the adapters of fiction for the theatre. There is 'Vanity Fair,' which is always being rewritten in not completely satisfac-

tory versions for the stage. In America there have been at least three versions, one of them as early as 1849, by John Brougham, the brilliant actor-manager and universal genius whom Boston knew and loved so well. Another accomplished actor and Boston favorite, Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, a famous Micawber, succeeded both as actor and as dramatist with his version of 'Vanity Fair,' and present generations of American theatre-goers know what Mrs. Fiske has done with Becky Sharp, in the play by Mr. Langdon Mitchell. It seems that 'Jeames's Diary' was dramatized before it had run its course in Punch, and 'Esmond' has been produced by Mr. E. H. Sothern, in one version and by the Kendalls in another. 'We all set to work on "Vanity Fair,"' wrote Clement Scott, 'every one more or less breaking down,' although Tom Hood was among the competitors. It was J. M. Barrie who finally made a stage success of Becky Sharp in 1893, first establishing her in popular apprehension and favor. It is a canny literary man who knows how to develop a character as subtly as does Barrie, and yet without losing touch with the ignorant and frivolous and slow-minded, who for the most part constitute the average theatre's nightly audiences. How little of a connoisseur of the theatre Thackeray was himself is revealed by the story told by Fitzgerald, who went one night with him in the pit to witness a piece which, with its mock sentiment, its indifferent humor and ultra-theatrical scenes bored Fitzgerald so terribly that he was about to suggest they should leave the theatre, when Thackeray turned to him, and exclaimed delightedly: 'By G——d! isn't it splendid!'"

Mr. Morton's adaptation of "The Newcomes," while hardly on a level with the work of some of his predecessors, is regarded as a very creditable performance, and has furnished

a rare opportunity to Beerbohm Tree. "The house was quite knocked over by the revelations of Mr. Tree's Newcome," says Owen Stair, of the London *Outlook*; "it was utterly unexpected and profoundly right. It made but one step of it into the company of the actor's two or three greatest impersonations." In even stronger language, Arthur A. Baumann, of *The Saturday Review* (London), writes of the impersonation as an "artistic triumph"—"not only one of the best things Mr. Tree has ever done, but one of the most finished pieces of acting I have ever seen on the English stage."

The action of the play opens in the house of the colonel at a time when his fortunes, though apparently at their highest, are on the point of turning; and the main interest centers in his defeat, his treatment by the Campaigner, his reconciliation with Ethel and his solitary death in the courtyard of the Grey Friars. Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the London

Times, who finds the first two acts of the play rather ineffective, goes on to say:

"In and after the third act the play, as a play, improves. For one thing, Col. Newcome at last emerges. Hitherto we have seen a minor character called Col. Newcome, who did not speak or move or look the least like the Col. Newcome we knew—the grave, lean, reticent, shabby, Anglo-Indian officer. When the character does emerge it is as a broken-down, half-childish dotard, and then for the first time we are able to acknowledge the cleverness of Mr. Tree's impersonation and enjoy it. Clive and Ethel and the rest, in whom we have been trying to take an interest as they flit to and fro, cease to concern us. Attention is concentrated on the colonel, his silence and patience under Mrs. Mackenzie's insults, his flash of the old fire when Sir Barnes offers him charity, his playing with the boys in Grey Friars, and his death."

The American rights of "Colonel Newcome" have been secured by Mr. E. S. Willard, and the play will probably be given here next winter.

A PERFORMANCE OF SWINBURNE'S GREATEST TRAGEDY



ATALANTA in Calydon" has lately been presented, for the first time on any stage, in the theater of the Crystal Palace, near London. The production of this tragedy, which marks the zenith of Swinburne's poetic inspiration, took place under the direction of Miss Elsie Fogerty, a well-known elocutionist, and is conceded to have met with a large measure of success. "One point came out unquestionably and a little unexpectedly," says a writer in the London *Guardian*, "namely, that 'Atalanta' gains enormously by being seen and heard instead of merely read. The lines carry, the passion rises, the drama holds us more and more as it proceeds." In similar vein, Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the London *Times*, comments:

"If Lowell had been at the Crystal Palace he would have talked no more of Flaxman and the Elgin marbles, but of Atalanta and the chorus of maidens and Meleager. We do not look in a tragedy modelled on the Greek for the latest psychology, the latest criticism or explanation of life; we do not look in Mr. Swinburne's poetry for remote thought or profound philosophical hint; and it is no good grumbling when we do not find them there. We look for poetry, and we find it; words that soar, that rush, that sting, that burn, a sustained eagle-flight in the eye of the sun, the perfect, impassioned 'form' that makes the search for 'matter' mere pedantry. In seeing 'Atalanta in

Calydon' acted, we ask that beautiful figures shall give outline and solidity to our own imaginations of these people, and that beautiful voices shall make audible music of these magic words. The production at the Crystal Palace had the merit of not trying too much. It was realized that this was not a case for 'acting'—for striving to interpret by action and gesture meanings that the words only half-conveyed—so much as for becoming fit channels through which the words might flow to sounds and the characters to living beings; in fact, for broad and simple recitation with appropriate gesture."

The critic of the London *Athenæum* confesses surprise at the strong dramatic quality of the play throughout, "particularly at the effect of the deeply tragic scene at the end, which moves the emotions as few things, modern or ancient, can do." He writes further:

"If Mr. Swinburne's play is some way from the Greek in its sensuous indulgences, it has something of the spirit which has gripped even those who were no Grecians at the death of Hippolytus and the agonies of the Trojan women. Traces there are of such embellishment as here runs riot in the 'Ajax' of Sophocles; the fragments of the 'Phaëton' of Euripides hold the romance of the sunrise, and when the old poet spoke for himself in a chorus of the 'Hercules Furens,' he was far from the futile common sense associated with that part of the drama.

"The modern feeling for nature and romance is not so un-Greek as is supposed, but leaving such justification aside, we may award great credit to

the actors, led by Miss Elsie Fogerty (their trainer), for the undoubted success of 'Atalanta.' They were able to give clear utterance to the astonishing beauty and fervor of description which make the play immortal. If ever amplification, to use the term of Longinus, is justified, it is here. The Chorus was a real triumph, and the best, both for artistic grouping and singing, that has been seen

of late years. The dresses, specially woven and dyed, were graduated with the skill of a modern landscape painter who finds in nature a subtle color-scheme of varying reds. . . . One saw for the first time what could be done with

The charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands.

THE SCIENTIST AND THE COQUETTE



WHEN the hero of Maurice Donnay's now famous play, "L'Escalade," bursts into the heroine's room at dead of night—and that, too, by means of a ladder placed against the window of the lady's apartment—there ensues what the dramatic critic of the *London Times* pronounces "a dangerous scene," "a curiously subtle scene of mingled rage and tenderness, overstrung nerves and fierce emotion toned to a whisper"; but a scene, nevertheless, "handled without offence." The scene is "a complete drama in itself," thinks the *Paris Gaulois*; "it is a wonderful and unique scene, having but two characters, but an admirable scene, all passion, or rather all impassioned logic, and that is a thing scarcely susceptible of analysis. . . . It is nature proving stronger than science. It is love more potent than will. Science, unfortunate science, has decidedly gone bankrupt."

Renan, in one of his later books, pleads for a scientific study of love. Much the same idea has occurred to M. Donnay's hero, Guillaume Soindres, a young man of science who has already acquired great fame by his researches in "psychometry." Love being merely a "neurosis," woman has no sentimental interest for him whatever; she is only a "subject." One of his visitors is Mme. de Gerberoy, who would like to lure the ogre out of his den. Will he not come and dine some evening? He refuses. He never dines out—seldom dines at all. His work absorbs him. Some day, perhaps, he will call.

In Act II we find that he has called, and is head over ears in love. He describes his symptoms, how the lady's image is perpetually before his eyes, her voice in his ears, and so forth. Cécile is naturally proud of her conquest. She has taken some pains over it, even to the extent of reading up some of the scientific manuals which Soindres has lent her. Not that she is in real earnest over it. She has had reasons in the past for hating men, and she now takes her revenge by fooling them. It has been piquantly amusing to fool this man of science, with his theories of love as a "neurosis" and his logarithmic tables of the emotions.

Nevertheless, the man's declaration of passion is so sincere that Cécile is disquieted. She is almost melting toward him when a visitor calls. She lets him go reluctantly, and half hoping he will return.

The pair meet again (Act III) in a country house. Soindres will hardly speak a word to Cécile. In reply to her complaint of this attitude, he informs her that he no longer loves her. The woman is appalled at this announcement, but, of course, the philosopher's assumed indifference is only the other side of bruised affection. This he proceeds to make plain in a startling way. He bursts into Cécile's room at dead of night, scaling the wall with the gardener's ladder (hence the title of the play, "L'Escalade").

Thereupon this dialogue ensues—the scene to which reference has already been made:

Soindres: Cécile! (*She turns in amazement.*)
In the name of all you hold dear, do not cry out, make no sound!

Cécile: What! You!

Soindres: Yes, it is I.

Cécile: Are you mad?

Soindres: Yes—no—yes—I don't know—I love you.

Cécile: But how did you get in?

Soindres: By the window, of course.

Cécile: By the window?

Soindres: You need be in no doubt about it.

Cécile: But this is madness, it is unheard of, and in you particularly it is something incredible.

Soindres: Yet, since I am here, the fact must be admitted. I do not know myself what has made it possible for me to take this extreme step. But ever since you spoke to me on the terrace a little while ago, I have been suffering too keenly. I could no longer remain in my room. I was unable to breathe. The walls seemed to suffocate me. For the past two hours I have been walking in the park, in the storm, a prey to all the torments of desire, of jealousy, of despair, of malice, of love—in one word, of love. I have passed and repassed twenty times in front of your window, the only one in all the château with a light in it. This light drew me—see, like that moth which is even now fluttering about your lamp and burning its wings in it. So much the worse if I, too, come to be burned and consumed.

Cécile: But you have no wings. How did you get up?

Soindres: I took the gardener's ladder from the shrubbery and rested it against the balcony.

Cécile: Then where is your ladder, for I don't see it.

Soindres: You can't see it—I rested it against the other end of the balcony.

Cécile: Then you must have passed in front of Suzanne's window. Wretched man! What if she heard you? What if she saw you?

Soindres: Everyone is asleep in this house. The night is very dark. She could not have seen me and I made no noise—she could not have heard me. Even you did not hear me.

Cécile: It makes no difference. You gave no thought to the imprudence of such a step, no thought to how your presence here at two o'clock in the morning might be compromising to me.

Soindres: Nothing could compromise you. Marble cannot be compromised.

Cécile: That may be. However, you must go at once.

Soindres: I must speak to you first.

Cécile: You do not intend to go?

Soindres: I cannot.

Cécile: Very well! I will call—scream—what do you mean?

Soindres: No, you will not call, you will not provoke a scandal, you have nothing to gain by that. You know very well that I will not attack you, do you not? I make you that promise. But I must speak to you and you must listen. You reproached me a little while ago with having taken my departure, two months since, without giving you a word of explanation. Well, that explanation I have now come to give and to ask.

Cécile: An attempted explanation by means of a ladder. Under such circumstances, there is nothing for me to listen to. Such methods do not succeed with me.

Soindres: Ah! what does succeed with you? Not patience and respect—always. I implore you, try to listen to me calmly.

Cécile: Listen to you calmly! When I am indignant, outraged, insulted!

Soindres: Come, come! You cannot be anything but flattered.

Cécile: Impertinence does not become you, believe me. To whom do you think you are speaking?

Soindres: To you, to a coquette, to a cold flame, to use your society jargon, to a woman who for three months past has amused herself by torturing me. Yes, the day on which I first met you has been for me the most hateful of all days. Ever since that day my peace of mind has fled. You have played an abominable part. That is what I have come to tell you.

Cécile: Indeed? And by what right, may I ask, do you come here to tell me this?

Soindres: I don't know what you mean by right. All I know is that, solicited by you, I loved you.

Cécile: Solicited!

Soindres: Yes, solicited—or words have no meaning. I asked nothing of you. I was happy among my books, my apparatus, my experiments. The first time I saw you among my books I was far from any thought of loving you. You did not attract me at all—you were even distasteful to me.

Cécile: I know it. You ought to have been on your guard, for that is the way such things often

begin. You have said so yourself in your "Prophylactics and Therapeutics of the Passions."

Soindres: You may jest. It is ridiculous and paradoxical enough. Then it was a wager to make me fall in love with you? A man of science was needed to complete your collection. So you employed all the resources of your infernal coquetry—for you excel in the arts of pleasing, of encouraging, of driving to despair. You have a slippery soul. Let one go forward but a step, one falls back two, and each day spent by your side is either the day on which you almost promised to give yourself the day before, or the day on which you almost promise to give yourself the day after.

Cécile: From what do you infer that I ever promised myself to you?

Soindres: Morally, I mean.

Cécile: That calls for explanation.

Soindres: Then recall your conduct when I saw you the last time in Paris, when you manifested towards me—or at least so it appeared to me—the most confiding affection, when you said to me things that no one had ever said to me before, things that would have justified the least conceited man in supposing that he was loved. And yet you could not make for me the sacrifice of not receiving M. Galbrun. The intrusion of a stranger was no ordeal to you. You could listen to his oppressive conversation from time to time without constraint, with positive readiness, and reply to it. And when I could not do that and held my tongue, you affected to believe that my attitude compromised you. On that day I realized at last the sort of woman I was dealing with and I took my leave.

Cécile: But you returned, did you not?

Soindres: To your house?

Cécile: No, here. You knew very well that you ran the risk of meeting me.

Soindres: I returned, I returned—because I had promised your brother to spend some days with him. He asked my aid in a work he had undertaken—I promised. So I did not return for your sake nor to you—what were you about to say?

Cécile: Nothing.

Soindres: Even if I had, I should have been only too happy to have this honorable pretext for seeing you again. Why should I not be willing to go through the ordeal for the purpose of proving to myself that I am cured? Certainly, it has turned out too hasty, too perilous and too painful an ordeal. It was clearly a mistake to come here, since I was destined to find love here once more—always love—within me and all about me. There is the gardener's daughter dying of love for Raymond. There is Madame Galenizzi, who has just been dining here with her lover. There is Letestard, who writes me that Charlotte is inconsolable over Menkjer's departure. Is there, then, nothing but love in life?

Cécile: So it would seem.

Soindres: Ah! if all those people died of hunger, then we should find out.

Cécile: They are not dying of hunger—so what will you do?

Soindres: But that I suffered in seeing you again and that I had found out that I loved you still—these things you would never have known. I was resolved to keep silence. It was you—you—even a little while ago—who came back to me. Oh! without stirring yourself—and that is where your skill lies. You seemed to want to speak to

me, and yet you really had nothing to say, except that M. Galbrun would arrive to-morrow, that he was a brilliant man, that he had courted you in my absence. You gave me to understand that you were yourself not very distant—well, isn't that true? Didn't you tell me that?

Cécile: Yes, I told you that. But I did not suppose I would vex you.

Soindres: Vex me!

Cécile: You had just explained to me how on a certain day at St. Amour you had had the distinct feeling that I did not exist. Isn't that so? Didn't you tell me that?

Soindres: Yes, I did feel that way then, or I thought so—I don't remember. But that was on that evening. Besides, I was sorry I told you that.

Cécile: Why?

Soindres: Because it seemed to me I caused you—anyhow you were—I saw tears in your eyes.

Cécile: Tears! I? When?

Soindres: Why, then—when you said: "This is dreadful!"

Cécile: You didn't see well.

Soindres: I first thought they were tears of love.

Cécile: Indeed! But why not?

Soindres: Yes, for an instant, I thought of the possibility of a human sentiment existing in your heart. I ask your pardon for that. I make you every apology. They were simply tears of self-love. I had wounded only your pride and you speedily recovered. And then you held up M. Galbrun's merits to me, the merits of the man I detest the most in all this world, the ladies' man, the dabbler in love. Ah! you knew what you were doing when you chose him.

Cécile: Had I chosen one of your colleagues, a man of science, you would have detested him still more.

Soindres: Possibly. And you ask me—you dare to ask me—to be pleasant to him and to maintain toward yourself an attitude that will not be discouraging to him! Don't depend upon anything of the kind. The idea that you—you!—may belong to that man—no, no, I will undertake no responsibility for anything.

Cécile: What does that mean?

Soindres: You'll see, you'll see. You have lighted a flame. Well, it is blazing up—and what will you do about it? It won't do to look at the fire with folded hands, saying, like Nero: "What a grand spectacle I've made!" That would be getting off too easily. You wanted me to love you. Take all the consequences. Because a man unworthy of your love deceived you in the past, is that a reason, an excuse, for acting as you do? No, no! Your brother has told me the story—how your husband was mortally wounded in a duel for another woman and how, from that time, your character completely changed. Yet when we are the victims of an act of treason, of a misfortune as great as that, we commit suicide, or else we live alone with our sorrow in the solitude of the country—but we do not revenge ourselves—do you hear me?—we do not revenge ourselves upon all mankind for our disillusion, for that is what it amounts to. It shows that you had no real sorrow, and that only your pride was hurt, your perpetual pride. That is not a very interesting case. You said to yourself: "I shall make men love me—but I shall not love any man. I

will make them hold out their arms to me in despair, while I remain cold, unmoved, inaccessible." For you to wreak such vengeance upon professional flirts, professional heroes of love affairs, men like your husband, may be all very well. Such men can defend themselves. But to select a man like me to amuse yourself with in that way—a timid, awkward, slow man, if you will, but a man of sincerity, ignorant of your methods and without any protection from them—ah! that was neither fine nor generous. (*He sinks into a chair with his head in his hands and weeps.*)

Cécile: Don't break down, dear friend—do not weep, I beg of you. I cannot endure the sight of your grief. Nor need you despair. Listen—first of all, give me your hand—and listen to me. I am not the monster of insensibility that you think me. You have only seen half through all this. It is true that because the man to whom I once gave my soul and my virgin self deceived me, because my torn heart—yes, for these reasons I have long been a coquette—for vengeance' sake, from pride and likewise from prudence, from a dread of suffering still more—do you understand? But in my inmost soul, obscurely, I was waiting for such a man as yourself—for a man who would enable me to become once more the woman that I was—a woman—and that woman it is who speaks to you now and loves you.

Soindres: Ah! *Cécile*, *Cécile*, are you speaking the truth or do you merely pity me?

Cécile: You can, you should believe me. To a man with the depth of your love a lie, even the most charitable would always retain the cruelty of falsehood. In the beginning I was capable of amusing myself with your sentiment, but the game soon came to an end. When you went away two months ago I realized that I loved you. I felt all at once within me a void that could not be filled, I experienced the hollowness of my weary life. All that was shut up within me opened out and deep sorrow came into my heart.

Soindres: *Cécile*, how came it that you did not say all these things to me before?

Cécile: You had gone away.

Soindres: But it was on that very day that you spoke so cruelly to me.

Cécile: I was still in my error. Put yourself in my place. But when I saw you again here, during the fifteen days you did not even look at me or speak a word to me, I was no longer myself—you aggravated me, irritated me—I detested you.

Soindres: Is it possible you detested me?

Cécile: Yes, and I do not tell you that to soothe you or to console you. You know the rest. But you, too, showed self-love and pride. Ah! when you recalled the memory of that wonderful evening when the sun sank behind the mountains, if you had simply said to me: "I wish you had been at my side that night and that the night had fallen upon our clasped hands!" I should not have drawn upon my imagination to extol the merits of M. Galbrun, who has no merits whatever. He certainly is a person who has no existence. Yes, you showed self-love and pride and pettishness and coquetry—all that you reproach me with—for you had made love to some extent to my friend Suzanne. But I understand you, and as I was the first to do wrong I forgive you, which certainly proves that I love you. I was all a-tremble from having spoken to you a little while ago on the terrace. I came up to my room and tried to write

and to read. I could not. I thought madly of you. I could not bring myself to go to my bed. I did not expect you, but I had a vague idea and a fine hope that you would come. And when I saw you behind me, it required my whole presence of mind to manifest any surprise. In truth, I was surprised that you should come by way of the window when the door was open. See, I am not locked in. (*She shows him that the door is not locked.*)

Soindres (throwing himself at her feet): Ah! my darling little Cécile, you are the best, the highest-minded, the most exquisite of women! I love you! I adore you! I did not know you. I have not understood you, and I beg you to forgive me for having spoken to you so harshly.

Cécile: It was very sweet to me, on the contrary. Your indignation charmed me. I drank in your reproaches. I was overjoyed.

Soindres: Cécile, I cannot tell you what I feel. It seems to me that I am exalted. I breathe happiness as if it were the lightest ether and I am permeated by a fluid delight.

Cécile: On a stormy night like this, such things were bound to happen. The storm got into you. Your voice thundered, your eyes were filled with gleams and the rain of your tears descended. But the divinest light has followed those shadows. (*A silence. He tenderly embraces her.*)

Cécile: Leave me! Leave me!

Soindres: You are trembling!

Cécile: Yes, I am trembling, and yet I am not afraid. I blush and yet I am not ashamed. But I will not let myself be defenseless. I cannot explain myself—but you must understand what I mean.

Soindres: Yes, I understand you, I understand you. Do not be afraid. I respect you. I love you. (*He leaves her side.*)

Cécile: You are vexed?

Soindres: Vexed? Why?

Cécile: I don't know. You are silent. What are you thinking of?

Soindres: I am thinking of you. And I am with you—in your room. Yonder you sleep. I look around me—I behold the things which speak of your most intimate privacy—I breathe their perfume. All these things are new to me and yet, from sheer force of thought, they are familiar. In the morning when you are dressing my eyes are fixed upon your closed curtains. I think of the moment when you take out the comb that keeps your hair in place at the back of your head, and when a heavy mantle of gold falls over your uncovered shoulders. Everything that touches you assumes a sacred and mysterious character to me. Ah! that so familiar a thing as a woman's body, which sculptors have modeled, which poets have sung of, which so many scientists like myself have dissected—that a thing such as that should all at once contain all the mystery, all the unknown elements of unspeakable delight for the simple reason that it is the body of a particular woman—what madness—and yet that madness is mine!

Cécile: But that is not madness, since I love you. Come close to me.

Soindres: Then it is really true that you love me.

Cécile: Yes.

Soindres: I think only of you—I long ardently to possess you. Listen—I must tell you. Ah! I

feel that I shall say this awkwardly. We cannot remain like this. I long for you and I respect you too much to— I dare not ask you to be my—and besides, in the sphere in which you move, would you consent to become—

Cécile: Hush! Hush! You are going to say something foolish. All those things can easily be arranged. We will speak of all that to-morrow, but now you must go, believe me. It is half-past four. This is madness. And the ladder! The gardeners get up very early and if one of them chanced to see that ladder under my window—think of it!

Soindres: Let me stay with you just a few moments longer. I cannot leave you—

Cécile: You must. Be reasonable, since we shall see each other again to-morrow morning or rather in a little while, and we shall see each other the day after to-morrow and forever. I will go down-stairs early this morning.

Soindres: What time?

Cécile: Will eleven o'clock do?

Soindres: Can't you come down earlier?

Cécile: Well, ten o'clock, then. I will be at the little summer-house by ten. We will have two hours to talk before breakfast, while we are looking at the sea. And I will read the future in your palm—that future that so much disturbs you. You will be provided for, I promise you. Now go!

Soindres: Just two minutes more.

Cécile: But look, the dawn is here.

Soindres: No, no, that is not the daylight. It is the moonlight.

Cécile: Alas! It is the dawn. See, the sky is all red where the sun rises.

Soindres: Ah! it is terrible to go. Cécile, my darling Cécile, come nearer, close to me. I love you, I am wholly yours. (*He takes her head in his hands.*) May I look right into the depths of your dear eyes?

Cécile: Look.

Soindres: And now, let me kiss your forehead, your eyes—and your lips. Good-by!

Cécile: Till we meet again. Go, go! It will amuse me to see you go down the ladder. Take care—don't fall. How dangerous it is. (*He goes to the balcony.*) Wait.

Soindres: What is it?

Cécile: Someone was walking in the garden.

Soindres: Do you really think so?

Cécile: I heard footsteps—don't stir, don't stir. I will go into my bedroom and look through the curtains. (*She disappears for a few seconds and reappears.*)

Soindres: Is it the gardener?

Cécile: Yes. He took away the ladder.

Soindres: How unfortunate!

Cécile: Alas!

Soindres: Suppose the man gossips?

Cécile: I will simply tell my brother all.

Soindres: But what will you tell him?

Cécile: That I am to be your wife. What would you have me say—or have him say?

Soindres: My darling!

Cécile: Now go back to your room. (*He goes to the balcony.*) Where are you going? There is no ladder there, my poor Romeo.

Soindres: To be sure.

Cécile: Go out the door like a betrothed lover.

Soindres: Till ten o'clock, then!

Cécile: Yes.

Religion and Ethics

THE NATION'S NEED OF MORAL EXPERTS

F ethical integrity is to be maintained in the nation, says Prof. E. A. Ross, of the University of Nebraska, our people must either become moral experts or else employ the services of such. He is led to this radical conclusion by a consideration of the enormous power of what is called "public opinion" and by a conviction that "the judgments the average man passes upon the conduct of his fellow are casual, inconsistent and thoughtless."

In the modern world, as Professor Ross points out, we live under a government of men and of newspapers rather than of laws, and every man is encouraged to take a part in defending society against evil-doers. "Each of us emits a faint, compulsive beam, and since the agencies for focusing these into a fierce, withering ray of indignation become every day more perfect, public opinion as regulator of conduct steadily gains on priest and judge and sheriff." The question naturally arises, Is public opinion becoming more enlightened in the degree that it becomes more influential? and to this Professor Ross replies emphatically, "There is nothing to indicate a gain in intelligence at all answering to its enlargement of authority." The public "heeds the little overt offender more than the big covert offender"; it "resents a pinprick more than a blow at the heart"; it "parries a frontal stroke, but ignores a flank attack." The key to such folly Professor Ross finds in certain "crude notions" which lie at the basis of its moral judgments, and lead astray its instinct of self-preservation. These he classifies under three main heads.

Writing, first of all, of what he describes as "the error that sinners ought to be graded according to badness of character," Professor Ross says (*Atlantic Monthly*, July):

"The grading of sinners according to badness of character goes on the assumption that the wickedest man is the most dangerous. This would be true if men were abreast in their opportunities to do harm. In that case the blackest villain would be the worst scourge of society. But the fact is that the patent ruffian is confined to the social basement, and enjoys few opportunities. He can assault or molest, to be sure; but he cannot betray. Nobody depends on him, so he cannot commit breach of trust,—that arch sin of

our time. He does not hold in his hand the safety, or welfare, or money of the public. He is the clinker, not the live coal; vermin, not beast of prey. To-day the villain most in need of curbing is the respectable, exemplary, trusted personage who, strategically placed at the focus of a spider-web of fiduciary relations, is able from his office-chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds, or imperil a thousand lives. It is the great-scale, high-voltage sinner that needs the shackle. To strike harder at the petty pickpocket than at the prominent and unabashed person who in a large, impressive way sells out his constituents, his followers, his depositors, his stockholders, his policy-holders, his subscribers, or his customers, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

"No paradox is it, but demonstrable fact, that, in a highly articulate society, the gravest harms are inflicted, not by the worst men, but by those with virtues enough to boost them into some coign of vantage. The boss who sells out the town and delivers the poor over to filth, disease, and the powers that prey, owes his chance to his engaging good-fellowship and big-heartedness. Some of the most dazzling careers of fraud have behind them long and reassuring records of probity, which have served to bait the trap of villainy."

Next, Professor Ross asks us to consider "the error that sinners should be graded according to the harm that they inflict upon particular individuals." Under this head he writes:

"The popular symbol for the criminal is a ravaging wolf, but alas, few latter-day crimes can be dramatized with a wolf and a lamb as the cast! Your up-to-date criminal presses the button of a social mechanism, and at the other end of the land or the year innocent lives are snuffed out. The immediate sacrifice of human beings to the devil is extinct. But fifteenth-century Marshal de Retz, with his bloody offerings to Satan, has his modern counterpart in the king whose insatiable greed, transmitted noiselessly through administrative belting and shafting, lops off the right hands of Congolese who fail to bring in their dues of rubber; in the avaricious nobleman who, rather than relinquish his lucrative timber concession on the Yalu, pulled the wires that strewed Manchuria with corpses. Yet, thanks to the space that divides sinner from sinned-against, planetary crimes such as these excite far less horror than do the atrocities of Jack the Ripper or black Sam Hose. The public, being leaden of imagination, is moved only by the concrete. It heeds the crass physical act, but overlooks the subtle iniquities that pulse along those viewless filaments of interrelation that bind us together. At the present moment nothing would add so much to the

security of life in this country as stern dealing with the patent-medicine dispensers, the quack doctors, the adulterators, the jerry-builders, the rookery landlords, and the carrying corporations. These, however, escape, because the community squanders the vials of its wrath on the old-style, open-air sinners, who have the nerve to look their victims in the face."

Under the third head, Professor Ross devotes himself to a demolition of "the vain imagination that there are excellences which constitute a sufficient set-off to sin." "How often," he remarks, "clean linen and church-going are accepted as substitutes for right-doing! What a deodorizer is polite society! Who smells the buzzard under his stolen peacock plumes! Any one can sense turpitude in the dingy 'hobo,' but a well-groomed Captain Kidd, of correct habits, with a family 'reared in the lap of luxury' as a background, is well-nigh irresistible." Furthermore:

"There are other ways in which sinners profit by the delusions that the cardinal thing in men is something else than good faith. The heads of religious, philanthropic, and educational work have influence, and hence the adept of the Higher Thimblery seeks by gifts to the cause and by a feigned interest to gain their valuable favor and thus compound with society for his offense. Too often, in their zeal for the special social good committed to their charge, they rashly sacrifice the greater good, and ply the whitewash brush on public enemies. Nothing can check this creeping paralysis of the higher nerve-centres of society but the heartfelt conviction that no filip to religion, philanthropy, or education can atone for tampering with the underpinning of social order. What, in sooth, are professors, preachers, charity-workers, and organizers of philanthropy but betrayers, if, wrapped up in their immediate aims, they condone the social transgressions of their patrons? Fair play and trustful co-operation,

bedded on truth and honesty, are the foundation of all social life, higher as well as lower; and no college, church, hospital, or social settlement can avail to counterpoise crime that weakens these foundations."

Professor Ross gives some cogent reasons, in closing, for his belief that "social defense is coming to be a matter for the expert:"

"Our social organization has developed to a stage where the old righteousness is not enough. We need an annual supplement to the Decalogue. The growth of credit institutions, the spread of fiduciary relations, the enmeshing of industry in law, the interlacing of government and business, the multiplication of boards and inspectors,—beneficent as they all are, they invite to sin. What gateways they open to greed! What fresh parasites they let in on us! How idle in our new situation to intone the old litanies! The reality of this close-knit life is not to be *seen* and *touch*ed; it must be *thought*. The sins it opens the door to are to be discerned by knitting the brows rather than by opening the eyes. It takes imagination to see that bogus medical diploma, lying advertisement, and fake testimonial are death-dealing instruments. It takes imagination to see that savings-bank wrecker, loan shark, and investment swindler, in taking livelihoods take lives. It takes imagination to see that the business of debauching voters, fixing juries, seducing lawmakers, and corrupting public servants is like sawing through the props of a crowded grandstand. We are in the organic phase, and the thickening perils that beset our path can be beheld only by the mind's eye.

"The problem of security is, therefore, being silently transformed. Blind, instinctive reactions are no longer to be trusted. Social defense is coming to be a matter for the expert. The rearing of dikes against faithlessness and fraud calls for intelligent social engineering. If in this strain the public does not speedily become far shrewder in the grading and grilling of sinners, there is nothing for it but to turn over the defense of society to professionals."

THE COHESIVE POWER OF IGNORANCE



IGNORANCE," it has been said, "is the mother of Devotion"; and in a deeper sense than is ordinarily understood the Rev. Frank Crane, of Chicago, has lately endeavored to prove the truth of this statement. It is not what we know," he declares, "but what we do not know that binds us together; that is, the spiritual conglutinate of the race is ignorance." He continues (in *The Open Court*, July):

"Men are found in certain groups; sects, which we say are united by a creed; parties, rallied to a platform of principles; cults, drawn together by a common enthusiasm; schools, unified by a

dominant literary, artistic or social enthusiasm. But our language is superficial. It is not what the individual units of these aggregates see, but what they do not see, that gives solidarity. Ignorance is the welding heat."

Mr Crane goes on to draw what he regards as practical illustrations of his principle from daily life. The best political watchword, he says, is one which nobody understands, e.g. free silver or the tariff question. The power of the party boss resides in the ignorance of the voters. In military affairs, the ideal soldier is the one who has taken as his motto "I do not think, I obey." In affairs of the

art, the same law holds. Friendship strains and breaks under too great intimacy; and love cannot live without its purple haze." The cohesive power of ignorance is "nowhere more marked" than in religion. The Egyptian priesthood—"perhaps the most absolute hierarchy of history"—rested its authority on mystery and esoteric darkness; and Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism could not exist were it not for the allegiance of ignorant devotees. In regard to Christianity, we read:

"Of Christian sects easily the most coherent is the Roman, which has so impressed its infrangible solidarity upon the world's imagination, and which still shows such undiminished unity, that Macaulay, in his well-known *mot*, pictures it as still persisting, when the New Zealander contemplates the ruins of English civilization from the broken arches of the London Bridge. And the chief principle of the Roman organization is not the dissemination of intelligence among the masses, nor the development of private judgment. With the advent of an effort to enlighten the common herd, came the breaking of Christianity to sects. The informed mind protests. Hence, Protestantism. In vain protestants seek to make their churches as solid as the Roman. Their basal use of existence is fatal to unity. Acting in the direction of its origin, the force of protestantism never tends to disintegrate; to perfect its spirit must destroy its organization; while the Catholic Church naturally moves onward in increasing centralization. Which of the two systems is better for the world, the reader may judge for himself, but there can be no two opinions as to which is the better for itself. We must define our aim. If the goal of Christianity is to get every soul eventually into the church, then the Roman plan is the better. If on the contrary Christianity's triumph mean the ultimate diffusion of certain principles of life, to be worked out by each individual in his own way, then the Protestants are logical. But there are many Romanists in Protestant churches, and many Catholics have really been protestants."

Even with the widest interpretation of religion, says Mr. Crane, it still remains true that the perpetuity of "the faith" hangs not upon what we know, but upon those things that are unknown and that can never be known. It is because of this very fact that the future of religion is secure. The insoluble forever lures and fascinates us. "The things seen are temporal; the things unseen are eternal." To quote again:

"Within us is an unexplored country, 'mountains like the moon,' region of perpetual fog and impenetrable wilderness. To ourselves we are deeply unknown. And out of this unknown region in come our greatest passions, our profoundest inspirations. The infinite being within us, we can never reverence anything outside of us except it is a like infinity. Explanations have their day, but the sombre river of the utterly inexplicable

flows on forever. In this stream we would fain bathe. The secret of the universe is beautiful, but it is darkly beautiful,—evasive, alluring.

"Now the perpetuity of religion is assured chiefly by this truth. For the unknown is infinitely greater than the known. What we know not is 'that great sea of nescience upon which all our science floats as a mere superficial film.' Forever will 'lame hands of doubt' reach out toward the mysteries of the Infinite Father, the Cross, Eternal Life.

"So are we sweetly bound together and to God by our limitation. Science, criticism, knowledge, 'puffeth up,' enlarges but isolates the soul. Love, worship, 'buildeth up,' cementing as it uplifts us.

"The soul faints for the unknowable. The chief unknowable is Love, hidden always to reason, melting us together by its strange power. Love draws us each to each as to a shelter from the infinite. Because we are so ignorant of the wild waste of waters we call life, we fix our eyes on God, as upon a pole-star."

Mr. Crane's article is the subject of thoughtful editorial comment in the magazine in which it appears. The editor of *The Open Court* concedes the "extraordinary force" of the arguments employed, but thinks the conclusions arrived at are unsound. He finds the political and military analogies imperfect, and goes on to say:

"The idea that the main problems of religion, especially the questions as to the nature and existence of God, the soul, and the immortality of the soul, are beyond the ken of man, has become very popular and is regarded among many people as almost axiomatic. It is the superstition of the day and is spreading like a blight. We believe that this agnostic view is a most injurious error which must be overcome in order to assure a healthy further development of mankind.

"We do not deny that there is a certain truth in agnosticism, but it is different from the favorite tenets of the agnostic. It is true that many problems are as yet unsolved, but they are not for that reason unsolvable. Much is unknown but nothing is unknowable. Certain things may be unknowable under certain conditions, but only the self-contradictory, only the absurd, is absolutely unknowable. The problems which are unsolvable are illegitimate problems. If we find a problem that can not be solved, we may be sure that it is wrongly stated and belongs to the category of sham problems. All knowledge is a description of facts, and comprehension is due to a correct formulation of groups of facts so that the applicability of the law pervading all becomes apparent. All facts that come within the range of our experience are classifiable and thus they are subject to comprehension.

"There is nothing that theoretically considered would be incomprehensible, for absolutely incomprehensible facts would be such as would not be subject to universal law and would not conform to the general world-order. As to the laws themselves we find them to be an orderly whole, a system of which the one is a mere modification under certain conditions of all the rest, and the whole is permeated by an intrinsic sameness reflected in the necessary orderliness of mathematics, of

geometry, of algebra, of logic. Obviously there is something wrong with our notion of science when we think it leads to nescience, and with our religion if it is built on ignorance."

There is not one among all the religions which is built upon mere ignorance, according to this editorial writer; "the essential part of them is always some positive faith." From the realms of ignorance, he says, bigotry has risen, fanaticism and all the host of aberrations, but not the ideals of true religion. In conclusion:

"Our limitations are indispensable because all corporeal beings are limited in space and time, but, in spite of all limitations, the soul is capable of reaching out into the vast regions of the unknown universe, and it is characteristic of all mentality that the mind comprehends in every particular case the general and universal law. This char-

acteristic feature of mind, of reason, of spirit makes man Godlike and renders possible his sentiments of moral and religious aspirations. This feature of rationality, too, is the factor that produces science.

"It is not true that science, criticism, and knowledge 'puffeth up' that it 'enlarges but isolates the soul.' Science 'puffeth up' only if it be pseudo-science, or if it be void of other human or humane sentiments such as kindness and proper regard for others. It is true enough that science alone without sentiment or sympathy for others is like a tinkling cymbal, and a mere intellectual comprehension of the universe will forever remain insufficient. But a lack of science will not make up for these deficiencies. We can expect no help from ignorance. Lovingkindness is needed to fill the gap in our hearts. Love inspires respect for everything good, holy and noble, but not ignorance. There is no virtue in ignorance, nor there any redeeming feature in ignorance. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion but of superstition."

IS FRANCE ON THE VERGE OF MORAL DECAY?

UNLESS the French people experience a regeneration through the gospel, a great nation is at the beginning of its end." With these startling words a German clergyman, Pastor Stephan Jentsch, prefaces a searching inquiry into the present moral status of France. He uses a well-known theological magazine, the *Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift*, of Erlangen and Leipsic, as the medium for his views, and addresses himself more particularly to what he regards as the moral outcome of the recent separation between state and church.

There are three hostile powers, he says, contending for the possession of this people, namely, alcoholism, sexual sin and atheism.

France, the classical country of wine, is becoming the home of drunkenness—a drunkenness that must be attributed not to wine, but to absinthe, which is being drunk from morning till night in the cafés, the business houses and the families. In frivolous irony the Parisian calls for "a cup for Charanton" (Charanton being the great lunatic asylum of Paris). Even in such districts as Brittany the absinthe cup is ruining the best classes of society; and it is a characteristic fact that the different evangelistic movements in France find it necessary to work hand in hand with the English and native anti-alcoholic societies.

France is just now engaged in bitter warfare against the social evil, and in this respect, says Pastor Jentsch, is compelled to face condi-

tions not unlike those existing in Germany. In the German university towns, he points out, intemperance has been partly curbed, but sexual immorality has increased to such an extent that university authorities and professors inveigh publicly against it, and a prominent gymnasium professor recently declared that the majority of the members of his senior class were guilty of this sin. In France things are even worse. Immorality is made public property, and it is scarcely regarded any longer as not respectable to be sexually impure. For a great part of the people marriage is no longer something sacred. The original "two-child system" in French families has found its way into Germany, notwithstanding its population of sixty millions; and in France it has been followed by something worse, namely, the entirely childless system. In many regions the traveler finds villages that are almost depopulated.

This decay of public morality is directly attributed to the disintegration of religious conviction and the spread of rationalistic and atheistic views. A prominent French writer recently declared that everybody in France has his price, from the state senator down to the meanest beggar. All these things, says Pastor Jentsch, are only the natural results of religious decay. If the people are robbed, in a systematic manner, of their faith in God and eternal retribution, then public morality has nothing to support it, and the striving for

and the noble for good's sake is found as in the lower classes as among the educated. Pastor Jentsch pictures the freethinkers and atheists of France as having accompanied more in the breaking down of faith than the thoughtful in their own ranks contemplated, and as looking now with amazement and even consternation at the ruin they have wrought. During the course of discussion in regard to the separation of state and church, men as the legislative representative demanded the abrogation of law, as well as of religion as such, and Hervé defended desertion of soldiers in time of war. Many believe that the havoc wrought by the separation of religion in France can be remedied by science. At a meeting of the freethinkers last September in Paris and attended by more than 3,000 delegates, one speaker declared, amid applause, "Science has come to fill up the gap that has been caused by the separation of religion from morality." At the congress a resolution was passed to exclude from participation or membership every man whose wife or child still took part in any religious ceremony.

It is true, says Pastor Jentsch, that the old religion still exercises a certain power over the masses, as was shown by the friction attending the taking of inventories of church properties. But to a great extent, especially in the higher orders, religion is only a matter of fashion. A part of the toilet of the fashionable Parisienne consists in having confessed in the Madeleine. It is regarded as self-evident that the average man is not a friend of the Christian church.

For deliverance from this deplorable state of affairs Pastor Jentsch looks only to a spiritual regeneration through the gospel. He asserts that the struggle that is going on to-day in the heart and soul of France is not an "Away from Rome" movement, as in Austria, nor a combat between the present authorities of state and church, but a mighty and critical conflict between light and darkness, between faith and unbelief, between Christianity and atheism. This struggle, he concludes, is a full confirmation of the words of Goethe, "The one real and deepest theme in the history of the world and of mankind is the battle between faith and unfaith."

THE NEW VICE OF HUMILITY

THE chief danger of the modern world," says G. K. Chesterton, the London writer, "is not a religious danger, or a political danger, or a philosophical danger. It is strictly a biological danger; it is the danger that we shall lose a certain primitive power of the soul." This primitive power, he goes on to explain, is the power of certainty, of knowing one's own mind; and if we lose our hold on it, we lose "the only foundation of a certain splendor, something called Morals, nay, of the whole of our civilization." Mr. Chesterton concludes (in *The Independent Review*, June): "Every day one meets a man who will utter a frantic and blasphemous assertion that he is wrong. Every day one comes across somebody who says that of course his view may not be the right one; whereas, of course, his view is the right one, or it would not be his. Every day one may meet a charming modish fellow who says that he does not think one opinion better than another. It would be easy, I repeat, to let loose against this kind of thing the hearty loathing of a healthy man, and to describe it as a corpse crawling with worms. But that would not altogether be just. Among the vulgar elements in the affair this must be noted:

that some of those who are in this blank and homeless incertitude are among the simplest and kindest of men. I think the real explanation is different and decidedly curious. When chaos overcomes any moral or religious scheme, it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are let loose and wander and do terrible damage. But the virtues are let loose even more; and the virtues wander more wildly, and the virtues do more terrible damage. Every part of the modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad; or, for the matter of that, of the old pagan virtues gone mad. . . . Really the modern world is far too good; it is full of wild and wasted and anarchic virtues. Thus, for instance, Tolstoy probably employs, in retaining himself from fighting, sufficient energy to upset the Tsar. And, of all these mis-directed moral qualities, none, I think, is so striking as the case of the modern mis-direction of humility."

Humility, says Mr. Chesterton, was originally meant as a restraint upon the arrogance and infinity of the appetite of man. The tendency of man was to ask for so much that he became sated, and in very reaction assumed the garb of humbleness. "It became evident that if a man would make his world large, he must be always making himself small. Even the haughty visions, the tall cities,

and the toppling pinnacles, are the creations of humility." Giants that tread down forests like grass, are the creations of humility; so are the towers that vanish upwards above the loveliest star. For "towers are not tall unless we look up to them; and giants are not giants unless they are larger than we." All this gigantesque imagination, which is perhaps the mightiest of the pleasures of men, is at bottom entirely humble. "It is impossible without humiliation to enjoy anything—even pride."

But now all this humility has changed its position. It has moved from the organ of ambition, and settled on the organ of conviction. A man is perfectly willing to assert his own personality, but he doubts "exactly the part he ought not to doubt: the divine Reason." The humility that Huxley preached was a humility content to learn from nature; while the new skepticism doubts whether it can even learn. "The old humility made a man doubtful about his efforts; which might make him work harder. The new humility makes a man doubtful about his aims; which may make him stop working altogether." Mr. Chesterton closes with an illustration from the history of modern politics:

"The whole success of the French Revolution, and of the European Liberal movement that flowed out of it, arose from the fact that it preached certain dogmatic certainties: certainties for which a man could be called upon to be tortured, to be destroyed. The chief of these was the doctrine of the Rights of Man, the doctrine

that there were certain eternal indispensable elements in the human lot, which men could demand from their rulers or their civilisation. And the demand is exactly the demand that has been disputed and denied in our time. Matthew Arnold, a typical leader in many ways of the reaction against Liberalism, said, in one of his books, 'Which of us, on looking into his own consciousness, feels he has any rights at all?' No one perhaps; for looking into one's own consciousness is a disgusting Eastern habit. And if you look into your own consciousness, you will find exactly what the Buddhists find and worship there—Nothing. You will find you have no rights, and no duties, and, incidentally, no self. But it is the essence of our Western religion to believe that the problem of life is solved in living it. Live outwards, live in the living universe, and you will soon find that you have duties. You will also find that you have rights; unless indeed you are in the singular position in which the typical English moderns find themselves. For, as I have said, the Nemesis of our present English position is this: that the one claim which we doubt is this universal claim, the claim that is compatible with personal disinterestedness and personal self-effacement. We dispute the Rights of Man. We do not dispute the rights of judges, or the rights of policemen, or the rights of landlords, or the rights of legislators. We do not dispute any of the rights that might and do make individuals proud. We only dispute the right that is so huge that it makes even the claimant of it humble. And there is no class in which doubt is more deep than in the rich class; there is no class in which doubt is more fixed, I might almost say in which doubt is more undoubting. No class has so much of the new modesty as the class that has most of the old pride. And if a man says to you: 'I have no rights,' you will commonly be safe in answering 'No: you have privileges.'"

A ROMAN CATHOLIC APPRECIATION OF NIETZSCHE

NIETZSCHE has constantly been represented as the apostle of decadence, of egoism, of anti-moralism, of anti-Christianity. And yet an able Roman Catholic scholar, M. D. Petre, has thought it worth while to study and popularize the views of this iconoclastic German thinker. In a series of six articles in *The Catholic World* (New York) as remarkable for their keen insight as for their attitude of warm sympathy toward Nietzsche himself, he affirms his conviction that it would be impossible to make a fair-minded examination of the works and life of Nietzsche "without drawing therefrom, not only admiration for his genius, but also kindness, if not personal love, for the character therein displayed." He adds: "It was a life, from first to last, of purity, in-

tegrity, utter unworldliness, and detachment from all low interests. It was a strenuous life, a suffering life, an unselfish life. (Yes, though he was a philosopher of egoism!) It was a life devoid of common pleasures and devoted to an ideal; it was, in the truest sense of the word, though not from religious motive, an *ascetical* life."

In the opinion of this writer, Nietzsche was above all else, a fighter. "We can sum up his philosophy under the title of one of his posthumous works, 'The Will to be Strong'; and we can sum up his life, in like manner, under a single heading, and say that it was, throughout, an assertion of strength, a prolonged effort at the mastery of self and the conquest of everything else." This attitude is well illustrated by his quotations from Nietz-

he's books. The first is taken from one of the earlier essays on Schopenhauer:

"Every young man should have this sentiment planted and nourished in him, that he is to regard himself as one of Nature's failures, but as also proof of her great and wonderful intention; she succeeded ill, he must say to himself, but I will honor her intention by serving towards her better future success."

In a later passage on "Nobleness" Nietzsche states his gospel thus:

"What makes a man noble? Not sacrifice, for the most extreme sensualist is capable of sacrifice. Not the following of a passion; for some passions are shameful. *Not the serving of others without any self-seeking, for perhaps it is just the self-seeking of the noblest which brings forth the greatest results.* No; but something in passion which is special though not conscious; a discernment which is rare and singular and akin to frenzy; a sense of heat in things which, for others, are cold; a perception of values for which no estimate has been established; a sacrificing on altars which are dedicated to an unknown God; a courage that claims no homage; *a self-sufficiency which is super-abundant and unites men and things.*"

Our Roman Catholic authority strives to make Nietzsche's meaning even clearer. "Putting his argument at the best," he says, "here is what it would be:

"We want strong men; power and strength are the highest qualifications of God or man; life itself is, at core, the will to be mighty and strong. "Starting, then, with this theory, we find some men, these are the altruists, who would take from the strong and give to the weak; they teach that the ego must be sacrificed in the cause of the altar. Thus the healthy are given up to the service of the sick; the enlightened are worn out in the instruction of the ignorant, the great pioneers and initiators of new life are checked by the tottering progress of the blind and halt.

"This is to institute in humanity a process directly contrary to that of nature. Slowly but irresistibly she has risen from step to step, from lower to higher type in her unending progress, not by compensating the weak, but by rewarding the strong.

"What is the result of the opposite system in the evolution of mankind? Simply that sickness, foolishness, impotence, are raised to the thrones which could be occupied by health, knowledge, and will. Invalidism, hyper-sensitiveness, dilettantism have come, most often, not the shame but the glory of our race. We blush, not for our weakness, but for our strength, we sample our refinement by the number and the triviality of our pains. We measure our influence by the amount of sympathy we can evoke; we estimate our importance by the quantity of help and service which we need. So that the strong are expended, not even strengthening the weak, but in ministering to and glorifying their weakness. Behold the fruits of altruism!"

In the hope of compelling the world to re-

alize the positive criminality of loyalty to altruistic ideals which make men "slaves to their pity, Nietzsche boldly proclaims a theory of egoism which is summarized as follows:

"Given a solidarity of mankind, what enriches the one enriches all; the strength of the one is the strength of all. Why then go this very round-about way of ministering to the progress of mankind? Let the strong man grow stronger, until his strength burst the bounds of his individuality and flow over on to the world at large. Let him not reduce his own personality by continual division and subdivision of his strength amongst those who have none. The vice of this method is that there is then no overflow; nobody is too strong for his own needs, and thus nobody is strong enough to enrich the rest. We want, not just enough, but *super-abundance*. It is the men of powerful, independent, self-sufficing nature who break down the barriers of human limitations and raise mankind to a higher plane of development."

Viewed from this angle, it appears that Nietzsche treats life as a toilsome and heroic struggle toward the attainment of moral and physical strength. The "superman," his last and favorite creation, is the man who has conquered all weakness and risen to the heights of being. Thomas à Kempis himself, observes the Roman Catholic commentator, inculcated no sterner discipline; and "immoralists" who attempt to be "immoral" according to the full Nietzschean philosophy are likely to find it "an exceedingly difficult performance, needing about as much effort as morality itself." Comparing Nietzsche's gospel of self-assertion with the "resignation" preached by Schopenhauer, the writer says:

"Schopenhauer was inspired by the sorrows of life to utter an emphatic *No* to individual existence; this was his method of conquering pain, a method of denial. Nietzsche, recognizing also, as indeed his own circumstances forced him to recognize, the miseries of earthly existence, passed eventually to the very opposite extreme in his practical solution; pain was to be conquered, not by denial, but by a more vigorous affirmation of life in the very face of it; an affirmation which should transform it from the destroyer to the fulfiller of life, one of its richest and most fruitful elements. This is indeed the prevalent note of Nietzsche's philosophy, for which many sins and errors should be forgiven him. If the superman was to assert himself at the expense of others, he was to do so far more at his own cost by the steady, persistent conquest of all moods of cowardice and weakness. He was to welcome pain and ennui and old age itself. 'Selbst die Langeweile,' 'even tedium or ennui,' says Nietzsche, must be surmounted in the ever onward life of the soul.

"*Selbst die Langeweile, 'even ennui'*; those who have experience will appreciate the value of the particle, as Nietzsche well shows that he him-

self appreciated it. He had known that most deadly of battles, the wrestle with his own tired, weary self; that struggle to be alive in mind and heart, when even the wish seems to be sealed in apathy.

Too dear the purchase one pays for life
In such a heart-wasting hour of strife.

(Ibsen's "Peer Gynt.")

That hour when life seems not even worth fighting for.

"Old age, too, not the old age that must inevitably, sooner or later, arrive, with its white hair and its furrowed countenance, but the old age of tired mind and stiffened heart, was to be overcome by the superman.

"Wie alt ich bin! Wie jung ich kann noch werden!" says Nietzsche in more than one of his letters. 'How old I am! How young I may yet become!'

"Like the pain that was to find its end and its issue in joy, so was age to hand over its treasures of experience to a renewed youth; its gains preserved, its losses overcome.

"Profound is the sorrow of the world, but its joy is still deeper. Sorrow says: 'Pass on and end,' but joy demands an eternity—a profound eternity."

An interesting application of Nietzsche's ethics in its relation to the question of "self-seeking" is cited and applauded by the writer. "Self-seeking," Nietzsche says, "is commendable or not according to the worth of the self-seeker; egoism can be noble, or it can be worthless and contemptible. We must ask, in regard to each one, if he represents the ascending or descending line of life—this is the criterion by which to test his right to be a self-seeker." The obverse side of this doctrine is presented in Nietzsche's contempt for every phase of parasitism. "The most loathsome beast that I have found amongst men," declares the hero of his poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "is that which I have named parasite." Elsewhere Nietzsche says: "In the spot where the strong are weak, where the noble are over tender, there the parasite builds its horrid nest; dwelling in the sick corners of the great man. . . . And it is just the highest species which harbors the largest number of parasites." To Nietzsche's hatred of parasitism the present writer attributes his antifeminist views. In his famous brochure, "The Case of Wagner," Nietzsche refers to love as "simply a more refined parasitism, a building of one's nest in another soul . . . ah! at what cost to that other soul," and in "Zarathustra" he sums up the whole matter by saying: "The happiness of man is *I will*; the happiness of woman *he wills*."

"How is it," he asks again, "that the fierce covetousness and injustice of love between the sexes has been divinized when it is perhaps the

most uncontrollable expression of egoism?" To pursue this subject further:

"In other places he points out how this kind of love is often more akin to hatred, and it is noticeable that, even after he had entirely repudiated all allegiance to Wagner, when he had nothing but dislike and contempt for most of his productions, he could, even to the end, hardly overcome his genuine admiration for 'Tristan and Isolde.' In this drama is depicted, as in none of the others, the bitter fatality of love. In Isolde's song of love and death is a most perfect presentment of the tragic theme of Schopenhauer, the pathetic struggle of individual love and life against the overwhelming forces of nature and destiny. Nietzsche admired this drama because it depicted love in its most dire and tragic form; in its bitterness, its hopelessness, its passion, its turbulent self-destruction.

"And yet he believed also in the possibility of a kind of love which should not be subjected to this tragic, egoist impulse. When a young friend once asked him what substitute he proposed for the poetry and romance of love, taken in its more exclusive sense, he answered: *Friendship*, which would exhibit fully as many vicissitudes, and as much pathos. And he writes these beautiful words:


"There is a certain development of love in which the covetous longing of two people for one another has yielded to a higher mutual thirst for an ideal above them both. But who has found such a love; who has experienced it? Its true name is friendship."

"But we must not think that he had no higher philosophy in regard to marriage also. The ideal marriage of the future was to be contracted in the interests of the superman, man and woman uniting themselves for the production of something which should transcend them both. And he at least implies that this ideal shall ennoble parents as well as child, that the higher object they have in view shall be, not merely the begetting of a nobler race, but their own fulfilment of a greater end."

The writer admits that, in expounding Nietzsche, it has been his aim to select the best, and not the worst, in his writings. "Nietzsche at his worst," he says, "was something very bad indeed, and more harmful just by reason of his violence and shallowness"; and it is to be regretted, he avers, that the more extreme and negative utterances have often been those most widely circulated. He concludes:

"Nietzsche was our enemy, and yet our friend. Our enemy in his violent and one-sided abuse of our religion and faith; our friend, in those lessons of which we can make a better use than he could. He is the advocate of life and strength and self-mastery; the foe of cowardice and self-pity. We shall not have studied him for nothing if we have drawn from his teaching something of his own 'will to be strong'; what he tried to do in the light of this world alone, we can do with noble hope and certitude in the light of God and eternity."

A SOCIAL PROGRAM FOR THE CHURCH



N a ringing appeal, which is addressed primarily to the Protestant Episcopal Church, but has wider implications, the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, the well-known Christian Socialist and editor of "The Encyclopædia of Social Reform," affirms his conviction that the supreme religious need of the day is "a deep, radical prophetic utterance by the church as a whole" on social questions. "For modern, practical, even progressive parochial social life," he says, "I have neither great enthusiasm nor especial criticism. The open sanctuary, Christianity-up-to-date, the institutional church, the Gospel plus the billiard table and the bowling alley, the Church settlement, St. Andrew's Brotherhoods, guilds of a thousand names, the slum sister, the lay brother, the bishop's saloon, these and a hundred other things are well. Bishops' saloons are at least better than bishops' palaces. But these things are not radical; they do not go to the bottom of the question." We seem to forget that "a social question must be socially worked out," and that "present social questions involve the whole nation." Mr. Bliss writes further (in the *New York Churchman*):

"What the United States needs to-day is the sociology—the soteriology of Jesus Christ. Let the church say so—not indeed in vague words, for that usually misleads and becomes cant—but in words specific and to the point. Let the church not formulate measures nor endorse parties. Such is not the function of the church. The need is for ethics and principles, and to declare these is the function of the church. Let the church show that our evils to-day largely and all but inevitably spring from the foundation of our American economic life in the basing of industry upon the strife of individuals, each pushing for self, and from the positing of this principle even as the law of God. Let the church show that, individuals being unequal in ability, this strife *must* develop the economic overlordship of the economically most effective, that this *must* end in the combination of these overlords, since for them to compete to the end would mean either the absolute tyranny of one, or more probably the suicide of all; that while this process does assume a thousand forms, and may be delayed and modified to a degree, it is nevertheless the exact economic situation which confronts us to-day. Let the church show too that, according to our American theology, these monstrous but perfectly natural aggregations of capital have to go nevertheless for their legal right to live to governments and legislatures doomed by our theory to conduct and possess materially smaller economic powers than the corporate existences they create. Let us show that under our basic theory of the struggle for self, ability, legal and administrative, must be prin-

cipally in the service of the corporations and only secondly at the service of the economically inferior government. Let us show that less comes in the economic origin of graft. Honest men, save sporadically, can do little and get little in politics. But dishonest men, under such a situation, can systematically and continuously enrich themselves by legislative plunder. It is well for the church to protest against such practices, but it will do little good, while the church cherishes and endorses the system that gives them birth."

This social gospel, continues Mr. Bliss, ought to be expressed not merely from individual pulpits, but by the church as a body. "If the church through her highest official utterances," he writes, "by a commission appointed by general convention, or in a pastoral letter from the House of Bishops, could in a clear, strong, statesmanlike way show that the ethics of Jesus do lead to and require not competition, nor private combination, but co-operation slowly and practically to be worked out in the life of all men—if the soul of the church could thus speak to the soul of the nation, who does not know that the nation would at least listen, that it would be worth infinitely more than a hundred vague resolutions about the corruption of graft, of politics and of corporations?" This, then, is the first great step proposed. Secondly:

"A church' commission should be appointed, with co-operating members in each diocese, to prepare and to disseminate a new ethical literature for clergy and for laity. It should be carried into each archdeaconry and into every parish. Then with informed sermon and with practical discussion in church congress and parish club, there would grow up a quickened conscience, a fuller understanding, a clearer vision, a new great hope. We should show how these economic questions lie at the basis of almost every other. . . .

"Who cannot see the plain relation between economics and divorce? Has the fact that in the country at large 68 per cent. of our families, in New York City (Manhattan and the Bronx) 94 per cent., in some wards of the city over 99 per cent. of the families own no home free from mortgage, no home therefore owned in perpetuity—has this portentous fact nothing to do with the wreck of the perpetuity of the family? To my mind, the converse of this fact, that in New York City, only 6 per cent. of the families are the home owners, has even more to do with divorce. . . . If our bishops would really save the home, the family, marriage, let them study modern economics, as well as the mediæval Roman Catholic Church. At least let them study the Bible. St. Paul says that 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' Those who would seriously meet the evils of divorce, unholy marriage, prostitution, intemperance, gambling graft, must meet them in their economic roots."

In the third place, says Mr. Bliss, the church must practise what she preaches. "By democracy in parish and convention, by fair prices and conditions granted in building church edifices, and conducting parish activities, by aiding every practical step toward the life of brotherhood, above all, by persistent devotion and sacrifice in the personal life of clergy and of laity, the church must live the Word."

Preaching, teaching, acting, concludes the

writer, must all go together and all proceed from the spirit. Further:

"No amount of personal devotion, no number of 'beautiful spiritual' lives, will answer, if we implicitly endorse a system of life fundamentally wrong, demoralizing, unchristian. Nor will any mere crying of 'Lord, Lord,' avail more unless we show what the Lord means. Nor will word of deed be in power save with the unction of the Spirit. Here is the programme for the church. Is it not daring to preach and to apply her Gospel? May we not therefore say 'Deus vult'? Will the church preach and follow the cross?"

WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?



THE recent dedication of a magnificent Christian Science cathedral in Boston, has led to a marked revival of interest in the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy and to much discussion of the present strength and possible future of the new sect. Hostile comment there is in abundance, and a Cincinnati journal refers to the cathedral as "the grandest monument erected to human gullibility that the world has ever seen"; but, as the *Springfield Republican* observes, "one cannot sneer away the two-million dollar stone edifice or the thirty thousand worshippers who entered its portals on the opening Sunday."

People at a distance, remarks the Boston Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, can scarcely understand how immense an impression has been made and how great an impulse has been given to the Christian Science movement. The same paper continues:

"The official figures of membership in this mother church are now 40,011—a gain of 6,181 since last year. The branch churches are now 682 as against 611 a year ago, and there are, besides, 269 unorganized societies. The total membership in this country, which was 71,114 one year ago, must now be at least 80,000. No exact figures are available for other lands, but since there are flourishing organizations in London, Liverpool, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, and other centres, at least 10,000 should probably be added. Most of those who hold their membership in the mother church live elsewhere, and are also members elsewhere, so that an exact count is very difficult. Only about five thousand live in and about Boston. All the ministers, or 'readers' (about 1,250 now), must belong to the mother church. The spread of the cult is indicated by the fact that 'Science and Health,' its text-book, is now in its 434th edition (price from \$3 to \$6), a gain of 77,000 in less than a year.

"This book, Judge Hanna says, 'is revolutionizing the world.' Its author has been pronounced,

by men of prominence, 'the most illustrious woman of the continent,' 'the greatest religious reformer of modern times,' 'the most marvelous woman of all the ages.' Is this correct? Is her cult to go on advancing, and her reputation increasing? Or will she, after a century, be ranked with Joann Southcott (1750-1814), a farmer's daughter in Devonshire, whose visions and prophecies for a time made a great stir in England and who still has a few followers; and with Ann Lee (1736-1784), the mother of the Shakers, revered for a while as the very Christ, the second appearing of the Word of God, but whose revelations are now very lightly esteemed? Is Eddyism to be ranked with Dowieism, Sandfordism, Mormonism, and other such crazes or perversions of Christianity? Are its followers to be classed with the Schwenkfeldians, the Christadelphians, the Winebrennarians, the Theosophists, and similar devotees of vagary who maintain for a season a slight place in the census of religious cranks, and then pass into oblivion? Or is there something in this form of faith that has a more permanent mission to the world because of the abiding good it can do? A volume would be necessary for a proper discussion of the theme."

The New York *Independent* handles Christian Science doctrines roughly, and evidently feels that they are destined to but a short life. "The new church," it says, "will last after the delusion dies, just as the pyramids last, and the Pantheon." In even stronger language, the New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) comments:

"We do not believe that Christian Science will have a future. It is one of those crazes which appear from time to time in large societies and then disappear, dissolving into the next form of folly which some excited imagination may devise to delude the unwary. Eddyism is an eddy in the stream of time, and will eventually be lost in the onward sweep of history. It is probable that within one or two generations the great temple in Boston will pass into the hands of some orthodox body of Christians, for in the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus, and not in the vagaries of

culators or clair-
vants, is found the
impulse to
in human society
the sure promise
the upbuilding of
d's kingdom in the
ure. The churches
ve no need to be
rmed at the much
ploited spread of
dyism, but they
ve always a duty to
ach the pure, un-
ilterated Gospel of
Son of God, and
indoctrinate the
ldren early in life
those correct and
nobling ideas as to
d's working in
m and for them
ich will ever after
ain proof against
seduction of a sci-
e falsely so-called,
of a philosophy
ich is unworthy of
name."

The New York
Evening Post takes
the view that Chris-
ian Science may be
erbed, in the not
distant future, by
at is known as the
ew Thought." There
are signs, it
inks, that the sect
s reached its cul-
mination and "is be-
g devoured by its
spring." *The Post*
continues:

And there are reasons for this. In the first
ce, the New Thought is vastly easy—easier
n Christian Science. You need not subscribe
any creed, you need not read any book, and,
ve all, you need not pay any fees. There are
sters of the science in every city, prophets in
ery grove, ready to induct you into the myste-
s. Commonly, indeed, the mystagogue offers
magazine for sale with one hand while with
other he beckons you into the fold; but so
as we have seen, not the most audacious of
m pretends that health or salvation is in any
y confined to the reading of his editorials. And
doctrine is so simple that it almost escapes
crass complications of language.

The name, we observe, is like that of the Holy
nan Empire, which was so called, said Voltaire,
ause it was neither holy nor Roman nor an
pire. It is styled New, yet its disciples repu-
e the notion of newness, and assert that their
h is the faith of wise men from the beginning
he world. It is labelled Thought, yet dogma
doctrine are wholesomely scorned. It de-



Courtesy of *Leslie's Weekly*. Copyrighted, 1906, by Judge Company.

THE NEW \$2,000,000 CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CATHEDRAL IN BOSTON

The massive pile of New Hampshire granite and Bedford stone rises to a height of two hundred and twenty-four feet, one foot loftier than the Bunker Hill monument.

mands no ratiocination, but assertion. And the assertion may be summed in these few words: 'The world is lovely and I am lovely too.' Nothing could be easier; merely assert, and again assert: 'I am not ill, but well; I am not sinful, but holy; I am not anxious, but assured; I am not angry, but peaceful; I am not peevish, but contented.' That, as we understand it, is the New Thought, and it is probably true that if a man will repeat the formula persistently, he will actually become a great deal that he calls himself. It is merely another way of desiring health and content, and the real desire of a man's heart is generally nearer him than he dreams."

Elbert Hubbard, who devotes most of the July issue of *The Philistine* to his account of a "Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy," indulges in much rosy characterization of Christian Science and its leader. "Christian Science," he says, "is a modern adaptation of all that is best in the simplicity and

asceticism of Jesus; the common-sense philosophy of Benjamin Franklin; the mysticism of Swedenborg; and the bold pronouncement of Robert Ingersoll. It is a religion of affirmation with a denial-of-matter attachment. It is a religion of this world." Mr. Hubbard predicts that "Christian Science is going to sweep the earth and in twenty years will have but one competitor, the Roman Catholic faith"; yet, in the same breath, he admits that it "is not final."

"After it has lived its day, another religion will follow, and that is the Religion of Commonsense, the esoteric religion which Mrs. Eddy herself

lives and practices. As for her believers, she gives them the religion of a Book—two Books the Bible and 'Science and Health.' They worship in form and ritual and temples. She gives them the things just as doctors give sweetened water to people who still demand medicine, and as if to supply the zealous converts, just out of orthodox their fill of ecclesiastic husks, she builds in Boston the finest church edifice in America—a church rivaling the far famed San Salute of Venice. They have their wish! Paganism is in their blood—they are even trying to worship her! Let them go on and eventually they will evolve to a point where they can live the life of the soul, and worship not in temples nor on this mountain, but in spirit and in truth, just as does Mary Baker Eddy, the most successful and the greatest woman in the world to-day."

LAFCADIO HEARN AS A MEDIATOR BETWEEN BUDDHISM AND MODERN SCIENCE



LAFCADIO HEARN is presented by Amelia von Ende, the gifted critic, in a recent essay in the *Berlin Nation*, as a spiritual teacher who reconciled Buddhism and the Spencerian theory of evolution. It is not surprising that between a system of endless metamorphoses or rebirths and one which places man at the end of a chain of progressive developments, a connecting link should be found. For this mission of uniting East and West, Hearn, poet and thinker, was peculiarly adapted. Mrs. von Ende tells us that during all the years of his residence in Japan he wrote no book in which he did not draw comparisons between the teachings formulated by the ancient sages of India or China and the theses promulgated by modern science. "His soul had found a home in Nippon, therefore he could build bridges from Orient to Occident."

Mrs. von Ende takes pains to make us understand how Hearn came to be the interpreter of Eastern civilization. "In the life of every child," she says, there are moments which determine the progress of its soul and establish the direction toward which its thoughts and feelings will incline in years to come." So it was in the case of Lafcadio Hearn:

"He often used to remember such a moment in his boyhood even after his soul had stretched out its feelers, sensing the mysterious activities around it and recognizing the countless threads interlacing the present with the future and with the past. He was lying on the grass staring into the heavens

above him, when an indefinite consciousness of his oneness with the cosmos overcame him. It was this moment that made him one of those who understand; an initiate, destined to be the mediator between two distant worlds. Lafcadio Hearn, the son of an Irish father and a Grecian mother, from his youth until his fortieth year an adopted son of America, and finally, for over a decade, subject of the Mikado, was more than a Pantheist, more than a Cosmopolite—limited, played-out, misused expressions; he was universally human."

The writer goes on to speak of Hearn's career in the French West Indies, "the land of the Revenants," and contrasts it with his later life in Japan, "the fairyland of the East."

"'Never think,' they had told him in Martinique. But the ancient wisdom of the Orient spoke to him: 'Fear not, child of the abyss, to think of the depth that engendered thee. Recognizing the chaos from which thou hast risen and to which thou shalt return, thou wilt conceive of Being timeless and infinite.' Thus he was led back to the psychological moment of his childhood when he had first realized the all-oneness of human and cosmic existence. What other stimulus was needed for him to ponder tirelessly over the riddles of the world? In the French West Indies it was his æsthetic sense primarily that found satisfaction; in Buddhistic Japan, however, his ethical feeling was fed from a thousand different springs and finally crystallized in an attitude toward life that has brought peace to millions of souls."

In "Kotto," Lafcadio Hearn clearly expressed his belief that the mysterious something within him called "soul" must have passed through thousands of changes and was bound to look upon the sun through the eyes of innumerable beings in millions of summers to come. Of this utterance Mrs. von Ende says:

"The man who wrote that was no longer Lafcadio Hearn, the Irish-Greek American, but Yakumo Koizumi, Professor of English Literature at the Imperial University in Tokio and subject of the Mikado. He had willingly yielded to the influences of his environment, and had absorbed and digested ideas which are now coming to the front in the West with ever-increasing frequency and are no longer disregarded as silly and senseless. He had dived in the depths of Buddhist philosophy, and what he found there were pearls of primeval truths stringing together the imaginings of the Orient and the knowledge of the West."

Summarizing the teachings of the poet-philosopher, Mrs. von Ende says:

"In 'Kokoro' Hearn attempts to bring ancestorship and the transmigration of the soul into concordance with the evolution theory. In 'Exotics and Retrospectives' he remarks that to every scientific imagination the curious resemblance between evolutionist psychology and certain doctrines of Eastern beliefs, especially the Buddhist doctrine that the sense-life is Karma, and matter is the phenomenon resulting from actions and thoughts, should have suggested trains of thought more significant than his retrospects. The latter, he tells us, are offered only as presentiments of truth indescribably easier to recognize than to explain. He expresses surprise that the symbolic meaning of composite photographs has not dawned upon evolutionists. In one of the studies contained in the book he explains the fact that thrills our being as the memory of touch in some former life. In 'Shadowings' he turns to this subject. In sleep, he says, depths are stirred in us that are at all other times hidden from our view. A nightmare is simply the sud-

den awakening of a memory that has perhaps slumbered a thousand years. Thus he is completely absorbed in the idea of a pre-existence. The atmosphere of the country compels faith in such conceptions and clutches the soul of any man who has lived there long enough—such is his own explanation of his attitude.

"In 'Kwaidan,' one of his last books, Hearn propounded the idea of a Utopian commonwealth based on the ant-state. In his ideal commonwealth the joy of activity makes duty superfluous. Each member is absolutely unselfish and possessed of such active goodness that to promulgate moral teachings for the youth would be waste of time. He relates this thought with the theory of evolution, quotes Herbert Spencer's remarks on the subject and concludes with this remarkable sentence: 'The cosmic process seems to support every ethical system that is fundamentally opposed to human egoism.'

"In another of his books Hearn speaks of the dew-drop in which the world is reflected and which has become to Buddhism a symbol of that microcosm—the soul. 'Between the disappearance of this drop and of man,' he writes, 'what is there but a difference in words?' Such was the attitude of the man who had wished as a boy to become one with the Universe."

"We cannot," Mrs. von Ende concludes, "always follow Lafcadio Hearn when he projects his Ego into the world-soul. But we feel a breath of that uplifting and liberating essential unity which a sage of the East has promised in a proverb: 'From the foot of the mountain many paths rise in the shadow; but from the peak we all behold the self-same moon!'"

THE "TWOFOOLD SYSTEM" OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

THERE are two distinct sets and headings in the teachings of the Roman institution. First: those for the uninitiated, or the sheep. Second: those for the initiated, or the shepherds. In other words, there is Exoteric and Esoteric Catholicism."

Such is the startling charge brought against the Roman Catholic Church in a new booklet* written by the Baroness von Zedtwitz, formerly Miss Lena Caldwell, of New York. Following in the footsteps of her sister, the founder of the Catholic University in Washington, who last winter announced that she had become a Protestant, Madame von Zedtwitz now formally and definitely severs her connection with the communion of which she

has been a member and to which she has contributed liberally from her large fortune.

It was in her effort to become a loyal Roman Catholic that the baroness made the discoveries that finally compelled her present decision. "In childhood and early girlhood," she says, "without palliating the unchristian conduct of almost all the prelates with whom I came in contact, I never ceased to hope and believe that when womanhood had ripened my judgment, the apparent inconsistencies would be fully explained and the truth become evident to me;" but "church politics had other uses for my coöperation than in the futile searching for Christ's divine spirit within its body, and I was led imperceptibly to a deeper and truer knowledge of the essence of that church which I had always believed 'Holy.'" She found, she continues, that the church is concerned primarily with propaga-

* THE DOUBLE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. By Baroness von Zedtwitz. Fleming H. Revell Company.

ting its own influence, and only secondarily with the preaching of the gospel; and that in extending its sphere it justifies questionable and seemingly immoral methods. There exists, in fact, according to the baroness, a "twofold system" within the Roman Catholic Church, an inner and an outer circle of doctrine. She explains:

"With the exoteric doctrines it finds means to defend itself against attack, and retreats always behind the bulwarks of Christian ethics. It proclaims charity, sincerity, justice, altruism, professes from the pulpits the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and thus deludes its adversaries, who fall back disheartened, and abandon a systematic attack.

"Members of the Roman communion who are the cause of recurring scandals are declared lamentable exceptions to the universal virtuous living of the priesthood; they are acknowledged as the stray sheep, whom the ever loving 'Mother Church' would fain recover.

"The curious searcher, however, who is desirous of reconciling the history of the Roman Church with its avowed doctrine, cannot be satisfied with such inconsistency, and it must, in time, become clear to him that only through the existence of an esoteric doctrine can such grave discrepancies be explained."

"Esoteric Catholicism," as interpreted by the baroness, is, broadly speaking, Jesuitism; and she tries to show that "it was not, as is popularly believed, to combat heresy that the Jesuits, as an order, came into being; it was to save the Roman Church from the abyss and ruin which threatened it." To quote further:

"Jesuitism is but esoteric Catholicism made tangible. It is the heart and spirit of the whole system; and whether or not there have been Popes and prelates who are covertly hostile to its necessary hegemony, they are aware that if Catholicism and papacy are to last, Jesuitism is absolutely indispensable for their justification; were it otherwise Rome, following the course she has always pursued in denouncing unsound doctrines of a theological nature, would have been forced to call upon the Jesuits in Vatican Council to disown and repudiate the unsound moral teachings of a whole host of Jesuit authors; or failing to obey this order banish the Jesuits from the Church. Rome has never attempted either. The Jesuits are the bold cynics who meet with a sneer the faltering Christian doubtful of his power to reach salvation; they are the mockers of those seeking more light on intellectual doubts; they, the modern Pyrrhonists, emboldened by their Greek prototype, reply now, to the seeker of truth, as Pilate once replied to Christ: 'What is Truth?'"

The natural outcome of the "twofold doctrine," intimates the baroness, is that the church professes one set of ideas, and lives by another. For instance, in the matter of the celibacy of the priesthood:

"It seems quite evident that the church has no intention of interpreting this law so strictly in its

general application, since the vows of all cloistered and the special code governing Regulars include besides the vow of celibacy, the supplemental vow of chastity, which would naturally be wholly unnecessary did the already existing vow of celibacy sufficiently express the denial they voluntarily observe.

"The disciplinary punishment applied to transgressors has regard, therefore, solely to the violation of the letter, and is broad and lax. On a number of points of conduct the clergy are reprimanded in proportion to the scandal which they have caused and not at all for the act *per se*."

The baroness finds another argument in support of the position in the Roman Catholic standard of veracity. On this point she writes:

"The standard of veracity in the church of Rome differs seriously from that used by moralists in general. The principal and most influential guide upon questions of morals, in the Roman Catholic Church, is always Alphonsus de Liguori. . . . Here is what he lays down on the subject of speaking the truth: '*Every kind of equivocation or quibbling which just comes short of direct lying, but is intended to deceive the hearer, and does in fact deceive him, is always lawful for just cause.*'"

Madame von Zedtwitz also accuses the Roman Catholic Church of trying to regain its lost power by the pursuit of money, and of stifling free discussions on all living questions. She says in concluding:

"Roman Catholicism, since it has outlived the environment to which it is adapted, has lost the vital spark which is essential to all true religion. . . . Its power represented by the Papacy is the product of medievalism; and it grew and strengthened under the influence of a type of mind which is contrary to the spirit of enlightenment, and the thirst for knowledge characteristic of modern times. As men's minds have enlarged and widened in their effort to better grasp the truth of scientific discovery, Romanism with its unyielding iron-cast is the powerful brake within the state, holding men back from knowledge, and compressing their intellects to the mould which was once made for all Christianity. It no longer co-operates with the State or satisfies any of its needs. On the contrary, it has established within its limits a hostile camp, and opposes to it an unlawful supremacy. This is instanced in the tottering and disrupted state of France at present, the result of her desperate effort to rescue the State and save her future; and, again, in the persistent resistance of the 'Centre Party' in the German Reichstag to vote for any measure of a patriotic import, except in consideration of an adequate advantage for the Church of Rome. It refuses to fall into the line of modern thought and enterprise, and sullenly challenges any effort in that direction.

"Disaffection is already found even among the members of the hierarchy; men of learning, some of them sincere, zealous, earnest in the cause of humanity, are awakening from their delusions."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESPAIR AND ITS PROPHET HARTMANN



HE death of Eduard von Hartmann removed from the arena of modern German philosophy the most commanding figure after Nietzsche. Like the latter, Hartmann was a pupil of Schopenhauer who repudiated the master. But whereas Nietzsche rose from pessimism to optimism and wrote upon his banners the eternal cry for joy, Hartmann admits as a premise that this world is, indeed, in the phrase of Leibnitz, "the best of all possible worlds," but still so bad that not-being is infinitely preferable to being. Upon this paradox he has built his philosophy culminating logically in a universal world-suicide. Nevertheless, Eduard von Hartmann lived to a comfortable age. He was born in Berlin, in 1842, the son of a distinguished Prussian general, and as such was trained for a military career. He even held a commission in the Guards Artillery for five years, but was forced to resign on account of a neuralgic affection of the knee which made him an invalid for the rest of his life. We learn from an interesting account by Mary Bronson Hart in the Boston *Transcript* that both music and art attracted him, but "a cursory experiment assured him that there was neither money nor fame in either for him." About his philosophical powers, however, he had no such modesty. At the age of twenty-two years he declared he had experienced more, triumphed over more errors, got rid of more prejudices and seen through more illusions than many cultivated men are allowed to do in their whole lives. "Go to," said he, "I will be The Philosopher." And "The Philosopher" he undoubtedly was for a space. His famous book, "Die Philosophie des Unbewussten" ("The Philosophy of the Unconscious") made a sensational hit. Success came to him earlier than to his teacher Schopenhauer. His book was taken up by the public and became a fad. At the same time he received the recognition of scholars; for immediately on the appearance of this work two professorships were offered to him. In twenty years the book ran through twenty editions, and between its appearance in 1869 and the year 1875 a whole critical Hartmann literature—no less than fifty-eight volumes of praise and protest—had sprung up. By 1876 his philosophy of despair had wrought one disciple to the point of committing capital crime. The incident and its consequent developments are told in *The Transcript* as follows:

"A murderer, who had struck down his best friend in cold blood, claimed exoneration on the ground that he was a pessimist of the school of Hartmann and held that life's only good was release from living. So persuaded, he had butchered his friend in a spirit of pure, benevolent disinterestedness, achieving for him the Happy Despatch. Commenting on the case, a Berlin editor, Robert Davidsohn by name, declared Hartmann and his accursed system to be indirectly responsible for the murder. . . . He railed upon Hartmann for a charlatan, and bitterly pointed out that Hartmann had protected himself from persecution by inserting a wholly illogical paragraph denouncing suicide—the natural outcome of his own reasoning. 'Suicide,' he said, 'in the case of an individual still capable of action not only saves the whole no pain, but even increases its misery; for it protracts that misery because of the necessity of shaping a substitute for the amputated limb.'"

What, then, is the "Philosophy of the Unconscious" that appealed so powerfully to Hartmann's contemporaries? Schopenhauer had proclaimed before him that the aim of philosophy is to inspire man with a longing for annihilation and to unfold to him the means of gaining it. Hartmann starts out with the pessimism of Schopenhauer. His philosophy has been described as an amalgamation of the latter's doctrine of the Will with the metaphysics of Hegel and the positiveness of Schelling. In Hartmann's philosophy, human existence is attributed to the working of a blind will—the Unconscious—of which mind and matter are mere objectifications. In support of his contention, Hartmann refers to the restorative and reproductive powers of nature, to reflex action, and to instinct, all of which, he tells us, are in themselves unconscious. "The objective of the Unconscious is consciousness; this came to life in man, and is becoming more and more concentrated in him. With consciousness, however, was born an idea: a sense of wretchedness to which the lesser animals are strangers." From this idea, Herr von Hartmann says, mankind sought solace in three grand illusions. These are: (1) belief in worldly happiness; (2) faith in a "hereafter"; (3) trust in education and science as ameliorative agencies. This is the modern illusion—a desire of happiness, not for the individual, but for the race. Yet, however far humanity may advance, it will never destroy or even alleviate the greatest of human sufferings—sickness, old age, want, and discontentedness. His teachings on this point are summarized as follows in an English work by Dr. A. M. Brown;

"However many the appliances which may be found which counteract disease, the diseases always increase faster than the arts of healing. Cases of hunger and starvation must become more frequent with the growth of population; . . . falsehood and chicanery extend themselves with advancing civilisation; savage barbarity is only repressed, never extinguished. Immorality may become more polished; its vice will be still the same. The students of art and science may become more numerous and more common; their work also becomes every day more common-place. Art will grow less and less original, and will end by being a mere *opiate for ennui*. The course of humanity, in fact, is the same as that of the individual. The world is already growing old, and we may hope that some day it will see the vanity of all its past attempts. But unlike the individual, it will have no heirs; it will renounce finally the vain pursuit of happiness, and sigh after nothing but the painlessness and peace of non-existence. When the greater part of the Will in existence is so far enlightened by Reason as to perceive the inevitable misery of existence, a collective effort to will non-existence will be made, and the world will relapse into nothingness, the Unconscious into quiescence."

The Unconscious Principle dominates in Hartmann's theodicy. It is his god, his great explanation for all phenomena of the psychical and the physical world. As Hoeffding says, he "turns it almost into a mythological being, a demon who interferes at all points with the interconnection of nature, directing the atoms, disposing the molecules of the brain, and adjusting relations." Hartmann's Unconscious god is omniscient and prescient, but not omnipotent. His creation of the world was an unreasoned act. In fact, one of the philosopher's adversaries has remarked that Hartmann's god created the universe in a state of tipsiness! A more dignified critic, James Sully, the British psychologist, dissects Hartmann's thought as follows:

"Nothing can better show the characteristic practical skill of Hartmann than his selection of his principal name, The Unconscious. With something of an American quickness of scent for what is in the air, he recognizes that in science the nature of unconscious nervous processes which seem to resemble conscious processes in all save this one feature is the growing question of the hour. This idea, detached from that of the nervous moments which alone give it meaning, he proceeds with admirable practical insight to erect into a metaphysical principle, the Unconscious—sublime negation that seems to suggest vast, cavernous regions of a dim spiritual life, and yet after all on every new inspection shows itself to be an intangible inanity, a very nothing, or shall we say, like the Germans, an 'Unthing'!"

Hartmann, however, followed unhesitatingly the path he had chosen, in spite of the criticism to which he was subjected from all sides. In fact, he had his little joke with the critics.

Some time after the publication of his book an anonymous critique of the "philosophy of the Unconscious" appeared which was received with applause by the opponents of the philosopher. They said that at last his speculations had received a death-blow at the hand of the exact sciences. Ernst Haeckel rejoiced that this impudent theorist who scorned natural science was finally confuted by "an authority," until a few weeks later Hartmann revealed that he himself was the author of that critique. Then he set to work and demolished in 260 paragraphs the objections he himself had raised against his philosophy!

Hartmann, like Nietzsche and every other original thinker, has often been misinterpreted, and in his latter years he was neglected to some extent by the larger public. Yet this cheerful pessimist never complained, but lived happily and contentedly in the midst of his family. So contentedly, indeed, that Edgar Saltus reports a saying circulating in Berlin: "If you wish to see happy faces go to the Hartmanns." About a year before his death the philosopher contributed to the Berlin *Zeitgeist* an essay in which he derided the inconsistencies of "those strange philosophers who boast of their superiority to the world one moment and the next complain because the ungrateful world does not understand them and condemns them to spiritual solitude. What," he asked, "could happen to a truly great man more agreeable than passing through life incognito? Fame should attach itself not to persons, but to works, and only when it is impersonal can it be considered genuine. The truly great works properly begin to live when their creator is dead."

How far Hartmann's pride in his work by dint of its originality was justified it is difficult to state definitely. The *Transcript* writer says on this point:

"It is no fault of his that the world persists in declaring that there is but one Schopenhauer, and Von Hartmann is his prophet. He wrote volumes to disprove his dependence upon Schopenhauer and to establish the complete originality of his own system. But it remains probable that to the end he will be best known as the disciple, not the master. In vain does Hartmann call Kant a bungler and Schopenhauer 'a shallow genius'; in vain does he boast that his philosophy was evolved in complete isolation from professional circles, among friends with none of whom he could hold conversation 'of any philosophical complexion,' in vain does he proclaim himself Columbus on the Sea of the Soul. Posterity will judge him on his works, not his protestations. It will be strange if he does not go on record as a philosophical joiner, the reconciler of Hegel with Schopenhauer, of optimism with pessimism."

Science and Discovery

A BACTERIOLOGICAL VINDICATION OF EMBALMED MEAT.

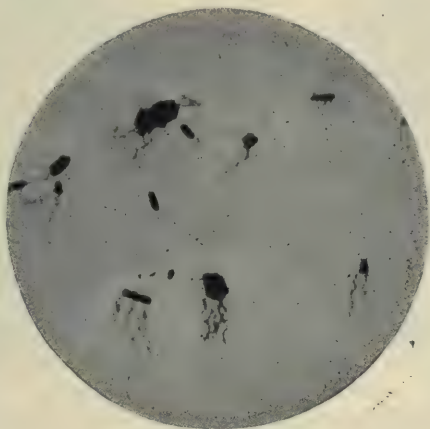
NOT too little, but too much restrictive law on the subject of "embalmed beef" and similar food products is what ails us these days—such is the very vigorous contention made now by a medical doctor of standing, who pleads that American citizens be given free access in the open market to preserved foods, when too poor to afford refrigerators and ice. So far from suffering from such freedom, they will then be far more likely to consume food not permitted to develop dangerous germs, but which now develops them because of our already too repressive legislation.

The man who presents this view of the case, and presents it with a very positive force, is Dr. R. G. Eccles, one of the prominent members of the American Chemical Society and one of the highest authorities on what are known as active principles and ferments of the United States Pharmacopoeia. Indeed, Dr. Eccles, who has acted as vice-president of one of the pure food congresses, declares that what is popularly known as "embalmed beef" constitutes one of the national defenses against ptomaine poisoning. He points out in a recent work* that canned goods and bottled condiments are protected from dangerous deterioration only by the use of just such preservatives as public opinion has been led to condemn—sulphuric acid, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, formaldehyde, naphthols, hydrogen peroxide and the like. These articles must be used scientifically, of course, with due regard to the foods requiring preservation. But every attempt at suppressing one kind of preservative attempts made, Dr. Eccles believes, under the

inspiration of ignorant prejudice in many cases—has always ended in the introduction of some other; and the new ones are often sources of danger, whereas the old ones are understood from long experience.

Many people, again, imagine that home-made goods in the preserved line are equal to and usually the superior of the best put upon the market by manufacturers. The home-made goods survive without preservatives. Why should not the manufacturer's product do likewise?

The truth is, replies Dr. Eccles, that home-made preserves are seldom equal in quality and flavor to those put up by the best manufacturers. The cases of ptomaine poisoning so frequently reported nowadays are traced by him to the absence of the very preservatives in canned goods against which public opinion has recently pronounced. Moreover:



BACTERIA FROM CAN OF MINCEMEAT

These formations would have been impossible, according to Dr. Eccles, had chemistry guided the process of preserving. The bacteria here shown produce a poisonous ptomaine. The numerous flagella show by their thread-like lengths the ease of locomotion in this micro-organism.

"It is but a small fraction of our daily food that ever needs protection by preservatives. It is necessary to protect but a small part of the perishable articles we consume in this way. Would it not be wise to make the use of preservatives permissible by those who know that perishable foods are about to be exposed to conditions of delay that make their future use dangerous?"

All food in which there is a certainty of damage by decay before it can be canned or put into cold storage, and all food that is not to be consumed and must be left in conditions that make for decay should be protected against decay by the use of chemical preservatives. No other food really requires such care. If the housewife can not be trusted to add preservatives to food she has not the facilities for caring for properly, she ought to be permitted to buy foods that are in a condition to keep, without danger, over the period of at least two meals.

"It is known from experiment that the most toxic products of putrefaction are present in the earlier and not in the later (foul-smelling) stages of the process. The foul-smelling food is not

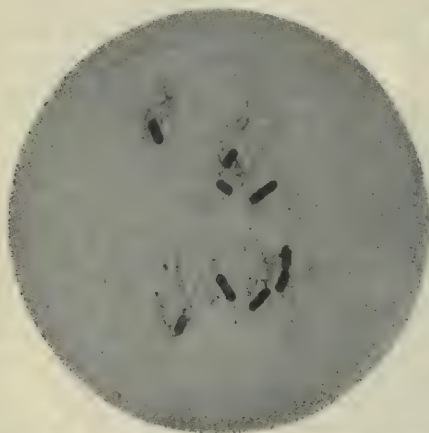
*FOOD PRESERVATIVES. By R. G. Eccles, M.D., Phar.D. D. Van Nostrand Company.

likely to be marketed. People having the sense of smell do not choose to purchase it. That is known to all who handle perishable foods prior to canning. The canner will not purchase or put up food that has reached that extreme stage, but he does often, unwittingly, put up meats that have been overkept. The owners of such meats will never be willing to throw them away or destroy them as long as the odor and appearance are good. Most of them would be willing to do their best to keep such goods from incipient decay by using preservatives before such decay has begun, providing they could be assured of a market for the goods after the use of preservatives."

One of the main objections to meat that has been canned with the aid of preservatives supplied by chemistry is that they injure the kidneys and are directly responsible for a large proportion of the diseases of these organs. We are told that preservatives are

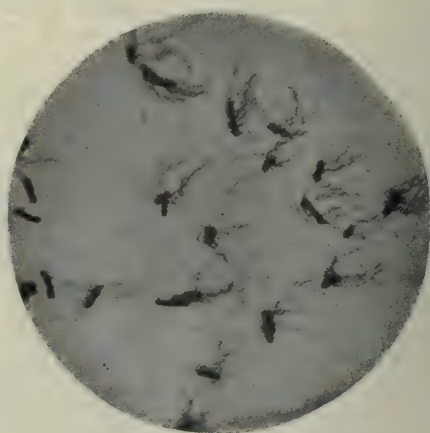
tion, in any amount, of either irritating or bland substances, is improbable. That any recognized form of kidney disease could arise from the use of submedicinal doses of any kind of substance is inconceivable. Neither directly nor indirectly can they be shown to in any way influence the production of such a result:

"The chief advocates of the theory tell us that preservatives are foreign in nature to the human body, that they enter and leave it unchanged in their composition, that they overload otherwise heavily laden kidneys, and that this excessive work causes these organs to become inflamed and diseased. That not one of the popular preservatives are foreign to the body is evident from the fact that they are normal constituents, though in small amounts, of certain food products. Even if they were foreign to our food the mineral ones could scarcely be foreign to our drink. The water we



ROD-SHAPED BACTERIUM FROM A CAN OF PEAS

The goods were put up under a law forbidding the use of chemical preservatives. The thread-like appendages seen on each bacterium are known as flagella. They are organs of locomotion.



BACTERIA FROM CAN OF CORN

These micro-organisms form inside goods in which chemicals are not properly employed in preservation, and when the formation is complete the goods are almost certainly dangerous to health.

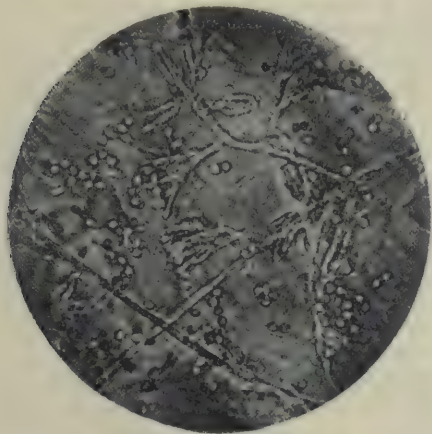
eliminated by the kidneys, such elimination giving rise to kidney trouble. Dr. Eccles says we can search medical literature in vain for any evidence of the truth of this assertion. That large amounts of any substance which in concentrated form irritates bodily tissue should give evidences of kidney irritation during elimination is to be expected. The selective action which these organs display in taking from the blood-stream soluble salts and again redissolving them seems to indicate concentration within the kidney tissue. If so concentrated, it would be fair to infer that there might occur some degree of irritation or even inflammation, where the amount removed in a brief period is large; but that distinct forms of kidney disease could arise from the excre-

drink, in different parts of the earth, contains all sorts of mineral constituents. The more perfect the analyses of the human body become the more numerous the substances are found that are normal to its structure. As regards the entering and leaving of the body unchanged in composition this, surely, cannot be taken as evidence that injury is being done. Water enters and leaves the body as water, yet we never hear a word of censure placed upon those who advocate its unrestricted use. If modern preservatives must be condemned because they enter and leave the body in an unchanged condition, then water, and all the mineral salts which it contains, should meet with the common disapproval. From 150 to 200 grains of common table salt passes through the kidneys each day in exactly the same chemical form as that in which it entered the stomach. All sorts of mineral substances pass through in the same manner, being taken dissolved in the water that is drunk after flowing amid the rocks and soils of various geo-

logical strata. If boric, salicylic, or benzoic acids actually did pass through the kidneys unchanged, they would be doing no more than the indigestible contents of all foods, the water necessary for the proper assimilation of food, and the salt, but a small fraction of which is needed in supplying an essential constituent of the digestive fluid of the stomach. That the organic preservatives do not pass through the body unchanged there is abundant evidence. Linossier and Lannois showed that when they had administered salicylate of sodium by the mouth a small proportion of it was never afterwards found, so that its salicylic radical must have been utilized by the system as a food."

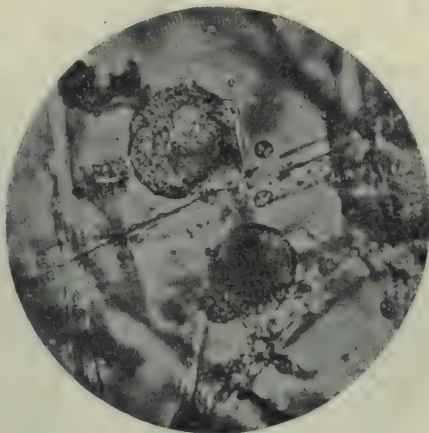
In flat contradiction of much current report, Dr. Eccles maintains that the very period in which food preservatives have been growing in use is the period in which public health has been at its best. That this coincidence is due,

studied, Dr. Eccles claims, that the region having the very highest death-rate of any part of the United States, due to the very class of diseases that unprotected food is likely to develop, is the exact region where the suppression of the use of preservatives has been most strenuously practised. The locality in question was the heavily timbered region of the Northwest, including parts of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Some sort of cause was at work there injuring the stomachs and intestines of the people to an inordinate extent, as statistics show. The people had more deaths from affections of the ptomaine and decomposed food kind than any other communities in the land. Whatever this cause may have been, it afflicted the residents of no other part of the United States to any such extent as it



BLUE MOLD FORMING ON SURFACE OF EDIBLE

When growing in yeast form on domestic preserves (as it is apt to do) it is said to evolve a phenol-like body which in large doses produces headache, vertigo and impaired sight.



MOLD PRODUCED ON HOME-MADE PRESERVES

The formation is due to the absence of preservatives used in some of the large canning establishments. Injected into the veins of rabbits or dogs this formation has caused death.

he says, to the very advancement in our knowledge of germs which made modern preservatives possible, few except the anti-vivisectionists will deny. The very knowledge which made modern sanitation possible is the knowledge which made modern methods of preserving foods possible. "This honorable origin of preservatives is itself significantly suggestive of their possible results. If the parent discovery revolutionized the world and brought life and health where there was before death and disease—and that to such an extent as to materially revolutionize the whole civilized world—why should not the progeny carry on the same kind of progress?" It is made evident by statistics which he has carefully

did those of this highly protected region. Germ-poisoned foods produce just such afflictions. No other region spent so much money to exclude preserved foods from its citizens. "Only such food as would make the most excellent culture media for germs was allowed to be sold there. The results were certainly due to some cause that allowed just such germs to multiply as food preservatives would have kept down."

Salicylic acid is the preservative against which all recent attacks upon the "embalmed food" industry have been especially directed, but Dr. Eccles comes to its defense with great energy. The defense of salicylic acid has really become, he believes, the defense of the

principle of preserving foods by the use of antiseptics. But salicylic acid, while preventing putrefactive processes, is in reality used as a preservative of weak wines, bottled beer, cider, unfermented fruit juices, fresh fruit and for use in pulped fruits destined to appear later in the market as jams and jellies. The hams that have figured in the "Jungle" story seem to have been treated with crude pyrolig-

neous acid, although boric acid is used also in the preservation of hams and bacon. But, be the facts of this particular matter what they may, the preservatives or chemicals could not, Dr. Eccles says, have made putrid hams palatable. After meat or any other perishable food has become infected through and through with germs, it is too late and quite a senseless proceeding to add a protective agent.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LAW OF HEAT ACCUMULATION IN THE SUN AND STARS



STRONOMERS are pretty generally agreed that the sun will eventually cease to shrink, and will then cool down, darken and go out; but, in noting that agreement, Prof. T. J. J. See, the astronomer and mathematician now stationed

at the Naval Observatory, Mare Island, California, sets forth his own dissent from most conclusions based on these premises. It seems safe to Professor See to assert that the future duration of the sun's activity will be three times that of the past. If this be so, we have not yet approached the middle, but are only at the first quarter of the sun's career. "Thus," says the distinguished astronomer in the paper devoted to this subject, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "the zenith of the sun's glory lies in the future."

The mathematical methods employed by Professor See in calculating the duration of the past and future of the sun are based on those of the celebrated Jonathan Homer Lane, author of a famous study of the sun much quoted in all scientific discussion of our luminary. The processes in Professor See's calculation depend on the development of certain series based on methods of the higher mathematics. The methods involved the calculation of numbers running up into the hundreds of sextillions. These numbers are so stupendous as to be almost unmanageable. The work had to be done by the old-fashioned direct processes, without the use of logarithms, which become no longer available. All this vastly increased the labor of calculation, and also the liability to error. Therefore Professor See repeated his work three or four times to insure accuracy in the final result. At length the process was made sufficiently accurate, and led to some of the most beautiful results yet attained in any branch of physical science, because they are apparently applicable also to the great body of the fixed stars.



From Ball's "Popular Guide to the Heavens."

TEN MILLION YEARS OF HEAT STORED UP TO
MAKE A GREAT NEBULA.

"The lucid phenomena exhibited to our naked eye are thus products of a law of unexampled grandeur operating throughout all space."

Much accepted astronomical data seems to be rendered obsolete in consequence. It has been stated, for instance, by such authorities as Lord Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. Professor See writes:

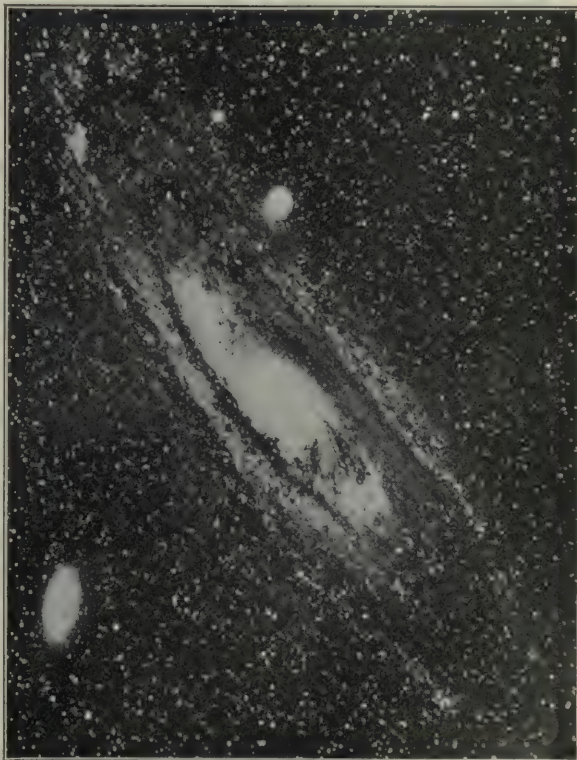
"So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future, and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.

"If we cannot subscribe to Professor Sir G. H. Darwin's recent estimate of 1,000,000,000 years for the past life of the Solar System, this period being based on the assumed existence of radium throughout all nature, we may yet be sure that the future duration, depending on the energy of gravitation, will be three times that of the past, and that this period may perhaps be as great as 300,000,000 years, or one-third of the period estimated by Darwin. On the basis of uniform radiation at the present rate, a future of 30,000,000 years seems absolutely assured. This result illustrates the folly of concluding that the end of discovery is yet in sight. Scientific progress appears to be still in its infancy, and the time will not soon arrive when we can adopt any final philosophy of the Universe."

The laborious calculations made by Professor See seem to prove that not only the sun but most of the fixed stars have one-half of all their heat from eternity still stored up in their masses. That there must be some law which causes the heat to accumulate within the bodies of the stars so as to raise their temperature is evident from the aspect of the celestial sphere to the naked eye. For without such a law, says Professor See, the brilliant light of the stars would never develop so as to give luminosity to the visible universe. On the contrary, the heat and light would be radiated away as fast as developed, so that the bodies of the stars would never rise in temperature. The result would be that, although heat might be developed and radiated away in the condensation of matter into large

masses, yet none of the masses would become brilliantly self-luminous, as at present, but we should have a universe made up of dark bodies accumulating no sensible amount of heat. Such a universe of invisible bodies would seem very strange to us, accustomed as we are to the light of the stars at night. Yet how many of us ever thought a law existed according to which one-half of all the heat of condensation was accumulated within the flaming globes of the stars and thus caused their luminosity? It is evident on general principles that some very important law lies at the basis of the brilliant light of the stars and gives rise to the luminosity.

Nor does this quite convey the idea of this law's scope, thinks Professor See. Not only do the isolated stars shine brightly, but the prevailing principle of luminosity is exemplified by great masses of these objects of various ages seen in clusters, especially in the tremendous arch of the Milky Way, which spans the



From Ball's "Popular Guide to the Heavens."

"THE HEAVENS MUST HAVE AN ABUNDANCE OF STARS SLOWLY ADVANCING IN DECREPITUDE"

The law of heat accumulation enables us, says Professor See, to explain the decline in the temperature of certain stars in the Milky Way while myriads of others are blazing.

firmament with such grandeur on a clear night. Accordingly it appears that there is a law of heat accumulation applying in general to the life of every star, the heat steadily increasing while the body is gaseous and then slowly dying down by secular cooling, when consolidation sets in and the light begins to wane. The lucid phenomena exhibited to our naked eye are thus products of a law of unexampled grandeur operating throughout all space:

"It is remarkable that this law of heat accumulation should have been so recently discovered. In considering scientific progress, however, we have to remember that few investigators are looking for general laws of nature, because many persons

suppose that all the great laws have already been discovered. Moreover, many scientific inquiries are very special, and a very limited trend of thought seldom leads to anything of general and universal interest.

"There will naturally be differences of opinion as to the degree of rigor attaching to this law, in its application to the whole life history of a star, but the mathematical soundness of the demonstration is beyond dispute; and in its application to actual masses it will evidently hold true so long as the bodies obey the laws of gaseous matter. Thus it will include in its scope the larger part of the history of the stellar universe; and even when the masses become so much condensed that the gaseous laws begin to fail, owing to increase of density and pressure within the globes of the stars, it will still hold true approximately."

RESTORING DEAD SOIL TO LIFE BY BACTERIAL INOCULATION

BACTERIA have so long been regarded as identical with disease and death that Mr. W. S. Harwood, an exponent of scientific agriculture, admits the difficulty of looking upon any form of bacterial inoculation as a help to the human race. Nevertheless, he insists, bacteria are of enormous importance to every man who raises a flower or a grain of wheat or a tree of rich fruit. A soil worn out by a succession of crops or lacking in the chemical essentials of fertility can henceforth be made rich by inoculating it with bacteria. The discovery is such a new one that the facts in which it originates are still obscure, but Mr. Harwood ventures, in his study of the topic in connection with modern scientific agriculture, to be unusually explicit.

While it has been known for at least two centuries that bacteria exist, it has only been, Mr. Harwood explains, since the opening of the present agricultural era that they have been studied from a comprehensive point of view. Bacteria exist everywhere, in earth and air and sea, and Mr. Harwood's study of them incidentally gives point to the statement of Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, the tuberculosis expert, that the tubercle bacillus is a micro-organism which, perhaps, has slipped away from its natural place in what we call organic nature, and in consequence has done much damage to man. But it is not this point to which Mr. Harwood, speaking as a scientific agriculturist, directs our attention. The first significant point to him is that while bacteria were believed at one time to have animal life they are now almost universally accepted as low forms of vegetable life. Over a thousand different

kinds are now known and the list is being steadily added to. To quote from Mr. Harwood's work*:

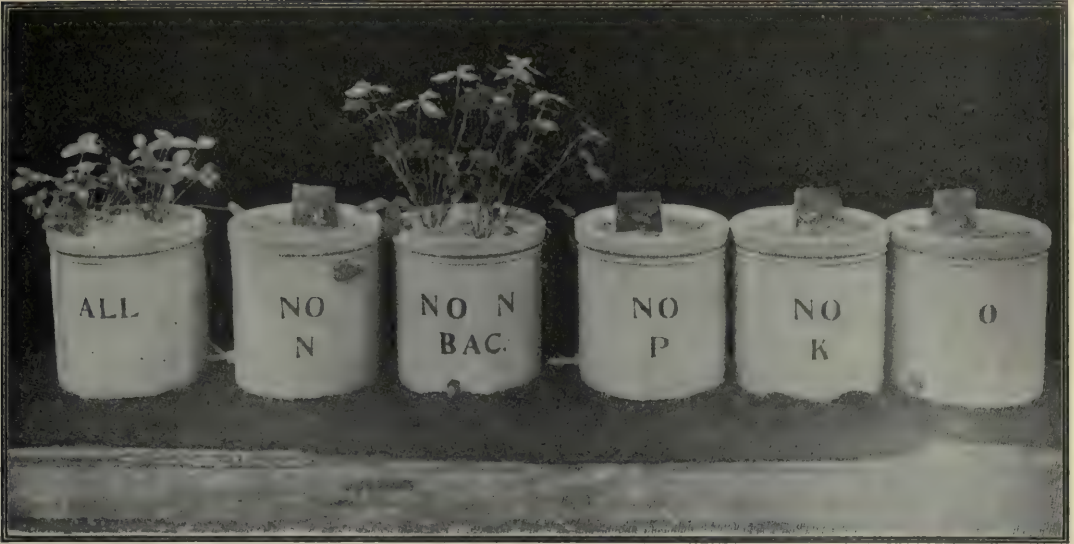
"Some bacteria have the singular power of cutting themselves in two, each divided half in turn subdividing itself; and so they go on and on increasing at a marvelous progression. They are so infinitely small that it is impossible to conceive the rapidity of their increase when they are in the act of multiplying themselves. One of them, according to a bacteriologist who had studied it closely, would, if left to itself, produce seventeen million descendants in twenty-four hours. Another scientist calculates that another particularly rapid multiplier could produce, if it had plenty of food to eat in the meantime, four thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two billion progeny in a single day. In three days' time the reproduction, if unobstructed, would be so great that the mass would weigh seven thousand, five hundred tons.

"Some of the bacteria are round, some elliptical, some thread-like or spiral, some branching, some rod-like. Each one has a central life-point, which the word cell describes as well as any other. When they divide themselves, each half is given a complete life of its own with all the powers and functions of the old. They differ from the plants which we see growing about us in that they have no chlorophyl—the green material which gives color to the plants."

Many different families of bacteria live in the earth. They make their homes literally in the soil. They help to decompose it. In this process of decomposition the bacteria transform the soil into food. They draw vast stores of food supplies from the air. And at every point they act as agents in advancing the interests of man.

Four-fifths of the air we breathe is plant-

*THE NEW EARTH: A RECITAL OF THE TRIUMPHS OF MODERN AGRICULTURE IN AMERICA. By W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Company.



From "The New Earth," by W. S. Harwood. Copyright 1906, by The Macmillan Co.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF SOIL INOCULATION

The pots contain clover. The first one, at the left, has not been treated in any way. The next has no nitrogen. The next has no nitrogen but has been inoculated with bacteria. The next has no phosphorus. The next has no potassium. The last has been fed nothing.

food, nitrogen, one of the most valuable items in the larder of the crops. Some of this nitrogen is available in one form, some in another, but it must all be put into such form that it may pass into the system of the plant and be utilized in the building up of stalk and leaf and ripened seed. Upon every acre of ground there are resting about seventy-five millions of pounds of atmospheric nitrogen, which gives some idea of the vast store of food provided free of all cost.

It is not unlikely, concedes Mr. Harwood, that the farmer of the old school looks with distrust upon such a thing as the inoculation of the soil. To spend the money of the state in bringing native bacteria from the soil of one commonwealth to be put in the depleted soil of another, in order to restore the exhausted soil—it would be to him as great a waste of money as could well be conceived. But the newer farmer and gardener and the man of moderate means, who dearly loves to have his garden or a bit of wild land somewhere which he can subdue and bring under cultivation, together with that constantly increasing number of city folk who have abundance of means and who are ennobling America with their splendidly managed estates, to them such a discovery as that of the inoculation of soils must come with a wider sweep of interest than the finding of a star. Mr. Harwood proceeds:

"I saw in a chemist's laboratory the other day a series of pots containing growing plants. There was a section of the state in which the land was worn out by injudicious cropping. In one of the pots was some of the depleted soil from this region, in which a few spears of clover were pitifully struggling to grow into what would be, at best, but a lean and starved maturity. The plant was stunted, yellow, thriftless, type of the plants which you may see in any soil which has been cropped until worn out, until it has, in large measure, lost its reproductive powers. The plant was creeping slowly along towards a seedless end.

"Alongside the same plant was a pot filled with soil of precisely the same character as that used in the first pot, taken from the worn-out land. It had not been cunningly fed by the chemist in order to coax it up to thrift. It had been given no advantage either in point of moisture, heat or sunshine. Precisely the same kind of seed had been planted in each case. But the plant in the second pot was beautifully green, where the other was a sickly yellow; it was tall and strong where the other was stunted and weak; it was thrifty and respectable while the other was lean and shiftless, a very beggar among plants; it was hastening on to a fine harvest while the other was lagging behind on its way to a withered immaturity.

"The only difference between the two was that around the seeds of the one plant, when it was placed in the pot, was sprinkled some earth, plain, simple dirt, brought from another state, slightly different, perhaps, in physical characteristics, possibly ground a bit coarser in the ice mills of the past eons, possibly a trifle darker in hue; but to all intents and purposes a bit of similar dirt.

"That which wrought the wonderful change was a colony of bacteria, low in the scale of life, undistinguishable save by a powerful microscope, but living, moving things, as truly alive as the waving

trees of the green meadows or, in a deep and solemn sense, as man himself."

On a much larger scale than was possible in the chemist's laboratory, similar tests have been made at the Kansas Agricultural College. There soil from another State has been used to inoculate the Kansas soil in field tests. As in the case of the chemist's pots of grain, the only thing done out of the ordinary was to place the soil known to contain the bacteria around the seeds at planting. The result on the larger scale were even more wonderful.

The Kansas investigators were working with the soy bean, which is a fine seeding crop. Long ago it was discovered that certain plants, as the beans, clovers, peas, vetch, alfalfa and the like, form upon their roots little bunches, or tubercles, as they are called. Nobody knew what these bunches were good for and a good many thought they were harmful excrescences which should be cut away.

Science sought out the meaning of these tubercles—why were they formed on these particular plants, what purpose did they serve, were they essential or inimical to the plants? Investigations showed that the growths were not abnormal but were necessary and that the plants which did not have them were less thrifty than those which did. More than this, it was found that the growths were the home of a tiny organism, a beneficent organism, a bacterium which, working in some way yet shrouded in mystery, induced this enlargement upon the plant roots and made the bunch its home. Still further investigations showed that the billions upon billions of bacteria which dwelt in this little round home on the root of the plant were actively at work for man. They performed their work, it was found, with the utmost skill and accuracy, leaving nothing to chance or luck, but doing all under a systematic, judicious law:

"The task of these bacteria is to take the nitrogen from the mighty reservoir of the air, this four-fifths portion of the entire atmosphere, and, down in their tiny laboratories in their homes beneath the surface of the dark earth, transform it or adapt it, or whatever may be the process—no one knows what the precise act is—to change it from the nitrogen of the air into the nitrogen suitable to be taken up by the plant.

"The bacteria do not do this work merely to store up supplies of nitrogen for their own uses, as the chattering squirrel lays by his store of nuts for the winter's fare. The bacteria take the nitrogen, transform it and send it through the membranes of the plant into the very life tissue, the nitrogen enriching the plant and, at the same time, enabling it, through its many tubercles, to become a storehouse of nitrogen as well. Down in the

darkness by night and by day, all through the life of the plant from sprouting to harvesting, the tiny bacteria are at work, needing no light and no air from above; for so great are the atmospheric spaces between the billions of particles of the soil that there is a never-failing source of supply always at hand.

"Many details of the life of the bacteria yet remain to be determined, many of the details in this marvelous act of nitrogen conversion, one of the strangest and one of the most mysterious in all the strange functions of the earth. But the chief fact of importance in present consideration is that the once dreaded tubercles are storehouses of food for future plant uses.

"It so happens that in certain soils none of these particular bacteria are found. It was so in the case of the Kansas soil. So the attempt was made to take them from the soil where they were, so to speak, native and transport them.


"In this instance the soil transported was from the state of Massachusetts. It was dry, uninteresting dirt, not unlike dust in appearance. For several years soy beans had been planted on the farm at the Kansas College, but no nodules, or tubercles were found upon the roots, no tiny storehouses of the precious nitrogen. This was considered ample proof that no bacteria of this kind were to be found in the soil. When it came time to plant, some of the soil from the eastern State, a twentieth of a pint to a hill, was put around the seeds. Alongside of these beans, but sufficiently apart to insure individuality of action, other beans were planted in the normal soil without the addition of the foreign soil. The experiments were carried on in small plots and in larger farm areas as well.

"In all cases the results were the same; the beans which were planted in the pinch of Massachusetts soil produced roots abounding in tubercles, while those planted under precisely similar conditions but without the eastern soil produced no tubercles. It was found in green-house tests that the bacteria began their work of storing up nitrogen very soon after the sprouting of the seed, increasing their activity as the roots began to develop. When the beans were fairly well advanced, some of the hills were dug up, about two cubic feet of soil being taken up with each hill. After a thorough washing, tubercles were found in large numbers upon the plants which had not been inoculated."

In order to find out whether or not the soil once inoculated would become of itself a medium for further inoculation, experiments were undertaken with the Kansas soil in which the beans had been grown, and proof was soon at hand that the home soil, once inoculated, was just as effective as the imported soil. It is probable, also, that the soil once inoculated always remains so.

But still more important than all this is the fact that the tubercles upon the roots of the plants are soil restoratives. They are fertilizers of the most approved types. They bring nitrogen to the soil and they take no element of fertility from it.

HOW CHEMISTRY AIDS IN THE POISONING OF THE RACE

WING chiefly to the ineffectiveness of the law, the practice of substitution and adulteration of everything that goes into the human stomach has grown to serious proportions not only in this country but in Europe. The commercial importance of analytical chemistry, the medical organs now say, is due mainly to the unscrupulousness with which it subserves the purpose of the adulterators of food, drink and medicine. It must not be imagined, declares the *British Medical Journal*, that the United States stands forth conspicuously in this matter. The law here is, or has been until the enactment of the new law, admittedly lax in respect of food stuffs; but in England, thinks the London *Lancet*, the adulteration of liquors has attained universal vogue, while food itself, drugs, spirits and fruits, are subjected to what this medical authority terms "the impudent process." The resources of chemical science are mainly ransacked to provide cheaper and artificial substitutes for natural products, remarks a writer in the London *Standard*. The only difference between America and Britain, it fears, is that in our country the Government has had the courage to deal "a staggering blow."

Three purposes are subserved by adulteration, explains Dr. John D. Comrie in the issue of "Black's Medical Dictionary" which has just appeared. The usual object is to mix with the food a heavier or cheaper article so that greater profit may be gained. The substance added may be harmless and be itself a food, or it may be harmful. For example, chicory, worth about eight cents a pound, is commonly added to coffee worth fifty cents a pound. Another object in adulteration is to improve the color. Thus verdigris or sulphate of copper is often added to canned peas and bottled pickles to keep them from losing their green color. A final reason for adulteration is to preserve the food so that it may be carried longer distances for sale or kept longer without risk. Thus, milk is treated with salicylic acid, boric acid and the like.

A word may be added here as to the means of detection provided in England. Detection is effected by means of microscopic examination in the case of solids, while fluids may be examined microscopically or subjected to chemical tests. When a person is dissatisfied with an article of diet he may buy a sample, when, after paying for it, he must, before re-

moving it from the shop, announce to the seller his intention of having it analyzed and divide it into three portions, which he places in bottles and seals. One of these is given to the seller, the second submitted to the public analyst, and the third retained. If these rules be not observed, no conviction can be obtained against the seller.

Milk, by common consent of the medical press in Europe and America, is the article most commonly adulterated. Placing the annual milk bill of a great metropolis at \$5,000,000—no excessive sum, according to the "Medical Dictionary" (1906)—fully \$300,000 represents the sum paid for water alone sold in the milk, to say nothing of preservatives. Water is tested for in milk by taking the specific gravity, which ought to be 1029 to 1032; if less, water has been added. The milk may also be allowed to stand in a narrow graduated tube until the cream rises. The cream must not be less than one-tenth of the volume of the milk. Otherwise the milk has been skimmed. Various preservatives, as salicylic acid, boric acid, borax, etc., are added, especially in summer. Probably many deaths of children in summer are due to adulterants in milk, since they are all very irritating to the stomach.

Bread, contrary to a popular impression, is said to be fairly pure in England and in our country. But when the flour is poor and dark colored, alum is often added to impart whiteness, which interferes greatly with its digestibility. If an infusion of logwood in distilled water be poured over a slice, the bread turns bluish if alum be present, pink, if pure. Potato flour is often added, but then only in small quantities, because it lacks sufficient cohesion. Potato starch grains can be told easily from wheat starch under the microscope.

Butter, according to Dr. Comrie's work, is not often adulterated beyond the addition of boric acid for its preservation and of coloring materials. These are unimportant. Oleomargarine may be sold for butter and, though probably just as nutritious, it is very much cheaper.

Whisky is only occasionally adulterated with water to an illegal extent, and this is easily detected by taking the specific gravity. Brandy ought to be distilled from wine, but outside of France it is rarely anything but a mixture of alcohol and water colored with burned sugar and flavored with various agents or a little real brandy. Beer may be pure—often is—but its adulteration is too easy to inspire any-

thing but caution in the consumer. Strychnine is never used as a bitter flavoring agent in beer, says Dr. Comrie, although there is a popular impression that it is.

The family dinner table comes off second best in its contest with the adulterator. The cocoa is certainly mixed with starch, if with nothing worse. The coffee is rarely pure—it contains 50 to 90 per cent. of chicory at best. The tea may be leaves already fused and bought up from hotels, restaurants, etc.; or, if the leaves be freshly dried, they are mixed with dried chestnut or sloe leaves, or poor green tea may be "faced" with black lead or Prussian blue. The oatmeal is mixed with barley meal. The honey is practically never pure—unless bought in the comb—for it is usually made from potato flour by the action of sulphuric acid. Mustard is generally adulterated with turmeric (yellow dye) and flour. Pepper is often mixed with sand and rice; pickles are colored with verdigris or copper sulphate; and vinegar is adulterated with an excessive amount of sulphuric acid.

To make matters worse, complains the London *Lancet*, the resources of analytical chemistry are nowadays placed without reservations of any kind at the service of the adulterator. If the public laboratory prescribes certain vapor tests, the manufacturer employs an expert to simulate those tests, so that the product to be tested will give the proper reaction. Half the tests in public laboratories are unreliable.

But the most insidious of all forms of adulteration practised in the United States, according to Dr. Horatio Wood, Jr., writing in *The Popular Science Monthly*, is the insertion into patent medicines of ingredients that lead directly to drug enslavement. He says this peril is a national menace:

"The great imminent peril which threatens the life and health of the nation lies in the fact that a large number of these remedies contain poisonous and habit-forming ingredients. The most horrible instance of this is the 'soothing syrup.' These are universally loaded down with morphine. The immediate deaths which have followed an overdose of some opium-containing 'soothing syrup' are numerous enough, but the thought of the hundreds of children condemned from the cradle to a life of invalidism, to which the grave is preferable, by the formation of a morphine habit from which the delicate nervous system is never able to recuperate, is horrible. The poor, ignorant mother is usually not to blame, but the devilishness of the nostrum vender who deliberately sets out to poison helpless infants puts him below the murderer in criminal immorality, and the supineness of a government which permits such crime to go unpunished must bring a blush of shame to the face of every thinking citizen.

"Another frequent offender of this class is the 'cough syrup' or 'pectoral.' These nearly all contain either opium or some closely allied drug. Those of the headache powders and other remedies for the relief of pain which do not contain opium almost without exception are preparations of acetanilid, a substance derived from coal tar, which, although perhaps not so dangerous as morphine, produces an insidious weakening of the heart when used repeatedly, and whose victims number into the thousands."

"THE TRAGIC SIGNIFICANCE OF CHEAP BOTTLES"

PERHAPS in none of the great industries is the failure to enforce the child-labor laws more general or pitiful than in the glass trade. Of the several reasons for this set forth in labor reports, the most important, according to Mr. John Spargo, the investigator of child labor, seems to be the distribution of bottle factories in small towns and rural districts. The shifting nature of the industry itself is likewise responsible. Fuel is the most important item in the cost of materials in the manufacture of glass. The aim of the manufacturers, if the facts are correctly stated in Mr. Spargo's book,* is always to locate in

districts where fuel is cheap and abundant. For this reason Pennsylvania has always ranked first in the list of glass manufacturing States. Owing, mainly, to the discoveries of new supplies of natural gas in Indiana, the glass products of that State increased fourfold in value from 1890 to 1900. When the supply of gas in a certain locality becomes exhausted, it is customary to remove the factories to more favorable places. A few rough, wooden sheds are hastily built in the neighborhood of some good gas supplies, only to be torn down again as soon as these fail. Hence it happens that glass factories bring new industrial life into small towns and villages, which soon become to a very large extent dependent upon them. So writes Mr. Spargo, at any

*THE BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN. By John Spargo. With an introduction by Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Company.

rate, and obvious as the considerations involved may be, it is important to note them in view of the sociological consequences now to be mentioned.

Almost unconsciously, a feeling is developed in any town invaded by the bottle industry that for the good of the community it will scarcely do to antagonize the glass manufacturers. "I have heard this sentiment," says Mr. Spargo, "voiced by business men and others." On the other hand, the manufacturers feel the strength of their position and constantly threaten to remove their plants if they are interfered with. This interference is a euphemism for stoppage of the supply of little boys. To quote Mr. Spargo on this point:

"I shall never forget my first visit to a glass factory at night. It was a big wooden structure, loosely built that it afforded little protection from draughts, surrounded by a high fence with several rows of barbed wire stretched across the top. I went with the foreman of the factory and he explained to me the reason for the stockade-like fence. 'It keeps the young imps inside once we've got 'em for the night shift,' he said. The young imps were, of course, the boys employed, about forty in number, at least ten of whom were less than twelve years of age. It was a cheap bottle factory and the proportion of boys was larger than is usual in the higher grades of manufacture. Cheapness and child labor go together—the cheaper the grade of manufacture, as a rule, the cheaper the labor employed. The hours of labor for the night shift were from 5:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. I stayed and watched the boys at their work for several hours, and when their tasks were done saw them disappear into the darkness and turmoil of the night. That night, for the first time, I realized the tragic significance of cheap bottles. . . .

"In the middle of the room was a large, round furnace with a number of small doors, three or four feet from the ground, forming a sort of belt around the furnace. In front of these doors the glass blowers were working. With long, wrought-iron blowpipes the blowers deftly took from the furnace little wads of wax-like molten metal which they blew into balls and then rolled in their rolling-boards. These elongated rolls they dropped into moulds and then blew again, harder than before, to force the half-shaped mass into its proper form. With a sharp, clicking sound, they broke their pipes away and repeated the whole process. There was not, of course, the discussion about their work that the more artistic forms of glass blowing possess. There was none of that twirling of the blowpipes till they looked like so many magic wands which for centuries has made the glass blowers' art a delightful, half-mysterious thing to watch. But it was still wonderful to see the exactness of each man's 'dip' and the deftness with which they manipulated the balls before casting them into the moulds."

Then began the work of the boys. By the side of each mold sat a "take-out boy," who,

with tongs, took the half-finished bottles—not yet provided with necks—out of the molds. Then other boys, called "snappers-up," took these bodies of bottles in their tongs and put the small ends into gas-heated molds till they were red hot. Then the boys took them out with almost incredible quickness and passed them to other men, finishers, who shaped the necks of the bottles into their final form. Then the "carrying-in boys," sometimes called "carrier pigeons," took the red-hot bottles from the benches, three or four at a time, upon big asbestos shovels to the annealing oven, where they are gradually cooled off to insure even contraction and to prevent breaking in consequence of too rapid cooling. The work of these carrying-in boys, several of whom were less than twelve years old, was by far the hardest of all. They were kept on a slow run all the time from the benches to the annealing oven and back again. Manufacturers assert to Mr. Spargo that it is difficult to get men to do this work, because men cannot stand the pace and get tired too quickly. It is a fact, however, that in many factories men are employed to do this work, especially at night. In other, more properly equipped factories, it is done by automatic machinery. Mr. Spargo did not measure the distance from the benches to the annealing oven, nor did he count the number of trips made by the boys, but Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy has done so in a typical factory and furnished Mr. Spargo the results of the calculation:

"The distance to the annealing oven in the factory in question was one hundred feet and the boys made seventy-two trips per hour, making the distance traveled in eight hours nearly twenty-two miles. Over half of this distance the boys were carrying their hot loads to the oven. The pay of these boys varies from sixty cents to a dollar for eight hours' work. About a year ago I gathered particulars of the pay of 257 boys in New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the lowest pay was forty cents per night and the highest a dollar and ten cents, while the average was seventy-two cents.

"In New Jersey, since 1903, the employment of boys under fourteen years of age is forbidden, but there is no restriction as to night work for boys of that age. In Pennsylvania boys of fourteen may work by night. In Ohio night work is prohibited for all under sixteen years of age, but so far as my personal observations and the testimony of competent and reliable observers enable me to judge, the law is not very effectively enforced in this respect in the glass factories. . . .

"The effects of the employment of young boys in glass factories, especially by night, are injurious from every possible point of view. The constant facing of the glare of the furnaces and the

red-hot bottle causes serious injury to the sight. Minor accidents from burning are common. . . . Lack of proper rest, added to the strain and heat of their work, produces nervous dyspepsia. From working in draughty sheds, where they are often, as one boy said to me in Zanesville, Ohio, 'burning on the side against the furnace and pretty near freezing on the other,' they are frequently subject to rheumatism. . . . They fall ready victims to pneumonia."

Of the fearful moral consequences there can, says Mr. Spargo, be no question. The glass-blowers themselves realize this, and even more than the physical deterioration, it prevents them from taking their own children into the glass houses. One practically never finds the son of a glass-blower employed as a snapper-up or carrying-in boy, unless the father is dead or incapacitated. So great is

the demand for boys, however, that it is possible at almost any time for a boy to get employment for a single night. Indeed, "one shifters" are so common in some districts that the employers have found it expedient to institute a system of bonuses for those boys who work every night in a week. Out of this readiness to employ boys for a single night has grown a terrible evil—boys attending school all day and working in the factories by night:

"In some districts, especially in New Jersey, it has long been the custom to import boys from certain orphan asylums and 'reformatories' to supply the demand of the manufacturers. These boys are placed in laborers' families and their board paid for by the employers, who deduct it from the boys' wages. Thus a veritable system of child slavery has developed."

PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH A SPIDER CAN LIFT A SNAKE



HE engineering capacity of the insects is infinitely greater, in proportion, than that of man, according to students of entomology. Long before man had thought of the saw, observes John Phin, author of "How to Use the Microscope," the saw-fly had used the same tool, made after the same fashion and used in the same way, for the purpose of making slits in the branches of trees so that she might have a secure place in which to deposit her eggs. The carpenter bee, with only the tools which nature has given her, cuts a round hole, the full diameter of her body, through thick boards, and so makes a tunnel by which she can have a safe retreat in which to rear her young.

These feats require a degree of instinct which in a reasoning creature would be called engineering skill; but none of them, according to Mr. Phin's latest volume,* are as wonderful as the feats performed by the spider.

A few years ago it was averred that a spider had suspended a mouse in the air and left it to perish. Certain students of physics made great fun of this statement, but Mr. Phin, while admitting that the story may not have been true, asserts that it had nothing impossible in it. It has come under his own observation, he says, that a spider actually raised a snake some

distance from the ground notwithstanding the struggles of the reptile. To quote Mr. Phin:

"The spider is furnished with one of the most efficient mechanical implements known to engineers, namely, a strong elastic thread. That the thread is strong is well known. Indeed there are few substances that will support a greater strain than the silk of the silk worm or the spider, careful experiment having shown that for equal sizes the strength of these fibers exceeds that of common iron. But notwithstanding its strength, the spider's thread alone would be useless as a mechanical power if it were not for its elasticity. The spider has no blocks or pulleys, and therefore it can not cause the thread to divide up and run in different directions; but the elasticity of the thread more than makes up for this and renders possible the lifting of an animal much heavier than a mouse or a snake. This may require a little explanation.

"Let us suppose that a child can lift a six-pound weight one foot high with 350 rubber bands, each capable of pulling six pounds through one foot when stretched. Let these bands be attached to a wooden platform on which stand a pair of horses weighing 2,100 pounds or rather more than a ton. If now the child will go to work and stretch these rubber bands singly, hooking each one up, as it is stretched, in less than twenty minutes he will have raised the pair of horses one foot.

"We thus see that the elasticity of the rubber bands enables the child to divide the weight of the horses into 350 pieces of six pounds each and at the rate of a little less than one every three seconds he lifts all these separate pieces one foot, so that the child easily lifts this enormous weight.

"Each spider's thread acts like one of the elastic rubber bands."

*THE SEVEN FOLLIES OF SCIENCE. By John Phin. D. Van Nostrand Company.

Recent Poetry

We reprinted last month an exquisite poem by Norman Gale entitled "Dream and Ideal." This month we have in hand a little volume of the series entitled "The Broadbent Treasuries," this volume being "A Norman Gale Treasury," and containing poems from several of Mr. Gale's volumes. The poems are full of melody and though the material of them is derived from the common-places of life, there are rarity of expression and freshness of feeling. The following is fairly representative of his work:

MORNING IN THE ORCHARD

(To an Invalid.)

BY NORMAN GALE

They wake, they sing—both thrush and lass!
The blackbird's in the orchard grass,
And sprinkles in his rapid quest
Great dewdrops on his jetty breast.

The fruity acre, veiled in white
Of buds and blossoms opened quite,
Grows warm with sun; and soon is heard
That dear duet of bee and bird.

How Nature haunts the fragrant aisles
With musing skirts and happy smiles!
And how her windy whispers stir
The bridal boughs in praise of her!

The scent, the hush are priests of good
In such a spicy solitude!
O, where's the town and where's the mart
Can cleanse me thus my foolish heart?

The comfort of the air is full,
The thrush's sermon is not dull:
What fine persuasion! And how fair
His leafy altar in the pear!

The country is a poem writ
By God, and few decipher it;
Come, hear the mellow thrush translate
The silence of his mother-mate!

He's in the apple-blossom now,
With golden chant on silver bough;
His wants are little—so be mine!—
A worm for loaf, and dew for wine.

O let my cellar be the hill
Whence flows the unpolluted rill,
That all my Cæcuban may be
Sweet Nature's, and her own the key!

Give me my daily home-made bread,
A wife's dear bosom for my head;
A flagon bubbling from the well,
The wood for church, the finch for bell;

A son to clasp my finger tight,
God's care to nest him through the night;

His mother's hand to gentle me
When that my head is on her knee.

Here can I walk a lovely land,
And smooth the fledgling with my hand;
Can track the runnel to its source
Past raspberry canes and lovers' gorse.

But you, dear friend, upon your bed
Must dream activities instead,
While robbers bring the hedge's bliss
In haste for you to stroke and kiss.

Yet you may have approaches fine
To angel secrets and divine,
While we who stride the dewy sod
Be far less clearly taught of God.

Who knows? Within your mind may be
A perfect orchard, fair to see,
And Fancy's fruit be sweeter far
Than all our pears and apples are.

Here is another of Mr. Gale's poems, presenting in charming simplicity and beauty the joys of domestic life. The Latin title seems a little out of place. It hardly matches the simplicity of the picture:

LABORE CONFECTO

BY NORMAN GALE

*Ah God, how good and sweet it is
To have so fair a rest
For such a weary, weary head
On such a white, white breast!*

Ah me, how sweet and good it is
To leave the city's lamps,
Its multitude of merchant-men,
Its multitude of tramps:

To find the children eager-eyed,
Expectant of my tread—
Bright little angels scantily robed
In readiness for bed!

To hear the music of a voice
That welcomes me at night;
To see within her eyes of love
A rare and sudden light!

To watch the youngest at her heart,
And hear with ecstasy
His uncouth dialect of joy
When calling out to me!

The finest language lacking words
The world has ever had!
And how the spirit answers it!
And how the soul is glad!

Peace, peace indeed, with labor done,
The babies kissed to sleep,

To hear the household chronicles—
What made the children weep;

What dandelions grew beside
The dock-plants in the lanes;
How Baby puckered up his face
At stinging-nettle pains!

Peace, peace indeed! And then to sit
Beside my Love's low chair,
And sometimes feel her hand—sometimes
Her lips upon my hair!

And bliss it is, returning late,
To see her, half-divine;
Calm as a statue-saint, asleep,
And think—*This angel's mine.*

Gold, pink, and snow in one she lies
Toward my vacant place,
As if she hoped when she awoke
At once to find my face.

Ah God, how good and sweet it is
To have so fair a rest
For such a weary, weary head
On such a white, white breast!

The "hitherto unpublished" poems of dead poets are usually very disappointing; but such is not the case with the following poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, for which we are indebted to *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*. It was written in 1889, when Stevenson was at Waikiki Beach near Honolulu, to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Caroline Bush, who occupied an adjoining house. It is by no means one of his best, but it has in it the real Stevenson flavor:

FROM WISHING-LAND

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Dear lady, tapping at your door,
Some little verses stand,
And beg on this auspicious day
To come and kiss your hand.

Their syllables all counted right,
Their rhymes each in its place,
Like birthday children, at the door
They wait to see your face.

Rise, lady, rise and let them in;
Fresh from the fairy shore,
They bring you things you wish to have,
Each in its pinafore.

For they have been to Wishing-Land
This morning in the dew,
And all your dearest wishes bring—
All granted—home to you.

What these may be, they would not tell,
And could not if they would;
They take the packets sealed to you
As trusty servants should.

But there was one that looked like love,
And one that smelt like health,

And one that had a jingling sound—
I fancy it might be wealth.

Ah, well, they are but wishes still;
But, lady dear, for you
I know that all you wish is kind,
I pray it all come true.

A volume with the simple title "Poems," by Meredith Nicholson, is published by the Bobbs Merrill Company. We select from it for quotation the following picture, that has in it something out of the common:

AILEEN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The gods were sad the night that she was born:
The faery lights shone over darkling moors,
And voices whispering through the lonely hills
Stole seaward to dark shores and told the waves,
And wave and star conferred in wonderment.
The gods were sad the night that she was born.

She sang to-night, and in her voice I heard
Those whispers and those voices and beheld
The faery lights, and from the plaintive shore
Saw wave and star commune. . . . She does
not know
How in her eyes the ancient marvels burn,
Or that the dreams flow in her blood like stars

On quiet floods by night. There at the harp
Her voice caught up the centuries in a song
As old as heartache and as young as morn;
And armor rang and spears were glad with
blood . . .
Ah me! Those eyes, that voice, that eerie cry!
The gods were sad the night that she was born!

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin has for the present turned from the sonnet, in which most of his work hitherto has been done, and gives a volume in various lyrical forms entitled "My Lady of Dream." The lady in the case is the spirit of poesy, "the maid divine," to whom he has offered many years of his life and to whom in these pages he pours "the ænomel of Song." The first lyric is a sort of metric preface addressed to the reader:

THE READER IS IMPORTUNED

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

Warily tread o'er the delicate bridge of dreams
Bulld in silence from tremulous cobweb and
mist,
Warily over the chasm of cloud and of streams
High on the vapory arches of amethyst;
Shake off the dust of the world and the care that
clings;
Gird on the sandals that give to the feet their
wings;
Airily, pray you, airily spirit along;
Thin is the fabric and wove of the veriest film
of song—
Wavers, and sways, and is not what it seems—
Warily, warily over the Bridge of Dreams.

Mr. Mifflin's "lady of dreams" is next described by means of several metaphors:

THE LOVER DESCRIBES HIS BELOVED

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

A rose she is, most passing fair,
That makes more sweet the summer air
For one day only;
A solitary cloud at noon,
That, melting in the dome of June,
Leaves the blue lonely:

A bird at dawn that upward flies
And falls from out the scarlet skies
Of Eldorado;
A murmuring shell upon the shore
Swirled sudden down beneath the roar
To realms of shadow:

A sumptuous moth, in autumn hours,
A-flutter o'er ephemeral flowers
In vain endeavor;
A firefly in the fields of even,
That lights a little space of heaven,
Then fades forever.

The reference to Marathon in the last line of Mr. Markham's recent poem on Russia is rather forced, as Marathon was a battle fought to resist foreign invasion and the poem is an invocation to Russia to resist the tyranny of her own rulers. That, however, is a not very important detail. The poem is published in *Appleton's Magazine*:

RUSSIA, ARISE

(Inscribed to Maxim Gorky)

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Rise, Russia, to the great hour rise;
The dead are looking from the skies!
And God's hand, terrible with light,
Upbreaching from the Arctic night,
Writes on the North with torch of fire—
Writes in one word the world's desire—
Writes awfully the Word of Man
Across the vast auroral span—
Writes "Freedom!" that shall topple kings
And shake to dust their treasonings.

Because the gibbet and the chain
Scatter thy blood, a sacred rain;
Because thou hast a soul all fire
Under the hoof-marks and the mire;
Because thou hast a dream burned white
By many sorrows of the night;
Because thy grief has paid the price,
Paid it in tears and paid it thrice—
Therefore all great souls surge to thee,
The blown white billows of one sea;
Therefore thy spirit shall prevail,
For in thy failure God shall fail!

This is the hour; awake, arise!
A whisper on the Volga flies;
A wild hope on the Baltic leaps,
A terror over the Neva creeps;
A joy is on the trail that goes

Reddening the white Siberian snows;
The cliffs of Caucasus are stirred
With the glad wonder of a word;
The white wave of the Caspian speaks,
And Ural answers from her peaks.
The Kremlin bells in all their towers
Wait trembling for the Hour of hours,
When they shall cry the People's will—
Cry Marathon and Bunker Hill!

Mr. Arthur Upson is the name of a young man who publishes a poem-drama entitled "The City" (Macmillan), and republishes together with it a number of octaves and sonnets. All are high-imagined, but the promise of the book is greater than its performance. We quote one of the strongest of the sonnets:

EX LIBRIS

BY ARTHUR UPSON

In an old book at even as I read
Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,
I crossed a tale of how, in other age,
At Arqua, with his books around him, sped
The word to Petrarch; and with noble head
Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.
And they who found him whispered, "He is dead."

Thus timely from old comradeships would I
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,
Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,
And no light shine save my low study light—
Lest of his kind intent some human cry
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

There is always an abundance of the poetry of love in our magazines, most of it sung in soprano voices by members of the gentler sex, and a very large proportion of it entirely negligible. The following, from *Munsey's*, is worth while, if for no other reason, because it does not "slop over":

BECAUSE OF YOU

BY ALMON HENSLEY

Sweet have I known the blossoms of the morning,
Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew;
But now my flowers have found a fuller fragrance
Because of you.

Long have I worshiped in my soul's enshrining
High visions of the noble and the true;
Now all my aims and all my prayers are purer
Because of you.

Wise have I seen the uses of life's labor,
To all its puzzles found some answering clue;
But now my life has learned a nobler meaning
Because of you.

In the past days I chafed at pain and waiting,
Grasping at gladness as the children do;
Now is it sweet to wait and joy to suffer
Because of you.

In the long years of silences that part us,
Dimmed by my tears and darkened to my view,
Close shall I hold my memories and my madness
Because of you.

Whether our lips shall touch or hands shall hun-
ger,

Whether our love be fed or joys be few,
Life will be sweeter and more worth the living
Because of you.

A winsome bit of lighter verse is this which we
take from the same magazine as the above:

MODES, MOODS, AND A MAID

BY GRACE STONE FIELD

Beryl in a bathing-suit rather takes my eye;
Pert insouciance marks her now, with her cap
awry,
Curls a-flutter, sandals trim, little feet a-twinkle,
Taffetas and braid soutache—salt sea just a
sprinkle!

Beryl in her winter furs somehow seems so frigid;
Freezes me with dignity, most polite but rigid.
Gorgeous in an opera-gown she frowns at love's
insistence,
So, perforce, I too must frown and sadly keep my
distance.

Beryl in a party frock, furbelowed and fussed,
Says caresses will not do lest her frills be mussed.
Some day, surely, she will don veil and orange-
flowers;
Time, you slow poke, whet your scythe; mow
away the hours!

Meanwhile in her bathing-suit, Beryl takes my
eye—
Pert, insouciant, sandal-shod, and her cap awry!

It is not a new note but a great and heartening
note that Mr. Gilder strikes in a poem in *The
Atlantic Monthly*:

MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Was ever music lovelier than to-night!
'Twas Schumann's Song of Moonlight; o'er the
vale
The new moon lingered near the western hills;
The hearth-fire glimmered low; but melting tones
Blotted all else from memory and thought,
And all the world was music! Wondrous hour!
Then sank anew into our tranced hearts
One secret and deep lesson of sweet sound—
The loveliness that from unloveliness
Outsprings, flooding the soul with poignant joy,
As the harmonious chords to harsh succeed,
And the rapt spirit climbs through pain to bliss:
Eternal question, answer infinite;
As day to night replies; as light to shade;
As summer to rough winter; death to life,—
Death not a closing, but an opening door,
A deepened life, a prophecy fulfilled.

Not in the very present comes reply,
But in the flow of time. Should the song cease
Too soon; ere yet the rooted answer blooms,
Lo,—what a pang of loss and dissonance;
But time, with the resolving and intended tone
Heals all, and makes all beautiful and right.
Even so our mortal music-makers frame
Their messages melodious to men;
Even so the Eterne his mighty harmonies
Fashions, supreme, of life, and fate, and time.

"Should the song cease too soon,"—there is a
deep pathos in the life wherein that occurs, the
life of struggle and failure. In *McClure's* is a
poem expressive of that pathos:

SONG OF THE SOULS THAT FAILED

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

We come from the war-swept valleys,
Where the strong ranks clash in might,
Where the broken rear-guard rallies
For its last and losing fight;
From the roaring streets and highways,
Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded byways,
To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
Not ours is the idler's shame;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
Will ye whelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal and have striven
As they strive who win or die;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
And thrill to the victor's shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
At the fate that cast us out;
For we heed one music only,
The sweet far Voice that calls
To the dauntless soul and lonely
Who fights to the end, and falls.

We come—outworn and weary—
The unnamed hosts of life;
Long was our march and dreary,
Fruitless and long our strife.
Out from the dust and the riot—
From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
To cover our grief, and rest.

Here's a pleasing little fancy which we take
from *Appleton's Magazine*:

BABEL

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

Listen! The water's noisy glee
Is like a room of company
Who talk so loud and laugh so gay
You cannot tell what any say.
The chatter of them all you hear,
But not a single word is clear!

Recent Fiction and the Critics

We are always a little humiliated when an important novel is reviewed on both sides of the sea to draw comparison between American and British reviews. It does not seem to us that the art of reviewing has made any progress, except progress backward, in this country in the last five or ten years. The evidences of haste, impatience with the job, flippant and superficial cleverness, are seldom absent in the work of American reviewers; while the best traditions of the trade are kept very much alive in Great Britain.

The reviews of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel* have elicited the foregoing remarks. To

any of a dozen English periodicals we can turn, when such a novel is published, with the certainty of finding an able and discriminating

review. There are periodicals here in which we may find such a review, but none in which we are fairly certain to find it. On one side reviewing seems a vocation; on the other an avocation. There it is the smooth, finished, well-poised work of professionals; here it is the ragged and usually sloppy work of amateurs, brilliant in spots perhaps, but seldom well-sustained and adequate.

More than one of the critics regard the new novel as the best product of the author's pen. It is not exactly enlivening or wildly exciting; but "it is filled with a calm and strong interest," to quote the London *Athenæum*, "with charm as well as an idea of its own."

The author has made use of George Romney, the English painter, as her hero, taking, however, many liberties with his life, among them that of placing him in a nineteenth-century environment. This hero, John Fenwick, is a young painter of genius, who leaves his country surroundings, his peasant wife and child, and goes to London to seek fame and fortune. He finds a patron in Lord Findon, and, in his daughter, Eugénie de Pastourelles, a fair subject. Fenwick's natural reticence and a mistaken notion of expediency keep him silent about his wife and child. The wife, Phœbe, comes unexpectedly to his lodgings when he is out, finds a photograph of Mme. de Pastourelles, and letters that seem to her to indicate marital treachery; slashes the photograph, writes a note telling of her suspicions and leaves Fenwick for parts unknown. For twelve years he passes in London for a bachelor, and, naturally, complications ensue. The story finally comes out, the wife is hunted up,

and a reconciliation is effected, partly through the bright and winsome character of Fenwick's grown-up daughter, and partly through Mme. de Pastourelles.

The success of the novel is, by common consent, Eugénie de Pastourelles, the deserted English wife of a bad Frenchman. She is, in the judgment of the London *Times*, "a character more remote, more delicate and elusive, than any that Mrs. Ward has yet attempted to draw. She is the perfect product, in mind and body, of inherited refinement, and she is a woman of passion and character." The London *Spectator* similarly regards her as "the most consistently sympathetic and distinguished of all the women characters portrayed by Mrs. Ward." The New York *Independent's* reviewer is not so enthusiastic:

"Madame de Pastourelles is not only refined; she is superfinely by a long line of selection. Her very bones are ivory, her skin pearl, her spirit a sort of immortal violin with the tones of time and the poetry of a thousand ancestors in its strings. No impression is received of the existence of flesh and blood between Madame de Pastourelles's skin and bones and spirit, but by this time we know better than to expect that grossness in Mrs. Ward's heroines. They are too thin for anything except poetry. And she deserves great credit for bringing this last one to the end of the story without a collapse. Such women are predisposed to neurasthenia, and in all her other stories they have come down with a consumption or some other illogical complaint."

Mr. M. Gordon Pryor Rice, who reviews the book ably and at length in the New York *Times*, thinks that it "attains a height hitherto unreachd by its author," but he says:

"The regrettable thing in 'Fenwick's Career,' as in all Mrs. Ward's novels, is its utter destitution of humor—that saving grace with which Shakespeare did not disdain to irradiate his most sombre tragedies. If she cannot, she cannot; but we sometimes wonder whether that one lack may not hold back her works from permanence. Her characters take themselves so seriously; there is never a twinkle in anybody's eye."

Another novel written by a woman around the character of a great artist is that by Margaret Potter,* whose hero is the Russian musician Tchaikowsky; or, rather, so the Springfield *Republican* thinks, a travesty of Tchaikowsky. The theme of the story is the isolation of genius. The hero

The Genius

*FENWICK'S CAREER. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros.

*THE GENIUS. By Margaret Potter Harper & Bros.

is the son of a powerful but hated and unscrupulous Russian official and his high-born aristocratic wife. The son inherits the strength of the one and the fineness of the other. He scorns his father's methods and is disowned. He achieves musical greatness, but is betrayed by friends, envied by other artists, separated from the woman he loves, and dies by his own hand in isolated grandeur.

The novel is severely handled by the critics. The *Springfield Republican* considers it "truly amazing," and thinks the author would do well to suppress it, because of the obvious injustice it does to Rubinstein, who is made to figure in the guise of the hero as a monster of jealousy, whereas, according to Tschaiakowsky's letters, written shortly before his death, Rubinstein was never anything worse than reserved and kindly indifferent toward him. *The Bookman* finds the novel "not without some strong pages," but as a picture of Russian life it is not to be taken seriously. The scene might as well have been laid in New York, and the Russians in the story "impress one as being tolerably good Americans in masquerade." The *London Times* says of the work:

"The peculiar twist that is given to our idiom beyond the Atlantic has a seductive crackle and snap for English ears; but when it comes to writing instead of talking, and that in no jesting vein, the genius for concentration and compression of phrase appears to desert too many a transpontine novelist and to leave him (or her) surprisingly destitute. 'The Genius,' by Margaret Potter, is a book in certain qualities rather above the average, but its ambitiously cultivated style is a fair example of the way in which English should not be written. It is labored, and has all the defects of a labored style, without any compensating enrichment or sonority of rhetoric; it constantly struggles into preciosity, and yet is never individual; incongruous words are tumbled together with an irritating habit of using simple

expressions just off their correct meaning. It is particularly unfortunate in this case, because 'The Genius' shows a distinct gift on the part of the writer for the handling of a novel."

Another tale of Alaska, full of thrills and combats and elemental savagery in man and nature comes to us, this time from the pen of Rex E. Beach.* It is also, in a sense, a muck-rake story, being the tale of a fight for a rich gold-mine in which Eastern politicians, working through a corrupt Federal judge in Alaska, dispossess the right owners of the mine, but are afterward checkmated. There is a girl in the case, and the hero fights against the political "boss" not only for his mine, but for the heroine, as the boss has an eye for her as well as for the mine.

The *Chicago Dial* regrets that the novel is "devoid of anything like grace or delicacy of workmanship," but almost forgets that fact because of the way it grips one by sheer brute strength. The tale of political and judicial corruption, based upon fact, is enough, it finds, to startle the most apathetic of listeners.

There are all the accessories of a mining-camp—flaunting dance-halls, reckless gambling, pitched battles at the mine, waylayings at night, a narrow escape from a lynching, and personal encounters, one of which, in particular, between Glenister the hero and McNamara the political boss and stage villain, is almost Homeric in its effect.

The savage strength of the story is admitted by all. But aside from its brutality, *The Bookman* finds its qualities mainly negative. Artistically it resembles nothing so much as a Belasco melodrama, with excellent stage-setting, but with a conventional plot and with characters made to order to fit the situations.

*THE SPOILERS. By Rex E. Beach. Harper & Bros.

All for the Gooroo's Books—A Story

The following humorous little tale is one of the folk-lore stories of India. It was told by a Hindu teacher to Rose Reinhardt Anthon, of Los Angeles, who has clothed it in English and published it, together with a dozen other stories of like sort, in a little volume entitled "Stories of India." It is a slight thing, but, like so many other slight things in literature, has the universal note that appeals to all races and climes and defies the tooth of time.



HERE was once a holy man who dwelt with his disciple in a little hut at the edge of a small village. Each day, at sundown, the villagers gathered about this little hut to hear the words of wisdom which this holy man spoke and to gain therefrom the

strength to sustain their souls and live their lives in peace and love.

One day deep commotion reigned in the hearts of these simple people for the holy man had proclaimed to them that he would, on the following morning, start on a long pilgrimage to the holy

places of the land. It would be four years before he would return to them. He blessed them all and begged them to be kind to his young disciple whom he would leave in their care, and told them to come each day at sunset as usual and listen to the words of wisdom that his disciple would read to them from the Scriptures. With loving hearts the villagers promised to do his bidding.

Next morning the Gooroo entrusted his beloved Holy Books to his beloved disciple, admonishing him to take great care of them and, above all, to guard them against the mice, which oftentimes played the mischief among them. Heavy-hearted and sad the young disciple heard all his injunctions, vowing within himself to guard his master's beloved books even with his life if need be.

So the holy one started forth on his holy journey and the disciple arranged the books in order and sat up all night in readiness to ward off the malicious danger of the mice, beating about the books with a stick to scare them away. And thus he passed the first night sleepless but alert for the coming of the enemy.

The next evening the villagers assembled to hear the disciple read the words of wisdom from the master's books, but the young man seemed tired and lifeless. Questioning him as to the cause of it, they learned that he had not slept because of his promise to guard the precious Scriptures.

"Well," said the villagers among themselves, "bring the boy a cat to drive away the mice, so he can rest knowing the books are safe."

The cat was therefore brought, but with the coming of the cat, the disciple again became troubled because of the lack of milk to feed the cat. The villagers again put their heads together to remove this trouble of the disciple who had been entrusted to their keeping. They decided to give him a cow to supply the milk for the cat which was to guard the precious books of the master who had gone on a pilgrimage to visit all the holy places of the land.

Now the holy one had taught his disciple the worth of a cow, that the cow is the most sacred animal, the second mother of humanity, the nourisher of every human life in infancy, for is not every babe sustained by cow's milk, and, above all, was not the cow the most loved animal of their Lord God? Krishna Himself, when he walked on earth as a youth, had, on His own choice, become even a cowherd.

All this the young disciple remembered and, remembering it, he worshipped the cow as a mother and served her with great care and fondness, and because of it he was not always ready to read to the villagers the wisdom they came to hear from the Gooroo's books.

"Now," said the villagers, "this boy, in his conscientiousness, is overly busy with serving the cow. Let us send to him the little Brahman maiden who hath neither mother nor father, to take from him the work of serving the cow, so he may be ready to read to us from the Book of Wisdom when we come every evening at sundown as the master bade us to do."

So it was that Brinda, the little Brahman orphan, first came to serve the Brahman disciple, and lo, at her coming, the house was filled with sunshine and tasks vanished from beneath her little brown fingers as if by magic! The hut echoed with her soft songs and the cow pricked up her ears and bellowed at her coming. So as time went on, the poor Brahman lad sat by the hour and gazed into the moon knowing not what the sweet pain was that filled his heart even more than the greatest truths that his Gooroo had given him, and oft, in the midst of his readings from the sacred Scriptures at sundown, he halted and sought in the crowd of peering dark eyes the dancing ones with the downcast lids of the little Brahman maiden who came each morn to serve him and left him each eve taking with her the sunshine of his heart and hut.

And so time passed and soon the villagers noted that the disciple was in love with the little maid, and, because of it, he pined in the hopelessness of his position, for was he not an ascetic disciple of the holy man, and was it not expected, therefore, that he must never wed?

And so the villagers again put together their many and wise heads and took counsel among themselves.

"It is best," they decided in whispers. "The little Brinda is alone in the world. He is of her own caste. The holy man has made us guardians over him and since he pines for the maid and the maid for him, we shall have them wedded and that will be the best from all sides."

And thus the little Brinda became the wife of the disciple who lived in the hut and served the cow that fed the cat that killed the mice that threatened the books that belonged to the holy man who was on his pilgrimage to all the holy places of the land.

And the years passed and with the fourth there came again to the village the holy man who had traveled into many places to view the sacred spots on his pilgrimage. And he hurried to the edge of the village to find his hut and clasp again to his breast his disciple, the dear boy whom he had left in charge of his home and the books. But he could not find his hut. In its place stood a newly built house and around it all a wall that proclaimed it the home of a householder.

Wonderingly he called aloud to the custodian of the house and the disciple appeared wearing no more in his face the look of the ascetic but bearing in his left arm a year old baby and his right hand clasping the little hand of a three-year-old boy, who had the dancing eyes of Brinda and the look of the young disciple in their sweet faces.

On seeing the holy man before him, all the accumulated fears of his broken vows of the past years rushed upon his mind. He saw himself again in the little hut with his Master listening to the slokas that were to make of him also a holy man. He saw himself performing the holy

austerities that were to lead to renunciation. He saw himself living a life at one with God in the wilderness. Then startled by this sudden rousing of old memories, he threw himself at the feet of his Master, rolled in the dust made wet by his rushing tears and cried:

"It all came about to save your books, O Goo-roo! To keep away the mice a cat was brought. To feed the cat a cow was brought. To serve the cow the maid Brinda came. To save myself I married her, and these babies are the fruits thereof. All for the sake of your books, O Goo-roo, all for the sake of your books!"

Lissiva—A Tale of Norway

This tale, with a motive like that of one of the old Greek tragedies, is the work of the Norwegian writer, Bernt Bessesen Lie, nephew of the great Jonas Lie. Bernt Lie is now thirty-eight years of age, and his novels and juvenile stories are very popular in the realm of King Haakon II. This story, which is translated for *CURRENT LITERATURE*, is slightly abridged.



FREE and wide is the fiord where the headland Kjelnaes extends far out with its bare hills.

In the middle of the fiord, less than a mile from either shore, lies the island of Starholmen.

Many and various are the birds that fly around the topmost point of Kjelnaes. The shrieks of the sea-gulls are always heard there, while lourmes and skarves, with their long necks and legs, drag their flight across the mirrory water in a continuous line like pearls on a string, until somewhere, far out on the fiord, they swoop down upon the fishes. Amid the rocks at the shore a flock of eider-ducks are quacking; and now and then the sea eagle drops down from his giddy height with the velocity of an arrow into the midst of these birds, or upon the back of a codfish.

Up on the dung-heaps in front of the houses the dirty crows hop about and utter their shrill cries. But the crows are only newcomers. They migrated into this region perhaps no more than a hundred years ago, when the first houses were built.

It was then that there came a man who built up Kjelnaes and who was thenceforth called the king of Kjelnaes. Rattikoff was his name, and in the course of time the whole fiord coast was in subjection to him. He was a rich man when death summoned him.

The most peculiar thing about Rattikoff, the king of Kjelnaes, was that he lost so many of his men on the sea. Always on his return from a fishing cruise one or other of the boys of the

crew was missing. One other peculiarity was told concerning Rattikoff. While others often ran short of fish-bait, this was never the case with the king of Kjelnaes. After his death an old pilot of his confessed to the priest, on his death-bed, that when bait grew scarce Rattikoff was in the habit of killing one of his crew and using the body for bait.

But at the time of this confession the king of Kjelnaes was in his grave, and the management of his estate had passed over to his daughter, Madame Juhl. The same month in which Rattikoff was laid in his grave his daughter had celebrated her marriage with Juhl, whom she summoned from Tromsø, where he had lived ever since he was driven out from Kjelnaes by Rattikoff. Juhl had grown old, as the people said, and he drank excessively, so that on the night of the wedding his bride had to send him off to bed at a very early hour.

At the same time Madame Juhl's son, Anton, was summoned home. He was now, at the time of her marriage, fifteen years of age, and had been brought up in the home of a merchant in Bergen. When he came, the mother divided the management of the estate with him, by which Anton received the store and the retail trade, while the mother took control of everything else. Juhl, the husband, lived in his little house alone, seen by no one except Koæn-Lea, an old but still powerful maid, who had spent the greater part of her life in the service on Rattikoff's estate.

A year after the wedding, Koæn-Lea appeared one day in the presence of Madame Juhl and an-

nounced that her husband was dead. Madame Juhl received the news with but few words, was an excellent woman of business all the time, and eight days after, she held a grand funeral for her deceased husband.

Madame Juhl was an able and diligent woman. She herself went out fishing dressed in man's attire. She set up cottages all along the fiord, and enlarged the territory of the Rattikoff estate. In the fall she proceeded with a large retinue up the mountains to collect the rents from the Finns. Frequently she broke open the doors of locked houses, when she believed that the tenants had fled from her, and searched through the shops and drawers. In these, as in many other things, she followed her father's system, and at length she grew very rich.

As hard and pitiless as Madame Juhl was toward herself and her subjects, so mild and tender was she toward her son Anton, who had grown up into a tall, lanky young man whose cheeks turned pale and paler with the years. His mother paid little attention to her own attire, but she insisted on having Anton's clothes bought either in Bergen or Tromsø; he had a room in the new building over his store, and there Madame Juhl hung up the curtains with her own hands, and when she was in the city she always brought some bric-a-brac, a picture in a gold frame, or something else to adorn Anton's apartment. She also prepared special dishes for Anton, and took good care that they should be to his liking.

Thus Anton grew to have very white and very delicate hands; but a happy man he was not. He usually read all the books he was able to get. His mother tried to persuade him to travel, but he refused. She urged him to go into society and seek diversion there, but he replied that there was nothing to look for in the society where they lived. He wanted only one thing—to have a share in the management of the estate. And here Madame Juhl was unyielding; she would allow nothing to slip out of her control.

In the inlet of Kjelnaes there was a small farm in which shoemaker Iver, his wife and four children, lived in great poverty. Iver had broken his thigh-bone in the service of Rattikoff, and he was now living on the charity of Madame Juhl. The youngest of the children was a daughter named Marja. She was a blonde girl, strikingly handsome, and served at Kjelnaes, where everyone was fond of her. She was always vivacious and cheerful, and had a very beautiful singing voice.

When Marja was confirmed the pastor had said to Madame Juhl that she ought to be given an opportunity to obtain a better education, since she was very bright and quick of comprehension. Ma-

dame Juhl, however, refused any further assistance, declaring that it was education enough for Marja to be a cook in her house; and so Anton, who was now thirty years old, undertook to be Marja's instructor. He had studied German and English in the school of Bergen, and had since enlarged his knowledge by studying at home.

Madame Juhl by no means approved of her son's giving lessons to Marja, but since she saw that Anton enjoyed them, she offered no opposition.

One fine summer day Anton came into her office where she was drawing up some accounts.

"You always keep asking me, mother," he said, "what I want. Now I know it."

"Travel?"

"No. I want to marry."

Madame Juhl stretched herself to her full height and looked at him. She used glasses when she sat at her books, and she now regarded her son from over her glasses. Finally she said thoughtfully: "Yes, perhaps that would be the best thing, my son. Go, look for a wife. Have you already considered whom you would like to have?"

"Yes; Marja Solbottnen."

And now it happened for the first time that Anton received a box on the ear from his mother. For a while he stood there erect as a stick, the blood mounting to his face. Then he walked out.

That same day Marja was sent out from the kitchen with the order to go home and to stay there.

Toward the fall of the same year Anton Juhl came again to his mother. He was pale and his voice trembled.

"I am going to marry, mother."

"Whom?"

"Whether you are going to beat me again or not, I shall marry Marja, mother! I am now thirty years old and I think that I know what I am doing."

"Know what you are doing? Have I not always begged you, ever since you came back to me, to depend on yourself in everything? But you shall not bring any more disgrace upon this house than has already been heaped upon it. I am the mistress in this house, and here my word is law!"

"I see no disgrace in this, mother."

"What? Marry shoemaker Iver's Marja? You are going to bring that hussy into our house to rule here? Never! Never!"

"It must be, mother."

"As to what must be or must not be, I have something to say, too."

"For Marja's sake, mother."

"For the sake of that beggarly jade?"

"Marja is—already my wife, mother."

Thereupon Madame Juhl advanced a step nearer to her son and lifted her hand.

But he fell back and cried: "She shall not continue in this shame any longer on my account!"

Madame Juhl fixed her son with her gaze and replied: "Your mother endured such shame for fifteen years on your father's account! Now you know it. That drab, the daughter of shoemaker Iver, can well bear what Rattikoff's daughter has borne for fifteen years!" With this she sat down and resumed her work, while Anton stepped slowly out of her office.

In the evening Madame Juhl went to shoemaker Iver in Solbottnen. There she had a long conversation with him. That night he rowed Marja across to Storholmen, where she remained with Jon Storholm and his wife. It was Madame Juhl's will that she should be installed there as a servant.

The following week Madame Juhl went across the fiord to the parsonage in the eight-oar boat, accompanied by numerous retainers. There she offered the hand of her son to the pastor's daughter, and came back bringing the word of acceptance to Anton.

The summer following, the wedding was celebrated in Kjelnaes. On that same day, just as the wedding-boats sailed forth in merry procession across the fiord, Jon Storholm and his wife received the child of Marja Solbottnen—a boy. It was a frail, pitiful little thing, and while the boats that were adorned with flags fired their guns in honor of the marriage of the lord of Kjelnaes with the pastor's daughter, Sophia Storholm pronounced the Pater Noster over Marja's boy, and baptized him in the name of Jesus, calling him Iver after his grandfather.

A year after the marriage of Anton a daughter was born, who was called Helga. When Helga was eleven years old Madame Juhl died suddenly, as the result of a fall on a stairway in the courtyard.

A great change now came over Kjelnaes. On the south coast, below Jonasvarre, a new merchant had settled, and the fishermen commenced to patronize him at first secretly and occasionally, but soon more and more frequently, for the new merchant allowed more credit. As Anton did not follow the example of his mother and enforce the collection of rents, there were soon many old outstanding debts on his books.

In Storholmen Jon and Sophia had died. Marja had a small legacy bequeathed to her, two cows and a few sheep, and she retained the house.

Iver, her son, who was generally called Lissiva because of the way he had twisted old Jon's pet

name, grew up without playmates on the island, and his mother taught him to read and to write. Marja lived upon the proceeds of her small possessions, and from spinning and weaving, for which she received good pay, as she was very skilful and quick in her work. She steered the boat herself from one place to another where she had to deliver yarn and wool. But in Kjelnaes she never appeared after the day when she went to take back the money which Madame Juhl sent her for the boy.

Usually Lissiva was with his mother in the boat, and soon he was able to pull the oar. He was strongly attracted to Kjelnaes, where the houses were so large and beautiful, and he asked his mother why she never went there. Marja was silent for a while, and then said that a witch lived there who would beat him.

Nevertheless, in the evening Lissiva often sat at the shore of Storholmen and looked across toward Kjelnaes, where were the white-painted houses with the many windows in which the evening sun was reflected. The sea-gulls flew shrieking past him toward Kjelnaes, and Lissiva thought if he but had wings he also would fly whither they were flying.

One day a man came to Marja in Storholmen. He brought her wool for spinning and he remained speaking to her a while. Lissiva sat on the bench near his mother. The man said that Madame Juhl was dead, and added—the witch!

When the man had gone, Lissiva nestled up against his mother and asked whether they could go to Kjelnaes now that the witch was dead. Marja remained sitting with a pensive expression in her face. She stroked the boy's hair and did not reply until he questioned her again. Then she said distractedly: "Yes, yes, my child, you can go."

From now forward the boy gave her no rest until he was given the boat to take some yarn to a house in the neighborhood of Kjelnaes, and received permission to stop at Kjelnaes. Lissiva accomplished his errand and then pulled across to Kjelnaes. He opened his eyes wide and gazed with astonishment. The farm near the shore was apparently lifeless, although the morning was far advanced.

Finally a little girl came running up to him. She wore a light-blue dress. He looked at her and she looked at him.

"What are you looking for?" she asked.

"I want to see where the witch is buried."

"What witch?"

"The one who died not long ago."

"Why, that was my grandmother."

"Oh, Lord!"

"She fell down from the steps."

"But where was she buried?"

"Why, in the cemetery, of course."

"What? In the cemetery?"

"What a stupid boy you are!"

"Well, do you think you are any smarter?"

"Don't you know that dead people are always buried in the cemetery?"

"But dead people——"

"Yes, and they sing songs when they bury them."

"Bah, do you think I know no songs?"

"Do you?"

"Yes. Mother taught me one."

"Who is your mother?"

"Marja Solbottnen."

"Can she sing?"

"Yes. Can't your mother sing?"

"No. Nobody can sing here."

"You don't say! My mother sings the whole day long."

"Then I want to go to your mother and hear her sing."

"But you can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I won't take you in my boat."

"Why won't you?"

"Do you think I am going to let somebody in my boat that has a witch for a grandmother? Guess not. Excuse me!"

"Can you sing, too?"

"Sure!"

"Let me hear it."

"Not in this place."

"Where, then?"

"Maybe behind the barn, if nobody is there."

"But why won't you sing here?"

"Well, don't you know, I am ashamed."

Resolutely Helga strode with Lissiva across the courtyard and behind the barn. There they found two men sharpening a hatchet, so they stole behind the servant's house. No one was there. Helga sat down on the grass and Lissiva stood near her. Then he began to sing:

"God stands by him who lonely treads
The toilsome path of life.
All sorrow, grief and pang of heart
With His kind grace He stills.
He comforts every soul.

"And he who once, by passion led,
From virtue's way has strayed,
When lone and poor he pines away,
The mighty arm of Christ, the Lord,
Embraces him with love."

For a while they were both silent. Helga gazed fixedly at Lissiva. Finally she asked: "What is your name?"

"Lissiva."

"What a strange name!"

"What is yours?"

"Helga."

"That's stranger yet."

"Sing the song again."

And Lissiva sang again, and then Helga sang with him also.

"Do you know any more songs?"

"I should say so."

"Let me hear one."

Lissiva thought a while, then he sang:

"She sat in the evening hour
By the white shore of the sea,
And saw far out in the western sky
The golden sun sink down.

"He stood close by her side
And spoke with gleaming eyes;
'See there,—there by the setting sun,
Is where our fortune waits.

"There will I lead you soon
To joy forevermore;
There I will robe my dearest one
In purple and in gold.

"He went to a far-off land;
But still at the evening hour
She sits alone, and waits and waits,
By the shore of the moaning sea.

"With eyes that are full of grief
She looks at the blue, blue sky,
But only a blazing fire and flame
And the crimson of blood she sees."

Helga wanted to learn this song also, and while she was studying over it, the window was opened behind them and Koaen-Lea put out her head.

"Who is that fellow singing there?" she inquired.

"His name is Lissiva," returned Helga.

Lissiva thought at first that it was the witch that appeared at the window, for Koaen-Lea was very old and extremely ugly.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Storholmen," answered Lissiva.

"Are you Marja Solbottnen's son?"

"Yes, that is my mother's name."

Koaen-Lea scanned the boy attentively. Lissiva had a crooked nose that suggested a bird of prey, his hair was stiff, and stood up erect under his cap.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Koaen-Lea, "the king of Kjelnaes, every inch of him! The very image of him! God sends punishment for sins and wickedness! Sins and wickedness!"

Lissiva became alarmed when Koaen-Lea called in a loud voice like the pastor on the pulpit: "God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children

unto the third and fourth generation." He drew back quickly, ran across the court to the shore, jumped into the boat, and rowed homeward with all his might.

Helga in the meantime strayed about between the buildings and tried to sing the last song, which she had not yet quite learned. The courtyard was now filled with people who had returned from the fields and the boats for their midday meal, and Helga crept under the office windows where it was very quiet.

Here she stood with closed eyes and attempted to recall the verses. The first four she had gradually recollected, but the last one came twisted:

"And with eyes in the blazing fire!"

and try as she might she could not get it right. Then she sang once more from the beginning, but had to stop again at the fifth verse. Suddenly she heard a deep-bass voice sing:

"With eyes that are full of grief
She looks at the blue, blue sky,
But only a blazing fire and flame
And the crimson of blood she sees."

Helga looked up. It was her father. He regarded her with a look of astonishment. Finally he inquired: "From whom did you learn this song, Helga?"

"From Lissiva."

"Who is Lissiva?"

"Marja Solbottnen's son."

The blood mounted to her father's face; he covered his eyes with his hands, leaned against the window and sighed.

"Are you ill, father?" Helga asked.

"No, my child," he replied and closed the window.

In the afternoon Anton Juhl came to Helga, took her hand and walked with her along the shore. Finally he halted.

"Where have you seen Lissiva?"

"He was in our yard to-day."

"With his mother?"

"No, by himself, father. And he was very stupid. He thought that grandmother was not buried in the cemetery because she was a witch."

"So, so?"

"But you ought to hear him sing, father."

"Did he teach you any other songs?"

"Yes, one more."

"Can you sing it?"

Helga closed her eyes and hummed it softly to herself, to see whether she remembered it. Her father sat down on a stone and waited.

The fiord stretched forth calm and sparkling, and the sea-gulls flew back and forth in large flocks between the headland and Storholmen. Finally Helga sang aloud:

"God stands by him who lonely treads
The toilsome path of life.
All sorrow, grief and pang of heart
With His kind grace He stills.
He comforts every soul.

"And he who once, by passion led,
From virtue's ways has strayed,
When lone and poor he pines away,
The mighty arm of Christ, the Lord,
Embraces him with Love."

When Helga had ended she saw her father drying his eyes with his handkerchief. She grew anxious, threw herself upon the sand, and flung her arms around her father's knees. "Are you ill, father?" she asked.

"No, my child. God bless you, my little Helga."

Helga sprang up, sat down in his arms, and hid her face. Everything was so strange that she really had to cry a little. He stroked her hair and remained sitting in silence. Then they walked home. When they had gone a short distance he stopped and said: "Helga, don't say anything to mother about it."

The next day Anton Juhl sent one of his clerks to Marja Solbottnen with a letter. In the envelope was enclosed a hundred-dollar bill. In the afternoon Marja appeared in Kjølneas and went directly into Anton's office. When he saw her he rose from his seat. Both stood still for a while and regarded each other.

Marja was pale. She had a delicate complexion and large blue eyes. She was well shaped and neatly dressed, with a silk kerchief around her head. She held the envelope in her hand.

Anton Juhl looked old; he was very tall, but bent. His hair was still thick, but almost white; his dark eyes had a strange expression in them as he looked at her.

"Good day," she said.

"Good day, Marja," he answered, and wanted to extend her his hand, but he hesitated.

"I have brought you back the money which you sent me."

"Don't you want to take it?"

"I have done nothing to earn it, and I have refused to accept money before—from your mother."

"But from me, Marja?"

"Your help, Anton Juhl, comes too late. You can take your money back. I have never wanted any."

She gave him the envelope and he took it. There was a momentary pause, then he said: "It seems to me you ought to take this money, Marja. You can send the boy into the city with it and give him a good education. He can get more if he needs it."

"I have taken care of the boy myself, so far."

"But he is twelve years old, and he ought to be given a higher education; he seems to be a wide-awake and bright boy."

"You know very little about that, I suppose."

"He knows all your songs, Marja, and he has taught them to Helga, my little girl."

Marja turned red. He stepped up nearer to her, and said in a soft, tender voice: "You know very well who came in between us. She is dead now—my mother."

"Yes, I know."

They stood facing each other in silence. Then he gave her the envelope. She took it and glanced up at him. Their eyes met.

"Thank you, Marja," he said. Then he took her head between both his hands and kissed her gently on the forehead. Neither of them found a word of parting. Marja gave him her hand, which he pressed in his, then she walked away.

From Tromsø came most remarkable news concerning Lissiva, Marja Solbottnen's son. In the gymnasium, where he was a student for several years, he had always been among the best scholars. Then he was apprenticed to merchant Dreyer, and now he occupied the highest position in that establishment, in spite of his youth.

Those to whom this rapid promotion seemed incredible occasionally visited Marja, and she read to them the letters of her son. Everyone was fond of Marja and did not begrudge her the joy she had in her son. He now subscribed himself "Iver Bottnen," and was exceedingly clever with the pen.

Lissiva had been home but once at the time he graduated from the gymnasium. He was then sixteen, and his mother had sent him over to Kjelnaes to express his gratitude to Juhl for the money which he sent every month. There Lissiva met Helga again, and she asked him whether he remembered how he had taught her his mother's songs. Yes, he remembered it very well. When Lissiva returned home to his mother he had a great deal to say about Helga.

After that he was not home again until he was sent by his firm to Kjelnaes in the matter of a certain business transaction with Juhl.

He stayed two days with his mother before he sailed across to Kjelnaes. He spoke long with Juhl, who received him very cordially. Iver proposed to Juhl to sell to his firm a certain fishing-boat that belonged to him. This place was situated a mile from the fiord, lying close by the open sea, and Juhl was inclined to sell it, as the prices were then very hard.

He took Lissiva to the reception-room to his wife and Helga. As usual, Juhl wanted to talk

the business matter over with his wife, and so they walked out together. Lissiva and Helga remained alone.

Their conversation turned to all possible subjects. Helga had just returned from Germany, where she had spent a year and a half, and where she had learned various things, among them vocal music, in which she had taken lessons from the most prominent teachers.

"But you were my first teacher," she said with a beaming smile.

"The musical education you received from me was not of a very advanced character," suggested Lissiva.

"But I still remember both songs."

And before he had time to think of what to say, she was at the piano and played and sang both songs of his mother.

Anton and Madame Juhl returned to the room after their consultation and asked Lissiva to wait another day; by which time they promised him a definite decision. They entertained him with cakes and wine, and Madame Juhl inquired about his mother, about whom Lissiva spoke with a great deal of zest. Then he proposed to Helga to come over and see his mother. She had never been in Storholmen, although it was so near to Kjelnaes and she had always wished to know Marja Solbottnen. Perhaps she might learn a few more songs from her, she added, glancing up at Lissiva and smiling.

Juhl interposed with some objections, saying that the road was too far for her to go alone, but Lissiva offered to see her there and back again. So she accompanied him.

As they sat together in the boat, she said, "How remarkable it is for me to be going to Storholmen now!"

"Why?"

"I have sat so often on the headland of Kjelnaes and looked over toward Storholmen."

"And I have sat still more often on the shore of Storholmen and looked over to Kjelnaes," said Lissiva.

"Yes?"

"Especially since I met you there at that time."

"How strange that is!"

"And as I sat there and looked across I often involuntarily cried out, 'Helga!'"

Helga laughed.

"Yes, Helga, you were so bright and beaming, like the sky across Kjelnaes. You wore a blue dress then."

When they neared the landing, Marja appeared at the door.

She put her hand over her eyes to see who was coming, and quickly recognized Lissiva; but when

she saw Helga she felt as if a dead weight had settled on her heart, and her eyes grew dim.

When Lissiva and Helga came up to the house they found Marja lying on the floor of the vestibule. They lifted her up into her bed and bathed her temples until she recovered consciousness. She lay groaning and weeping softly, but did not utter a word.

Lissiva took Helga home and returned immediately. He was greatly alarmed, and sat down beside his mother at the bed.

"What was the matter with you, mother?"

"Nothing, Lissiva, only a sort of terrible anxiety came over me."

"What about, mother?"

Marja smiled. Then she raised herself erect on her bed, seized her son's arm, and said: "Lissiva, when I saw you coming over with Juhl's daughter, a great anxiety seized me. Listen, Lissiva, you must take care not to lose your heart to one who is above you in every respect, by family as well as by fortune."

"Ah, mother, the present condition of Kjeldnaes is not so very brilliant."

Marja raised her head, and looked over at the hooked nose which had reminded Koaen-Lea of the king of Kjeldnaes.

"And I shall rise higher, too, mother."

"Lissiva, Lissiva! God preserve you! The daughter of Kj—"

"Calm yourself, mother. You are thinking of the higher station in which she was born; but does not the person who has worked himself forward by his industry and honesty thereby acquire a higher position in life?"

"But, Lissiva, you—I—your mother . . ."

"No one could wish himself a better family than mine, with such a dear, good, lovely mother as you are." And he stroked his mother's forehead, which was hot and moist.

When Lissiva left for Tromsø two days later he carried with him the purchase contract for Dreyer. His firm had planned to establish a branch office at that fishing-station and Lissiva was selected to be its representative there. In winter he came down to settle there, and gradually worked up a large trade. When spring came he often crossed the fiord to Kjeldnaes on matters of business or to obtain information from Juhl. If he remained over night he stayed with his mother. Marja was sickly and rarely went out of the house. But she often begged Lissiva to go to Kjeldnaes only when he had some business there. Lissiva treated his mother's solicitation as a joke, and he pictured to her what a fine and beautiful home she would have the next summer when they lived together at the fishing-station.

In midsummer he could not come as often as before because of business; but in August he came again, often with his gun to hunt in Storholmen, where there were grouse and hares and but few hunters.

His mother knew, however, that the thing that really attracted him was Kjeldnaes, although she knew also that Juhl had forbidden his daughter to meet Lissiva.

One day when Lissiva had again come with his gun to Storholmen Marja rowed her boat across to Kjeldnaes. She entered the office and found Juhl there.

"You must send your daughter away, Juhl, or else a misfortune will befall us."

Anton was standing upright on his feet, but now he had to support himself on the back of the chair.

"Do you think so, Marja?"

"Yes, I think so. I thought, so long ago; and I think, moreover, that now you must act the man, and preserve your daughter and my boy from sin and crime, else it will be proved, as written, that God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children. Nor must you let my misery be made any greater than it has been, and which I have borne in silence. My boy must be free, for he is innocent and without blame. This is my opinion as truly as God in heaven is witness to my words!"

"Helga shall go. She shall go away to-morrow."

In the twilight hour Marja sat and waited for her son, who had not yet returned. The evening meal was already spread upon the table, and it was very late.

She stepped up to the door and listened. Soon she heard the strokes of oars in the silence of the evening and immediately afterward the sound of voices. It was dark because the moon was hid under a cloud, but she heard the boat put in under the hill.

She walked along the shore following the sound of the voices until she reached the boat.

It was her own. With an anxious heart she proceeded farther. A short distance from the point where the boat lay there was a small hill up which she clambered swiftly, scarcely touching the ground with her feet. Now she clearly distinguished two voices beneath the hill, and in the light of the moon that had passed out into the clear sky, she also saw two faces.

"Yes, Lissiva! Yes, down to my last breath!"

"Helga, I feel such a power within me! It seems to me that I could lay the whole world under my feet and carry you across it in my arms!"

"Lissiva!"

At this moment the moonlight fell across the

fiord and threw its silvery rays upon Storholmen, the hill and the two faces. Suddenly they heard a long, wailing cry behind them. Lissiva sprang up and found his mother lying unconscious upon the ground. He carried her down into the house, followed by Helga, who, however, walked out silently soon afterward, and alone steered across to Kjelnaes—silent in the dark, autumnal night.

Lissiva had made a light in the room. He thought that his mother was approaching her end and he wept bitterly.

"How are you, mother?"

"It is best so, Lissiva," she muttered. "Best for me. God wants to take me to him."

Lissiva laid his head on her pillow and wept aloud. He felt his mother's hand on his forehead as she whispered in his ear: "Lissiva, promise me that you will give up Helga, that you will never, never see her again!"

"No, mother, we have sworn fealty to each other, and I am going to keep my oath."

"Lissiva, my life's only joy! For the sake of the mercy of Heaven, promise it to me!"

"I cannot, mother! I cannot live without Helga."

"Then you must know it—that you and she—that you are both of the same father!"

"Mother! What are you saying, mother?"

"Anton Juhl is your father, Lissiva. God help you—and me!"

In the morning twilight a man came rowing across the fiord, carrying a basket of wool for Marja.

It was cool and quiet in the fiord, and many birds flew back and forth across Storholmen. All along the shore the morning smoke ascended in thin, bluish streaks from the chimneys, and from Kjelnaes came the splash of the oars of the fishermen's boats.

But all was quiet in Storholmen, and no smoke was seen to ascend from the chimney.

The man moored his boat, took the basket and walked up to the house. The door stood half open, and he walked in.

Marja Solbottnen lay in her bed, pale and quiet,

with folded hands. The man thought that she was sleeping until he realized that Marja Solbottnen was dead.

The room was in disorder, as if many people had been there. The man knew that Lissiva was with his mother, and he also found his hat. He therefore walked out and called his name again and again. First he walked a short distance along the coast, then up the highland, whence he might have an open view all around. Here he called aloud once more, "Lissiva!"

The echo of his voice lingered on for some time and then all was quiet again. From the far distance across the sparkling fiord came the sound of the oars of the Kjelnaes boats. The sea-gulls began to shriek as they fluttered to and fro. And the island was bathed in the dewy freshness and calm of the morning.

Suddenly the man beheld Lissiva sitting under the hill near him. He walked down and saw that he was dead. A gun lay at his side, and his head was bored through by a bullet.

Kjelnaes is now inhabited by strangers. Anton Juhl died in the winter following the misfortune of his daughter Helga, and his wife subsequently married her head clerk.

Of the race of Rattikoff no one is now alive save Helga. "The Blue Lady" she is called, because she is always seen dressed in a light-blue robe. Since the day when she learned that Lissiva had shot himself she has never been in her right senses. She lives in an attic in Kjelnaes, but is seen very much out of doors, especially in summer. She is allowed to walk about freely, for she is never unruly, but mild and gentle. She is almost always heard to sing softly to herself, wherever she happens to be, and in the bright summer nights, while the great white sea-gulls are floating back and forth between Kjelnaes and Storholmen, "the Blue Lady" sits upon the headland, looks out upon the fiord and sings:

"She sat in the evening hour
By the white shore of the sea,
And saw far out in the western sky
The golden sun sink down."

The Humor of Life

MAN-LIKE

MRS. NEWLYWED: "My dear, what interior decorations appeal to your taste?"

MR. NEWLYWED: "Beefsteak and onions."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A KIND MAN

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by someone knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked.

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right, stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.—*Judge*.

DISCRIMINATING

A thoughtful hostess gave a children's party, and decided it would be healthier to serve only mineral waters.

One little girl tasted of her carbonic and laid the glass down.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like charged water?"

"No, ma'am. Please may I have some water that you've paid for?"—*Life*.



A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING

MRS. JONES: "What is it, my pet?"

MRS. J.: "This rabbit—(sob)—I've been plucking it—(sob)—all the afternoon, and it isn't half done yet!"

—*Punch*.

CUTTING

LADY (with pet): "Barber, I want my dog clipped and shaved."

BARBER: "Pardon me, madam, I'm no sky-scraper."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

Good servants are becoming so difficult to obtain that we really cannot blame the American lady who disinherited her son because he married her maid.—*Punch*.

HE MISUNDERSTOOD

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sor," said Pat; "both av thim."—*London Titbits*.

A DIFFERENCE IN MAGNETISM

"Pa," said little Willie, "what is the difference between a magnet and a magnate?"

"A magnet, Willie, is a metallic substance, generally of iron, which will attract certain metals, but not gold or silver. A magnate is a metallic substance, invariably of brass, which will attract gold and silver only."—*London Titbits*.

PEARLS OF PACKINGTOWN

Cupidity is the god d'Armour.

'Tis a wise potted chicken that knows its own father.

Half a veal loaf is worse than no bread.

A sausage is all things for all men.

You can make a picnic dainty out of a sow's ear. It's never too late to can.—*Life*.

VERY POLITE

An inspector upon his regular rounds, rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."

"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"

"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face."—Margaret Sullivan Burke in *Lippincott's*.

THE POLITEST MAN

The politest man has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."

And he tore away with redoubled speed.—*Chicago Journal*.



AN ARGUMENT

"You are splitting hairs, my dear professor."
 "Not at all, doctor. I'm merely stating the bald facts."—*Judge.*

WED: "Dear me, these eggs are very small."
 VILLAGE GROCER: "They are indeed, mum, and I'm sure I don't know why."

MRS. NEW-WED: "Oh, I dare say it's because you take them out of the nest too soon."
 —*London Titbits.*

NOTWITHSTANDING

"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"
 "Sir! I'm a member of Congress!"
 "Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ACCOMMODATING

VENDER OF MOUSE-TRAPS: "I have a wonderful mouse-trap here, madam; it's—"

LADY (irritably): "Don't want it. Haven't any mice in the house."

VENDER OF MOUSE-TRAPS: "I can also supply you with mice, madam, on most reasonable terms!"
London Titbits.

"LEST WE FORGET"

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling who wrote in the same meter: of matters no meatier.)

Meat of our fathers, good of old—
 Meat of a wide-spread appetite
 That from the very start took hold
 And held on, to our taste's delight—
 Meat of our fathers, stand by us yet,
 Lest we forget; lest we forget.

If dazed by muck-rake exposés,
 Strange tales that have not thee in awe,
 We fall into hysteric ways
 And rave about an outraged law—
 Meat of our fathers, stand by us yet,
 Lest we forget; lest we forget.

HE DIDN'T

"What do you think of Hamfatte as an actor?"

"I don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't think of Hamfatte as an actor."

—*Judge.*

HE LOOKED FOR IT

HE: "Yes, I always sleep in gloves, keeps your hands so soft."

SHE: "Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?"
 —*London Tatler.*

SHE KNEW ABOUT IT

MRS. NEW-

The muck-rake meddler goeth hence,
 Commissioners and all depart—
 Then shines thy pristine excellence,
 As we have known it from the start.
 Meat of our fathers, stand by us yet,
 Lest we forget; lest we forget.

Near-called the rakers fade away
 From paper and from magazine,
 And all the muck of yesterday
 Gives place to matter fresh and clean.
 Meat of our fathers, stand by us yet;
 We'll not forget; we can't forget.

—William J. Lampton in *Judge.*

ANYTHING TO BE ACCEPTED

THEATER MANAGER: "I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage."
 AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHT: "But I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the stage, you know?"—*London Titbits.*

NARROW ESCAPE

"I hear," said Hi Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater."

"Yes," replied Low Comedy; "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."—*London Titbits.*

ONE SATISFACTION

"Was that little inclosure you sent the editor used?"

"Part of it."

"Part of it?"

"Yes, the stamp."—*London Titbits.*



GOOD FOR TRADE

THE CUSTOMER: "This headache cure you sold me yesterday brought on a bad attack of indigestion."
 THE DRUGGIST: "Let me recommend kinmen's Dyspepsia Tablets."—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Electric Life

The scene of the following *jeu d'esprit*, by the eminent French poet and novelist, Jean Rameau, is evidently laid in France. That was a mistake of the author's. The scene should have been laid in New York. The conditions are already ripe here and the name of the hero—To—is already figuring in this city as that of a Chinese missionary.

I

One morning a child came into the world.

"How shall we call it?" asked the father.

"To," answered the mother.

"That's it! To; a short name. We will lose no time pronouncing it."

And the child was named To.

II

On the day after his birth To was put in an apparatus for maturing babies.

It was a recent invention—an apparatus which in seven months made a child seven years old physically and intellectually. This was a saving of over six years.

III

"My son," said To's father at the conclusion of the seventh month, "the time has now arrived for you to study and to go through the apprenticeship of life. Study and learn! Remember that time is money, and that the future belongs to the man who will utilize every minute of his existence. Go, my son, I will pet you to-morrow, if my rheumatism prevents me from going to the Bourse."

IV

And To studied and learned frantically, devouring books and tomes, eating only condensed foods in order not to lose any time at his meals, and using the squinting method, according to the system of a celebrated physician, so as to be able to read two works at the same time.

At the age of twenty-five To was already the most active man of the century.

V

One day, while he was dictating five telegraphic messages simultaneously—excuse me, shade of Cæsar!—while with his right hand he was turning over the pages of an almanac, and with his left those of an atlas; while with one ear he was listening per telephone to a speech delivered in the Senate, and with the other to the song of a nightingale, To noticed with his left eye a charming young lady pass along the street.

By Heaven!

She was beautiful! . . . etc., etc.

He quickly made inquiries, found her address, presented himself, and was admitted to pay his court.

VI

Oh, how their hearts went pit-a-pat!

"My name is To. And yours, mademoiselle?"

"Zi!"

"I have a million. And you, mademoiselle?"

"A million and a half."

"Good; I love you. And you, mademoiselle?"

"I love you, too."

And as soon as said they were married.

Hop!

VII

They were happy.

They had few children. No time!

Only a twin.

And To came to amass a fabulous fortune.

And so did Zi.

To founded on an average per day one bank in Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, or Santa-Fé-de-Bogota.

He had also, on an average, one bankruptcy a day.

Colossal riches.

VIII

He dug canals; discovered mines; filled up again isthmuses that had been cut through; re-lighted extinct volcanoes, and amazed his contemporaries with his exploits.

One day, while he was occupied in transforming Etna into a vast furnace that was to heat all Sicily by means of subterranean conduits radiating from the volcano, he received word by telegram of the death of his father.

To was a worthy gentleman.

"I will mourn for you," he said in a voice filled with emotion, "when I shall have leisure in my old age."

And he inscribed in his account book: "To-Papa, Debtor: *Tears and eternal regrets.*"

IX

Coming home suddenly one day, he found a man in his wife's boudoir.

Concluded on second page following.

Intending purchasers
of a *strictly first-*
class Piano
should
not fail
to exam-
ine the
merits of



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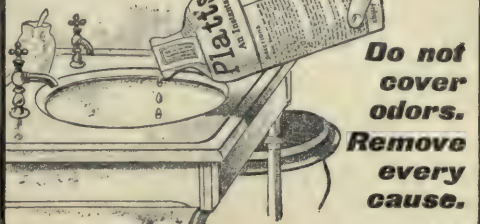
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It Costs
Little.**



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Remove
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The last thing at night, pour a few drops
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pipes, closets, etc., to destroy foul gases
and disease-breeding matter.

Dusty or damp corners and cracks, nooks behind plumbing
and all spots that can't be reached by the scrubbing brush,
should be freely sprinkled with a mixture of one (1) part
Platt's Chlorides and ten (10) parts of water by means of
a whisk-broom.

**Platt's Chlorides,
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WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD**

**LOOK FOR THE NAME AND THE
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GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



CURRENT LITERATURE

(Continued from second page preceding)

"Ha! . . . You ought to know, sir, that I haven't any too much time at this moment," he shouted.

He interrupted himself. A second person was hidden under the table.

"Ah! But is it possible that——?"

A third person appeared behind a screen.

"But!"

"Excuse me, dear, I am guilty!" sobbed Zi, who appeared in the company of a fourth lover. "But in order to get done with it the quicker, I thought——"

"It is all right!" he cried.

And putting the lovers side by side in the middle of the room:

"Have no time to kill you one by one!" he announced, "I am going to avenge my honor *en bloc*. Don't budge!"

And he leveled on the group an engine—newly invented—the machine-gun of the household.

X

The lovers tried to escape, each by himself.

"Monsters!" roared To. "Now you will pay for it!"

And having closed the doors he took a sword in each hand, then in a mad, desperate rage at the thought of the time he was going to lose in avenging his honor in detail he rushed upon the group.

Cries. Blood. Death-rattles.

XI

He worked with his feet and with his fists. He put in a half-hour killing all of them, and when

he had stretched the fourth rival on the carpet To's teeth began to chatter.

He could not stop the convulsive movement of his arms, of his legs, of his head and of his body. He caused himself to be attached, bound and pinioned to a board.

In vain.

The frantic efforts had brought on St. Guy's dance.

"It is well," he said, "I am now going to be able to amuse myself, and to cultivate the arts."

And seeing the antic leaps that his hands made he seated himself at the piano.

XII

He dropped down a few moments afterwards paralyzed on the right side.

"Papa," said to him one of his sons, "have consulted doc. 'bout y. case."

"Well?" asked To, anxiously.

"As am going to Pere-Lach. do y. want n to fire a stove for your crem."

"Fire! my ch.," cried To, flattered at having such an active and hasty son.

And he expired.

XIII

"Mama," said the twins, "pap. is dead. We had no time to kiss him."

"It is so," remarked the mother. "Neither had I."

And they quickly came up to the dear deceased, induced a movement of his lips with an electric current, then all the three piously lowered their faces and gave him a posthumous kiss.

METROPOLITAN AIRS

"Aw, I tell you what, Torpidville has been lookin' up mightily, here of late!" triumphantly said the landlord of the tavern, in reply to the inquiry of the recently arrived washing-machine agent. "Why, only just last week, a famous grand op'ry troop passed through here on a special train, and several of the ten-thousand-dollar-a-week singers stuck their heads out of the car windows while the engine was takin' water at the tank, and grumbled at everything in sight just the same as they do in New York—yes-siree; just exactly the same!"—*Puck*.

WHAT HE WANTED

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a broiled elephant."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute. "Well," said the young man, "are you not going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for elephants, sir. Elephants on toast, sir, are fifteen hundred pounds and twopence. If you take without toast, sir, it is only fifteen hundred pounds, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.—*London Titbits*.

THE NEW RÉGIME

Dr. Lübbig had passed on, and many of his patients were employing Dr. Pond. A little girl who had a good many brothers and sisters proudly announced to a neighbor:

"We have a new baby at our house."

"A new baby!" said the neighbor. "Where did you get it?"

"Well, we used to take from Dr. Lübbig; now we take from Dr. Pond.—*Exchange*.



Photograph by Marceau.

"THE APOSTLE OF SOCIAL DISCONTENT"

None of the "social discontent," however, is apparent in this picture of Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his wife and boy. Mr. Hearst's gubernatorial candidacy has precipitated what is called a "great crisis" in the Democratic party of New York State.

Current Literature

VOL. XLII, No. 3

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

SEPTEMBER, 1906

A Review of the World



HAT "promises to be the hottest and biggest political battle ever fought," is the way one Washington correspondent speaks of the presidential contest that is even now under way. It has already proved to be one of the hottest, having begun by hitching its band-wagon, so to speak, to Sirius the dog-star and placing General Humidity in charge of the whole procession. The man most responsible for this hot and early discussion of an election that cannot take place until twenty-six more moons have waxed and waned is undoubtedly William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. He is to blame for it not by reason of anything he was doing or saying when it began, but simply by reason of his continuing to be alive. No one who has read Mr. Bryan's glib narrative of his tour around the world, as it has been published in instalments in the newspapers, can attribute to it the power of producing this premature excitement. That narrative has been hopelessly machine-made and encyclopedic, with hardly a gleam in it all of the "cross of gold" sort. But it furnished evidence that Mr. Bryan was still living, and that fact has been sufficient to account for what we are now seeing and hearing.

PRELIMINARY announcements of the Bryan reception in Madison Square Garden indicate that if that building were by chance swallowed up in an earthquake about this time there would be very few Democrats left in the country at large. Ten thousand are to come from the State of Missouri alone, the public is assured, headed by Governor Folk and every living ex-governor of the State. The railroads have made excursion rates of "half-price plus two dollars" from all parts of the country during "Bryan Week"—a tribute, it is said, not paid to any other individual since Admiral Dewey came sailing back from Ma-

nila to his notable triumph and his notable humiliation later. "In view of the open hostility of a number of the traffic men to the present administration," says one writer, there may be "political significance" in this special railroad rate. There are very few things nowadays in which somebody does not find political significance. Even the cut of Mr. Bryan's frock-coat and the expression of his features furnish a subject for political meditation of that degree of profundity which we are wont to associate with hot-weather meditations. Here, for instance, is the way in which one writer describes Mr. Bryan's appearance in London:

"By the signs of manner and the signs of speech Mr. Bryan, three thousand miles from home, is clearly a presidential candidate. He has become portentously solemn. His manner is as heavy as his chin. He opens his mouth, in public, only in the solemnest and heaviest of platitudes. He walks about, he sits about, he submits to interviews, he discourses at luncheons and dinners as one who is thinking Great Thoughts and laboriously bringing them to momentous utterance. He gazes with Olympian detachment upon the House of Commons, when that assembly was anything but Olympian in its excitement over Sir Edward Grey's warning of a possible rebellion in Egypt. His dignity perceptibly subdues even the irrepressible energy of John Burns. He crosses the corridor of a fashionable hotel with the weight of nations—and of a candidacy—obviously on his shoulders."

MR. BRYAN'S candidacy is already accepted as a matter of course in most quarters. "If we cannot elect him we can elect no one," says *The Courier-Journal* (Henry Watterson's paper). "He has become both the logic and the expression of the political situation, which is wholly anomalous and cannot be reasoned out by any process of historic deduction or whistled down the wind." But there are some signs of protest in Democratic circles—not many, but a few. The New York



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A POTENTIAL WHITE HOUSE BELLE

This daughter of William Jennings Bryan is now Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, the young lady being a Western girl in birth, education and characteristics.

World was one of the first to raise a cry of disapproval over his utterance a few weeks ago in which he said that while, from one point of view, he had always been a conservative from another he is more radical now than he was in 1896, and has nothing to withdraw on economic questions which have been under discussion. *The World* says:

"The dismay produced in Democratic circles by Mr. Bryan's statement is hardly less noticeable than the delight manifested among Republicans. Nobody demanded that Mr. Bryan apologize for his former attitude on the money question or publicly recant or beat his breast and cry 'Mea culpa!' All that anybody asked of him was a moderate recognition of the principle, much as he himself once laid down, that 'changing conditions make new issues.' Instead Mr. Bryan has sought to drag the corpse of free silver out of its grave and assure the country that it is not dead but sleeping. When he declares that he is in fact more radical than he was in 1896 it is to be presumed that he has changed in no way for the better and has learned nothing. It is perhaps unfair, but nevertheless possible, to assume that he will stand by all his issues of ten years ago, including the threat to 'reorganize' the Supreme Court of the United States and the attack upon 'government by injunction.'"

ANOTHER Democratic paper, the *Baltimore Sun*, takes occasion to observe that Mr. Bryan's judgment is not as sound as his courage, and it finds an illustration of this in

his recent interference in the political quarrel within the Democratic party in Illinois. It says:

"Mr. Bryan is a very determined man, with, perhaps, a pardonable pride of intellect. He is a stickler for consistency, but he makes the fatal mistake sometimes of confusing consistency with obstinacy, and again of assuming that his opinion is sounder and better than the opinions of other Democrats. He is also inclined to magnify the importance of his leadership and the influence attaching to his declarations. A less stubborn, but equally conscientious, man would not have forced the 16-to-1 plan in the platform of 1900. He would have been willing to make concessions for the sake of party unity. A statesman with a clearer view of the consequences which might result from the ratification of the Treaty of Paris would not have urged Democratic Senators to vote for it. Has Mr.



THE UNINVITED

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.

Bryan's judgment improved since that time? Within the last few days he has stepped into a political quarrel in Illinois with which, as merely a citizen of Nebraska, he has nothing to do. He is represented as practically ordering the retirement from the national committee of Roger Sullivan, a member of the committee. Surely Mr. Bryan ought to understand that he has no more right to interfere in this matter than any one of the millions of Democratic voters in the United States, and that Illinois' representation on the national committee concerns only Illinois Democrats, not those of Nebraska or any other State. This was a piece of bad judgment, to say the very least."

THIS incident in regard to Mr. Sullivan is made much of by the Republican press, as indicating on Mr. Bryan's part that same disposition to political "dictatorship" which has been charged by the Democrats against President Roosevelt. The chief significance of the incident lies in the fact that it revives one of the liveliest quarrels that came up in the Democratic National Convention of 1904. Two contesting delegations appeared in that convention from Illinois, and Mr. Bryan led the fight against the admission of the "Hopkins delegation." The convention defeated him and seated the Hopkins delegates by a vote of 647 to 299. There is ample reason to conclude that this vote was not cast on the merits of this particular question, but was rather a lining up of the convention on the subject of following Bryan's general political policy or breaking away and trying the "safe and sane" leadership. The Hopkins delegates were admitted, therefore, after a fierce fight that called out the full strength of each side. Mr. Sullivan was chosen as national committeeman by the Hopkins faction and indorsed by the national committee. Now, on the eve of a State convention of Illinois Democrats, Mr. Bryan writes to Judge Thomson, of Jacksonville, asking him to see Sullivan and convey his (Bryan's) request for his resignation, and, in case of a refusal, to make an appeal in Bryan's name to the Illinois Democrats to drop Sullivan from the national committee. Mr. Bryan wrote:



CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE RECEPTION OF MR. BRYAN

Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, is himself a noted champion of reform, a millionaire, and a publicist who has been talked of for the Democratic presidential nomination. He has been for years a Bryan man, but not a free-silver advocate.



"Then waltz me around again, Willy, around, around, around!"

—C. G. Bush in *New York World*.

"We are approaching an international campaign and our party's chances depend upon its ability to convince the public of its good intentions. Mr. Sullivan's presence on the committee contradicts all that we can say in the party's behalf. His corporate connections would harm the party far beyond his power to aid the organization, but this could be left for some future convention to deal with if he were actually the choice of the Democrats of Illinois. The fact, however, that he holds his office by a fraud and against the express wishes of a majority of the delegates to the State convention makes it impossible for honest Democrats to associate with him as a member of the committee."

MR. SULLIVAN not only refused to resign, but took occasion to remind Mr. Bryan that the fundamental principles of Democracy of which he speaks "do not include recognition of political Czardom." This development, remarks the *Philadelphia Bulletin* (Ind. Rep.), "does not indicate the speedy restoration of harmony in Democracy under the Nebraska man's control." The *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Ind.) says it does not recall anything in the annals of political dictation quite equal to this demand of Mr. Bryan's, inasmuch as the title of Mr. Sullivan to his position had already been passed upon by the highest authority in the party—the national convention. The *Florida Times* (Dem.) says of the incident: "Mr. Bryan is unquestionably the most popular of Democratic leaders. Perhaps he has a stronger personal following than any other American ever had; but he cannot dictate, and he has made a great mistake if he has tried to." The *New York Evening Post* has never been charged with favor for Bryan, but it finds something to admire in this action of his. It admits that it was a "gratuitous" action and one that "invites trouble"; but it says that he is right absolutely on the principles involved, and it adds:

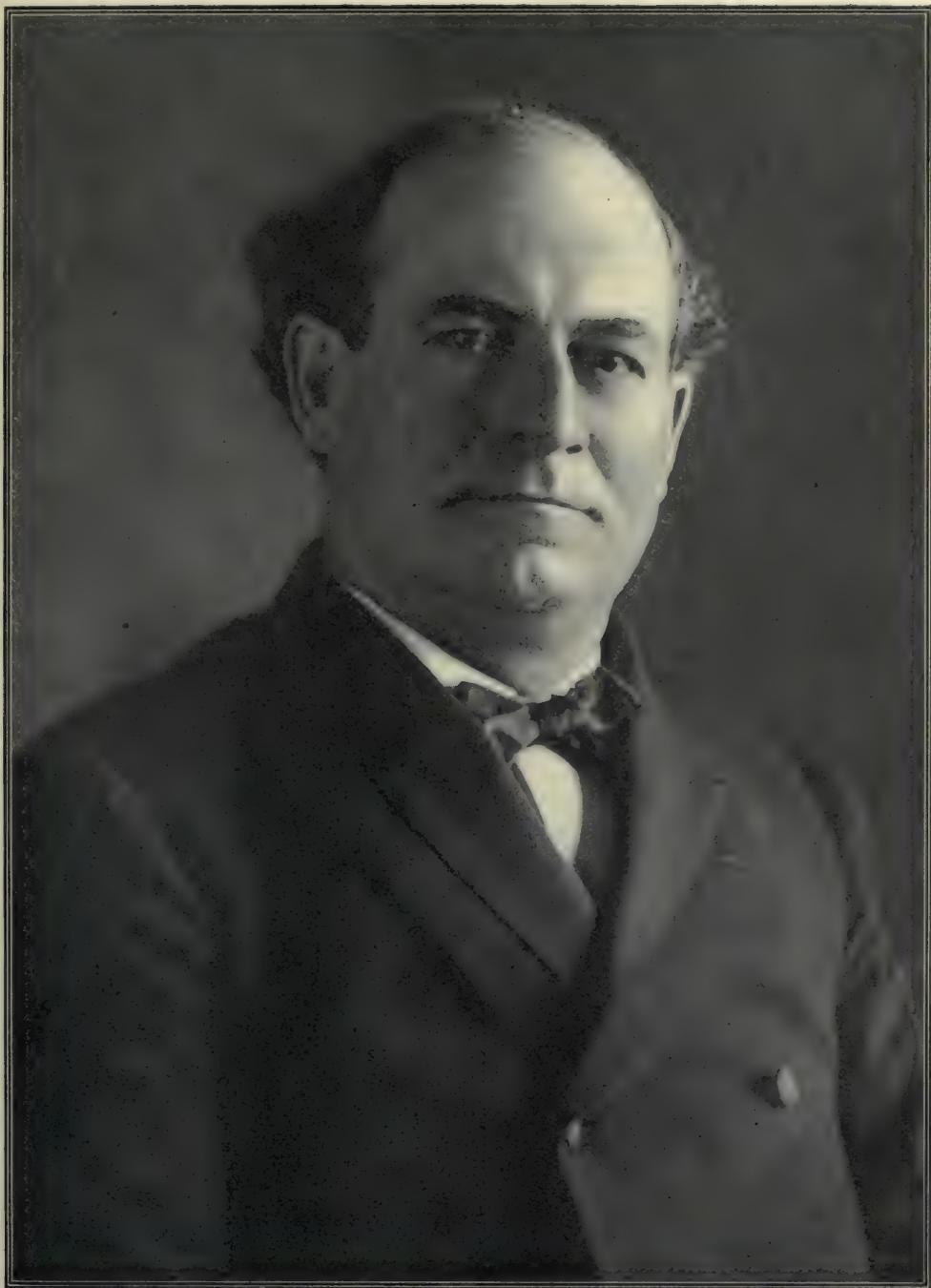
"It is true that the National Convention endorsed the claim of the Sullivan faction, but it did this because the contest was regarded as a test of strength as between Parker and Hearst. A recent writer in the *Political Science Quarterly* instanced this very contest to show how the discipline of the leaders in control could be made to throw out of court a cause which everybody knew was right. The successful delegation claimed to be regular simply because their faction had certified that its own conduct in the State Convention was right and proper. Mr. Bryan may be ill-advised in raking over the old bones of that quarrel. But it is a sight as satisfactory as unusual to see a candidate with such solicitude for the cleanliness of his party's skirts."

Taggart, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, criticises Bryan severely for his "interference."



HOUT aloud the name Bryan anywhere in the political woods and Echo promptly answers "Roosevelt." The revival of Mr. Bryan's candidacy has revived also the discussion whether Roosevelt can be induced or compelled to become a candidate again. "It is surprising to learn," says a Washington correspondent, "how many Republican leaders believe that Theodore Roosevelt will be their party's candidate for President in 1908." They are not saying so publicly, we are told, but confidentially they assert that the certainty of Bryan's nomination has rendered inevitable the nomination of Roosevelt, for "there is no man in the Republican party outside of Roosevelt who can make a successful contest against Bryan." Many of the Democratic leaders, among them John Sharp Williams and Henry Watterson have settled the matter already in their own minds, and to the protest that the President's acceptance of another candidacy is impossible they turn deaf ears and shrug their shoulders incredulously. When *Harper's Weekly*, for instance, declares that "he can't run, he won't run; his self-eliminating declaration has come to have the force of a contractual obligation and he will certainly live up to it," Mr. Watterson retorts scornfully: "Whisper it to the steamer chairs on the promenade deck, Colonel, for it won't go down with the thoroughbreds in the smoking-room." The only thing that can prevent Roosevelt's renomination thinks the Kentucky editor, is the nomination and election of Charles E. Hughes as governor of New York State, which would furnish another Republican candidate who might be able to defeat Bryan. "It can hardly have escaped notice," says *Harper's Weekly*, "that the persistent prophets [of Roosevelt's renomination] are almost exclusively Democrats." Almost but not quite. Senator La Follette, the Republican, is also a prophet. "It looks," he is quoted as saying, "as if President Roosevelt must make the race again in 1908. He is the one man to beat William J. Bryan. In my opinion it will be Roosevelt against Bryan."

ONE singular feature of the situation is the way in which some of the New York City papers are toying with the possibility of Roosevelt's renomination. The *Herald* seizes upon a declaration by one of its correspondents that "no one is fool enough to believe that the American people can be dominated by one man." It reiterates and italicizes this as settling the third-term bogey and the alleged



From stereograph, copyright 1906, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"I HAVE NOTHING TO WITHDRAW ON ECONOMIC QUESTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN UNDER DISCUSSION"

So said William Jennings Bryan a few weeks ago, and he looks as if he might have been saying it again when this picture was taken, a few days before he sailed from London.

danger of absolutism, and asserts editorially that "the country is determined that its Presidential candidates shall be Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan. Were the conventions held to-morrow each would be named in a very whirlwind of enthusiasm by acclamation."

Still more significant is a leading editorial in *The Times*, which has been coquetting rather cautiously with the Bryan boom. It says:

"In any circle where the politics of 1908 are under discussion there will be found those who are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated and will accept. They say that no other Republican can beat Mr. Bryan. If the Republican Party should be confronted by the nomination of Mr. Bryan, supported by a united Democracy, there would inevitably be a general demand for the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. It would be heard in every State, it might become altogether controlling in the Republican Convention. If he should then obey the command of his party—and who can doubt that he would obey it—public opinion we fancy would altogether absolve him from the not very serious charge of having changed his mind about another term. Acceptance would be pressed upon him as a duty, and Mr. Roosevelt is accustomed to heed the call of duty."

The New York *World* thinks Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly meant what he said on the night of his election when he declared:

"On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."



A LONDON TAILOR SAYS MR. BRYAN'S COAT IS OUT OF STYLE

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"But," says *The World*, "with all due respect for the President's sincerity, is he certain that he can prevent his own renomination?" It elucidates as follows:

"Republican politicians may love Mr. Roosevelt little or much, but whatever their personal opinion of him may be, they all think he can be re-elected by a large majority. Every Republican candidate for county office in the country, every Republican candidate for State office, every Republican candidate for Congress, believes that he would have a better chance of election if Mr. Roosevelt headed the national ticket. National conventions are made up largely of office-holders and would-be office-holders. They may nominate Mr. Roosevelt in spite of himself. What would he do then?"

ALL this sort of talk is an "impertinence" say those Republican papers that are saying anything about it. Mr. Roosevelt's refusal was positive and definite. His secretary, Mr. Loeb, has recently announced that it is "irrevocable." Congressman Longworth says the same. To talk of his being a candidate again is, under the circumstances, a gratuitous offense. Says the *Philadelphia Press* (edited by a former Republican Cabinet officer):

"It is not surprising that, with the certainty of his nomination, we hear on many sides in private talk and public intimation the suggestion that President Roosevelt, notwithstanding his own wish and determination, will have to run again in 1908. It is a natural thought in view of his extraordinary hold on the people and of his supreme embodiment of the great policies which fill the public mind. But it is a thought which cannot be entertained. President Roosevelt will not run again. He has passed his word to his countrymen and will keep it. He is opposed on principle to a third term and he conceives that for him to be a candidate would violate that principle."

The editor of *Harper's Weekly* sees nothing whatever in the President's course to encourage the idea that he will consent to run:

"It is not only an impertinence to suggest that the President will run again in the teeth of his announcement that he won't, but nothing that he has said or done indicates the slightest deviation from the purpose he announced of not being a candidate for re-election. One natural motive for making that announcement was to secure for himself increased freedom for disinterested action. When he said he would serve four years more and then quit, the natural inference was that in the course of those four years he would endeavor to accomplish the utmost possible of what he thought needed doing. He never showed a sign of an intention to leave anything for his successor which could possibly be done in his own term. It was expected that he would hustle as hard as he could, and so far that is what he has done. Generally speaking, he has conducted

himself precisely according to what one would expect from a man of his opinions and his energy, who had voluntarily bound himself not to run again for President, and who wanted to make the greatest possible number of base hits while it was still his turn at the bat."

The Butte *Inter-Mountain* (Rep.) thinks, however, that it sees a way out—or in—for Mr. Roosevelt. He must refuse a renomination if he is asked about it beforehand, it concedes. But let the convention go ahead without asking him, and nominate him unanimously. "He would not refuse. He could not then." But Mr. Longworth can conceive of no possible combination of circumstances which can induce the President to accept another nomination. His decision, says his son-in-law, is "irrevocable."

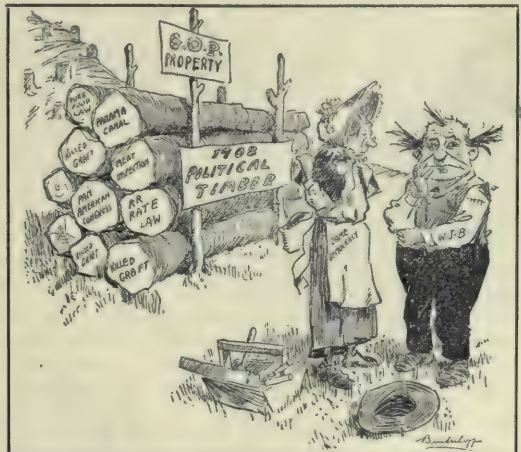
BUT if not Roosevelt, then who? And what is Roosevelt to do after he leaves the White House, for it is inconceivable that a man of such energy, still in the prime of life (he will then be fifty), will be willing to withdraw from the public activity which he has continuously exhibited ever since his youth. Two interesting suggestions are made as to his purpose. One is that he desires to be elected a United States Senator (from New York, of course), and the other that he hopes to see Secretary Taft made the next President, in which event he will become Secretary of State. In either case he would continue to have much to do with shaping the policy of the nation and preventing any reversal of the lever. "For many months," says the New York *Evening Post*, "he has been discussing this ambition [to enter the Senate] with his friends with all the intense enthusiasm which is characteristic of the man. He has told many of these that this is the future that he is aiming at." The Washington *Post*, on the other hand, makes the following statement of his purposes: "If Mr. Taft is elected President, Theodore Roosevelt will enter his cabinet as Secretary of State; the Panama canal, the Philippines and all the other insular possessions will be transferred to that department and Theodore Roosevelt will take up where William Howard Taft left it—the great work of digging the canal, reconstructing and modernizing the Philippines and instituting an American colonial system."

Neither of the two statements, however, is given as authoritative. It is still open for any of us who like that sort of thing to invent other ways of disposing of the President after March 4, 1909.



HERE are deeps beyond deeps in the political situation. Back of the talk about Roosevelt for another term lies, as a cause, the Bryan movement, and back of the Bryan movement lies, as a cause, the Hearst movement Albanyward. A combination of "noise, nobodies, and nonsense" is the way one journalist describes the Hearst movement; but he admits that the Democratic party organization is in danger of being captured by it unless something more effective than alliteration is employed to prevent it. The whole situation in the Empire State is dominated by this factor, and the press of the country see in Mr. Hearst's possible election as governor a factor that may also dominate in the presidential election. From a Republican paper, *The Sun*, we get a prophetic deliverance to the effect that the next governor of New York will be a Democrat, and the next governor of New York will be the next President. From a Democratic paper, *The World*, we get the reply that no Democrat will be elected governor of New York this year, and the next President will not be a Democrat. In a multitude of prophets there is great solace. Here is the way still another prophet, the editor of the Atlanta *Georgian*, views the possibilities of the near future:

"Suppose Mr. Hearst is elected governor of New York? It would at once make him the most powerful individual in his party, and next to the President the most powerful individual in the republic. He would hold within himself the power once held by Hill and Croker combined. He would be Tammany Hall. He would be the State machine, and New York would belong to



DEMOCRACY: "Say, how are we going to build a platform when the G. O. P. has sawed all the timber?"

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.

him as completely as any State was ever held in bondage by an individual. If he should be elected it would make him in that single instant the most potential Democrat in the republic. His prestige would leap shoulder to shoulder within an hour with that of Bryan, and in the greatness of his executive administration he would day by day forge even to the front of the great Nebraskan as the executive of popular rights and liberty, as a foe to the trusts and as a compelling restraint upon the aggressions of an unjust and selfish capital."

BUT it is not certain at this writing whether Mr. Hearst wishes to run as a Democratic nominee. The Independence League, which is conducting his campaign, is an independent organization and has been making its appeal to Republican voters, as well as Democratic, on the assurance that this is a non-partizan movement to down the plutocrats and bosses of both parties. An address to voters from the League's State committee runs as follows:

"The Independence League calls upon the citizens of New York without regard to their former party ties to accept the challenge so blandly offered them by the associated predatory corporations and the political bosses and elect a Governor and a legislature"—etc.

Mr. Hearst's own words, as given in an interview in the *Brooklyn Eagle* June 12th, are:

"If I am nominated by the Independence party it will be on a platform that expresses the principles I believe and I will make the campaign on that platform and no other consideration will enter into the matter. There will be no deal or bargain made with the leaders of any political machine, but every one endorsing the sentiments of the Independence party will be invited to support its candidates."

At least one Republican paper, the *New York Press*, which is almost as radical as Hearst's own papers, believes that Hearst's candidacy will cut deeply into the Republican ranks. It says:

"While Republicans pretty generally stood with their party in the silver campaign, it would be foolish to deny that the radical element of the party is going to the league just as surely as the radical element of the Democratic party. And it is more than likely that the radical Republicans who swing over to the league will far outnumber the conservative Democrats who swing over to the Republicans. The question will be not so much how many Democrats vote the Republican ticket as how many Republicans vote the Independence League ticket."

THE principal support which Hearst is receiving, aside from his own papers and the Independence League, composed largely of labor men, is in Buffalo, where three daily

papers, *The Times*, *The Courier* and *The Enquirer*, are vying with each other to lead the movement. It is asserted that their support was secured by the threat of Hearst to start a paper of his own in Buffalo if some of the papers already existing did not come out in his favor. Norman E. Mack, proprietor of *The Times*, is the most prominent Democrat in the State who has come out openly for Hearst, but the proprietor of *The Courier*, "Finkey" Conners, has thrown himself into the movement with an abandon that far exceeds that of Mack. Conners as a personality is worth lingering over for a moment. A few years ago he was a captain of longshoremen on one of the Buffalo wharves. A captain of longshoremen is supposed to be able to whip any man under his command. On the morning of the first day after his selection as captain "Finkey" called his men all up and remarked: "Anyone of youse ducks that thinks he is as good a man as I am let him step out of the line." Two husky fellows stepped out of the line, expecting a glorious fight. What they got was this: "Well, you're both fired, and youse kin git off the dock in just thirty seconds by the watch." This is a story the *New York Tribune* tells. It also tells of Conners's purchase of *The Courier* because he was told that he must have a paper to beat Mack in the contest for political control of the Democratic county organization. He bought the paper, and went around next day, alone and unknown, to see what he had acquired. He found no one in the sanctum but the exchange editor, with his feet on a desk and his face hidden behind a newspaper. Conners went back later and found him still reading papers, and he couldn't stand it to see such idleness. He had the business manager fire him at once. It was Conners whom Mr. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, a few days ago suggested as chairman of the Democratic State Committee. The suggestion was not accepted.

IN A number of counties the Democratic organization has already been captured by the Independence League. But it is notable that most of these counties are strong Republican counties, such as Allegany, Broome, Chautauqua, Chenango, Cattaraugus, Steuben, Tioga, Orleans, where the Democratic vote is in a hopeless minority. Erie County (which contains Buffalo) is just now a Democratic county, the wholesale grafting by Republican officials having swung that county into the Democratic column. In other counties, Albany


and Rensselaer among them, the Hearst element is reported to be in control of the party. The position of Tammany Hall arouses keen interest. No fiercer fight has often been seen than that between Hearst and Tammany in the last mayoralty election. Hearst was denounced as an anarchist, and his newspapers in return pictured Murphy as a grafter and a thief. While Murphy has not come out openly for Hearst, his reported attempt to place a Hearst man—first Connors, and then Cassidy—at the head of the State committee is looked upon with amazed surprise as the first step toward surrender. He has issued also this statement: "Mind, I don't commit myself. I don't say that Tammany will be for Hearst. I only say that his opposition to our ticket last year will not of itself make it impossible for Tammany to support him in the convention."

With the support of New York City, Buffalo, Albany and Troy, Hearst would go into the State convention with strong chances of success. "Practically all he [Hearst] needs," says the Rochester *Post-Express*, "to rivet his chains upon his party is the consent of Tammany Hall." "It is an immense crisis which confronts New York Democrats," cries *The Evening Post* (Ind.), "and their best and strongest must be called upon to meet it." "There is now no sign of any power in existence," says the New York *World* (Dem.), "competent to prevent Hearst's nomination." It adds:

"There is humor in the situation—and danger. For if by any stupidity of the Republicans, if by further irony of fate, Mr. Hearst should be elected, he would be the Big Boss. He would hold the power that Hill and Croker long divided. He would be Tammany Hall. He would be the State machine. And if he had the slightest regard for consistency—if he did not wish to confess that all his denunciations were unfounded—he must if elected remove both McClellan and Jerome."

In this emergency, the cry for Jerome to make the fight against Hearst is heard growing louder and louder, and on August 20, Mr. Jerome issued a statement that he would accept the nomination if no pledges were required of him but to live up to his oath of office.

* * *

 HERE is always something new in politics. Issues may grow old, but the political situation is always changing. The new thing in politics this year, especially in congressional politics, is the American Federation of Labor. It has formally entered the arena not as a new party but as an organized force that purposes

to secure recognition from the old parties in congressional and legislative nominations, or go it alone. Its method is to scrutinize and interrogate candidates and to make out not a black list but a white list of candidates who prove to be acceptable. Where both candidates are acceptable in a given district the Federation will not have anything to do. Where but one is acceptable, it will get busy in his behalf. It is a new policy of the Federation, which is the largest labor organization ever seen in America, and it has undoubtedly been brought about by the marked success of the labor element in Great Britain in the recent parliamentary elections. Several of the shining lights of the House of Representatives have already fallen under the ban of the Federation; among them, Speaker Cannon, Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, McCall, of Massachusetts, and Longworth, of Ohio. As the election in Littlefield's district occurs early this month (September 10), the first test of the Federation's strength comes there. Samuel Gompers, head of the Federation, has taken a hand there personally, and has had agents at work for weeks. Taft, Cannon and other Republican leaders are to make speeches in Littlefield's behalf. His district has assumed a national importance.

OF THE "highest and best type of Congressman" is the way Charles E. Littlefield is described in the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He is in the prime of life, a man of fine appearance, one of the best speakers in the nation, an able lawyer, and a man of considerable culture. His district elected him two years ago by a plurality of 5,391 votes out of a total vote of less than 40,000, his vote being even larger than Roosevelt's in every one of the six counties in his district. But he has "lost his grip," according to a special correspondent of *The Evening Post* (New York) by his "dictatorial" ways. One loyal old-line Republican is reported as saying: "Maine can't afford to defeat Littlefield; he is our best man in Congress; but I'd like to see him elected by about ten votes. I want to see him humiliated. He is too high and mighty, and should be taken down a peg. If I were sure he would be elected I would not vote for him." He has made influential enemies in his party, among them the most important Republican paper in Maine, the *Lewiston Journal*, which opposed his renomination, and the proprietors of the Poland Spring. But having been renominated his election would be an assured thing but for the Federation's opposition. It is probably an assured thing, anyhow. Al-



THE GREATEST LABOR LEADER OF AMERICA

Samuel Gompers has maintained his position at the head of the American Federation of Labor, which he helped to found, for twenty-four years. He was born in England fifty-six years ago. He has this year led the Federation into politics and is after the scalps of Congressmen Littlefield, Cannon, McCall, Longworth and others.

though Mr. Gompers expresses the hope of defeating him, the most he can succeed in doing probably is to secure a moral victory by greatly reducing the plurality of two years ago. The fact that Secretary Taft is scheduled to speak in this contest is taken to indicate that the Roosevelt administration has taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the Federation. The significance of the fight is thus interpreted by the Washington correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce* (New York):

"The significance of the situation is recognized to lie in the fact that, if Mr. Littlefield is allowed to be defeated by the labor interests, the result will be that practically any Representative can be coerced into deference to labor wishes on particular measures unless he is willing to submit to the loss of his place. This would mean that an almost intolerable state of affairs would grow up, and that the tyranny of labor interests would be as intense in the House as that of the capitalistic forces in the Senate. It is a perception of this aspect of the situation on the part of his associates that is bringing them to his aid in such force, even though he has been something of an insurgent at times and seldom or never wholly amenable to the wishes of the leaders."

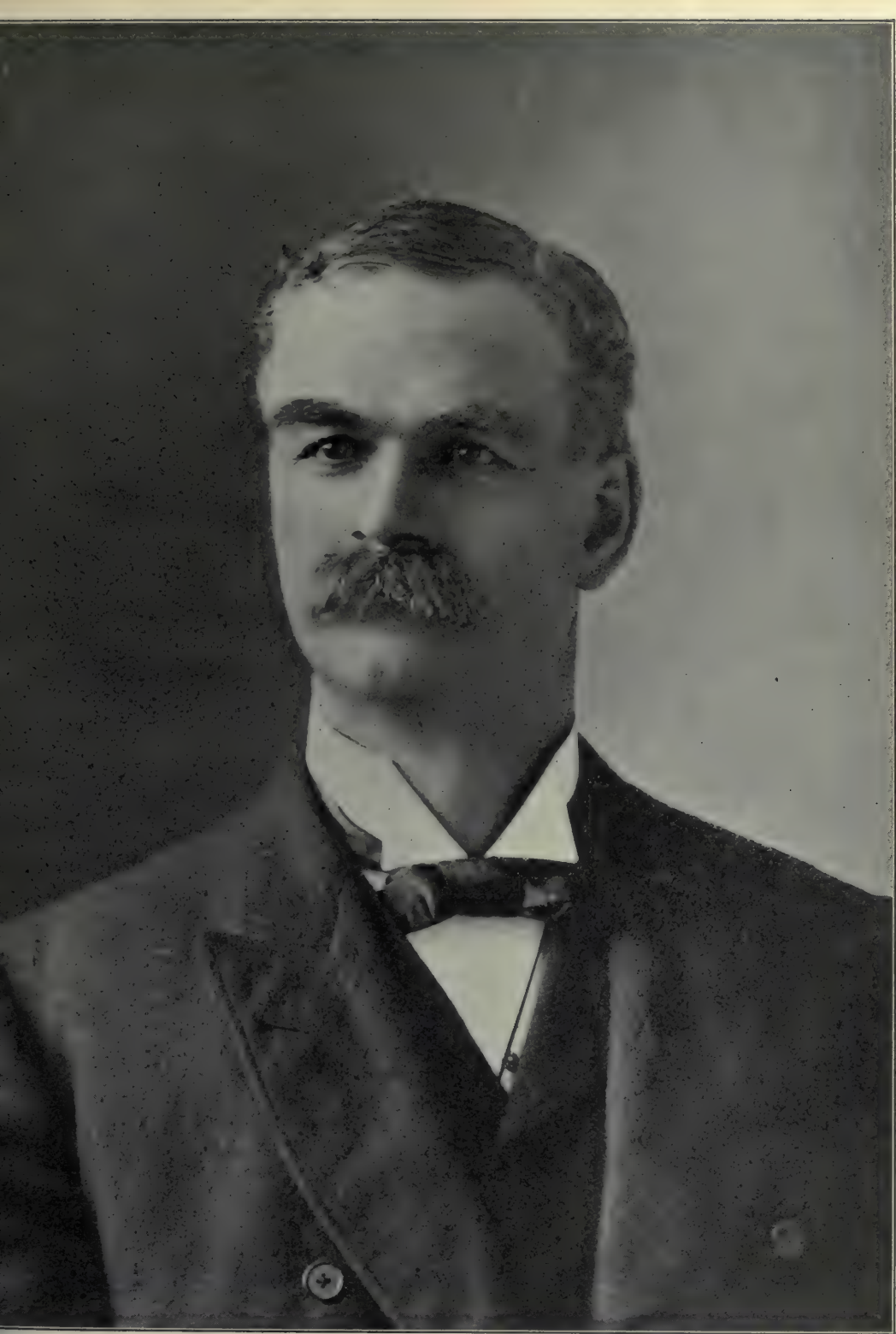
Mr. Littlefield's insurgency, mentioned in the

last sentence, was never more conspicuous than in the late session of Congress, when he made a speech against the Hepburn rate bill to a audience of Representatives and Senators that filled the House.

THE three issues about which the Federation of Labor is most generally concerned are the anti-injunction bill, the eight-hour day in Government contract work, and the "advisory initiative and advisory referendum." These are the three measures which candidates are catechized on. On these, and especially the first two, it will be remembered, they went last winter to Washington to see the President, the Speaker, and various committees to secure action. The anti-injunction bill would provide, in brief, that no injunction, or criminal indictment shall be issued by the courts in trade disputes between employers and employees, for acts committed by a number of persons, if such act, when committed by one person, is not a crime. In other words, the bill would make labor "conspiracy" to strike no longer a crime. The bill, with its legal phraseology, reads as follows:

"That no agreement, combination or contract by or between two or more persons to do or procure to be done, or not to do or procure not to be done, any act in contemplation or furtherance of any trade dispute between employers and employees in the District of Columbia, or in any territory of the United States, or between employers and employees who may be engaged in trade or commerce between the several States or between any territory and another, or between any territory or territories and any State or States or the District of Columbia, or with foreign nations, or between the District of Columbia and any State or States or foreign nations, shall be deemed criminal, nor shall those engaged therein be indictable or otherwise punishable for the crime of conspiracy if such act committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime, nor shall such an agreement, combination or contract be considered as in restraint of trade or commerce, nor shall any restraining order or injunction be issued with relation thereto. Nothing in this act shall exempt from punishment, otherwise than as herein cited, any persons guilty of conspiracy for which punishment is now provided by any act of Congress, but such act of Congress shall, as to the agreements, combinations and contracts hereinbefore referred to, be construed as if this act were therein contained."

IN THE issue over the eight-hour law Government contracts the Federation is not fighting for new law, but for the enforcement or extension of old law. The law passed in 1892 provides that mechanics and laborers employed upon public works of the United



THE POLITICAL STORM CENTER IN MAINE

Congressman Charles E. Littlefield has incurred the hostility of the Federation of Labor and Mr. Gompers is trying to convert his plurality of nearly 4,000 two years ago into a minority. It is the Federation's first fight in politics and results are awaited with interest. Taft, Cannon and other big Republicans are scheduled to speak in Littlefield's behalf.

States shall not, "except in cases of extraordinary emergency," be required to work more than eight hours a day. This law has not been held to apply to contractors doing work for the Government unless the terms of the contract specifically call for its observance. It has been a dead letter, so far as contractors were concerned, and it was the contractors the labor men were most desirous to reach when the law was passed. The Federation is resolved to make the law apply to the contractors, as well as to the Government employees, and it has already scored a decided success. President Roosevelt has ordered that the law be hereafter applied to contract work and notices have gone out from the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy that in specifications for Government contract work hereafter "special attention of the contractors must be called to the eight-hour act, in order that they may be advised that should they fail to comply therewith they will be reported by the officers of this department for such action as the department of justice may deem it proper to take."

THIS seems to meet the demands of the Federation, but the reports from Washington are that, in the opinion of executive officers who have to do with public works, the rigid application of the new order "will sound the death-knell of the whole system of Government contract work, and that hereafter the Government will be obliged to hire its own labor and carry on the public works under its own superintendents and inspectors." This for the reason that contractors are now, it is alleged, barely able to turn out work at prices as low as the Government itself can do it; and if they are compelled to obey the eight-hour law they must either increase their estimates, in which case they will not get the work, or lower wages, in which case they are not likely to get the workmen. Just why the contractor cannot observe the eight-hour law and compete with the Government prices for work, when the Government is itself observing that law, is not explained. "Mr. Gompers seems to have got the administration on the run," is the comment the Boston *Herald* makes on the order, and it commends his tactics to tariff reformers.

OUTSPOKEN opposition to the course of the Federation in its active entrance into politics is limited, so far as our observation goes, to the Republican and the Socialist press. The Socialists object to it as an effort, to quote *The Worker* (New York), "to divert from the

Socialist party some of the elements which are being driven to it by capitalist oppression." "It is against the avowed party of the working class," says *The Worker* further, meaning, of course, the Socialist party, "far more than against Roosevelt or Cannon that this move is aimed." The objections raised by Republican papers are to the effect that the Federation intensifies class distinctions. The *Denver Republican* says that the Western Federation of Miners has been in politics for a decade. But that body is consistent in so doing, for it is Socialistic and preaches Socialism in opposition to trade-unionism as a remedy for the workers. The American Federation takes another position. Says *The Republican*:

"At all of its conventions, when the issue has been raised, and it has not been missed for a number of years, the American Federation of Labor has declared against Socialism. True the majorities against have been growing less but there has been always a sufficiency to give courage to the diffident. But is not this recent declaration for a labor party in politics an acknowledgment of the kernel of Socialism? The Socialist labors in season and out of season to arouse 'class consciousness.' Like the evangelist who strives to awaken in man the knowledge that he is a sinner in himself and needs salvation, so the Socialist pleader stirs the workman to the knowledge of his oppression through the existing social system. When trade unionism requires a separate party in politics does not that signify that 'class consciousness' is being aroused?"

"Labor has a right to go into politics individually or collectively," concedes *The Ledger* (Philadelphia); but President Gompers is leading his organization into an untenable position, for his point of view seems to be "that labor, as one special class in this country, is to take precedence over all the rest of the country combined, and that any demand by labor, reasonable or unreasonable, is to be regarded as a behest which must be obeyed without debate." The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) says:

"The federation's attempt to array class against class will fail. Americans will resent all attempts to set up an oligarchy composed of a junta of political laborers like Gompers, and who demand especial favors for any particular caste or vocation. Littlefield and Cannon will have large majorities. For every vote which Gompers and his cabal takes away from the Republican party in the congressional canvass of 1906 in the country at large the Republicans will gain two from the Democratic party as a protest against his class politics."

MR. GOMPERS defends the course of his organization, but intimates that its decision to go into politics may apply to this

campaign only. He writes in *The American Federationist*:

"Government is not platonic. It represents dominant interests. It legislates for those who are strong enough to command respect for their wishes. When the politicians fear the people, they legislate—after a fashion—for the people. When the public is indifferent, special interests control legislation, or they are always vigilant and tireless. . . .

"For the toilers to occasionally 'show their teeth' is more effective than to continually bellow their throats sore over the old political party hacks who are owned body, boots, and breeches by corporate power and predatory wealth. The fact that a Senator or Representative in Congress calls himself a Republican or Democrat does not give him a vested right in the workmen's votes. And since in adopting this course, at least for this campaign, organized labor does what every other element in the country is doing and has been doing since the first days of the Government, is it not folly as well as hypocrisy to affect pain and surprise at labor's tactics?"

For two reasons the action of the Federation, thinks the *Washington Star*, will injure the Republicans more than the Democrats: first, because labor is largely unorganized in the South, where the Democratic congressional strength chiefly lies; second, because the Republicans have had control of Congress for about twelve years and will receive most of the blame for measures neglected or refused.

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SINCE John D. Rockefeller returned from Europe a few weeks ago he has expressed a desire that he and the public should become better acquainted. The Federal Government has evidently resolved that it shall do all that lies in its power to gratify this alleged desire. It is spending considerable of the money of the people, in fact, to bring about that better acquaintance. Agents of the Attorney-General went to Cleveland a couple of months ago before a Federal grand jury there, and proceeded to secure a large amount of sworn evidence concerning Mr. Rockefeller's business methods. It was found that that particular jury lacked the jurisdiction necessary to carry out the Attorney-General's plans, and the evidence secured was taken before a Federal grand jury in Chicago. Last month this second jury, in about four hours' time, brought in, as a first instalment of its work, an indictment, with nineteen counts, against the Standard Oil Company for accepting rebates from the Lake Shore Railway, in the guise of free storage for its oil. A little later a third Federal grand jury, sitting in Jamestown, N. Y., made a diligent effort to increase its acquaintance

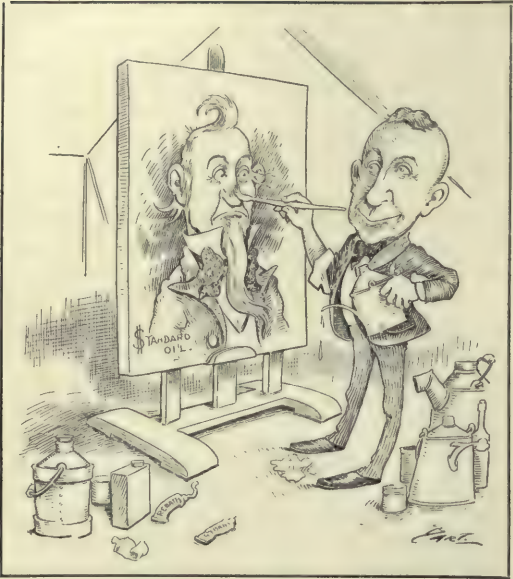
with Mr. Rockefeller, and as a result brought in an indictment against the Standard Oil Company and one of its subsidiary companies. This indictment contained twenty-three counts, all of them for receiving rebates from the Pennsylvania company. A similar indictment was brought in against that company.

THESE are indictments, be it remembered, not convictions; but according to all reports they are but the beginning of an activity which the Attorney-General is resolved shall end only with the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. Incidentally some of its responsible officials may, it is thought, be imprisoned. The fact that the evidence obtained in Cleveland came chiefly from railroad officials, and that the jury returned no indictment against the railroad itself, lends color to the supposition that immunity has been promised to railroad officials who furnish evidence willingly. "Epoch-making" is the term which *The Herald* (New York) applies to this new line of attack. By September, it asserts, proceedings will be instituted against the company in half a dozen different places. "The single desire of the department of justice at present," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "is to get at the Standard Oil Company"; and Attorney-General Moody "believes that the government has at last obtained evidence which will bring the Standard Oil Company to its knees." The *Chicago Tribune* remarks encouragingly:

"In compelling obedience to the law on the part of a powerful corporation which has for years determinedly defied the law, it is the first step that costs. In the case of the Standard Oil company that first step has been taken. The national government has committed itself to a policy of action. It has done what the public has long been waiting for it to do. Having begun, it will be a comparatively easy matter to go on to a victorious close."

SIMILAR comment comes from journals all over the country. *The Tribune*, of New York, recalls the specific charges made in the report last summer by Mr. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, of rebates given to the Standard Oil for shipments from Olean to New England. Leading Standard officials replied, accusing the commissioner of recklessness in making such a charge. It is for these very rebates that the jury has now brought in the indictments. Says *The Tribune*:

"They [the Standard's officials] may be able to show that the transaction in question was perfectly lawful, and the public should await their defence with an open mind. It is scarcely to be



A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY AN OLD MASTER

A grand jury report from Chicago says that John D. Rockefeller has done Uncle Sam in oils.

—Dart in *The Minneapolis Journal*.

supposed, however, that a United States District Attorney would take up the transaction unless he had good reason to believe he could show it to be unlawful, or that a grand jury would have found the indictment unless it believed that he had made out a prima facie case. Apparently,

therefore, Mr. Garfield was not so reckless as he was said to be, and the correctness of the Standard Oil's business methods was not so plain to all sane men as its attorneys would have preferred the public to believe."

The Journal of Commerce thinks that heavy fines will have a wholesome effect even on the Standard; but it is gratified to note that with the going into effect of the new rate regulation law the more deterrent penalty of imprisonment will become available. "To send some of the highly placed officials to jail," remarks the *New York World*, gloating over the possibility, "would be a crowning achievement in Mr. Roosevelt's laudable war upon the trusts."

* * *



EMBRACED in the presence of forty thousand Uruguayans by President Battle y Ordonnez, presented to the diplomatic corps at Buenos Ayres by the President of the Argentine Republic as "a liberator of the human intellect," hailed by the President of the United States of Brazil as "the maker of an epoch of glory in the annals of the two Americas," and addressed by the entire Pan-American Congress as "the pride of the hemisphere," Secretary of State Elihu Root has spent the past month amid glittering throngs of Latin-American warriors, Latin-American councilors, Latin-American rulers and Latin-American beauties.

The name of Root, to quote President Battle y Ordonnez, is like the sound of a trumpet throughout the south temperate zone; while the Monroe doctrine, in the phrase of the Brazilian executive, has been made continental. Presidents, generals, and the heroes of innumerable South American battles have filled the spacious halls in which the Secretary of State from Washington averred that the United States of America seeks no territorial aggrandizement, aims at the welfare of all South America and perpetuates by its institutions those sublime experiments in self-government which have taught Europe to respect the rights of man. The streets of every metropolis have been crowded with the more favored portion of the multi-



WHAT A HAND-SHAKER HE IS GETTING TO BE!

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.



Photograph by Aime Dupont.

WHAT DO YOU READ, MY LORD? INDICTMENTS, INDICTMENTS, INDICTMENTS

Mr. Henry H. Rogers, the executive head of the Standard Oil Company, against which the Department of Justice is manifesting such activity, has, according to Thomas W. Lawson, "actually supplanted John D. Rockefeller in the kingship of finance." It is he, rather than Mr. Rockefeller, who will have to pilot the company through the breakers that lie ahead.

tudes fortunate enough to arrive in time to catch a glimpse of the popular favorite. The guns of Admiral Sampson's squadron were ready to roar their recognition of Mr. Root's arrival off the Chilean coast, but in another forty-eight hours Valparaiso and Santiago were in the throes of the most convulsive earthquake ever recorded in those areas of seismic unrest. Valparaiso and Santiago confirm, by their ruins, the prediction of those seismologists who insist that the terrestrial crust is to be rent by a series of earthquakes for many months to come. Just six weeks ago Wales suffered serious disturbances of a distinctly seismic nature. The throes throughout the principality were so violent that any large town within the region affected would probably have been a scene of panic if not of disaster. Chile had the ill luck to possess two fine cities at the precise spots where the surface of our planet was most vehemently agitated. For some seventy-two hours Valparaiso and Chile were practically in exile from the blessings of communication with the outside world. As in the case of San Francisco, the greatest damage seems to have resulted from the conflagration which the earthquake induced. If the prophecies of seismologists be soundly based, the internal energy of our planet may next vent itself throughout the islands of the Pacific.

ONLY that traditional indifference to everything that happens abroad can explain the relatively meager space allotted in our dailies to a chronicle of the month's pageants in Santos and the Cordilleras. But the earthquake gave his countrymen a tragic interest in Mr. Root. He was on the surface of the disturbed area, although the quake reached Chile before him. The New York *World* condescends to observe that "there was a touch of vainglory in Secretary Root's remark in his speech at Montevideo that we have tried here their experiments in government for the countries of the old world." We have not been doing that at all; we have become a conservative people, thinks this critic. Our Federal Government tends to centralization and to bureaucratic methods. There can be no model for South American imitation in such things. However, the New York *Evening Post* is convinced that Mr. Root has "discharged his duties as messenger of good will to Latin America with admirable tact" and it feels confident that he has done much to "offset the notion that the hegemony of the United States is a menace to the weaker republics." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* thinks Mr. Root has

achieved wonders in the course of his brief visit by dispelling that distrust of Washington policy which has been prevalent in South American capitals. It seems a little odd to more than one of our dailies that no administration thought of capturing the South American imagination in this style before.

EUROPE observes the progress of Elihu Root with suspicion. The *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg, faithful to its policy of discrediting American diplomacy everywhere, says the Washington Government really aims at a protectorate over South America, and Mr. Root is preparing the ground, it fears. Latin, German, and Slav, it declares, must unite for protection against the "American peril" now assuming substance through the manipulation of Mr. Root. The Paris *Temps*, supposed to express the views of the French Foreign Office, regrets that Mr. Root has not urged respect for the rights of European creditors upon the South American presidents he has met. The Monroe doctrine, it says in effect, is all very well in its way; but it implies obligations as well as rights and Mr. Root is silent on the subject of the obligations to pay debts and respect the persons of foreigners. But the Philadelphia *Ledger* thinks Mr. Root has hinted at these very things in his speeches last month. He could not be too blunt without wounding the susceptibilities of the sensitive South Americans. He did, nevertheless, appeal to all the people of South and Central America to unite with our own country in creating an international public opinion "whose power shall influence international conduct"—which is far as an honored guest can go. Does Europe want an American conciliator to reprimand where he should show tact? Mr. Root, concludes the Philadelphia *Ledger*, did and said just the right things.

ALL the proverbial tactfulness of Elihu Root barely sufficed to secure last month a reference of the famous Drago doctrine by the Pan-American Congress in Rio Janeiro to adjudication by that international peace conference which is soon to assemble at The Hague. The delegates of the South American powers now assembled at the Brazilian metropolis—they adjourn in a very few days—had fallen under the influence of that brilliant but uncompromising Argentine statesman, Dr. Luis F. Drago. This gentleman had been appointed a delegate, but at the last moment

he refused to go in that capacity. His aim all along has been to commit the third Pan-American Congress to the doctrine that the collection of pecuniary claims made by citizens of one country against the government of another should never be made by force. But Mr. Root was determined that the Congress should not go as far as that. The American Secretary of State strove simply for a resolution recommending that the coming peace conference at The Hague be requested to consider the extent to which the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible. The opposing points of view here proved so difficult to reconcile that there may be said to have been from the first two Pan-American Congresses. One was the official body, which, from its opening late in July, has been decorous and enthusiastic. The other was informal, split up into committees, sitting behind closed doors. The official body made its proceedings public. The unofficial sittings are said to have been tumultuous at times. But that is only rumor, for the public were excluded.

PERSONALLY, Mr. Root scored as brilliant a triumph in Brazil as that of Lafayette when, in the capacity of a veteran friend, he came to the United State in his old age. The reception given by the United States Secretary of State at Abrantes Castle was a gathering of all that is most distinguished in the South American world. He was visited by a delegation of the Brazilian Congress, which gave a reception in his honor—an unprecedented distinction to be conferred upon a foreign statesman. But all this did not neutralize the disappointment of the Argentine delegates. They took the snub to their Calvo-Drago doctrine so much to heart that they made a fierce fight for a two-thirds vote, changing the entire program of the Pan-American Congress and adopting the famous doctrine as American international law, regardless of any reference to the conference at The Hague. But Señor Nabuco, Brazilian ambassador at Washington, had been elected presiding officer of the Congress, and his immense personal influence was exerted in behalf of Mr. Root's views. Señor Quesada, Cuban minister to the United States, devoted himself to the neutralization of the Venezuelan influence in Rio Janeiro. Venezuela, as a result of Castro's resumption of his old activity, did not send a delegate officially; but she had her agents on the ground. Elihu Root is detested at Caracas, where he is charged with having prevented the choice

of that capital as the meeting-place of the Congress. Chile's delegates made common cause with the malcontents, according to some accounts. Certainly there seems to have been a concerted demonstration against the Root policy last month. The demonstration failed, however, and the Root policy was victorious.

HAD the policy of Argentina prevailed, the result would have meant a rebuke to the United States for permitting Great Britain, Germany and Italy to blockade Venezuelan ports when Castro was at the height of his embarrassments a few years ago. Castro's aim was to bring the Drago doctrine before the Congress at Rio Janeiro in such a way as to compel the United States to commit itself to the protection of all South America against Europe. It was because Mr. Root did not propose to have this country so committed that, when the program of topics was drawn up, months ago, the Drago doctrine was made simply a matter of reference to The Hague. Argentina and her supporters argued that there is no assurance that the Drago doctrine will be given any standing before the coming peace conference. Certainly, if the tone of the German inspired press be any indication, William II means to prevent any recognition of the theories of Calvo and of Drago. Mr. Root made little of the alleged opposition of the German Emperor. He is said to have assurances that the South American proposals will be respectfully considered at The Hague. The remainder of his tour in other South American lands was devoted to allaying apprehension on this score and to explaining away misrepresentations of the attitude of the United States in thwarting the wishes of South American diplomatists on a most sensitive subject. It is noteworthy that the leading newspapers of Brazil, like the *Jornal do Comercio* (Rio Janeiro), have been condemning the idea of submitting a purely American policy like the Drago doctrine to a European conference. The precedent, it is said by the Brazilian papers, might return to plague all South America. But the Buenos Ayres *Prensa*, the most influential daily in South America, points out that Brazil has no burning quarrel with her European creditors on hand just now. It is soothed, however, by rumors that President Roosevelt means to uphold the Drago doctrine at The Hague next year. And all Argentina, it is said, grew enthusiastic when Mr. Root, in Buenos Ayres, promised that this country would observe the Drago doctrines and never collect debts with guns and bayonets.



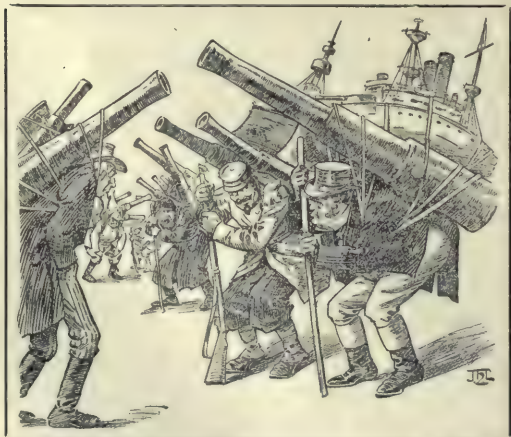
WHAT THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED TO SUPERSEDE

The gun-shop of the great Krupp works at Essen, in Germany, now turns out all the heavy ordnance in Emperor William's artillery. If disarmament were agreed to by the powers, the Krupp works, according to some authorities, would cease to be a paying property.



F THE Prime Minister of England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, really intended to impart a sensational interest to the fourteenth conference of the world's Inter-Parliamentary Union, which assembled in London a month ago to promote universal peace, he succeeded admirably by exclaiming: "The Duma is dead! Long live the Duma!" Every one of the six hundred delegates in the royal

gallery of the House of Lords sprang to his feet and cheered loudly for several minutes, while the half dozen members of the Duma who were present bowed their acknowledgments of the ovation. Even Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who attended the conference as a delegate from the United States and said things to which sundry British organs object, committed no such blazing indiscretion as this. At least the European dailies think that. This "indiscretion" was occasioned by the fact that for the first time in its history the conference numbered among its members delegates from a Russian parliament, and that on the first morning of the assembly the Duma thus represented ceased to exist. By an irony which, the *London Telegraph* thinks, ought not to be ignored, this conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union—which aims at securing international peace by arbitration—was held in a chamber which has for its most striking ornament a vast picture wherein Maclise vividly depicts the death of Nelson. Toward that glorious frieze William Jennings Bryan stretched an arm with the remark that there is as much inspiration in a noble life as there was in that heroic death. Coming so soon after Britain's great Nelson celebration, this observation seems to jingo organs in London quite ill-timed.



A REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS WOULD BE SO CONVENIENT!

—*London Tribune*.

MR. BRYAN sounded one or two other unsympathetic notes. Westminster Hall is a gigantic chamber in which the most powerful, most resonant voice lifts itself at a disadvantage, especially when occupied by delegates wedded to the right of private conversation and unable, for the most part, to understand a word of English. Those who wished to hear Mr. Bryan had to leave their seats and cluster around him. But while his remarks aroused interest, it was noted that he failed to reach the standard of oratory expected of him. "His voice is well under control," admits the *London Telegraph*, "and of penetrating quality." Even the loudest of those who still carried on their conversations at the end of the hall must, at times, think our contemporary, have been incommoded by the volume of his reverberant vocalization. But Mr. Bryan's subject-matter hit less hard. This was disappointing, for all the delegates had heard that he is mellifluously Ciceronian. Mr. Bryan told all who would listen that he had stood the other day by the birthplace of Shakespeare. He had asked himself what the world would have lost if, instead of consecrating his genius to the production of poetry, the author of "Hamlet" had become a Tommy Atkins and had, in the

early bloom of youth, died upon some bloody battlefield. Identical reflections had arisen in his mind at the birthplace of Burns. The Tommy Atkins allusion is what the *London Telegraph* cannot stomach. "We are confident," it opines, "that in the speaker's own country the magnificent devotion shown during the battles of the Civil War still receives a respect which Mr. Bryan would seem to deny it." He fell foul of the *London Outlook* next day by observing that the greatest statesman this country has ever produced—"if it were not immodest I would say I believe him to be the greatest statesman the world has ever produced"—is Thomas Jefferson. Nor were the Conservatives better pleased when Mr. Bryan revealed how he worships Gladstone.

REGULAR peace conferences at The Hague and the codification of international law were the practical themes immediately before the delegates. Our own Congressman Richard Bartholdt was given credit for a suggestion made by him at a former gathering that the powers when appointing their representatives for the approaching Hague conference could frame instructions to them to these ends. Mr. Bryan now moved a resolution that if between



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

WHERE THE VOICE OF BRYAN SOUNDED IN MANY UNHEEDING EARS

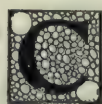
Westminster's great hall was occupied by the delegates to the Inter-Parliamentary Conference of last month. Mr. William Jennings Bryan dined at one of the tables and then made a speech, but most of the delegates understood no English, although the resilience of his vocal cords made him so audible in the remotest corners that conversation, according to the *London Standard*, was difficult.

two or more powers there should arise a difference not acknowledged as arbitrable they must, before going to war, submit the issue in dispute to The Hague tribunal or some other impartial body. The idea was not new. It had already been submitted by Congressman Bartholdt, who is one of the most conspicuous international figures in this movement, even though his fame in his own country be more locally political. "I am very glad I can follow in his footsteps in urging this amendment," said Mr. Bryan in the best of his London speeches. The resolution was carried unanimously, and in view of the influence in their several countries of those who supported it, the effect upon the deliberations at The Hague next year must be considerable. So thinks the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), the influential Liberal daily which has striven for so many years on behalf of the movement for which the Inter-Parliamentary conference stands. But this authority is somewhat pessimistic regarding the limitation of armaments, a subject of which the delegates heard much.

THIS limitation of armaments has nothing in common with the project of universal disarmament, said the noted French statesman, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. Universal disarmament he pronounced a "chimera." Limitation is another matter. It would not enfeeble, it would fortify in all countries the national defense. Moreover, all nations had an interest in this limitation and almost all the governments had already proclaimed this interest. Russia did so first in 1898, England in 1899, and again in 1903, in 1905 and during the present year, Italy in the month of June last, and France at about the same time. Arguments against the limitation of armaments and of expenditure for military and naval purposes, noted the baron, are drawn from the case of the United States. It is forgotten that these augmentations of armaments in America have been dictated to, even imposed upon, the United States by the unfortunate example of Europe, and that, moreover, proportionally to the country's extent and population, the United States has not augmented its forces unreasonably. Far from it. Its expenditures have augmented proportionally more than its armaments, and that proves its inaptitude to transform itself into a nation of soldiers. In a new country, one in process of formation, all the activities must necessarily be employed; few men are available for fleets and armies, and these must be dearly paid for. Therein

lies the importance of the augmentation of expenditures in the United States. These augmentations should be invoked in support of the proposition for limitation of armaments, not against it. They prove that the United States has no interest in making an abnormal effort to follow the disastrous course of Europe.

GERMANY, added this high authority on the subject, commits a grave blunder in seeking, as she does, to struggle with the United States for a greater navy than either has yet possessed. Germany thus divides her energies both on land and sea, uselessly redoubling her efforts, for the American states, united, will be more and more inaccessible, while those of Europe, divided, will always be menaced with the possibility of a coalition. Thus Germany exhausts herself in vain. The words were scarcely out of the baron's mouth when news came of William II's plan to build battleships more formidable than England's new *Dreadnought*. There is to be a homogeneous squadron of these monsters, each with a heavier broadside fire than that of Britain's leviathan. Yet the reduction of armaments in Europe would be the easiest thing in the world, says the London *Spectator*, if only Germany will abandon her aggressive world policy and lead the way in the movement. "The plain truth is that the greater part of the talk about disarmament, or the reduction of armaments, is at present, at any rate, unreal and paradoxical." The rulers of Germany want neither reduction nor limitation of armaments, and for that reason the world must stagger under the burden of European militarism. The British navy is the real obstacle to disarmament, however, insists the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. What a mockery, it exclaims, is the sight of an international parliamentary conference welcomed with honeyed phrases by the Prime Minister of a kingdom which insists upon maintaining a standard of naval power in excess of that of any two other countries combined!



HINESE labor for the Panama Canal became the avowed policy of the Washington administration last month. Chairman Shonts and Secretary Bishop, of the Canal Commission, considered ways and means with President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay a fortnight ago, and appear to have been told to "go ahead." The first batch of coolies will number about twenty-five hundred, and are to be procured

through the medium of contractors, in order to avoid the necessity of a special convention with the Government of China. Peking, however, is almost certain to raise objections. The mandarins will not let coolies go from their provinces unless a convention—or its equivalent—is entered into between the United States and China. President Roosevelt is supposed to intend getting over this difficulty by means of a contract between the Canal Commission and contractors who have made the coolie business one of world-wide scope. For if a convention between Washington and Peking were sent to the Senate—as it would have to be—the labor-unions of this country might be heard from too emphatically. Already President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has raised the voice of protest. He is afraid that Chinese labor on the Panama Canal will prove an entering wedge to their admission here.

IT WILL not be easy to overcome the protests of Peking. In any event, the Chinese Government will want to supervise the recruiting. Arrangements have already been made by the interested contractors to utilize their trade connections in the interior of China to make known the terms of contract and to collect coolies at points of embarkation. It may be that the Chinese now in course of expulsion from South Africa will be sent to Panama instead of undergoing a process of repatriation. To that course, it is hinted, the British Government may object, for each coolie signed a contract guaranteeing his repatriation. The likelier procedure will be for the padrone to open a recruiting station in some Chinese village. A local agent establishes an office, copies of the official form of contract are posted up and coolies are invited by the town crier to come forth and be listed. As the men come forward, the contractor's agent deals with a hundred and one details—pays off debts, makes advances to families, supplies food or clothes or cash for the journey to the coast. It is a certainty that thousands of copies of the official form of contract have already been printed in Chinese and distributed not only to recruiting agents but through local Chinese merchants to the magistrates of each district.

AS THE intending emigrants reach the Chinese coast they present themselves at the depots for embarkation. The depot at Ching-wantao, in the province of Chi-li,

through which more than three-fourths of the coolies sent out to South Africa in the past three years have passed, may be taken as typical of the methods of the contractors. Before the coolies are admitted into the depot they undergo a medical examination. Those who pass are at once registered, their names, parentage, villages and other details being recorded by Chinese clerks. They are also photographed and measured. Thenceforward they are housed and fed in the depot until the time comes for their embarkation. Then comes the final looking over by the contractor's physician. This is necessary, not only to eliminate any cases of disease or weakness which may have developed in the depot, but to guard against substitution. For cases are apt to occur where men who have passed the first medical examination have left the depot and disposed of their entrance tickets to rejected men, who have thus been able to enter—the original holders of the tickets presenting themselves again and coming in on a fresh certificate under another name.

HOWEVER high the reputation of the contractor may stand and whatever facilities he may have for promoting the exportation, this whole system, according to the *London Standard* and other British dailies to which we are indebted for these particulars, is open to several grave objections. There has been a good deal of discussion as to how far the emigrant coolies really understand the contracts into which they enter. On the whole, it is probable that the coolies are made to understand from the beginning the main features of the terms in accordance with which they are shipped; but it would be going too far to say that at the beginning they can possibly apprehend all the features and conditions of life on the Isthmus of Panama. Indeed, no amount of explanation or reiteration would be likely to convey any clear or coherent impression of it to their untraveled minds. The transportation of the coolies over the thousands of miles of sea between China and the Isthmus is another problem. The Peking Government will undoubtedly insist upon guarantees of a substantial sort on this head. This will bring the Washington Government officially into the case. It seems, therefore, not too much to assert that the administration's announced policy of leaving everything to the contractors, subject only to regulation by the Canal Commission, will prove very difficult in practice.

NO government, and still less a mere contractor, can devise practical means which will insure that the female Chinese who may go to the Isthmus of Panama shall be the wives and daughters of the coolies who profess to protect them in that capacity. This point was made much of by the London *Spectator* in its opposition to the introduction of the coolies into South Africa. It says that the females who do go with the coolies—and they will be very few indeed in comparison with the males—may in rare instances be the wives and daughters. They are women and children who, under a system of practical slavery, are mere chattels of the contractors. Let anyone who may doubt this, says a correspondent of *The Spectator*, visit the "Chinatowns" in any civilized settlement on the Pacific coast. Let him form his estimate of the caged women there, of the opium dens, of the gambling houses. The "wives and daughters" question, at any rate, will grow into a problem with which the administration must concern itself in the end unless the experience of the past two years in South Africa is to be wholly disregarded. In China itself the almost universal opinion among persons who have good sources of information is that the coolies cannot be expected to take their wives and children with them when they go abroad on contracts of the Isthmus type.

IN San Francisco, before the earthquake, there are said to have been between ten and fifteen thousand Chinese and less than sixty of these legitimate Chinese wives. In Singapore, again, which is, in a sense, next door to China, and which has an enormous Chinese population, the proportion of women, according to the London *Standard's* authority, who speaks from observation, is very small. A similar conclusion must be drawn, he contends, from Australian statistics. It does not yet appear whether the coolies to be sent to the Isthmus are coming from northern China or from the southerly provinces. Southern coolies will certainly not care to be accompanied by wives, while in the north the greater prevalence of "foot-binding" among the poorer classes makes it most difficult for the women to travel far from their homes. The coolies sent to South Africa between 1904 and 1906 showed no inclination to be accompanied by their wives. On the contrary, they received the proposition with ridicule. It may be that married men will not be al-

lowed to go to the Isthmus. That course, in the light of South African experience, will simply aggravate a social problem that must be grave enough in any event.

IT WILL cost about sixty dollars to send a coolie from China to Panama and about thirty dollars to send him back to China. Upon reaching the Isthmus, the coolies will be sent to "compounds"—immense barracks where everything in the way of food and lodging is provided by the contractor. It is announced that instead of the filthy barrack accommodation known under the name "compound," the Isthmian coolies are to be sheltered in new structures built in strict accordance with the principles of sanitary science. Tea will be permanently on tap for them whenever they want it. They are to be provided with ample facilities for washing their clothes and themselves. Hot and cold water will be procurable in abundance. Coolies are also to have at least two meals a day of rice, meat, vegetables, and bread. The coolies may not wander at will over the Isthmus, it seems. They will be restricted to the areas within which they toil. This restriction was in force throughout the Transvaal and led to those dashes for freedom on the part of bands of coolies which terrorized the occupants of lonely farms on the veldt. In fine, the Washington administration seems to have determined last month upon the boldest experiment—an experiment that contributed to wreck the Balfour ministry in England. The whole working population of England was roused to fury in the last election by the cry of Chinese labor. The first official act of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman when he became Prime Minister was to declare Chinese labor a failure and to order repatriation of all coolies in South Africa.

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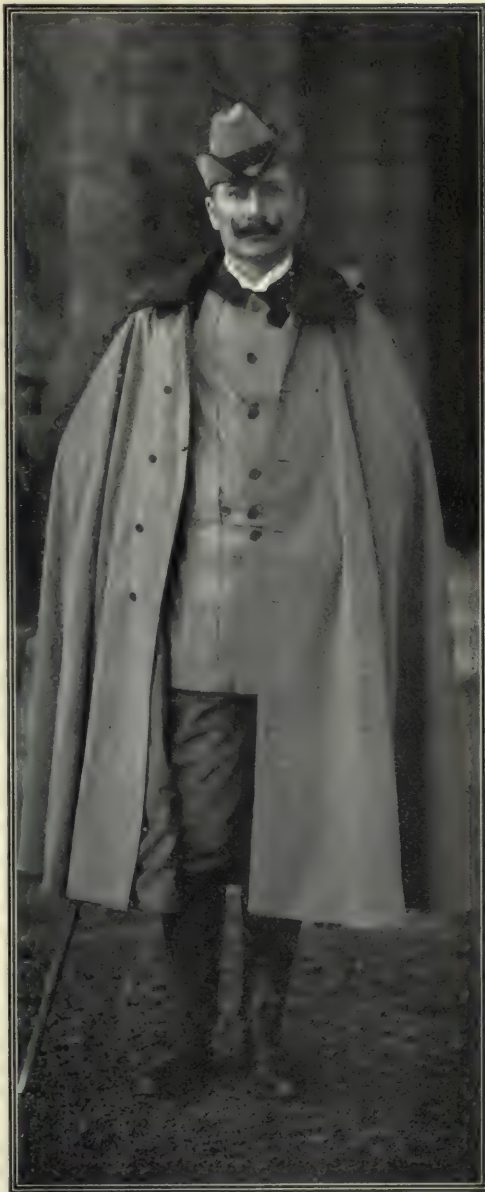


THE House of Commons having passed the furiously fought education bill, Parliament adjourned three weeks ago. That means that a constitutional crisis involving the House of Lords will arise the moment Britain's lawmakers assemble again in the autumn. The Lords will almost certainly amend the measure in a spirit unacceptable to the Commons. Every newspaper in London concedes the gravity of the issue that will then be raised. The Archbishop of Canterbury is firm in his opposition to the measure as it stands. His speech in the Lords just before the adjourn-

ment of Parliament made it plain that he counts upon effecting such an amendment of the bill as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government cannot accept. Someone will have to yield. Let it not be the Lords, urged the archbishop. He is told by Liberal dailies that the nation has declared in favor of complete popular control of England's schools without sectarian tests for teachers. But what, the archbishop replies, does this bill do? It takes 14,000 existing schools, with the trusts placed in their keeping, and demolishes, not the mere wording of the trusts, but the very essence and pith of them, and hands them over to local authorities to be dealt with by popular vote. The local authority may, if it pleases, refuse to accept any school thus handed over to it, or, if it does take the school, it may secularize it utterly, save for some two hours in the week, and may appoint teachers who are unwilling to give or untrained to give religious teaching. No child, moreover, need go to school until the religious teaching is over. He contended that the bill destroys England's existing system of denominational schools, and he implored the Lords to so amend the bill that the denominational system will be maintained. There is little doubt in any quarter that the archbishop will have the Lords with him in the autumn session.



EDWARD VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and William II, German Emperor, met at Friedrichshof last month to compose between them a letter of advice to Nicholas II. This story is told with such circumstantiality in European organs of responsibility that the Berlin *Vorwärts*, always skeptical of mere gossip, inclines to accept it as true. Nicholas, it would seem, had complained to the Czarina of the conflicting counsel he has been receiving from William II and Edward VII. William urges Nicholas to treat the Duma as a body of advisers. That is, the Duma must never be permitted to dictate the composition of a ministry. Certainly, as the *Vorwärts* points out, that is the attitude of William II toward the German Reichstag. Germany's Emperor was almost panic-stricken when Nicholas II manifested a willingness to select a responsible ministry from the Duma several weeks ago. The Berlin *Vorwärts*, known for its secret sources of information regarding happenings at Potsdam, professes to have learned that the head of the house of Hohenzollern admonished the Czar to follow the



THE KAISER WHO KISSED THE KING

William II wears in this picture the dress hunt uniform and feathered hat so familiar to the gamekeepers on his Prussian preserves. The Emperor had a meeting with Edward VII last month and kissed him loudly.

constitutional precedent set in Germany. William's real motive, insinuates the Socialist organ, was to avoid the contagion of a St. Petersburg example. Unfortunately for the preachments of William—so runs the circumstantial tale—they synchronized with suggestions from Edward VII that the Czar follow the British plan of responsible ministries.

NICHOLAS II is said to have been so profoundly impressed by the tone of Edward VII's communications that he resolved to take them as a guide through the mazes of his constitutional labyrinth. William II, always posted regarding the state of affairs at the Russian court by a system of espionage well-nigh perfect, effected a change of the Czar's intention at the last moment. The argument, according to some details printed in the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), was that if a responsible ministry were granted in Russia, there would be a concession of something like autonomy at Warsaw. Autonomy in Warsaw would in turn lead to a rising of all Poland. If all Poland revolted, William II would simply be forced to intervene. That is, he would be obliged to keep down his own Polish provinces, and he could not do that without entering Russian Poland at the head of his troops. What would happen in Austrian Poland does not clearly appear. But the Czar is known to be so uneasy on the whole subject of Poland that the mere whisper of the name makes him pale. Thus the *Vorwärts*. So Edward VII's suggestions were dropped.

ENGLAND'S King is represented as anything but pleased by the interference of William II. Uncle and nephew have not been on cordial terms in recent years, if we may credit unusually trustworthy rumor. However, differences were sufficiently forgotten, it seems, for the pair to meet last month and concoct that letter of advice to Nicholas which is believed to have been the occasion of their encounter. There is apparently no doubt in the minds of those most competent to form an opinion that the uncle and nephew came together in anything but a mutually friendly frame of mind. But the predicament of a mutual kinsman made some unity of purpose essential. The form assumed by their recommendations to the Czar remains mysterious as yet. William II professes to be aware that British policy is opposed to any German intervention in Russia. Organs like the London *Spectator* hint strongly that England will be heard from if any attempt be made to put down the uprising of a whole people for freedom with the army corps commanded by the autocrat in Berlin. But the mind of William II is too strongly made up for any such considerations to sway him—so runs the current of editorial speculation abroad—and Edward VII was warned to hold the public opinion of his country in check.



HOSE members of the Russian Duma who made their way to the Tauride Palace on the morning of July 22 last could see, from the aspect of that famous structure built by Catherine II for her favorite Potemkine, that something quite out of the ordinary had happened. The gates through which entrance is gained to the historical edifice were closed. Troops were posted in double file with their weapons loaded. Squads of mounted police drove hither and thither the crowds of citizens who had turned out to see what was the matter. Prince Schakhowsky, one of the Duma's secretaries, was expostulating with a trooper who insisted upon driving the deputy from the palace gate at the point of the bayonet. Then, and then only, the Kokoshkins and the Milyoukoffs learned that in their official capacity as representatives of the Russian people they had ceased to be. At dead of night, a few hours before, Nicholas II, after an exciting conference with his reactionary camarilla at Peterhof, had issued a ukase dissolving the Duma. So stealthily had the measure been carried out that Mr. Mouromtseff, President of the Duma, knew nothing of the dissolution until the regiments were in possession of the Tauride Palace. Vice-President Dolgorouki woke Mouromtseff with the news at four o'clock in the morning. The leading spirits in the Duma had been thrown completely off their guard. Dissolution had been in the air, but the man who was made Premier when Nicholas sprang his mine had pledged his word of honor to a leader of the Constitutional Democrats that nothing would be done in the dark.

WITH one accord, the deputies sought their president, Mouromtseff. That distressed mortal is quoted as crying: "I wish I were dead!" The deputies besought him to see the Czar, who had secluded himself at Peterhof with the Czarina and his children in what the correspondent of the London *Times* describes as an oasis of complete calm, in fact, of almost tragic silence, in the neighborhood of the great city now swayed by suffocating passions. There in the park amidst the trees, the plashing waterfalls and the tall fountains, the lilac-bushes and the song of many nightingales, the solidly respectable citizens were already enjoying their Sunday holiday and the music of the band. In this beautiful and not inappropriate setting suddenly appeared the Czarina herself, in an open carriage without any escort, looking, if we may



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE DUMA QUARTET OVERWHELMED IN LONDON BY THE DISSOLUTION

Seated on the railing is Aladyin, the leader of the Group of Toil in the extinguished Duma. The tall, spectacled man in the soft hat is Rodichef, by common consent the most brilliant orator in the Duma. The rotundity of Professor Kovalevsky readily identifies him as he stands in his dotted waistcoat in proximity to the luggage. Professor Ostrogorsky, with his characteristic air of nonchalance, looks as contemplative as if he were back in the Tauride Palace.

trust the correspondent of the *London Post*, as beautiful as a flower. "I could not help thinking of Marie Antoinette at the Trianon," adds this gifted onlooker, "and I wondered whether three thousand swords would leap from their scabbards on her behalf." But President Mouromtseff could gain no entrance to this paradise. And yet but a few days before he had been given to understand that he was soon to be consulted regarding his own admittance to an enlarged Cabinet recruited from members of the Duma. "There was evidently a sudden change in the imperial policy," are the words put into Mouromtseff's mouth by the correspondents who record his reflections.

RUSSIA owes this sudden change in the imperial policy to a midnight conference of the Peterhof camarilla. Conjecture has been busy with this conference, which, as the *London Times* puts it, made captive the ever-wavering will of Nicholas II. The aged and unyielding reactionary, Pobiedonostseff, once

Procurator of the Holy Synod and always the foe of Western civilization; Count Ignatieff, whose unwieldy figure, we read in one despatch, always looms up in a time of crisis as an augury of fierce repression; General Trepoff, the grim soldier who frames no policies, but executes all; and the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, since placed in a position of supreme military authority "wherever martial law exists," were among the dozen or so of advisers whom Nicholas had summoned in haste to the study in which he passes so many lonely hours of the night. It is significant to all who profess to know anything about this conference that not a single exponent of the policy of the Czar's mother participated in the deliberations. All these councilors were attached to the faction of the Czarina, who was herself, says gossip, pacing the floor of her apartments above. Like the members of this midnight council, she was a prey to agitation inspired by unexpected and mysterious news from Berlin. Not one of the correspondents



BEFORE THE RUSSIAN POLICE INTERRUPTED

A member of the Duma is pouring his protests against autocracy into the ears of an eager throng on the outskirts of Moscow. Fluttering all about him are banners with such devices as "Amnesty," "Freedom for the workers," etc. The crowd came together in spite of official proclamations forbidding the meeting.

in St. Petersburg can tell us what this intelligence was; but that it put an entirely new face upon affairs is certain. Nicholas II had received a thousand words in cipher from William II over the wire from Berlin, and the Peterhof camarilla went into executive session at once.

actionaries listed for assassination by the Lettish revolutionists, seconded the former procurator of the Holy Synod. Nicholas listened to each speaker in turn with the impassive silence habitual to him when the reactionaries gather at his council table, and at last he sent for Stolypin. That meant that the camarilla had carried its point.

UPON the Grand Duke Nicholas fell the responsibility of advocating a return to unconditional absolutism. He brought home to the Czar, according to the gossip that has flown out from Peterhof, the alarming growth of revolutionary spirit in the army. Ignatieff and Trepoff agreed, it seems, that the army could be depended upon if action were immediate; but they would not be responsible for the consequences if the Duma continued its series of incendiary addresses to the several regiments stationed about the capital. Pobiedonostseff had come in from his villa on the Neva in an agitation induced by the discovery of a charged bomb on the writing-table in his study. He was all for dissolution. Pobiedonostseff has lost most of his old-time influence over the mind of Nicholas II, but his knowledge of the precedents and the practice of autocracy makes him indispensable when edicts are in order. Prince Putiatin, one of the re-

STOLYPIN entered the imperial presence that night in the capacity of Minister of the Interior. He quitted it as Prime Minister. Yet he is reliably affirmed to have been dumfounded by this sudden determination to dissolve the Duma. He went so far as to oppose the step. Only a few days before he had been visited by one of his personal friends, Mr. Nicholas Lvoff—or "Prince" Lvoff, as some despatches have it—to whom he averred that rumors of dissolution were altogether premature. Of Stolypin we have only favorable newspaper impressions. Tall, broad-shouldered, in the prime of life, with black beard and mustache, his eyes look straight into those of his interlocutor, says the Reuter despatch, which becomes our authority at this point, and his manner is frank, direct and resolute. His convictions are deeply rooted and he has no hesitation in giving expression to



AFTER THE RUSSIAN POLICE TOOK A HAND

The deputy of the Duma has just been warned that the police are coming. He has accordingly ceased his oration, and the crowd has given itself up to an exchange of political ideas and to those social amenities which Russians never neglect during the most exciting raids.

hem, as the camarilla now found. Peter Akadievitch Stolypin's career has been typically bureaucratic, although in England, according to the London *Saturday Review*, he would be considered a country gentleman of the superior type. He is the son of a general who distinguished himself in the campaign at Sebastopol. Having studied law in St. Petersburg, he was given a post in the Agricultural Department twenty-two years ago, going over subsequently to the Ministry of the Interior. Stolypin made himself an authority on the Russian land question and settled down at Kovno to manage his vast estates. His local prestige became immense, thanks to a natural affability and his strong sense of justice. Four years ago he became governor of Grodno and later of Saratoff, winning renown as the most equitable administrator in the whole bureaucracy. Even the members of the Duma, when Stolypin faced them as Minister of the Interior, found him exquisitely courteous.

WITH wide knowledge of the world—we follow Reuter's despatch here—with wide knowledge of history and of politics, Stolypin had no illusions concerning the Herculean nature of the task he was about to assume at the bidding of his imperial master. He demurred, but he was overruled by the

camarilla's announcement that its decision to dissolve the Duma was irrevocable and by the Czar's command to take office, if only for the briefest period. Now, Stolypin is what Russians term "liberal"; but he found it expedient on this occasion to ask for ample powers of censorship over the press and for authority to suppress the paper liberties theoretically possessed by every Russian out of jail. It was granted without hesitation. Then Pobiedonostseff presented an assortment of ukases, which he had drafted for the emergency. These were now edited by the assembled reactionaries, Nicholas II, it seems, condescending to lend a hand at the labor of redaction. "We," the shy autocrat was made to say in this historic document, "have called the representatives of the nation by our will to the work of productive legislation." Confiding firmly in divine clemency, it goes on, and believing in the long and brilliant future of our people, Nicholas expected benefits for Russia from the Duma's labors. "We proposed great reforms in all departments of the national life. A cruel disappointment has befallen our expectations." But the representatives of the nation, instead of applying themselves to the work of productive legislation, have strayed into spheres beyond their competence. They have made inquiries into the acts of local authori-

ties, established by no less a personage than the Czar. They have been making comments upon the imperfections of the fundamental laws. The peasants, "disturbed by such anomalies," have resorted in a number of districts to open pillage and the destruction of other people's property. So the Duma is bidden begone to make way for a successor scheduled to assemble next year. "We believe," concludes the ukase, "that giants in thought and action will appear."

AFTER much burning of midnight oil, this ukase was brought out on the morrow of the dissolution in such St. Petersburg newspapers as Stolypin left in existence. For this estimable country squire ushered in his administration by such a descent upon the press as had not been witnessed in the capital since the era of the assassinated Von Plehve. Every paper of consequence, with the exception of the *Novoye Vremya*—said to have fallen into German hands recently—and the *Rossia*—semiofficial and protected by a grand duke—was confiscated by Stolypin's orders by the same troops who were driving the deputies from their Tauride Palace. Some of these confiscated dailies got themselves surreptitiously printed and were sold in side-streets when the regimental officers were not looking. But the censors were tolerably vigilant and the daily papers were at a high premium. Objectionable articles were suppressed in proof by police sergeants detailed for the purpose. Private correspondence was opened in the post-office on a scale unprecedented even in Russia. Very few periodicals reached their subscribers unmutated in the era that dawned when the Duma was dissolved.

HAVING recovered from the confusion into which the midnight dissolution had thrown them, the disorganized members of the Duma were soon on their way to Vyborg, in Finland, where they assembled under Mourontseff's guidance in a local hotel. There had developed a certain bitterness of feeling between the Constitutional Democrats, over 150 strong (the dominant element in the Duma), and the so-called "Group of Toil," made up of some hundred deputies, mainly peasants with a sprinkling of workmen. The Constitutional Democrats were told by the angered peasants that Rodichef, Milyoukoff and Kovalevsky had brought about the Czar's *coup d'état*. The dissolution, it was argued, was the reply of Nicholas to the Duma's agrarian manifesto, which, even in a modified form, could only be con-

strued as an overt appeal to the people against the prevailing form of government. Professor Milyoukoff, who, although not a member of the Duma—from which he was excluded by a technicality—is one of the Constitutional Democratic leaders, had confessed the preceding Friday that his party committed the graves tactical blunder. Nevertheless, Milyoukoff retorted with spirit that a Constitutional Democratic ministry might still be in office but for the mysterious communication from Berlin which had so suddenly altered the aspect of affairs at Peterhof.

ALL the bickerings were aggravated by the absence of those leaders who had been wont to pacify the mutual animosities of the different groups. Aladyin, leader of the Group of Toil, was away in London attending the Inter-Parliamentary Conference. With him were Rodichef, the orator; Kovalevsky, the Muscovite constitutional lawyer; Ostrogorsky, Jewish member for Grodno, the famous political writer who has prepared so many of the Duma's bills; and Svetchin, the tall, black-bearded officer of the guards who has become the most liberal Constitutional Democrat of them all. Vinaver, the St. Petersburg lawyer and vice-president of the Constitutional Democracy, had gone to Buda-Pest to participate in a mass-meeting of protest against all forms of autocratic usurpation in Russia. Count Heyden, the aristocratic and long-winded landed proprietor who tries so vainly to impress ideas of conservative reform upon the deputies and who is the undisputed leader of the Moderate Liberals, had departed for his country residence. Ivan Petrunkevitch was in town, but that good old man was so excited that he could not assuage any agitation, not even his own. Mr. Nabokoff, the solitary noble and great landed proprietor who is equally welcome in the society of peasants and the haunts of grand dukes, seems to have been the one cool head left. At his suggestion, it appears, all bickerings were adjourned and a move was made on Vyborg.

VYBORG reached, the horde of deputies and correspondents went in procession to a hotel. Recommendations to the people to refuse to pay taxes and to resist all efforts to enlist them in the army comprise the drastic features of the manifesto they had all by this time resolved to promulgate. The proprietor of the hotel was aghast at the invasion of his premises by such uncompromising men, but, as he subsequently explained to an aide-de-

camp of the Governor-General of Finland, what can one innkeeper and nine waiters accomplish against hundreds of deputies bent on manifesting and scores of correspondents determined to miss nothing? In the famous document so hastily put together on the train the deputies further declare that they had simply demanded the removal of irresponsible ministers who were "oppressing freedom." In that frame of mind and headed by Mourmstseff, they took possession of the main dining-room and locked themselves in. "Primarily," continued the three hundred behind bolt and bar, "we determined to proceed with a law respecting the distribution of land to the working peasants," and this was held to be the only provocation of autocracy to its act of dissolution. The government promises to convoke a new Duma next year, to be sure, went on the manifesto, but "Russia, consequently, must remain without popular representation for seven months" at a time when the people are "on the brink of ruin" and "the whole country is seething with unrest." "For seven months," continues the manifesto, "the government may act arbitrarily and fight against a people yearning for freedom in order to obtain a pliant and servile Duma." As if to render this last morsel more or less pungent, there suddenly came news, communicated by the distracted proprietor of the hotel, that the Governor-General of Finland would issue a proclamation declaring the city of Vyborg in a state of siege unless the deputies at once dispersed. Uproar subsided magically and the members present appended their signatures hurriedly to the manifesto. It concluded with the declaration that until the representatives of the people are again summoned together, Russians must give not a kopeck to the throne and not a soldier to the army. All signed except Count Heyden, and that white-whiskered pacifier's following of one. The count left before the others, declaring that the manifesto was a piece of madness. In a few hours more the deputies had quitted Vyborg and, to the surprise of most of them, they were not arrested wholesale when they reached St. Petersburg again.

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EVEN the most severe eye-strain and the pessimism which, according to Dr. Gould (see article on another page), is caused by it, can hardly enable anyone to see in the industrial statistics of the United States this year anything to grumble over. As one handles the massive to-

tals that are presented one feels like a Titan tossing mountains carelessly about. "Our crops last year approximated in value all the gold produced in the world in thirty years. This year's crops are worth more." It doesn't take long to say that, but how much it means! A corn crop of something over 2,700,000,000 bushels is promised, a cotton crop of 12,000,000 bales more or less, a wheat crop of 770,000,000 bushels. Then comes the further casual announcement that "this will be the first 25,000,000-ton year" for pig-iron, the production for the first *half* of the year surpassing that of any *whole* year prior to 1899. Almost exactly one-half the railroad mileage of the world is now in this one country, and nearly every mile of it all is tremendously busy, and pretty sure to be more so before it is less so. The *Wall Street Journal* recently tabulated a list of eighty-two increases of dividends in the present year paid by big industrial establishments, and before the end of the year, it says, many more concerns will be added to the list. Since then the big Steel Trust has declared a dividend, the first for many years, on its common stock.

HALF a dozen leading railways have in the last five years added from 14 to 78 per cent. to their surpluses available for dividends. The Post-Office Department, "almost as good a business barometer as the railways or the banks," shows an increase in receipts of 42 per cent., as against 33 per cent. last year. A few weeks ago Secretary Shaw sold Panama Canal bonds to the amount of \$30,000,000, bearing interest at but two per cent., and yet they brought 104 in the open market. The debt of France is bearing 3 and 3½ per cent. interest, and British consols bearing 2½ per cent. were selling not very long ago in the eighties. And all this unprecedented prosperity comes in a year when many financiers were shaking their heads with apprehension over the disaster that was going to result from the attacks made upon the big life insurance companies, the meat-packers, and the railroads. The new rate-regulation bill went into effect last month. If this be disaster that has ensued, the nation can stand some more of it without wincing. As the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* recently remarked: "There has never been a time when a large number of people have not wailed aloud that each correction of ancient abuse would destroy prosperity, and yet the country has gone on increasing in wealth and power and character." As if to emphasize this view, the Union Pacific, toward the close of August, declared a semi-annual

dividend of 5 per cent. on its common stock and the Southern Pacific declared a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. semi-annual dividend on its common. As the rate bill goes into effect railroad stocks go soaring, instead, as was first predicted by some, of crashing down toward bankruptcy.

* * *

MANY beautiful visions of a new and far more glorious San Francisco arising in magnificence out of her ruins were indulged in not long ago, especially by those of us who live several thousand miles away. There is no reason why we may not continue to dream such dreams; but the San Franciscans are doing no more dreaming. They are up against hard realities and have something else to do just now besides seeing visions of a city beautiful. The price of lumber has advanced to double the rate a year ago. Mechanics have been striking for higher wages, some of them, plasterers, for instance, getting \$8 a day now. Some of the insurance companies are adjusting claims at the slow rate of two a week, and some are doing no adjusting at all. A writer in San Francisco has been making an estimate for the *Seattle Times* of the material that will be required to rebuild the city as it was. One item in the estimate is, 6,576,000,000 bricks, enough to build a wall five feet high around the earth. There is one brick plant in operation near San Francisco, and it would take it 180 years to turn out these bricks with its present capacity, and the bricks when ready will make 13,154,000 two-horse wagon-loads. If concrete foundations are laid for all buildings, the amount of concrete required will be 4,000,000 cubic yards, which at the present cost of \$5 a cubic yard would mean \$20,000,000 for foundations alone. To supply the stone for the concrete that will be needed for foundations, buildings and sidewalks would take the two quarries now in operation fifteen years. The piling for the large buildings will call for the cutting of 5,000,000 trees, and the lumber required will amount to 10,000,000,000 feet. Of course these figures presuppose new material for every purpose. But there must be millions of bricks in the ruins that can be again used and there must be many foundations that can be rebuilt upon. Nevertheless, it is evident, as the Boston *Herald* says, that "all talk of completing the task in three or five years is idle vaporings." The Burnham plan seems to be laid on the table indefinitely, and Chinatown is being rebuilt on the same old site.

THE immediate outlook for the city is the subject of varying reports, some of them quite discouraging. The San Francisco *Chronicle* analyzes one of these discouraging reports and gives statistics to show that the city is actually "booming." It is true, it admits, that the number of voters and of school-children has considerably diminished for the simple reason that people are too busy for politics and the school-buildings are not all repaired. The bank clearings, however, are larger than last year and the United Railroads, with fewer cars and less mileage, were by the end of June doing 80 per cent. as much business as before the fire and the stock of the company was selling at \$80.50, or only \$2.50 less than in early April. The building permits issued show, however, that three-fifths of the buildings being erected are merely temporary structures. By August 1, over 4,000 wooden, tin, and galvanized iron buildings had been erected. Says a special of *The Evening Post* (N. Y.):

"Wooden and tin buildings or shacks are being scattered through the area of ruin, and the stark, jagged walls, heaps of crumbled bricks and tangle of iron and junk are only a little more offensive to the eye than these bandbox structures. Van Ness Avenue, once a wide and beautiful thoroughfare lined with stately mansions, has become a street of rambling shacks. It hopes to become the wooden shopping centre of the better sort, leaving to Fillmore Street, a typical boom-town lane, the cheaper trade. Some of the store-keepers on these new timber thoroughfares have attempted departures from the usual shack simplicity by plastering gingerbread work on the façades. The results are grotesque and hideous, garish colors having been used for decorative purposes. The interiors of these buildings have been made all that veneer and stain could do for them. Cheap pine and fir have been painted and polished in an effort to obtain mahogany and weathered-oak effects, but the painters and varnishers have been rushed, and the results resemble gaudy Coney Island booths of former years."

Nevertheless, up to August, there had been but one business failure since the disaster, and that was of a whisky concern that was hit hard by the closing of the saloons. The delay in clearing away the débris of falling buildings is explained by a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* as due to the action of insurance companies in refusing permission to clear away the ruins, taking this course in order to delay the settlement of claims. By the first of last month, however, according to this correspondent, great progress was being made, several hundred car-loads of débris a day being taken out on the railways which have laid tracks in the burned district.



VALPARAISO BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

Nearly every building in this Chilean city of about 150,000 inhabitants was either damaged or destroyed by the earthquake shocks. At least eighty-two tremors, according to one despatch, were felt between August the sixteenth and twentieth. The terrestrial movement in the city itself seems to have been distinctly rotary. The ground does not seem to have "heaved" as it did in San Francisco.

EARTHQUAKES, the scientists tell us, are a sign of planetary vitality. The moon has no earthquakes because it is dead. When the earth becomes earthquakeless it also will be dead and uninhabitable. There is some comfort in this knowledge for those of us who do not live in San Francisco or Valparaíso. But the dwellers in those cities must have a rare philosophical spirit if they can derive any comfort at this time from that knowledge. For Valparaíso is just now repeating, on a smaller scale, the experiences of San Francisco. In this, the principal seaport of Chile, a city about one-half as large as San Francisco, a large number of buildings were shaken down on the evening of August 16. Fire followed the earthquake, but the damage inflicted by it was far less than in San Francisco, because most of the buildings in the Chilean city are constructed of adobe with Spanish tiles, frame buildings being an exception. The burnt city dreads the fire. Valparaíso was nearly destroyed eighty-four years ago by earthquake and fire, and has had ample experience of a similar sort since. The whole Andean region seems to have been affected by the recent quake and numerous smaller cities are reported as destroyed. Santiago, the second largest seaport in Chile, was also considerably shaken, and a number of lives were lost there. It will be weeks before the extent of the damage can be measured.

TAKE a globe, and, starting with San Francisco, a great circle can be traced that will pass through Chile, Japan and the East Indies.

In a zone following the line of this great circle, 41 per cent. of all the earthquake shocks recorded have taken place. On another zone, following the general lines of a great circle and passing through the West Indies, the Mediterranean, the Himalaya and Caucasus mountains, 53 per cent. of the earthquakes recorded have taken place. Outside these two zones, but 6 per cent. of the recorded earthquakes, most of them slight, have occurred. Along the line of these two great circles, according to Professor Tarr, of Cornell University, the mountains are still rising, because of the shrinking of the earth, and readjustments of the earth's crust are rendered inevitable. The rising of the mountains is, he says, "proved conclusively" by geological evidence, and in these two zones lie also the great majority of the active volcanoes. It is a serial story, therefore, which Nature seems to be giving us in San Francisco and Valparaíso, the next chapter of which may be looked for usually along the lines of one of these two ominous great circles. If the knowledge of earthquakes and their causes is yet in a very tentative condition, yet science has some triumphs to which to point. Six thousand miles away from Valparaíso, in London, this recent earthquake registered itself on the seismograph so effectively that the scientists in charge could not only measure the intensity, but the distance away. They at once took a globe and located the center of the disturbance on the western coast of South America. Two days later came the news from Valparaíso. The seismograph has become a speedier messenger than the telegraph.

Persons in the Foreground

"THE APOSTLE OF SOCIAL DISCONTENT"



ONCE in a while the New York *Sun* indulges in the utterance of a Delphic oracle, or something that reads like one. Its latest attempt is to this effect:

The next governor of New York State will be a Democrat, and the next Democratic governor will become President.

There are people with bad forgetteries who scout *The Sun's* prophetic abilities; but this prophecy is receiving marked attention, and the question it elicits almost invariably is: Does *The Sun* mean Hearst?

For William Randolph Hearst, who still claims to have been elected mayor of New York City, is making, through his Independence League, a canvass for the gubernatorial

nomination that has attracted attention throughout the country and is sending cold shivers down the spines of many conservative Democrats.

Hearst is now a man of forty-three, and one of the least known, in his personality, of any man in public life. "Hearst is an enigma," one politician is quoted as saying to another in the mayoralty campaign. "No," was the reply, "Hearst is not an enigma; he is a myth." When he was elected to Congress, it was supposed that this mythical person would reveal himself. He has now served two terms and his appearance on the floor of the House of Representatives is almost as rare an occurrence as the appearance of Timothy Sullivan the Big, and he was present at the late session, so they say, less than two hours in all.

For years Mr. James Creelman, now editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, was one of Hearst's newspaper lieutenants. In the September number of his magazine, Mr. Creelman gives the first intimate sketch of Hearst that we have seen with a stamp of authoritativeness upon it. Born in 1863, Hearst was educated in the public schools of San Francisco and in Harvard. "He had an incurable levity, a feverish love for pranks," we are told, and as the result of a practical joke he was suspended from Harvard. He had had some experience before this happened as business manager of the *Harvard Lampoon*, and when he went back home, "shy, gentle and smiling as ever," he informed his father that he wanted the San Francisco *Examiner* turned over to him. The paper had been taken over by Senator Hearst for a bad debt, and he regarded it as "a sure loser," a better property to give to an enemy than to his son. But young Hearst got it and made it vividly "yellow" at once. The work fascinated him, and from that beginning he has gone on to secure his present string of eight dailies, with a combined circulation of two millions, representing an investment of twelve million dollars, and paying a profit, according to Mr. Creelman, of one million dollars yearly. In addition he now owns *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, *Hearst's Home and American Farm*, and *Motor*. There are 4,000 persons on his payrolls and he has something like



MISS MILLICENT WILSON THAT WAS

Since her marriage to William R. Hearst, and especially since the birth of their son, that gentleman's habits, it is said, have greatly improved and his views of life have become more serious.

15,000 correspondents who write on space rates. On one point Mr. Creelman is in error. "The highest salary paid by Mr. Hearst," he writes, "is \$52,000." Mr. Brisbane, according to authority we consider unimpeachable, has now a contract with Mr. Hearst for a salary of \$100,000 a year.

Here is Mr. Creelman's sketch of Mr. Hearst's personal appearance:

"Mr. Hearst is a very tall man. His shoulders are wide and his limbs long and powerful. His face is as unwrinkled and his skin as fine as that of a young girl. The nose is very long and very straight.

"The mouth is small, a curious mouth, which laughs nervously and then suddenly contracts, as if its owner were reluctant to reveal himself. The forehead is broad and high. The eyes are of a singular shade of blue, eyes that smile and grow cold, almost shy, by turns. The jaws are heavy and ominous.

"His hands are big, strong, white and flexible, the hands of a creator, constructor, artist. He has a nervous way of tapping a steady tattoo with his fingers while he talks. His feet sometimes join in a little jiggling movement, wholly unconscious.

"Whatever the innate nature of this astonishing man may be there is no trace in his personality of the indecent ruffianism that has been attributed to him by his enemies. In speech and person and manner he is all softness and refinement; so much so that, but for his stalwart frame and fighting jaws, he would suggest effeminacy. He has the subtle, hypnotic smile of a woman.

"It might be supposed that Mr. Hearst lives in a state of perpetual excitement. The truth is that he is the most placid of humans and finds plenty of time to play. It is hard to believe that this smooth-faced, soft-spoken and tranquil young man of forty-three years who idles in the restaurants, rolls amiably in automobiles, and generally studies the American people from the standpoint of the vaudeville theater, is the master-mind of a movement that keeps a large part of the nation in an uproar.

"In the midst of a great tumult stirred up by the Hearst papers, a friend called on Mr. Hearst. He found the editor stretched on a bed beside his infant son, holding a milk bottle, at which the child tugged vigorously. Now and then the baby would utter a loud squall, whereat Mr. Hearst would pick up his heels delightedly, and cry, "Uxtry! Uxtry! Uxtry edition!"

Mr. Creelman adds his testimony to that of others, to the effect that Mr. Hearst is not a vain and incompetent rich man managed by a band of clever employees. "There is no keener mind or stronger will in the country," asserts Creelman; he is "the real master, the inspiration and the administrative genius of his system of newspapers and political agencies."

Arthur Brisbane, the editor of *The Evening Journal*, spoke before the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of this city, in October of last year, on "The Newspaper and Religion,"

and after the address answered a number of pointed questions about his chief. One of them was whether it is true, as has been charged, "that Hearst is a debauchee of a peculiarly depraved type." Mr. Brisbane's answer was:

"I know that this charge has been widely circulated. But I lived in the same house with Mr. Hearst for three years, and I know of nothing whatever to support it. He is a man who never drinks, who works hard every day until two or three o'clock in the morning. He is a big, strapping fellow, a man of domestic habits, and his little boy is a marvel of health and vigor."

Mr. Hearst's career in Congress has been severely criticized, chiefly on the ground of his abundant absence from the sessions. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* endeavors to explain if not to justify his career. Hearst is in Congress, we are told, as an apostle of social discontent. He does not care to attend the sessions except when something bearing on his own definite line of policy is involved. "He was on hand when labor bills were up; any chance to advance his socialistic principles did not find him idle." But he takes an active part only in those things wherein he may lead. His position in the



WIFE OF A SENATOR—MOTHER OF A WOULD-BE GOVERNOR

Miss Phebe Apperson was a school-teacher before she married George F. Hearst, who became a multi-millionaire and United States Senator, leaving a fortune of \$17,000,000. She is greatly interested in kindergarten work.

House, aside from his captaincy of what is known as "the Hearst brigade," consisting of about a dozen members, is one of isolation and aloofness. "He is not a mixer, and the majority of Democrats were as aloof from him as he from them." Whenever he made a fight for one of his measures on the floor, "the Democratic party in the House was smitten and frozen with a torpidity like that of the Sleeping Beauty's court, as if Hearst had been a political fairy godmother weaving a spell of lethargy; and on their motionless ranks there sat a silence so ostentatious that it was fairly blatant."

In committee-room work, however, this correspondent tells us, Mr. Hearst has been much more attentive to his political duties. He is on the Labor Committee and has taken great interest in those measures—the eight-hour, convict labor and anti-injunction bills—the failure of which has sent the Federation of Labor into the political arena this year. A picture is presented to us of Mr. Hearst trying to add the eight-hour bill as a rider to the naval appropriation bill in 1904:

"Mr. Hearst surprised everybody by coming and there was the usual craning of necks in the gallery and the usual ostentatious indifference on the floor. Then began one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed in Congress, and one absolute without precedent. Without uttering a word except in a whisper; sitting on the small of his back with one long knee in the air, and apparently having nothing to do with the debate, for three quarters of an hour he kept the House in a turmoil. He issued assignments to his followers, if he were issuing them to his reporters in a newspaper office, first to one and then to another, only instead of assignments to write 'stories,' there were assignments to offer amendments, make speeches or rise to parliamentary points.

"The old-line Democrats looked on silently at the curious scene. The members of 'the Hearst brigade' would come over to their chief one after another and get their assignments. Immediately afterwards the man assigned to the work would arise and throw a new bomb into the Republican side. All this time the chief never changed his position except once when he walked around and give an assignment personally to Mr. Livermore—who was formerly a reporter on Mr. Hearst's San Francisco paper. Throughout the fight he was a reversed and unsophisticated tourist in the galleries never suspected that the silent man sitting crouched in his chair had anything to do with the fight; much less that he was the head center of it.

THE CHICAGO GIRL WHO REIGNED IN THE EMPIRE OF THE MOGULS

DYING when only a little past thirty, yet rounding out nearly seven years of pomp as the wife of the Viceroy of India, Lady Curzon of Kellston had well-nigh ceased to live in the memory of Americans as the Miss Mary Victoria Leiter that was—the heiress who married plain Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon in 1895. Miss Leiter, the Chicago girl whose family had made and lost so much in "corners" of one kind and another, had been metamorphosed by wedlock into the queen of a palace at Calcutta and of a viceregal bungalow at Simla. Seated in a silver howdah upon saddle cloths of gold stars on an enormous tusker elephant lent by the Maharaja of Bulrampur, she had regularly outshone all the princes of India at every Durbar. She never seemed to have lost the Chicago spirit. Her motto was always "I will!" To imply a connection between this well-known fact and that iciness of intercourse which marked her relations with other American girls whose husbands also happened to be lords were to consider too curiously, perhaps. It is mat-

ter of society gossip in London that American heiresses who marry "rank" do not always blend harmoniously in the new sphere. And Lady Curzon possessed what Lord Macaulay has termed anfractuosities of disposition. But she was very, very lovely in white satin.

It did seem as if the last few years of her life had been arranged for her by the malignant gods. Her father had died in the June of 1900. She was in mourning much of the time thereafter. She had lost a considerable fraction of her private fortune. She had lost favor in a certain smart set supposed to be powerful especially in London. Worse than all, she lost her health. The illness that carried her off a few weeks since dated almost from the birth of the youngest of her three daughters. The eldest of these is now over ten, the next is eight and the youngest is in her third year, having been born in London early in 1904. Lady Curzon was never in perfect health after the birth of this child, to which the Queen of England stood sponsor. For a time her long and serious illness threatened to terminate fatally in

the year of her father's death. Lord Curzon, back in England after the expiration of his term of office as Viceroy, had just been reappointed to that exalted dignity. But he deferred his departure for Calcutta again and again. In the end he had to go to India without his wife.

Lord Curzon has been pronounced the least likable and the most brilliant of viceroys. His wife sacrificed herself to the qualities that made him so. She was too blindly devoted to his interests, too much in love with him, indeed, to see things from any point of view but his. She took no pains to conciliate his foes because, as she appears to have believed, being his foes, they were wrong. Lord Curzon quarreled with Lord Kitchener out in India and matters were not mended from the wife's point of view by the fact that Lord Kitchener is a woman-hater. But the real woman in the case,

whisper the gossips who take note of these things, was in London all the time. She was a duchess, or so the story runs. She, too, had come from America. She, too, had millions. She, too, had a husband with ambitions along lines parallel to the ambitions of Lord Curzon. But the lady in London belonged to an American family with a traditional disdain for Chicago birth. Where Lady Curzon's motto was "I will!" the other's was "I won't!" Some curious gossip might be retailed on the subject of the feud.

Lord Curzon threw up his viceroyalty last year, not, to be sure, in a pet—he is too conscientious to act from purely personal motives—but because he was not supported at home. Lord Kitchener won a triumph. The truth is, say gossips, that Lady Curzon was struck at,



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ON HER WEDDING MORN

Miss Mary Victoria Leiter was worth, according to the calculations of those who profess to know, something like three million dollars on the day of her marriage to Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, who is here shown as a mere private secretary to Lord Salisbury. Mr. Curzon was made Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Viceroy of India a short time after his union with the American heiress.

nature and some with the symptoms of physical infirmity. Lady Curzon had both. But no one ever denied the exquisite distinction of her appearance, the perfect taste combined with barbaric gorgeousness—for she could thus blend impossibles—that characterized her costume in the ancient empire of the Moguls. During her residence in India her name would certainly have appeared on any accurate list of the world's best dressed women. Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, in his recent work on India, has told us how Lady Curzon, as wife of the Viceroy, would wear nothing but Indian stuffs. It was one of the innumerable forms assumed by her devotion to her husband and his devotion to India. She made herself, says Mr. Curtis, an invaluable commercial agent for the manufacturers of the higher class of native

too. She paid the penalty of hailing from Chicago. The turn of a hand would have won Lord Curzon the personal support for want of which his career suffered its great rupture of continuity. That duchess in London prevented the right thing from being said or done at a psychological moment. Lady Curzon's existence ever since has been described by one who knew her as a single-handed struggle with death.

The direct and level glance of her eyes was in harmony with a certain severity of mien rarely laid aside by Lady Curzon. Hers was not the playful, pouting type of beauty. The chin was too long, too firm. The mouth, which no admirer considered particularly small, was absolutely straight, the lips thin, often compressed. She had that tendency to prominence of cheekbone and the long oval face which some physiognomists associate with poetical dreaminess of



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

AT THE ZENITH OF HER CAREER

Lady Curzon is represented here on the terrace of her bungalow in Cashmere, India, arrayed in a costume made entirely of native stuffs. Her ladyship kept eleven dress-makers constantly employed on the hundreds of dresses worn by her in the course of each year. It is said of Lady Curzon that she never used a pair of gloves the second time or wore the same dress twice. This is not strict fact, although her wardrobe filled thirty-nine trunks on her return to England from India.

fabrics. She made many of them fashionable in Calcutta and Simla. Inaccessible as she was to the mob of millionaires from America, she always had leisure enough to place orders to Indian silk weavers even when those orders came to her from perfect strangers. She kept several of the best artists in India busy in this way.

As Lady Curzon grew familiar with her pompous environment she seemed to develop a passion for ceremonial. Her Indian life was at the end one uninterrupted pageant. The social functions became parades of titled beings in flamboyant garments to the blare of trumpets. She glided from the portals of the palace with escorts of giant warriors of the Sikh tribe, who, as Mr. Curtis explains in his book,*

wear dazzling uniforms of red, turbans as big as bushel baskets and devices as amazing as the fierceness of their faces.

Lady Curzon managed her housekeeping with the aid of a comptroller-general who had 150 domestic servants under him, not to mention the stable of forty horses. The number of her ladies-in-waiting was legion in recent years, while her secretaries and maids-of-honor outnumbered those of the Queen in London. The Chicago girl marched in pale aloofness through the spectacular impressiveness of her environments as steadily as if she were a comet sweeping along the Milky Way.

An invitation to one of Lady Curzon's receptions was an event in any life. Peer-prized the honor. Chicago speculators—when they ever got as far as India—aspired to it with the desire of the night for the morning. But the wife of the Viceroy taught people their places. There was a big book at Calcutta in Lady Curzon's day, wherein transient visitors were privileged to write their names, their home addresses, their occupations, the time they expected to stay and the place at which they might be stopping. From these lists, as we learn from Mr. Curtis's volume, the invitations were made out—provided the stranger in town had already been presented by some person of importance well known at court. For it was always a "court" to Lady Curzon.

The lucky wights with invitations had to arrive by nine, when the ladies were separated from their escorts and paraded through colonnaded corridors to the gracious presence. There she sat, high on a throne, canopied in gold, bejeweled, beautiful. Only to pass before such loveliness and do it homage with reverential obeisances was heaven. On either side were the princely descendants of the heroes of all the Sanskrit epics, standing in mute worship of the luminary unextinguished by their own united brilliance and the blaze of light in every corner of the vast audience hall. And there was always the glorious possibility of being noticed, of seeing those inscrutable lips of Lady Curzon's parted in a smile of recognition. For she seemed usually frozen forever in the same pose. It was not possible, even with that flaming and eye-compelling background, to see anything but the one wonderful woman. Nor, now that she is gone, can one think her out of the picture any more than one can think away the notion that there is a something in life besides pomp and that Lady Curzon missed it.

*MODERN INDIA. By William Eleroy Curtis. Fleming H. *THE MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO, PORFIRIO DIAZ. By



Courtesy of the John Lane Company, N. Y.

THE HOME OF PRESIDENT DIAZ WHEN HE FARMED FOR A LIVING

It is situated in the ancient Aztec town of Tlaxcotalpam and is the memorial of a period of great happiness in the life of the maker of Mexico. In the closed door at the left farmer Diaz was wont to sit of an evening smoking cigarettes (he no longer smokes) and twanging his guitar. It was the one period of his life when, as he pathetically expresses it himself, he could sleep whenever he was tired.

THE MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO

CLAD in a blue serge suit and romping with his grandchildren, Porfirio Diaz, serving his seventh term as President of the Mexican Republic, suggests anything but the Oliver Cromwell of the New World. But his career has been not unlike that of the Lord Protector. Diaz and Cromwell each overthrew a monarch. Diaz and Cromwell were gentlemen farmers of comparatively humble origin. Neither Diaz nor Cromwell began his public career until after having attained ripe maturity—about the age



Courtesy of the John Lane Company, N. Y.

THE OYSTER BAY OF MEXICO'S MAN OF DESTINY

It is known as Chapultepec Castle, and during the summer months President Diaz lives here almost in retirement with his wife. There are occasional social gatherings at which the President's wife dispenses tea and cake. Chapultepec has been an abode of Mexico's rulers since the time of Montezuma.



Courtesy of the John Lane Company, N. Y.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND IN MEXICO

Madame Diaz is one of three ladies of Spanish birth famous throughout Mexico as the greatest beauties of a generation noted for its feminine loveliness.

of forty-six. Here the parallel ends. Diaz dreads conveying the idea that he is royal or the sovereign of the commonwealth. Even when elected President for the second time he avoided all show. He did not wish the people to suppose he was tending toward self-aggrandizement or wished to copy royalty in any way. He would not even let his coachman wear livery at first. That coachman was an Englishman, but on the box he appeared in a Mexican costume and a big black felt sombrero hat. Not until many years had elapsed did the President put his servants into livery and have a second man on the box. To-day

the coachman wears small cockades of the republican colors. That is as far as Diaz has gone in the way of public ostentation of a personal kind. Moreover, he is not a rich man.

In giving us these particulars, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in an elaborate study of the maker of modern Mexico, which has just appeared,* is enabled from her intimate acquaintance with her illustrious subject to go much into detail. She shows us the daily life of the President as it has never been revealed before.

He is the simplest of men in his tastes, evidently. He rarely touches wine, which he gave up at a time when he was prone to headaches, and he never even smokes nowadays—are remarkable things for a Mexican. The adjectives associated with his personality by Mrs. Tweedie are "calm," "reserved," "determined," and "strong." The great love of his life is for children, and if they happen to be his own grandchildren he becomes playful and merry, not in the least suggestive of the fact that he is half-way between seventy and eighty. It is only because he is so old, he declares, that he does not set about the study of English, a language he deeply regrets that he cannot speak. His children and grandchildren are familiar with it, much to the President's satisfaction. It will facilitate their getting on in the world, as he puts it, and is the more a necessity inasmuch as the maker of modern Mexico has never indulged in nepotism. His only son, Captain Porfirio Diaz, born in 1872, although the holder of a commission in the army, makes his own way in the world as chief engineer to a great construction company. There are two Diaz daughters, Luz, married to a very rich man, and Amada, the wife of a Mexican capitalist. But President Diaz has refrained from magnifying their position as his children, for to be the founder of a dynasty has never been his aim. There are several grandchildren, two of them bearing the President's name, but the general has never shown the least indication of a tendency to raise them to high positions in the state.

General Diaz is always an early riser. By six in the morning he is generally dressed. He takes a cup of coffee and begins his day by opening the mail. This is at his private residence in the capital, for his official home is used by him for state functions only. The general's rule is to open his letters himself and make note of the replies. At nine every morning his carriage is ready and off he goes to the official residence of the Mexican President.

*THE MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO, PORFIRIO DIAZ. BY Mrs. Alec Tweedie. John Lane Company.

dent—the Palace, as it is called. Here his rooms are close to the great Zocolo, from which hundreds, almost thousands, of electric cars arrive and depart daily. The Palace is surrounded by soldiers. Driving into the yard, the general is met by the governor of the palace and by the military chief-of-staff, besides two equerries for the week. These last take that duty by rotation.

Upstairs lightly runs the President, for those seventy-six years of his do not trouble him. He rarely uses the elevator. From nine to one o'clock every day he transacts business of state. Each member of the cabinet has two audiences weekly, and some have three. Between the cabinet audiences Diaz sometimes sees private individuals. At about ten o'clock strawberries or fruit of some kind are brought in, and the President allows himself a few moments' leisure. Otherwise, an unceasing stream of business goes on from nine until one. At that hour, or as soon afterward as he can get away, a little coupé, with a pair of handsome horses, two men in dark-green livery, with red, white and green republican cockades, emerge from the inner court and off home goes the general to his dinner. By that time he has been working for six or seven hours. This midday meal is a very simple affair, for the home life of Diaz is very home-like. More often than not he and his wife dine quite alone, or at most with some members of the Diaz family.

Three days a week the President goes back to the Palace at about half-past three and remains there until seven, at the disposition of anyone and everyone who wishes to see him. There he sits alone. Quite unattended, the President sees his countrymen and personally hears their grievances. A list is submitted to him, generally of sixty or seventy names. Diaz picks from the list the names he prefers to have precedence and then the millionaire and the Indian native are seen in turn. On his table are lettered stamp pads headed with the names of the respective departments of state, and while the visitor explains himself Diaz makes notes under the name of the department to which the subject applies. Diaz then promises a reply within a certain time unless an immediate decision is taken, which not infrequently happens.

It is a strange sight, that procession waiting for an audience with Diaz—the frock-coated, silk-hatted German capitalist, the unconventional American mining engineer, the London company promoter, the boy from the ranch in cowboy clothes and pistol in his belt, or the Indian squaw with her baby tied on her back.



Courtesy of the John Lane Company, New York.

SERVING HIS SEVENTH TERM AS MEXICO'S PRESIDENT

Gen. Porfirio Diaz is seventy-six; he gets up at six o'clock every morning, he runs upstairs like a boy, has splendid sight, and is something of an athlete.

Diaz sees them all and decides their petitions very often on the spot. The extraordinary appearance of some of the rough characters who thus gain admittance to the President's audience room prompted Mrs. Alec Tweedie to ask him once if he had a pistol in his pocket.

Diaz laughed.

"Pistol!" he said. "No. I have not had such a thing in my hand for years."

It is this direct contact with the people that keeps Diaz in touch with his country in a personal sense. No bureaucrats intervene, no secretaries bar the way. Every man and every woman who wishes to see Diaz can see him

and see him alone—Diaz makes a point of that—regardless of the absurd or impossible character of the business to be laid before the President.

Madame Diaz is a second wife. The pair have been wedded nearly a quarter of a century, she being the daughter of a distinguished lawyer, Don Manuel Romero Rubio. The education of Carmen Diaz is advanced, according to Spanish standards. She is a linguist, proficient in the accomplishments of the well-born Spanish woman, withal a good housekeeper, and a number of years her husband's junior. The President's three children are by the first marriage and they are not much younger than their stepmother. For some score of years the general and his second wife have lived happily at Cadena, the unofficial residence in Mexico City. In the summer it has been their wont to move out to the Castle of Chapultepec, which is the President's official summer residence. The view from this rustic home is magnificent, and on the balcony at evening Madame Diaz dispenses tea and cakes to her guests, while the

President occupies a chair near her. Madame Diaz has a quiet and refined dignity; she is tall and dark and with her two beautiful sisters she makes up the domestic circle at Chapultepec. There seems no doubt that Madame Diaz has been of inestimable aid to her husband in his official career. She is a woman of immense tact, sedulous in distracting the President's mind from the cares of office and unobtrusive in easing the strain of his advanced years. She is socially a great contrast to the husband, being well born and well educated, whereas Diaz is the son of a man who kept an inn, while the President's mother was of even humbler rank in life. The youth of Porfirio was spent in hard work and he had little schooling. But he is not illiterate, as some biographers have asserted, while the story that he married by proxy in early life is without foundation. The first wife of Diaz was Delfina Ortega y Reyes, and her loss left him with three young children to whom his second wife has been, as far as the nature of the case permitted, a true mother.

THE GREATEST OF MONEY-LENDERS



F it is success to live ninety years on earth to earn the title of "the king of puts and calls," then Russell Sage was successful. He was probably the greatest individual money-lender in the world. He had, it is estimated, as much as twenty-seven million dollars out at one time on "call loans" in Wall Street, and he never made a business failure. Everything was subordinated to pecuniary considerations. After terminating, fifty years ago, a rather promising political career, he never participated to a notable extent in any civic or philanthropic movement. He did not patronize the fine arts. He did not care for any of the luxuries that wealth brings. He got none of the pleasure money can give except the pleasure of possession and the consciousness of financial power. That was what he lived for, and when a man gets what he wants in this world, and keeps it to the end, he is adjudged successful. Here, in brief, is the adverse judgment which the world has formed of the man, as expressed in an editorial in the New York *Evening Post*:

"Every country village has its keen money-lender, ready to screw the last cent from his neighbors, on mortgage or note. Russell Sage was this village skin-flint writ large. He op-

erated in the market of the continent; but the magnitude of the enterprises in which he shared did not expand his mind or quicken his sense of responsibility. From the individual in his grip he relentlessly exacted the pound of flesh; and he never made even a pretence of reparation in the form of public benefactions. He wanted money; he got it; he kept it."

He was not a type of the rich man of to-day; he belonged to a class that has been growing more and more rare. And when contrasted with some of the rich men of a more modern type—with Schwab and Corey, for instance—there is much to be said in Sage's favor.

He began poor, the youngest of six children. Just before his birth, his father, discouraged with his prospects in Connecticut, started to move West. That was in 1816, when "moving West" meant an ox-team and an emigrant wagon. He had reached Sconodoah, N. Y., on the way to Michigan, when Russell put in an appearance. That caused a delay, during which the head of the family looked around and concluded that the neighborhood suited him. He settled down, staying two years, then moving into Oneida County. Russell's boyhood was spent on a farm "doing chores" and going to the district school in the winter. When twelve he became an errand boy in his brother's



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

"THE KING OF PUTS AND CALLS"

The late Russell Sage renounced a brilliant political career to become the greatest individual money-lender of his age. It was he who named Millard Fillmore for Vice-President, the death of Zachary Taylor making Fillmore President. "If I had to live the last sixty years of my life over again," said Sage shortly before his death, "I would make practically no change."

grocery. He joined a debating society, read useful books, and saved money out of his wages of four dollars a month. When he reached voting age, he had acquired quite a tidy little sum and was taken into partnership by another brother in the retail grocery business in Troy, the sale of "wet goods" being a not unimportant part of the business. But that was in 1837, when preachers and everybody else drank and "temperance movements" had hardly begun. Two years later he bought out his brother's interest, and a little later sold out at a considerable profit, just as the temperance sentiment was making itself felt. He went at once into partnership with John P. Bates in the wholesale grocery business. When twenty-five years of age Russell Sage had already acquired \$75,000, exclusive of his business interest, and was a man of excellent financial reputation and of considerable political influence in the Whig party. When he was twenty-six he was able to buy out his partner for \$150,000, and he never had another business partner.

He became politically active. Elected treasurer of Rensselaer County, he straightened out the badly muddled accounts of the office and for several years administered affairs to the general satisfaction of the community. As a delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1848 he played an important part in the nomination of Zachary Taylor, though Henry Clay was his first choice; and it was he who picked out Millard Fillmore for Vice-President. Naturally he had influence with the administration when the Whig ticket was elected, and he was chosen by Thurlow Weed as an emissary to Taylor to bring about a reconciliation between the President and Senator Seward. In 1850 Sage was nominated for Congress and defeated. Two years later he was elected, and two years later still re-elected. The preservation of Washington's Mount Vernon house by the Government was due to his initiative, and he was an active member of the Ways and Means Committee. He was an excellent parliamentarian, and from the first participated in debates on the floor of the House. He kept his business going, without diminution, but the panic of 1857 rendered it necessary for him to withdraw from politics and give business his undivided attention. In 1861 he was worth three-quarters of a million, and then he went into Wall Street, where he operated largely as a money-lender until his death.

Some of the sayings in which Sage summed up his business experiences and his general observations of life, are as follows:

"I have always made it a rule of my life never

to invest in anything that I could not examine for myself."

"Wealth cannot become a burden unless it is foolishly invested. When you have your money in safe hands it cannot help being a comfort to you."

"Any man can earn a dollar, but it takes a wise man to use it. This has been my motto from the very start of my business career."

"I saved the first dollar I ever earned, and from that hour I have never been in debt to a human being for a cent that was not ready when due."

"There is no such thing as the money curse; a good man cannot have too much money."

"Fifty cents is enough for a straw hat; it will last two seasons."

"The tender care of a good wife is the finest thing in the world."

"I think the vacation habit is the outgrowth of abnormal or distorted business methods. I fail to see anything legitimate in it."

"I fear the centralization of big industries in the hands of five or six men will prove a big mistake. When half a dozen men control the business and financial policy of a great industry, a single error of judgment will plunge the whole nation into financial loss and ruin."

His views of economy earned for him the title of miser, and the popular opinion of him is that he deserved the title. Henry Clews, the banker, who was a close friend of Sage's, contradicts this. Says Mr. Clews:

"Mr. Sage was not a mean man, nor was he a miser. His family was impecunious, and he was taught to save money early in life. Like other wealthy men who have been taught the value of economy, Mr. Sage began by saving his pennies, and the policy had become a part of his nature. He was always close and always placed his money where it would be most advantageous. His money was always kept in good working order.

"He was an American and believed in his country. I know how this broadened him. His closeness did not interfere with the business of the country, and probably no one in the financial world caused more money to circulate than he did. He did not hoard his money and was always free lender.

"He had a horror of extravagance in any form. He said to me once: 'If I want to ride a few blocks, why should I pay a couple of dollars for a cab when I can walk the distance and get the benefit of the exercise, or get in a car and ride the distance for five cents?'"

"One day some years ago I was with Mr. Sage, when he called my attention to a pair of trousers which he wore. After I had given my opinion on the cut and good quality of the trousers, he confided to me that he had discarded the trousers about five years before because they were out of fashion. He said that he had carefully folded them and laid them away on a shelf in his closet. 'Now, you see,' he said, 'they have come in fashion again, and do you see that crease down the front of the legs? Well, I never had them pressed. They come that way from being laid away, and now they are the latest cut.'"

He was a regular attendant at the Presbyterian Church at Far Rockaway, though not a

member. He was abstemious and regular in all his habits, and lived "the simple life" outside of business hours.

The most dramatic event in his life was the attempt of one Norcross to extort a loan from him for one million dollars, and, failing in this, to kill him with a dynamite bomb. The story was told by Sage himself on the witness-stand:

"I went out, and, looking through the little partition, I saw a young man sitting on the bench. He had a dark beard somewhat pointed. 'What is it you wish?' I asked him.

"He simply handed me a card on which was written 'H. D. Wilson' and said he was from Mr. Rockefeller. All this while I was on the inside of the partition and he stood outside looking intently at me. After I had glanced at the card he thrust in a typewritten paper. The words were 'I hold in this package ten pounds of dynamite, sufficient to blow this building and all its occupants to instant death. I demand from you \$1,000,000. Unless I get it at once I will explode this dynamite and kill every person in the building.'

"I knew at once he was a lunatic, because any sane man knows that no man, however wealthy, has a million dollars in ready money about him. I thought of that and of what I should do. Could I gain time? That was the point. If I could parley with him I might save myself and all the others in the building. I was cool and collected. I felt it was the time to keep my wits about me. I looked at the man and then began reading the paper again, and then I said:

"I have an appointment here to meet a gentleman that I made yesterday. It will not take more than two minutes for me to attend to it. If you will wait until then—"

"Immediately the man interrupted me with the words, 'I understand then that you refuse.' At the same time he raised the valise in his right hand. His pose was dramatic. It was a terrible moment, and he made it more awful by saying, 'I have but to throw down this valise to kill every one in the building.' When he spoke to me about refusing I answered: 'Why, no, not at all. Do I look like a man who would say a thing and not intend to do it?'

"While we were having this talk Mr. Laidlaw came in. I opened the door in the partition for him. Right behind him crowded the madman. It was a relief to me to have Laidlaw come, but his presence did not do any good. The crank stood on the threshold. He was glaring at me. I had just finished my last sentence when the man raised the bag and dropped it.

"It was miraculous that I was not killed. I was stunned, dazed, and when I recovered consciousness Mr. Laidlaw was lying across my knees."



PROBABLY THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN IN AMERICA

Russell Sage, it is said, never made a better bargain than when he secured the hand of Miss Margaret Olivia Slocum, of Syracuse, a direct descendant of the famous Miles Standish. She is affable, cultured and philanthropic, and by his will becomes possessor of nearly all his fortune, approximating one hundred millions.

The present Mrs. Sage, who now becomes one of the wealthiest women in the world, was Mr. Sage's second wife. She was Miss Margaret Olivia Slocum, of Syracuse, and his friends assert that his marriage with her was the best of all the many good bargains he ever made. She is a graduate of the Emma Willard Seminary, of Troy, an institution to which she has given substantial aid. After graduation she taught school until ill-health forced her to desist. She is a direct descendant from the famous Miles Standish, and she is much interested in charitable work, Helen Gould being one of her intimate advisers. "She has seventy widows on her visiting list," is one of the statements made of her. She is a discriminating reader, a good converser, dresses very simply, and is said to be of engaging personality.

Literature and Art

IS THE NOVEL BEING SUPERSEDED?

LITERARY critics and editorial writers on both sides of the Atlantic have lately been expressing, with surprising unanimity, the opinion that the modern novel has had its day and is destined to be superseded by some other literary form. In view of the enormous circulation of fiction at the present time, this opinion is startling, to say the least. Several of the writers referred to base their prophecy, paradoxically enough, on the very universality of the novel's appeal. Their argument might be summed up thus: Everybody, nowadays, tries not only to read novels, but to write them, and the result is that fiction is falling to a lower and lower estate. "Women," says the author of an article in the *London Daily Telegraph*, "are the great writers of novels at the present time, and apparently are the great consumers of them. . . . The triumph of the amateur, the universal conquest of the world by amateurishness, obviously tends to degrade the very conception of art."

The two most striking American utterances on this subject during recent weeks have been those of Louise Collier Willcox in *The North American Review* and of Norman Hapgood in *Collier's Weekly*. The first-named writer speaks emphatically:

"The main reflection to which one is brought by looking over modern novels is that the novel is a passing form; it has had its day and must cease. It has been overdone and cheapened until it is difficult to take even the finest novels with seriousness. The external novel, the novel that lacks brooding and profundity of truth and force of emotion, is simply negligible; and the novel of mental process, in this age of tottering faiths and insecure philosophies, is apt to be too painful to convey the pleasure which should be given by a work of art."

Mr. Hapgood agrees that the novel's "greatest vogue, relative to other reforms, apparently has passed." Moreover, he adds, "there is now a demand for better novels than there was five years ago." Referring to a physician's recent argument that "the mind is weakened by excess of stimulation in the newspapers," Mr. Hapgood writes:

"A similar charge can at least as plausibly be brought against addiction to novels to the exclusion of other literature. 'The habit,' said Cole-

ridge, 'of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading.' The novel 'prevents the pain of vacancy' and leaves the soul 'flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.' Thackeray said that novels were sweets. Sweets have their place in a well-ordered diet, and women and children need more of them than men. There are differences, however, even among sweets, and cheap green candy has seldom been of benefit to those by whom it is consumed."

Harper's Weekly also has emphatic views on this question. It thinks that America produces "the most trifling fiction in the whole world."

"Any one who makes it his pleasure or his business to follow the drift of our modern fiction must ask himself over and over again why the stream should continue to be so copious and so shallow; why our novels and tales, are so meagre and so banal. One can read twenty novels, one after another, of the average output, and rise up guiltless of a new idea or emotion, unnourished by anything but a string of words and a few negligible situations."

"If one turn from this and pick up a Russian novel, what a wealth of life files before us, what types of breathing, moving humanity, what chains of cause and effect, what a mass of reflection and suggestion, and what depth of conception! Again one turns and wonders why we, of all nations, are doomed to produce the most trifling fiction in the whole world. . . ."

"Novel-writing has degenerated and fallen to the same level as rag-time and chromos. . . . Even now it is said that the publishers' lists contain fewer novels than for many past years. Let us take heart, and hope the demand is dying out."

If, as is so widely affirmed, the novel is losing its hold, the question naturally arises, What is to take its place? To this question many answers have been given. The *London Academy* avers that "the best work nowadays is being done in biography, history, criticism and works that combine creation with compilation." On the other hand, *The Quarterly Review* (London) registers its conviction that "the finest work of the prose imagination shows a drawing toward the compacter, less redundant, expression to be found in drama." This view is substantially that of Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, whose recent contention that the novel "may have to face an acute rivalry of the drama in the first



"THE GLORIFICATION OF LABOR"

A work colossal in its nature and conception, upon which Constantin Meunier was engaged at the time of his death. The incompleted monument (as shown above) is now being exhibited in Berlin.

half of the twentieth century" was noted in the May issue of *CURRENT LITERATURE*. But Professor Matthews is also deeply impressed by "the extraordinary expansion of the short-story" in our day, and hints that *this* may be the dominant literary form of the future. Writing in *Munsey's Magazine* (August), he says:

"At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the drama was the dominating literary form. In the eighteenth century, the essay in its turn attracted the attention of almost every man of letters. In the nineteenth century, the essay lost its popularity, just as the drama had lost its supremacy a hundred years earlier; and prose fiction, borrowing much from both of these prede-

cessors, attained a universal vogue and insisted on recognition as the equal of the drama, which had formerly claimed an indisputable precedence. At the end of the nineteenth century no competent critic could deny that this had been the era of the novel; but even more indisputably has it been the era of the short-story.

"Now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, there are signs that the drama is again alive in our literature, and that it is winning back adherents from the ranks of the novelists. But this rivalry of the drama, whatever effect it may have upon the novel, is not likely to interfere with the short-story, which, as we have seen, stands apart by itself. Probably there is no rashness in a prophecy that the short-story will flourish even more luxuriantly in the immediate future than it has flourished in the immediate past."

THE HEROIC SIDE OF MEUNIER'S ART

THE genius of Rodin so overshadows contemporary European sculpture that one is apt to lose sight of the fact that there are other Titans in the background, not as towering, indeed, as the creator of "The Gate of Hell," but of a majestic stature and worthy of the best traditions of the sculptor's art. Constantin Meunier, the Belgian artist, who died in the Spring of 1905, and whose achievement was reviewed at some length in these pages last September, possessed talents in some respects as original and significant as those of Rodin himself. When stricken by death he was in the midst of a

great work which he intended to be the culmination of his career. This work, colossal in its nature and conception, was to be known as "The Glorification of Labor." Ideally appropriate as the masterpiece of an artist whose life was summed up in the word "labor," and who lived and wrought in a country in which labor has a dominance possessed nowhere else in the Old World, it was destined to be a monument to those obscure toilers who, in Meunier's thought, are the builders of a civilization that despises and crushes them.

Of the difficulties attending the creation of "The Glorification of Labor," M. Gustave Van-



"THE OUTRAGED CHRIST"

Pronounced one of the finest studies of the kind made in recent times. Meunier seems to sum up in this single figure all the wrongs of the lowly and oppressed.

zype, a writer in the Parisian publication, *L'Art*, has this to say:

"The last years of the artist were of striking and even epic grandeur. He had exhibited the model of the great monument which was to be known as 'The Glorification of Labor,' and the work had been received with enthusiasm. The Belgian Government had been requested to make its realization possible, but political considerations caused the desire of the public officials to be set aside. Time passed. Meunier, however, did not wait for an official decision. He resolved to execute the project on his own account. He knew that his days were numbered and felt that his strength was being undermined. Without the slightest idea of how the expense was to be defrayed he set about the preparation of his clay figures and bas-reliefs, exhibiting each year one or two completed fragments.

"When at the end of two years the government decided to purchase these fragments, not for erection as a complete monument, but for exhibi-

tion in a special hall of the new Brussels Museum, only two bas-reliefs remained unfinished."

The almost completed group has been lately taken to Berlin, together with other of Meunier's works, and is at present attracting much attention in art circles. Though not arranged as originally planned by the artist, it is even in its present form a noble work. Meunier intended that it should form a cube, with four sides covered with bas-reliefs and the figure of "The Sower" on top as the dominating feature. It was found that such an arrangement was not feasible for exhibition purposes. In the present grouping the bas-reliefs form a semi-circle with the statue of "The Sower" occupying the center. At each end of the semi-circle and at the points where the reliefs meet on either side are "The Blacksmith," "The Ancestor," "The Miner" and "Fécondité."

Writing of the effect produced by Meunier's heroic sculpture, as exhibited in Berlin, a correspondent of *The International Studio* (London and New York) says:

"Meunier's art finds its highest expression in the solemn tranquillity of his figures. This is what struck one when studying this nearly complete collection of his works. The better one knows him, the more one learns to appreciate just these simple, dignified figures, in which everything seems to be condensed. It is strange that they are not those which have established the fame of Meunier—not those which rank foremost in the eyes of the public and critics alike. A subject which most deeply occupied the artist's fancy was that of motherhood. The young woman, surrounded by her children, which we see on the 'Monument to Labor,' was intended by the artist to form the centre of the composition as the mother of mankind, the original source of strength. She appears likewise on the monument to Zola, as symbolizing fecundity; and there were to be seen at this exhibition two or three variations of this theme. They belong, with certain differences of value, to the best of Meunier's work. Perhaps in the eyes of future generations these works will more strongly emphasize his artistic vision than those which have made his name for the present."

The art of Meunier has been pronounced pessimistic, but, according to M. Vanzype, its note is rather one of "power and hope in spite of suffering." He writes:

"What will the future think of Meunier's statues? Will they produce upon those who are to come the profound effect that they have upon us of to-day, an effect which is perhaps due as much to the agonizing problems that beset us as to the appeal to the artistic sense? Perhaps in certain of these works there is more of literary expression than of that external beauty whose expression is alone eternal. This is not the time to enter upon a discussion of this question.

Nevertheless, we may affirm that the numerous works of Meunier are characterized by a pure and plastic beauty, at once noble and complete. In 'The Porter,' 'The Puddler,' 'The Sower,' 'Maternity,' 'The Glorification of Labor,' 'The Mine Horse,' and 'The Horse Drinking,' Meunier has succeeded in conveying new impressions by means of rude forms ennobled by the rhythm of movement; and as the whole of expression is movement, it is the latter which produces plastic beauty.

"What, then, is the nature of this expression? Is it revolt? is it pessimism? It partakes slightly of revolt, not at all of pessimism. On the contrary, it is power and hope in spite of suffering."

Meunier's work, continues the writer, is a perfect symbol of the life of the artist himself:

"For thirty years, from the age of twenty to the age of fifty, he had worked, not indeed in obscurity, but amid hard and thankless struggles. He bore burdens; he felt the bitterness of unfruitful and unhonored labor. He had begun as a sculptor but without great success, and had turned to painting. At first he was attracted by the life of monks, and in the grave and sumptuous style of the Flemish school he painted Trappists in the mysterious half-light of the cloister. Even in these studies there was apparent that rhythm and movement which were to characterize his later work of a far different order. He next painted fierce rustics of the Peasant War and their cruel natural environment. Finally, he produced his fiery and characteristic studies of Spanish life. All this ought to have assured him success. But success did not come. His life was full of painful difficulties. Fatigue had already set its stamp upon his features, and old age was approaching."

"Meanwhile, however, his vigor had not decreased. Suffering, instead of conquering him, seemed to increase his will-power, and he persevered in spite of weariness and injustice. And it is this obstinate and generous hope, it is this patient, grandiose and heroic energy that Meunier depicts in those obscure, humble and tenacious beings that he discovered in his journeyings in the industrial regions."

The actual circumstances of Meunier's taking off are described by the same writer, as follows:

"He was working upon his statue, 'Fécondité,' destined to be a monument to Zola, when death, which he knew to be near, surprised him or rather beckoned to him, for he felt that it was not far off. This statue is far from being completed. Towards the middle of March (1905) the artist had suffered a violent heart attack. Eight days later, still suffering badly, he set himself to the task of beginning this statue. He devoted the whole of the second of April to the



"THE WALKYRIE"

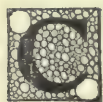
This is Meunier's most spirited composition. It has been called a "Hymn to Victory," and is held to vindicate Meunier's claim to rank with the heroic line of sculptors.

work, and upon retiring he seemed in a joyful frame of mind, speaking with interest of what he had done. At seven o'clock on the morning of the third he arose, impatient to resume the work. While entering his atelier he fell to the floor and died a few moments afterwards."

This protagonist of the grandeur of the humble was, as might be expected, of profoundly religious nature. One of his greatest works is a bronze statue of "The Outraged Christ." The Saviour is represented crowned with thorns and bound to a pillar, the embodiment of human sorrow and dejection. It is as though the artist summed up in one figure all the wrongs of the lowly of earth. The statue of the "Man of Sorrows" has been pronounced one of the finest studies of the kind in recent times.

The triumphant bronze, "La Walkyrie," is perhaps, the artist's most spirited composition. It is a Hymn to Victory, and, in the opinion of the critics, vindicates Meunier's claim to rank with the heroic line of sculptors.

MR. COMSTOCK AND THE NUDE IN ART



COMSTOCKERY "is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States." So said Mr. Bernard Shaw not long ago. Mr. Shaw's toes had just been trampled on in New York City by the action of the librarian, Mr. Bostwick, in placing one of his books on the "restricted list." Mr. Comstock had nothing to do with that, but the word "Comstockery" has come to have a widely inclusive meaning, and Mr. Comstock's recent action in raiding the Art Students' League, in New York, has given to the word, especially in art circles, a new and additional potency not dissimilar from that which a red flag exerts upon a herd of long-horned bovines.

Mr. Anthony Comstock, now sixty-two years of age, has been for thirty-four years the secretary and special agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, as well as a post-office inspector—a position held by him through Democratic and Republican administrations alike. It is his boast that he has brought 2,800 criminals to justice and destroyed 90 tons of obscene literature. His recent raid on the Art Students' League was for the purpose of seizing and suppressing an edition of *The American Student of Art*, its official magazine, because it contained alleged indecent pictures. He also placed under arrest the young lady in charge of the League headquarters, to answer to the charge of aiding in the violation of the law. As the League is a genuine, not a "fake" art association, its magazine one that has undoubted claims to art interest, and the young lady arrested is, to all appearances, a wholly innocent employee of the establishment, the subject has excited considerable editorial comment and much heated newspaper correspondence. Mr. Comstock's character and motives are, as usual upon such occasions, assailed by indignant and usually irresponsible writers, and any number of "smart" suggestions are made as to what he should at once proceed to do, in order to be consistent. The assumption is generally made that the pictures were suppressed simply because they were pictures of the nude, and poets as well as orators have been growing eloquent on the beauty of the human body as God created it. Mr. Comstock, however, characterizes the pictures as "worse than naked," and some of the editorial writers who have seen them sustain him in this view.

The New York Times, though it considers

Mr. Comstock's action as "harsh, rude, and, considering who was his immediate victim, as cruel," thinks that in several instances the choice of illustrations was "extremely ill-advised." Its conclusion is that there was a lamentable lack of common sense on both sides. The New York Evening Journal, in an editorial entitled "Mr. Comstock Was Right," expresses itself as follows:

"It is not to be denied that Mr. Comstock has made mistakes—everybody makes mistakes who tries to do anything worth while in this world. In this instance Mr. Comstock has not made a mistake. He has acted properly to prevent the publication of a magazine which might well have served as the introductory feature of a mass of indecent periodical literature such as is circulated freely in Germany and in France under the name of 'Art.' This country has got common sense. It prefers common sense and self-respect to any sort of indecency, no matter how large the word 'art' may be written upon it.

"It is well for artists, art students or others who may contemplate the sale of a magazine by illustrating it with badly drawn nude figures to be made to realize that there is a Mr. Comstock and a Mr. Policeman ready to interfere with their plans. We should like to ask which one of the artists indorsing the particular indecency that Comstock prevented would be willing to peddle that magazine up and down Fifth avenue? There isn't one of them, if he has any reputation to lose, that would be seen exhibiting and offering for sale the pictures which Comstock seized. And there isn't a man of sense who can help knowing that to spread such a magazine—even if its intentions were good, which we don't think they were—among young people would do very great harm, produce great demoralization."

Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, who has had an extended acquaintance with Mr. Comstock and his work, defends his general record and asserts that Mr. Comstock secures more convictions in proportion to the number of cases he prosecutes than are secured by any other specialist in running down criminals in the United States.

On the other hand *The Sun*, *The World*, *The Press* and *The Evening Post* condemn the action taken in this case in varying degrees of fervency. "A Venus by Praxiteles," says *The World*, "looks as sinful to his [Comstock's] eager eyes as the vilest pornographic print ever peddled." *The Press* has an editorial entitled "The Indecency of Anthony Comstock," and asks why he doesn't also suppress the medical schools, the Metropolitan Museum, and various works of literature, such as Rabelais and Balzac. "There is," it says finally, "nothing more

indecent in New York than Anthony Comstock." Of more weight is the editorial condemnation of *The Evening Post*. It says:

"The circulation of such periodicals is practically limited to art students and those concerned with their instruction. In an individual case, a wrong use might conceivably be made of these nudities, but to pounce upon such publications is, as a teacher at our League justly remarked, as absurd as to hale the publishers of Gray's 'Anatomy' to court for intentional pornography. All this is Greek to Mr. Comstock, but it is not Greek to some of the directors of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who owe it to themselves and their work to restrain his more dire vagaries."

Prof. Charles Henry Smith, who holds the chair of American History at Yale, uses the incident as a text for a plea in behalf of a change in the general attitude of the public toward the whole subject of nudity in art. Such a change, he believes, is urgently demanded as necessary to our ethical as well as our physical health as a race. He says, as quoted in *The Sun*:

"A change in the attitude of the public toward pictorial and sculptured representations of the human body would at once remove occasion for a questionable part of Comstock's activity, while leaving the useful part of it intact."

"Familiarity with the appearance of the healthy human body should be encouraged, instead of practically forbidden, as now. No material structure is more worthy of general study and admiration. If well selected pictures and statues of the best human figures could be put in our school-houses and children be led by their teachers to look upon and think of them in the right way, contaminating influences would have much less chance of doing harm than is now the case."

"I firmly believe that the successful moral reform of the future will come along that line. For the present we have a general system of indiscriminate repression and suppression, which is occasionally brought to public notice by some sensational performance of Comstock's."

"This system is professedly for the protection of children and the purity of the home; but its natural and common result is to poison the very fountains of life. Competent physicians tell us that there is widespread physical and moral suffering resulting from the present policy of preventing sex knowledge from being acquired in a legitimate and healthful way. To say that people can go to the doctor does not meet the case. They will not go until after the harm has been done."

"The modern way of getting information is from the printed and pictured page. The use of this for the benefit of the general public is now debarr'd in the very field of all others where correct and timely information, widely diffused, is of transcendent importance. How long will a sensible people allow this to continue?"

HOW POE MUST HAVE LOOKED

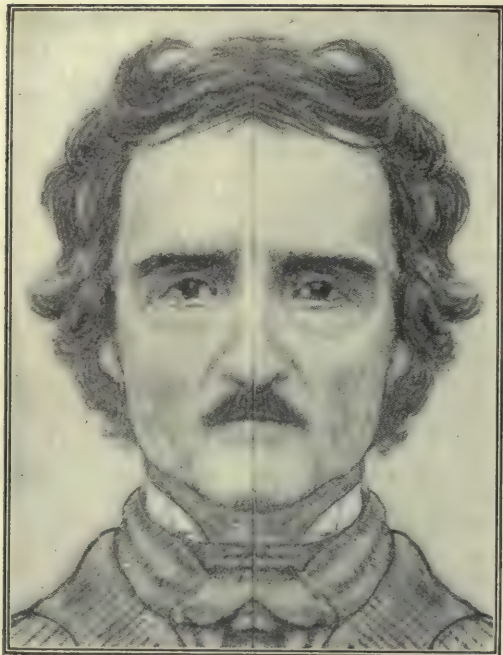
MR. OLIVER LEIGH, a "free lance" in the literary and artistic world, has been at some pains to discover and reveal the physical lineaments of Edgar Allan Poe. After carefully studying all the pictures of Poe he could find, he made an original portrait-gallery of drawings, which he now presents in a brochure* published in Chicago. The drawings constitute a unique collection, and are executed with such skill and fidelity that, in contemplating them, we almost seem to see the living Poe. In his artistic labors, Mr. Leigh was evidently actuated by three motives. He was fascinated, in a general sense, by the phrenological peculiarities of genius; he was profoundly interested in the spiritual biography of one particular genius, Edgar Allan Poe, as revealed in his face at different stages in his career; and he wanted to show us the authentic Poe as he appeared to his contemporaries.

Two legends circulate in regard to Poe's

face; the one portrays him as "beautiful" of aspect, the other as the reverse. "Even his biographers," remarks Mr. Leigh, "paint his character in two extremes, something less than a saint, something worse than a sinner; an angel, perhaps; fallen, sure." A reference to existing pictures of Poe leaves this question of "duality" still unsettled. Old daguerreotypes and faded prints make unsatisfactory portraits. On the theory—which surely Poe would have indorsed—that in solving a mystery no facts are too trifling to be overlooked, Mr. Leigh proceeds:

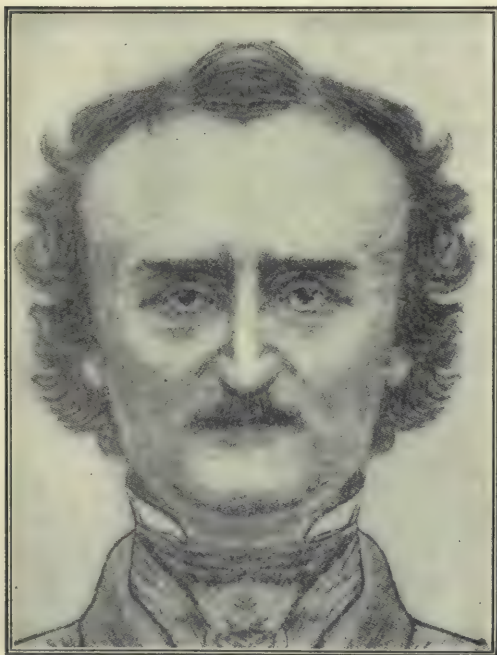
"If in this portrait Poe's hair is parted on his right side, and in that on his left, he evidently did it for the gratification of his biographers lacking any stronger proofs of their contention that he was a lineal descendant of the 'Imp of the Perverse.' But in copies of the same daguerreotype the hair is parted now on the button side, and again on the side of the buttonholes. For example, take the one now owned by the Players' Club, New York. It is a fine portrait in essentials, and is distinguished by triplet ringlets standing out at right angles from the left side of his head. This is the side of the hair parting. How do we know? Because it is the buttonhole side. The same pho-

***EDGAR ALLAN POE: THE MAN, THE MASTER, THE MYSTERY.** By Oliver Leigh ("Geoffrey Quarles"). The Frank M. Morris Company, Chicago.



THE BALANCED POE

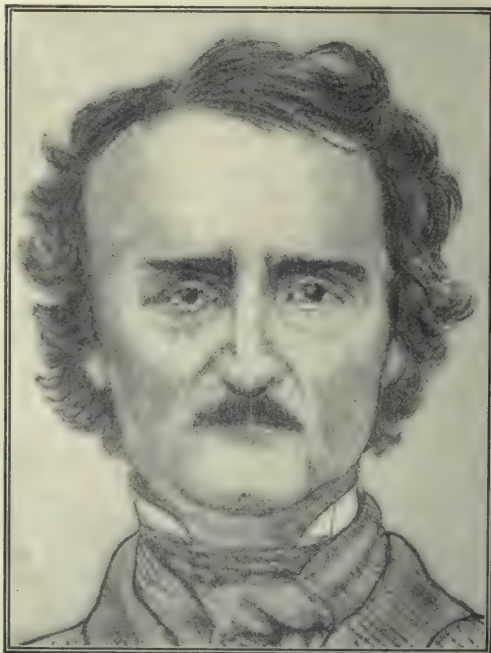
This portrait shows how Poe would have looked if *both* sides of his face had been the same as the left side.



THE "TOP-HEAVY" POE

This picture is the result of an effort to portray Poe as he might have been if he had had *two* "prominent temples" and a face the same on its left as on its right side.

tograph is reproduced, that is, exquisitely engraved on steel, as the frontispiece in Professor Woodberry's 'Life of Poe,' lavishly fattened and beautified out of character-semblance; but it adorns a book that needs it. In the 'India Paper Edition' this Players' portrait is identically copied. In volume XII of Professor Harrison's Virginia Edition is a feeble wash, wishy-wash, drawing of this portrait, but reversed; and in volume XVI is another reversed copy, with the character details nicely washed out. Another and an important full face daguerreotype, pretty surely the last one taken, a few months before Poe died, misleads us into swearing that he parted his hair on the right, especially as his right hand, as it seems, is thrust into his vest. Not until we note



THE REAL POE

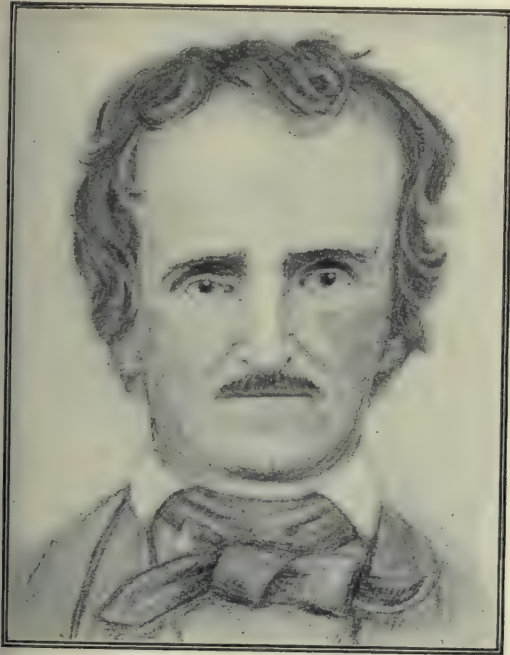
A line divides the portrait, emphasizing the marked irregularities exhibited by the two sides of Poe's face. Note "the prominent temple" on one side, and "the contrast between the expressions in positive and negative."

that the parting is on the buttonhole side, and not on the right, do we awake to the fact that this is one of the negative daguerreotypes, showing Poe as in the permanent mirror, and not to our eye."

The sense of duality in Poe's character, already alluded to, may have arisen, in part, from the irregularity of his face. "Few faces," says Mr. Leigh, "correspond exactly in each half, but fewer still are so pronouncedly irregular as Poe's." He made the experiment of tracing the largest head of Poe he had seen—a face printed in a magazine some years ago—and he asks us to observe "the promi-

ment temple" on one side and "the contrast between the expressions in positive and negative." "Now," he adds, "suppose that the right and left of Poe's head and face had been cast in exactly the same mould, might that have affected his character in some way?" That we may judge for ourselves, Mr. Leigh has divided the face and given us two such evenly balanced portraits, reproduced herewith. On the portrait with the prominent temples, or "the swelled-head unity," as he calls it, he comments:

"In this portrait we see the top-heavy brain that bred and fed on eerie fancies, strange monstrosi-



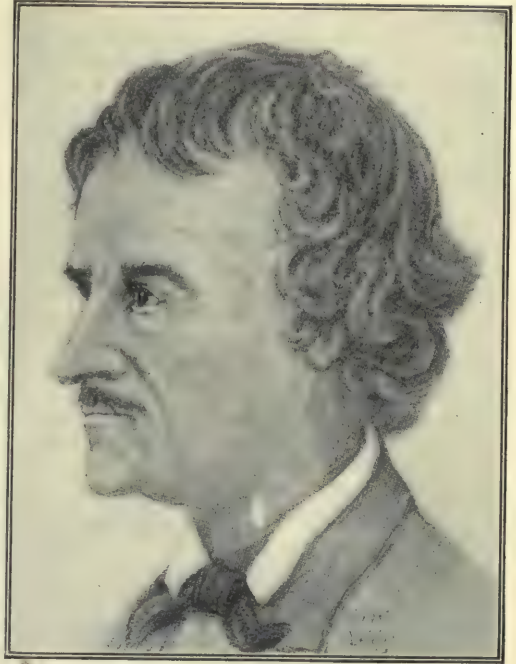
"WIDOWER YEAR PORTRAIT"

Upon me with the touch of Hell.
It fell
—"Tamerlane."

ties, grotesques and arabesques of the unbalanced mind that 'laughs but smiles no more.' This head will reel at the sight of even a pencil drawing of Cork, with the bottle a hundred miles away. Happily all round, including a biographer or two, Poe had no more, at most, than half a head like this, the typical poet-head of the common hydrocephalic species."

The second combination, with its saner, more balanced head, elicits this comment:

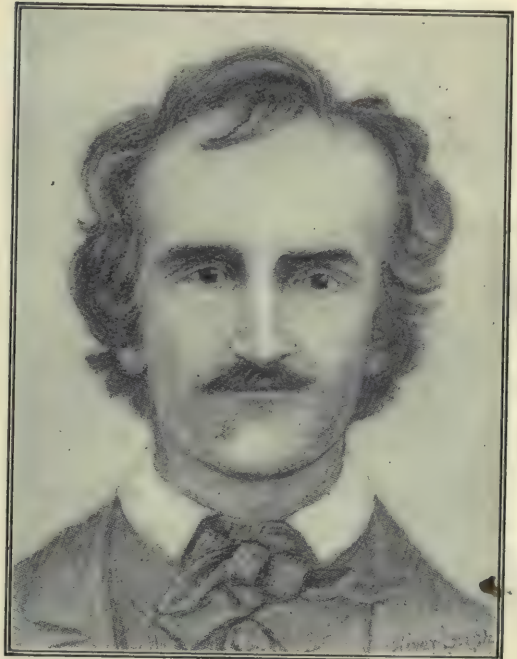
"Philip is himself again, sober and sane. The square headed *constructor* of stories and poems, architect, builder, and adorer with art. If only Poe had administered one of the drugs his loving 'life' writers guess at, being certain only of 'coffee



PROFILE STUDY

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.

—"The Raven."



"WEDDING YEAR PORTRAIT"

This maiden she lived with no other thought than to love
and be loved by me.

—"Annabel Lee."

and wine,' if he had found a way to still the midnight revelry of that wild sleepless bloated half-brain long enough to let the balanced-half conduct the business and worldly-wise tactics of a struggler's life, Poe could have sanctified his fame in the estimation of well-to-do purveyors of lightning lunch literature, cooked and flavored to order. But the brain of Poe the Critic and Poe the Poet was a lordly house divided against itself."

The three remaining pictures represent an endeavor to portray the effect of time and struggle and suffering upon a face at first strikingly handsome. Mr. Leigh thinks that Poe "was born with the makings of a male stage beauty, long, black, wavy hair, pallid complexion, dark, expressive eyes." He cites the following passage from Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Poets of America":

"As we drive out of mind the popular conceptions of Poe's nature, and look only at the portraits of him in the flesh, we needs must pause and contemplate, thoughtfully and with renewed feeling, one of the marked ideal faces that seem—like those of Byron, De Musset, Heine—to fulfil all the traditions of genius, of picturesqueness, of literary and romantic effect."

There is no doubt, however, that as Poe grew older the lines in his face hardened. Portraits taken shortly before his death show all too clearly "the ravage made by a vexed spirit within." Here is "the bitterness of scorn . . . hardened lines in chin and neck . . . a face that tells of conquering external enemies, of many a defeat when the man was at war with his meaner self." "With genius enough to keep a score of plain faces aglow," observes Mr. Leigh, "he let his own endure

eclipse till it wore sombreness as a perpetual veil."

No quotation could be more appropriate in this connection than the following extract from "The Fall of Usher," with its autobiographical suggestion:

"It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now—!"

The "Wedding Year" face is a fanciful attempt to recall the young Poe "under a favoring glint of sunshine." Current portraits give no sure or certain outline of Poe's nose, and Mr. Leigh has tried to remedy this defect in his striking profile portrait. The final portrait portrays the poet in his last and deplorable phase. "Here are the deep-etched tracks of sorrow, the uncanny curves contrived by the ugly demon to caricature the once pure lines of grace. The eyes have dissolved partnership, the long lovelocks are changed to snakes that wriggle and writhe like things of evil set on to madden the precious spirit in the casket prisoned. This is the portrait of a high priest of despair."

A PLEA FOR PASSIONATE POETRY

A great deal has been written lately, both in England and this country, in regard to the alleged "decline" in poetry. The feeling has been freely expressed that poetry has no vital hold on modern life; that people dally with it, but do not really need it; that it is mostly second- and third-class in quality and seldom rises to great heights. This prevailing sentiment finds notable utterance in a brilliant address recently delivered by Ludwig Lewisohn, of Charleston, S. C., and printed in *The News* of that city. Mr. Lewisohn takes the view that most of the poetry of to-day, especially in America, is indeed pale and inconsequential,

and that the one hope of the future lies in a "more vivid, frank, poignant and impassioned" expression.

Poetry, observes Mr. Lewisohn, is an expression of the primitive and enduring emotions. The universal passions—of love, of grief, of regret—the passion for beauty, whether in nature or in art, the austere passion of the intellect, at times, the love of country or the love of God—these are the bases of poetry. It follows that in order to write great poetry we must feel these passions and feel them intensely. Poetry is the most personal of all the arts, and the poet must face life with a certain abandon

"To live fearlessly and fully," says Mr. Lewisohn, "is the first condition of poetical production. . . . To be afraid of life, or selfishly and narrowly concerned for the immaculacy of one's own soul, is fatal." These reflections, he continues, "may seem to verge dangerously upon the commonplace. But what if they are truths that have, for us, become devitalized, that we assent to merely as a matter of course—truths the neglect of which has given character to the whole of American poetical literature?" To quote further:

"Foreign critics have more than once accused our literature of lacking those characteristics of ample imagination and primitive strength which our peculiar conditions would have led them to expect. They note with wonder that our triumphs—the works of Hawthorne and Poe—are products of highly sophisticated literary minds, that our average poetry and fiction are mildly domestic, distinctly middle class, immutably careful of innumerable proprieties! These foreign gentlemen are often given to superciliousness, and in our perfectly natural and indeed proper irritation we are apt to plead a somewhat strident 'not guilty' to all the counts of the indictment. And the policy of that learned historian of American literature, who, when he had conscientiously stripped successful authors of any claim to greatness, turned, with a relief that rendered him almost lyric, to the stainless integrity of their private lives, is at once pathetic and amusing. No doubt life is the thing of supreme import and literature only one of its various fruits. But to tell us that the author of mediocre poetry was a good husband and father, and was loyal to his party, is to expatiate upon sheer irrelevancies. It is just as well, then, to acknowledge quite frankly that our imaginative literature is, with a few exceptions, mild, bourgeois and proper."

The immediate cause of the mildness of American life, says Mr. Lewisohn, is the "fear of life." We have "conquered a continent, fought splendid and desperate wars, built bridges and railroads, given laws and established freedom"; but we have "shunned and feared the elemental phenomena of the individual life" out of which great poetry springs. Mr. Lewisohn illustrates this national quality as follows:

"In a sense, Longfellow is still our representative poet. He appeals to nearly all Americans, and much of his work is undeniably not without sweetness and charm. But there is one aspect under which he strikes me as very nearly incredible. To him came in the course of the years, not indeed any surprising catastrophes of material fortune, but in fullest measure all things that are of the essence of life. He loved twice and was twice married; he lost his first wife suddenly and in a foreign land, and not in all his work will you once hear the intenser utterance of a man's love or grief. His religion, beautiful and sincere, is

subdued and colorless. He has neither the mystic's adoration, nor the saint's impassioned acquiescence in the Divine will. Compare his own religious poems to that sonnet which he translated from Lope de Vega, in which the Spanish poet expresses with such lyric intensity his own unworthiness of the Saviour's love. Indeed, Longfellow is always best in translation, when thought and passion are found for him. This defect—a defect of temperament, not of art—is shared, in a degree, by other American poets. In Lowell, except for brief flashes of political zeal, imperfectly fused with expression, you will find an equal absence of the genuine, the unmistakable poetic voice. Without a knowledge of their lives we should either suppose these men to have been quite exempt from all stirring human joy or grief, or else that nothing could stir them. To say that they restrained their emotions is a halting excuse. Restrained emotion is the very source of that rich intensity of utterance which they lack. No, I cannot avoid the conclusion that, quite unconsciously, no doubt, they were too unwilling to lose their lives in order to gain them, too hesitant in the face of passionate or spiritual adventure. Such an attitude may produce blameless conduct (though I should hesitate to call blamelessness the supreme virtue); it renders poetry all but impossible."

Turning to England, and looking back over the poetry of the past century for the authentic note which made the poet's work vital in the past, and will make it vital in the future, Mr. Lewisohn states his conviction that "poetry as an elaborate decoration, as an endless, luminous tapestry, or, under another aspect, as a harmony of rich and recurring cadences, reached its flower of final perfection in Tennyson and in William Morris." Tennysonian music, the worship of the single sound, picture or line, he continues, "met their final dissolution the other day in the pathetic extinction of Stephen Phillips." The tradition of Keats is "threadbare." An extreme and not always sound mannerism made Rossetti and Swinburne "impossible as masters." Matthew Arnold's poetry was marvelously fine, but comparatively thin; "he can never lose his hold on us, but he does not take us by storm." There remains Robert Browning, in Mr. Lewisohn's opinion the greatest of all the Victorian poets. "Mannered he is, too, no doubt, but his lyric note is so full and rapturous that it transcends and out-soars the barriers of his habitual style." Literary and stylistic, in the narrow sense, his influence will not be; rather "his emotional directness and vividness will inspire poets to follow the precious counsel of Sir Philip Sidney: 'Look in thy heart and write.' To quote again:

"Work so passionate and so intensely personal [as Browning's] is comparatively rare in the his-

tory of lyric poetry, and lyric our poetry must now predominantly become. The Greek lyrist seem to have had this faculty of intense and poignant self-expression. Catullus had it alone in Latin literature. In modern times, German poetry has been singularly rich in untrammelled poetic voices. We need merely recall the folk song, Goethe, Heine, above all, and such contemporaries as Liliencron and Dehmel. France in the nineteenth century had the pure lyric note of de Musset, the sombre revelations of Baudelaire, the terrible frankness of Verlaine. In English poetry the authentic voice failed only in the eighteenth century. It is indeed a not uncommon mistake to attribute to the Elizabethan lyric a genuineness of passionate utterance which it has only in the rarest instances. Its charm is, as a rule, that of the exquisitely artificial. But there are Shakespeare's sincerer sonnets, the one immortal triumph of Drayton, and not a little else. In the seventeenth century there are Milton's sonnets, the adoring rapture of Crashaw, the lighter song of Herrick. And since the revival of romance Burns, Byron and Shelley; Wordsworth and, at times, even Arnold and Tennyson, struck—to name a few only—the intensely and intimately personal lyric note.

"And this note alone is left us of all the charms and mysteries of the muse with which to endow a new movement. Fortunately it is the charm of charms, the mystery of mysteries."

Mr. Lewisohn is not content with prophesying the development of a future poetry along the lines of passion and of "the intensely and intimately personal lyric note"; he aims to show that "those contemporary English poets whose appeal has been widest all show tendencies clearly in the direction indicated." Kipling, in his early days at least, "understood life and spoke of it with splendid fearlessness and vigor." Stevenson and Henley were "modern poets," in Mr. Lewisohn's sense. In the former's work, "the fearless pursuit of adventure or love is the central motive"; while the latter "lived and wrote with almost unrivalled whole-heartedness and intensity." William Watson has "felt the need of a new poetry," though "it was not given to him to write any part of it." Above all, Arthur Symons, whom Mr. Lewisohn calls "the most remarkable English poet of his generation," realizes the conception of the passionate poet. Of Symons Mr. Lewisohn says:

"His senses are so fine that all sensation partakes of the nature of agony. To him desire and the shifting colors in the strange phantasmal atmosphere of his own moods bring pain—pain that has a fierce beauty of its own. He is fascinated by it, and infinitely curious of its innumerable forms. His temperament is, in the current slang, modern. He has read Baudelaire and translated Verlaine; he is devoted to the stage and to the pitiful life of its minor ministers. But let me defend him, at once, with all possible emphasis, from

the imputation that his is merely a new and refined Byronism. Your Byronic poet is a Philistine, consciously outraging his own profoundest prejudices. To Mr. Symons that point of view has simply ceased to exist. You may take him or leave him; to question his absolute sincerity would be worse than prejudiced—it would be stupid.

"Thus Mr. Symons watches the effect of this complex modern life upon his own no less complex being. He takes the world exactly as he finds it. The world as it is must strike the chords of music in us. In the very streets of Babylon the ancient agonies and passions perform their authentic rites—if with a fatal difference, at times, that is not the poet's fault. He may deplore that,

The modern malady of love is nerves,

that,

Love, once a simple madness, now observes
The stages of his passionate disease,
And is twice sorrowful because he sees
Inch by inch entering the fatal knife.

"He may deplore these facts. He must accept them as the poetry of his life. I do not think that he deplores them in many moods."

The modern spirit has its compensations, continues Mr. Lewisohn. If our souls are more tortured than of old, our ultimate rewards are greater. No lyrist of a simple joy in love can speak of it as more supremely desirable than such a poet as Symons, whom "you may call morbid, if you are quite sure that the conception of an absolute norm of mental health has been given you by some miraculous inspiration."

The poetry of our day, says Mr. Lewisohn, in summing up, must, to be fresh, effective and appealing, be simple and passionate beyond the poetry of the immediate past, and must sacrifice a larger part of more obvious sensuous beauty to such simplicity of passionate utterance. He adds:

"But we in America will not help to write this new poetry, nor will it be read in our midst, unless we learn to love life more and to fear passion less, unless we come to recognize that the deepest, and most abiding sense of the supreme and absolute value of life comes not from speculation, philosophic or theological, but from large, free and full experience—that courage, strength and sanctity in human character, or the note of assured immortality in poetry are the fruits, not of propriety, conformity or restraint, but of such action and passion as makes each man's life his very own. St. Francis was as flagrantly unconventional as Mr. Arthur Symons. It is not through quietude and evasion that man achieves, but through tears and travail."

Mr. Lewisohn is himself to publish in the near future a book of poems, to be brought out by a prominent English house. It will be interesting to see how far it conforms to his esthetic tenets.

JULES BRETON: A BROTHER TO MILLET



ULES BRETON and François Millet," says an English critic, "are names that must forever be linked together. If the work of the latter is more profound, the balance is made up by the power of the former to interest an infinitely larger number of hearts."

These words may appropriately be cited at this time as a suggestive commentary on the work of Jules Breton, the eminent French painter, whose passing away at the ripe old age of eighty years leaves the art world immeasurably poorer. His pictures had penetrated into many lands and were especially appreciated in this country. Like Millet, he chose to portray the life of peasants, gleaners and humble laborers. But in certain important respects, as Anna Seaton Schmidt, a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, points out, his motive was markedly different from that of Millet:

"Millet painted types, Breton the selected, individual model. His was the sweet melody of the rippling brook that emptied itself into the fathomless ocean of Millet's divine genius. His gentle, sensitive nature turned from the rough and hard and toil-worn peasant. He saw beauty only in refined, delicate faces, or gentle, undulating landscapes. The immense popularity of his peasant pictures is due largely to this selection. They are far enough removed from the sordid life of toil to charm the workers and beautiful and gay enough to please the wealthy, who prefer to believe that the strenuous work of the world is performed by happy, laughing men and women; that the harvesters blithely sing and dance in the moonlight and the peasants make love as they plough their land. There are few who would not turn with a sigh from 'The man with the Hoe' to gaze with joy on 'The song of the Lark.'"

Jules Breton was a writer, as well as a painter, and we are fortunate in possessing,

in his autobiography,* a vivid record of his boyhood life, his art studies, his early struggles and his final triumph. Breton's first Salon picture was exhibited in 1849. It was created at a time of depression and discouragement, and has an interesting history. The period was one of revolutionary ferment, and Breton, caught in the spirit of his age, was ambitious to show the sympathy he felt toward "the disinherited of fortune. He writes:

"One night, when I was unable to sleep, there came to me the vision of a lugubrious composition.

"I saw a garret. A woman was lying there on a miserable pallet. Her face was livid, her cheeks hollow, her eyes red with weeping, her clothes in tatters. Half rising out of the sinister shadow, she clasped to her withered breast, with her emaciated arm, an infant with frightful agony depicted on its countenance, while with her other thin and bony hand she clutched the blouse of her husband, who was breaking from her in a paroxysm of desperation.

"Arrested for a moment in his course, he turns toward her, but he is inflexible; he grasps his musket, with the purpose of going to the barricade that is seen through the window, in the frame of which is a bullet-hole that lets the light enter, and it is in vain that the crucifix suspended to the wall under a branch of box, seems to plead for pity."

Against the advice of his friends, and after exhausting effort, Breton succeeded in transferring

this conception to canvas. He called the painting "Want and Despair," and, with many misgivings, submitted it for exhibition. Then followed one of the unhappiest periods of his life—a state of anxious suspense that lasted for six entire weeks. According to his account:

"When I say that during all this time I did not

*THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST. By Jules Breton. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. D. Appleton & Company.



JULES BRETON

Who died recently in Paris. Like Millet, he chose to portray the life of peasants, gleaners and humble laborers. Some twenty-five of his pictures are now in this country.



"RETURNING FROM WORK"

(By Jules Breton)

In his autobiography, Breton tells of a peasant woman who seemed venerable to him, "especially when her figure grew indistinct in the twilight as she returned home in the evening." "I loved her on this account," he says, "and also on account of her sickle, which looked so like the crescent moon."

sleep, it is not a figure of speech. I did not sleep for a single instant. I tried in vain baths, opium, and various other remedies recommended by friends of mine who were students at the School of Medicine.

"I felt some symptoms which alarmed me for a time, for around me, as in every other quarter of Paris, cholera was raging. The thought of the plague did not serve to enliven my hours of sleeplessness. What if I should have the misfortune to fall a victim to it before the opening of the Salon!

"It came at last, this long-wished for day! I hurried to the Salon. From the moment of my entrance, I perceived from afar those wretched figures, melancholy and gray, too well-known, though so different from those I had seen in my vision. In vain I was told that the painting was full of energy, that the vigor of its coloring and design made the pictures around seem weak. I saw that my tragic vision of the night would have done better to wait for a less inexpert interpreter."

For his next picture Breton chose a similar subject—"Hunger." This was exhibited in the Salon of 1851, but, much to his disappointment, was "skied." At the same exhibition appeared "The Sower," Millet's first effort in the rural genre, which was also hung so high that it was scarcely noticed by the general public.

It was not until after he had abandoned the feverish life of Paris, and returned to his birthplace at Courrières, that Breton began to "find himself." Of quiet months in the country,

during which he seems to have experienced a kind of spiritual awakening, he writes:

"Often I would rise before the first rays of dawn had wakened the dark and sleeping fields.

"The streets were silent. Here and there, however, some house would show signs of life; a young woman would open the window, her eyes heavy with sleep, her hair in disorder, half-dressed—delightful glimpses into other lives. Further on was a child crying, or an old woman scolding.

"And I would walk far into the fields, where the manure-heaps smoked beside the herbage wet with dew. The bending wheat sprinkled me with dew as I walked along the narrow foot-path. Among the mists the willows dropped their tears while their gray tops caught the light overhead. Then I re-entered the village, now all bright and awake, where rose, at times, with the blue wreaths of smoke from the chimneys, the sweet, monotonous songs of the young embroiderers.

"I returned to the fields to look at the gleaners. There yonder, defined against the sky, was the busy flock, overtopped by the guard.

"I watched them as they worked, now running in joyous bands carrying sheaves of golden grain; now bending over the stubble, closely crowded together.

"When I went among them they stopped their work to look at me, smiling and confused, in the graceful freedom of their scanty and ill-assorted garments.

"Ah! I no longer regretted either Clamart or Meudon, and I loved the simple beauty of my native place, that offered itself to me, as Ruth offered herself to Boaz."

In this simple environment were conceived

and carried out most of the pictures that were to bring him fame. "One day," he says, "I made a little gleaner pose for me, standing on a flowery bank beside a field of wheat. Her bent face was in shadow, while the sunlight fell on her cap and her shoulders."

"As I painted her I felt a secret joy. I can not express the feeling of rapture caused me by the harmony of this dark face, strongly defined against the golden grain among which ran lilac morning-glories, by the warm glow of the earth, the violet reflections of the blue sky, the flowers and the shrubs. All this enchanted me.

"I had already sent my 'Gypsies' to the Exhibition at Brussels, when one day my brother Louis, coming across this little 'Gleaner' in the corner where it had lain forgotten, said to me, 'Why do you not send this too to the Exhibition?' 'That?' I replied. 'It is not worth while.' And then I had no frame.

"My brother persisted, and in the end discovered in the barn an old, tarnished frame that had once inclosed a poor portrait. It was near the expiration of the time of grace allowed in sending pictures. I sent it off at once.

"What was my astonishment when, a few days afterward, arriving in Brussels, I found my 'Gypsies' badly hung and my 'Little Gleaner' on the



"SIFTING CABBAGE SEEDS"

(By Jules Breton)

"Millet painted types, Breton the selected individual model."

line in the center of a panel, where it attracted general attention."

The success of the "Little Gleaner" encouraged Breton to choose the same subject for a larger composition. "The Gleaners" was exhibited at the International Exhibition in Paris in 1855 and established the painter's reputation. He was greatly astonished, he confesses, when he was afterward told that he had been the first to treat this subject. "The Gleaners" of Millet was not painted until 1857.

During the years that followed Jules Breton painted picture after picture, devoting himself almost entirely to peasant and religious subjects. Troyon, Corot and Gérôme were among his friends and guides. As he grew older, the mystic in him seemed to become more pronounced. Religious processions had impressed him even as a boy, and he had stood silently while they passed through the winding streets of his village: "First came Monsieur le Curé, then all the notables of our village. I knew them well, yet their faces seemed different, as if surrounded by a mystic aureole. They had lost every trace of vulgarity and seemed to move in a divine atmosphere. They walked



"THE SONG OF THE LARK"

(Owned by the Art Institute, in Chicago)

The immense popularity of Breton's peasant pictures must be attributed in large part to his joyous subjects. "There are few who would not turn with a sigh from 'The Man with the Hoe' to gaze with joy on 'The Song of the Lark.'"

gravely with bent heads, carrying reverently their large torches." Jules Breton is said to have been always deeply moved by the simple faith of the peasants, and he had little patience with the irreverence and materialism he encountered in Paris. And so it seems as though he had put his very soul into the portrayal of such semi-religious subjects as "Blessing the Wheat" and "The First Communion." This last-named picture brought the fabulous price of \$45,500 at the Morgan sale in New York in 1886. American millionaires have vied with one another to possess Breton's canvases, and some twenty-five of his most representative works are now in this country.

No French artist, it has been remarked, was ever more generous than Jules Breton in praise of his brother-painters. "I never cross the threshold of our museum [the Louvre]," he once declared, "without experiencing a reverential emotion." To Leonardo da Vinci's head of "St. Anne" he paid the following tribute: "I do not think art has ever produced anything more touching. No artist has ever joined more profound feeling with greater correctness of design. It is ideal sweetness expressed with ideal force. . . . I love this Leonardo with all the fervor of an artist's soul." As for Rembrandt's "Pilgrims of Emmaus," it was the

goal of his pious pilgrimages whenever he could make them, and he was never weary of contemplating it. Corot also compelled his whole-hearted admiration:

"Each of his landscapes is a hymn of serene purity, where everything lives, rejoices, loves and palpitates! We say the divine Mozart. We may also say the divine Corot; for he was the Mozart of painting! Genius made of dawn and spring time! Eternal sunshine that age has not been able to chill! Paris may well be proud to have given him birth."

Even more significant, in view of his own artistic kinship with Millet, is the following utterance:

"The wretched beings depicted by Millet touch us profoundly because he loved them profoundly and because he has raised them to the higher regions inhabited by his genius. . . . He attained character and sentiment even with ugliness. He has gradually added to his pictures an element wanting in them in the beginning—depth of atmosphere."

"With a plow standing in a rugged field where a few slender thistles are growing, two or three tones and an execution awkward and woolly, he can stir the depths of the soul and interpret the infinite."

"A solitary, at times a sublime genius, he has made of a sheepfold lighted by the rays of the rising Moon, mysterious as the eternal problem she presents, a little picture life-like and pure as a work of Phidias, unfathomable as a Rembrandt."



"THE FIRST COMMUNION"

Jules Breton excelled in religious pictures. This characteristic example of his work brought the fabulous price of \$45,500 at the Morgan sale in New York in 1886.

Music and the Drama

THE GREATEST MUSICAL CENTER IN THE WORLD

BAYREUTH, the garden of Wagner's witchery, is undoubtedly the greatest purely musical center in the world. It is the only shrine at which pilgrims from all countries bow before art for art's sake." That in order to be able to worship they must "put money in their pockets" is not Wagner's fault. In fact, we learn from a newly published book,* by Hans von Wolzogen, that it was the master's ideal that within the sacred precincts of his temple art should be administered absolutely free. When in 1880 the "Festtheater" in Munich was opened, he had regarded it as a matter of course that all visitors should be the guests of the King. But in order to make possible in his lifetime a performance of "Parsifal" he was forced to give up this cherished dream. The principle, however, is still potent, and admirers of Wagnerian art have collected a fund which by the hundredth anniversary of his birthday will have reached, it is hoped, the seven-cipher mark. The purpose of this fund is to enable enthusiastic art students of limited means to visit Bayreuth. Such a monument to the memory of the Wizard of Bayreuth the Wagnerites think would be a more fitting mode of paying Germany's great debt to the master than an image graven in stone.

This year again the "Festspiele" are being celebrated. Again visitors flocked from all parts of the world; among these the "Princess Alice," as certain European papers are fond of designating Mrs. Longworth. And even William II has not disdained to send his congratulations to Wagner's widow, Frau Cosima. The staple of these "festival performances" is the "Ring" and "Parsifal." It is claimed that only at Bayreuth is an adequate representation of these great music-dramas possible. Especially is "Parsifal" viewed as possessed of almost religious significance, and it is for this reason that all Germany stood aghast, with Frau Cosima, at what one Munich critic termed Mr. Conried's "robbery of the Grail."

It is not easy for us to realize what Bayreuth means to the initiate. "Bayreuth," ex-

claims an impassioned Wagnerite in the *New Yorker Revue*, "is the monument of one who has suffered much, the landmark of a new art. With Boecklin, Nietzsche and Wagner its dawn grew red; it lives and grows and triumphs in the musical festivals." He goes on to tell of the beginnings of the idea:

"When in 1848 Wagner had convinced himself of the necessity of a reform of the opera he conceived of a drama, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' The master, however, gave up this plan, realizing the impossibility of having it produced. But the idea continued to live and grow within him. It was clarified in his mind, and we find it again, after he had given us the 'music of the future,' in the enchanter's swan's song, 'Parsifal.' Invisible, but perceptible and lofty as fate, the Christ, the world-saviour, is present in this play. . . .

"Our feeling [in witnessing it] is soon transfigured in the general atmosphere of grandeur and elevation, for a visit to Bayreuth means a bathing of the mind in rest after the world's unrest. And even more strongly this yearning for rest impresses the musical initiate in 'Tristan and Isolde.' From out the illimitable and all-embracing music the breath of Nirvana is upon us and we feel ourselves nearer to Heaven. This is in itself an element of religious impressiveness, but it is also the essential characteristic of an ideal work of art. The culture and propagation of this ideal—one is almost tempted to say this religious spirit—is the most important element in the mission of Bayreuth."

If we would grasp this high conception of the theater, we must, says the *Revue* writer, clear our minds of every reminiscence of any other theater. We must think of those rare moments when we forgot the theater in the theater and call to our mind what art meant to the great masters and what they aimed to express. It was Wagner's thought that while religion alone can lead us beyond life, yet in art we are privileged to feel a presentiment of the "eternal liberation." "It alone," he said, "raises us to the consciousness of our human dignity and makes us the equal of those creatures of God which participate in eternal being and eternal values, and whose true home is 'not of this world.'" Schiller expressed this idea when he said that what we feel as beauty here shall one day greet us as truth. In order to cultivate art in this ideal sense, claims the *Revue* writer, Wagner needed a theater of his own. To quote further:

BAYREUTH. By Hans von Wolzogen. Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin.



BAYREUTH'S MUSICAL CROWN-PRINCE

Siegfried Wagner conducts his father's operas at Bayreuth, and has written four operas of his own.

"Inadequate productions—and even those conducted by Liszt in Weimar fell short of Wagner's ideal—only served to give the world a mistaken idea about the 'music of the future' and convinced Wagner himself more and more of the futility of teaching his art anywhere except in a temple consecrated to this art.

"In his 'Communication to my Friends,' published in 1851, the master gave the first detailed plans for a periodic music festival. He conceived of it as a national feast in which the people were to meet in some 'ideal desert' for self-communion and edification. It was the Greek ideal that inspired him, as it inspired Nietzsche's book, 'Tragedy Born out of the Spirit of Music.'

In Wagner's collected works several letters relative to his plan may be found. But it seemed as if, tossed about by fortune, he was bound to meet with failure, until radiantly from out the mists of despair rose the classic head of his friend—King Ludwig. The King called the embittered fugitive to one of his fairy castles. He wanted the great National Theater to be established in Munich. All the plans were ready when the protests of the populace against too lavish expenditures of money in Wagner's behalf drove the composer from his haven of refuge at the side of his royal friend. But his strength was unbroken. He believed in his art and in the young King; and the King believed in him. And at last Bay-

reuth was created. In 1876 the playhouse was opened with great pomp. The Emperor of Germany came in person to the opening, which he regarded as an event of national importance.

"The history of Bayreuth," says Herr von Wolzogen, "is the history of a passion—a passion of idealism." Wagner soon realized that his troubles were not at an end. It was not only the chronic deficit that tortured him, but the impossibility of fully realizing his ambition even after the establishment of his theater. He endeavored to found a school of singers in which to rear the talent necessary to interpret his works, but in this he failed, and the only possible hall for an adequate presentation of his music-dramas stood empty. He could not get the artists he needed, but had to go to other theaters for them each time before the festival plays began, so that the performances were, in his eyes, little better than "improvisations." "We shall have a better art, if you only will it!" he cried, but his cry died unheard. The first performance of "Parsifal," however, brought a fair measure of financial and artistic success.

When Wagner died, Frau Cosima, with rare determination, took up her husband's mission. She was brought face to face with many difficulties, not the least among which was the unfriendliness of the press. At one time the papers spread the rumor that the cholera had broken out at Bayreuth, and at another that the masonry of the opera-house was giving way. As a matter of fact it stood firm, and Wagner's art was winning ground so steadily that, after 1882, the managers of the festival plays were free at least from financial embarrassments. Frau Cosima had several remarkable strokes of good luck when she secured the services of such singers as Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Van Dyck, Nordica and Schumann-Heink. In addition to these vocal artists she was able to induce men of the caliber of Motile, Seidl and Richard Strauss to act as conductors.

One of Frau Cosima's most valuable assets has been the talent of her son, Siegfried Wagner, the musical crown-prince and Wagner's heir. The advent of Siegfried Wagner, remarks Edward Falck, formerly director of opera at Carlsruhe, was viewed with suspicion, and perhaps fear, but this hostile attitude was only an evidence that he was needed. Mr. Falck explains (in the *New York Sun*)

"Wagner's grandiose conception of the message of art, more nearly of his own art, led him

hope for an entire rejuvenation of the religious, social and artistic life of the Germanic races, emanating from Bayreuth. This hope has not yet been realized, for notwithstanding the powerful and varied influence Wagner has had on contemporary art and thought the people in whom he placed faith for the consummation of his desires—witness the dedication of the Ring of the Nibelungen—have remained unregenerate and continue to enjoy the hollow coloratura of an Italian prima-donna and the Good Friday enchantment of sacred 'Parsifal.' Bayreuth, however, remains a Monsalvat, jealously treasuring the grail to which the master confided the living heart-wood of his holy endeavor to uplift his fellow men, transmitting its inspiration to the pure in heart and sending out emissaries to the infidel with his message of salvation.

"Of these knights of the grail, to be enrolled among whom means to be a brother in arms to the possessors of the best heads and doughtiest hearts of contemporary Germany, Siegfried Wagner is predestined to be the chief, not merely in fulfilment of his father's expressed wish, but also by right of his own natural endowment."

In a letter written in September, 1882, Wagner wrote: "The education of my son, his future training to stand in my place when I am dead, seem to me now to be the most important of my remaining tasks"; and the composer's death a few months later gave to the words an unusual significance. "The way in which his heir has entered into his own," observes Mr. Falck, "is abundant justification for the prophetic wisdom of paternal love." The writer continues:

"In Bayreuth Siegfried spent the happiest of his childhood years until his father's death in 1883, in his thirteenth year. Thus far his studies had been somewhat desultory, but it may be questioned if the strictest of schooling would have had a more beneficent influence on the budding mind than the example and precepts of his father, of his distinguished mother, of his grandfather Liszt, who was a frequent visitor, of his tutor, the eminent philologist, Heinrich von Stein, and of all that galaxy of noble minds that congregated in Bayreuth, metamorphosing the obscure, sleepy, Franconian village into a spiritual centre of Germany.

"After his father's death Siegfried attended the common high school at Bayreuth and on graduation went through a course in architecture. As to all things the desires and intentions of the master were piously observed by his family, Siegfried then undertook a journey through the Orient, thereby carrying into effect a pedagogic principle of his father. As early as the '50s Richard wrote to a friend: 'What miserable toads we are, always dreaming of life in the skies and seeing nothing of this earth. In the future, my dear, we shall educate our sons by first sending them on a tour of the globe.'

"In his son's case the grand tour bore out the wisdom of this plan, for in the course of his leisurely wanderings through the wonders and riot running glories of the East, Siegfried dis-



THE WIZARD OF BAYREUTH

Richard Wagner's fame grows rather than lessens with the years. Music-lovers from all parts of the world are attending the performances of his operas at Bayreuth this summer.

covered his own nature and vowed himself to his future vocation. Out of the architect evolved the tone poet.

"On his return home ensued years of silent and inconspicuous, but extremely valuable, work in the scenic and musical preparation of the festival plays, running parallel with private, indefatigable study of German local history and mediæval legend and of the technics of drama and music. The fruits of this double apprenticeship, carried on as it was in that unique spirit of intensity and ideality of purpose that characterizes Bayreuth, soon became evident."

For many years Siegfried Wagner has personally conducted his father's operas. He has also composed four operas of his own—"Baerenhauter," "Herzog Wildfang," "Kobold" and "Bruder Lustig." Mr. Falck finds his music, technically, above criticism. Its spirit is "thoroughly modern, without partaking of the exaggeration and wilful experiments of the self-styled advanced school." Mr. Falck concludes:

"Of the authors of the many musical dramas that have appeared since Richard Wagner's death, it may be safely asserted that his son is the only one who has fully comprehended his message, the only one, at least, who has uncompromisingly carried into effect the theories that the great re-



THE OPERA-HOUSE AT BAYREUTH

Performances of the Wagnerian music-dramas begin in the late afternoon, and are announced by a blast of trumpets. The theater stands on a hill, commanding a beautiful panorama with the town in the foreground and the woods and meadows of Franconia on the horizon.

former advocated in his æsthetic essays and formulated with such awe-compelling genius in his later works. Others have adopted with avidity such technical details as the enriched harmony, the new resources of instrumentation, the more sensible declamation, a greater carefulness in the choice of texts; most of them, indeed, have been content with bodily transposing whole scenes and excerpts from the master's works and slavishly imitating his idiomatic poetical and musical phrases.

"Siegfried, on the other hand, has based his productions on the broad foundation of first principles.

He is, in fact, primarily a dramatist in whom poetry and music have a common origin and are indissolubly welded.

"In our days of overstrung nervous tension and morbid taste for the eccentric and hysterical Siegfried Wagner brings us a priceless gift, the example of a brave nature striving for a whole some, unpervverted and noble ideal."

THE DEMONIACAL QUALITY OF RACHEL'S ACTING



ME. ELIZABETH RACHEL-FÉLIX, the famous French tragedienne, is conceded to have been unequalled within the limits prescribed by her genius. But this does not entirely explain the strange power she possessed at times over her audiences, a power which her critical contemporaries sought in vain to define. Even Charlotte Brontë's famous description of her acting is little more than rhetoric for what must have been an overwhelming impression. "That little Jewish girl," said Edwin Forrest, prophetically, of fifteen-year-old Rachel-Félix, "that little bag of bones, with the marble face and the flaming eyes—there is demoniacal power in her. If she live, and do not burn out too soon, she will become something wonderful."

The rather poor and unsatisfactory litera-

ture about Rachel has recently been enriched from several sources, and especially by Carl Schurz, whose "Impressions" appeared in the August number of *McClure's Magazine*. He particularly describes the effect upon himself and others of Rachel's terrifying subjective power. It was in 1850 that he first saw her act when he was in Berlin—a young exiled revolutionist, risking detection and imprisonment to assist a comrade out of the penitentiary at Spandau. He had heard of Rachel's recitation of the "Marseillaise"—that wonderful utterance, "half singing, half declaiming," which made the women's blood run cold and the men's hair stand on end, throwing them all into "paroxysms of patriotic frenzy"—and his desire to see her act was so strong that in spite of the danger of detection he finally ventured into a dark corner of the theater. The play

as Racine's "Phèdre," and the part the greatest in Rachel's repertoire. "To this hour it stands out in solitary splendor," says Sir Theodore Martin in his recent authoritative monograph on Rachel; "for the attempts of Ristori and Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath." "So I saw Rachel," writes Carl Schurz; and he describes her glowingly as follows:

"When she stepped upon the scene, not with

her customary stage stride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment, in the folds of her classic robe, like an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience; her face a long oval, her forehead, shaded by black wavy hair, not high, but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like black suns; a finely lined nose with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; and with fine tapering fingers of rare beauty; the whole apparition existing in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy.

"The applause ceasing, she began to speak. In deep tones the first sentences came forth, in tones as deep as if they were rising from the innermost cavities of the chest, ay, from the very earth. Was that the voice of a woman? Of this you

felt certain—such a voice you had never heard, never a tone so hollow and yet so full and resonant, so phantomlike and yet so real. But this first surprise soon yielded to new and greater wonders. As her speech went on, that voice, first deep and cavernous, began, in the changing play of feelings or passions, to rise, and roll, and bound, and fly up and down the scale for an

octave or two without the slightest effort or artificiality, like the notes of a musical instrument of apparently unlimited compass and endless variety of tone color. Where was now the stiffness of the Alexandrine verse? Where the tedious monotony of the forced rimes? That marvelous voice and the effects it created on the listener can hardly be described without a seemingly extravagant resort to metaphor.

"All the elementary forces of nature and all the feelings and agitations of the human soul seemed to have found their most powerful and thrilling language in the intonations of that voice

and to subjugate the hearer with superlative energy. It uttered an accent of tender emotion, and instantly the tears shot into your eyes; a playful or cajoling turn of expression came, and a happy smile lightened every face in the audience. Its notes of grief or despair would make every heart sink and tremble with agony, and when one of those terrific explosions of wrath and fury broke forth you instinctively clutched the nearest object to save yourself from being swept away by the hurricane. The marvelous modulations of that voice alone sufficed to carry the soul of the listener through all the sensations of joy, sadness, pain, love, hatred, despair, jealousy, contempt, wrath, and rage, even if he did not understand the language, or if he closed his eyes so as not to observe anything of the happenings on the stage."



ELIZABETH RACHEL-FELIX

(From a painting by Müller)

Rachel's beauty, as here revealed, makes it hard to understand that, when she chose, her face transformed itself into "a very Gorgon head" and her eyes flashed "with a truly hellish fire."

To Rachel's "action" Mr. Schurz pays tribute in terms scarcely less enthusiastic. "When that beautiful hand," he says, "with its slender, almost translucent, fingers, moved, it spoke a language every utterance of which was a revelation to the beholder." But "it was in

the portrayal of the evil passions and the fiercest emotions that her powers rose to the most tremendous effects." To quote further:

"Nothing more terrible can be conceived than her aspect in her great climaxes. Clouds of sinister darkness gathered upon her brow; her eyes, naturally deep-set, began to protrude and to

flash and scintillate with a truly hellish fire. Her nostrils fluttered in wild agitation as if breathing flame. Her body shot up to unnatural height. Her face transformed itself into a very Gorgon head, making you feel as if you saw the serpents wriggling in her locks. Her forefinger darted out like a poisoned dagger against the object of her execration; or her fist clenched as though it would shatter the universe at a blow; or her fingers bent like the veriest tiger's claws to lacerate the victim of her fury—a spectacle so terrific that the beholder, shuddering with horror, would feel his blood run cold, and gasp for breath, and moan, 'God help us all.'

As this was the impression made upon him in his imaginative youth, Carl Schurz was afterward somewhat suspicious of his own sensations. So he repeatedly compared his own impression with others, only to find it completely verified. "Indeed," he adds, "I have often heard gray-haired men and women, persons of cultivated artistic judgment, speak of Rachel with the same sort of bewildered enthusiasm that I had experienced myself." He subsequently saw Rachel in all her great parts, and in not a few of them several times, and "the impression was always identically the same." Rachel was to him in later life, just as in his youth, "a demon, a supernatural entity, a mysterious force of nature."

From an entirely different point of view, but equally effective in bringing home to one this "demoniacal power" of the great Rachel, is the conversation of an old French Jewess which Clara Morris so vividly records in her latest book of reminiscences. The old woman, Miss Morris tells us, kept a shop in Paris, and had been a neighbor of the Félix family. She was poor and mercenary, but "she had a splendid pride in her great sister in Israel," and "a memory that held a fact as tenaciously as her hand held a coin. Recalling those nights when Rachel "had it in for someone"—when she was "Rachel plus Félix, and Félix plus the Devil"—the old woman laughed as she asked contemptuously:

"How often, Madame, have you read of the wonderful eyes of the great Rachel—many times, eh? How often have you read of them as flashing, blazing, glistening, lustrous? Many times again, eh? Well, each time that was a lie, of the imagination, perhaps not of the intention, but all the same a lie! For look you, that angular little mightiness of a woman was ugly, and knew it, and was nowhere more ugly than in that most strange eye of hers. You know that noble brow? Well, back, far back, deep-sunken beneath it were the eyes, small, black, opaque and flattened like—truly it has not a good sound—but they were like the eyes of a great serpent. No—you do not like that? But wait now. Can you, can I, can another, look at a thing steadily, steadily, unwinkingly for a minute at a time? *Mais non! non!*

The eye it blur, it pain, it cry, and at last it wink for rest, for pity of itself, eh? But that dense cold, black eye of Rachel would look at you with an unwinking, unwavering intensity of evil, that chilled your blood, dulled your thoughts and left you helpless, just as a bird is helpless when the unwinking serpent eye has mesmerized it."

When asked if there were any truth in the story told about Rachel's public crushing of Mademoiselle Maxime (a rival actress whom Jules Janin, the critic, supported in a fit of opposition to "la grande tragédienne"), the old woman answered:

"Truth? You ask it? *Dieu de Dieu!* Was I there then, with all the other Jews, or was I not? Some were for Maxime, who, mind you, was handsome and not so bad an actress either; and besides Rachel had behaved badly toward Paris and the home theatre, and many wanted to punish her. So the Maxime party was strong and Rachel had the very devil's self pent up in her that night. The Félix crowd were wild with fright and everyone chuckled at sight of their faces. It was a great night. The whole city seemed to be packed into the theatre. Maxime's party applauded and hissed; Rachel's party hissed and applauded, and so they yelled and shouted and clapped and stamped, until Mary Stuart and Elizabeth met and faced each other; and, Madame, there came then a silence that was like death! The audience saw Rachel's face and a sigh passed over the crowded house—for we had expected a struggle to the death, mind you. But that face—Oh, *mon Dieu!*—we felt the end already! The scene began. Elizabeth was doing well—Rachel as Mary waited, with her arms folded, her sleek head lowered a little, she fastened upon Maxime's face dull black eyes of such malignant hate that one felt a chill at the roots of the hair. Elizabeth started, then made a swift gesture and went bravely on, but she could not break away from the intensifying power of the cold eyes. Then at the unwinking, baleful stare, she gave a gasp, a visible trembling passed over her whole body. She spoke and a hoarseness came into her voice. She strove desperately to escape Rachel's unwavering eye; strove in anguish—spoke again—stammered—hesitated—and was lost. Mary Stuart's opportunity came then, but never in her whole life did Rachel give rein to such mad passion as on that night! Maxime was ruined; but, Madame, a young English artist who sat with us in the cheap places cried out, all furious: 'Ah, but that was damnable!' Eh, *bien*, perhaps it was, but that was the power of the dull black eye I tell you of. Sometimes in the great moments of the grand tragedy I have seen a glow come, a kind of red smoulder, but never, oh, never in the world, the flash, the blaze, the gleam! She seemed too, Madame, sometimes far up above us all—the tragedy of all the earth—the love of all lovers—the grace of all women seemed to be in her own heart, and it was out of her heart that she acted at least part of the time."

For Rachel was not always "plus Félix—plus the Devil."

OPERATIC SUCCESSES AT PARIS AND MONTE CARLO

THE familiar complaint of critics and patrons that the operatic repertory is stale and unprogressive does not apply to three or four, at least, of the European opera-houses. The Paris Opéra, the Milan Opera-house, and, strangely enough, the Monte Carlo Opera are very generous producers of novelties. Monte Carlo has become a veritable musical Mecca for composers. "First productions" are very frequent there, and a work which succeeds at Monte Carlo sooner or later finds its way to the Parisian opera-houses and to those of Italy, and thence to Covent Garden, London, and the German centers. Many of the novelties are of course short-lived, being imitative and second-rate; but occasionally a new "note" is heard in music, a new direction indicated, real originality revealed.

Of the novelties of the recent European musical season, not a few, judging by the critical estimates, seem to be worthy of a permanent place in the operatic repertory. To the most individual and significant of the new operas (some of which have been reviewed in this department of CURRENT LITERATURE) belongs "Aphrodite," an opera in five acts, based on the novel of Pierre Louys, a bold and unconventional writer of the "younger" school. The music for the libretto is by Camille Erlanger, a French composer of growing reputation.

"Aphrodite" has succeeded brilliantly. It is the feature of the musical year in Paris, and is having a long "run."

In the opera, as in the novel, there is presented a picture of Greek decadence. The scene is laid in Alexandria, and the period is one characterized by excessive estheticism and refinement and luxury coupled with moral decay and barbarism. In the architecture, in the customs and manners, in the literature and painting of the period, there is an absence of all restraint. Vice is pervasive and defiant; the worship of "Aphrodite" is the distinguishing characteristic of the time.

The story is slight. It deals with the *amours* of the courtesan, Chrysis, and a sculptor, Demetrios. The former is capricious, exacting and cruel; her every wish must be gratified, regardless of cost, danger and consequence. She expresses to Demetrios the desire to possess three things—a certain necklace, a comb and a looking-glass. In order to procure them for her, the sculptor is obliged

to commit, successively, a theft, an assassination and a sacrilege, for the necklace is part of the cherished treasures of the temple of Aphrodite.

The various scenes of the opera are full of color and picturesque variety. One takes place in the temple, another in the gardens of the city, a third on the quay, and so on. The opportunities for spectacular effects, as well as for musical illustrations and accompaniments, are abundant. In writing of the Erlanger score, Gabriel Fauré says in the *Paris Figaro*:

"The novelist wished, by a grouping of striking episodes, by light touches, by charm of style, to reconstruct an infinitely seductive epoch. The composer conceived the idea of converting the story into a soul-drama, a conflict of spirits and characters.

"He has, accordingly, constructed his score on a foundation of several leading themes, some purely 'expressive,' others rhythmical and musical. The work is given a serious character, an air of grave solemnity. A lighter mood would have been in greater harmony with the author's intention.

"But in many places the composer has found very happy accents and melodies to express the right atmosphere of the piece. The first act is vivacious and charming; one scene, portraying the death of Chrysis, contains ravishing poetry and genuine emotion."

To a very different category belongs a novelty produced at Monte Carlo, "Hans, le Jouer de Flûte" (Hans, the Flute-Player). This is a comic opera by Louis Gaune, another well-known French composer, the libretto by Maurice Vaucaire and Georges Michell, being based on the old Flemish legend immortalized by Robert Browning in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." According to the story:

The town of Hamelin is rat-infested to such an extent that ruin threatens the inhabitants. The granaries are full of rats, and there is no relief. But Hans, a tramp, appears in the town, and he has a magic flute, with the music of which he draws all the rats out of their holes and leads them to the river, where they drown. For a small sum of gold Hans agrees to rid the town of rats. He does this, but the inhabitants refuse to pay him the sum stipulated upon. Thereupon he resumes playing, and this time all the children follow him out of Hamelin, never to return.

This legend the librettists changed and adapted to romantic opera purposes. Yoris, a poor poet, is represented as in love with the burgomaster's daughter, who is far above him in social station. He draws away the cats by his music and leads the rats into the granaries. The people implore Hans, the "flute-

player," to save them. He consents on condition that the city restore its former toy-and-flower fairs, abandoned for years, owing to the inroads of commercialism, and that he be allowed to choose as reward the finest toy of the first fair. The finest toy is impersonated by the burgomaster's beautiful daughter, Lisbeth, and Hans, claiming his reward, takes Yoris and Lisbeth by their hands and makes them happy lovers.

There are ingenious complications in the plot, such as the imprisonment of the young poet and the assumption by Lisbeth of the

rôle of a mechanical doll at the show—a trick which deceives the old burgomaster.

The composer has written airy, graceful melodious music for this operetta. J. Darthenay, in an account of the production in *Le Figaro*, says that in its sentiment, its spontaneity, its gaiety, its fluency, the little operetta suggested to many Wagner's "Meistersinger." The melodies are fresh, sparkling sweet, and the orchestration is sonorous and effective without being too heavy for the plot. In short, the piece is described as a gem of its kind, deserving of the widest popularity.

WHY IBSEN ABANDONED SHAKESPEAREAN THEMES



It has been asked, Why did Ibsen put on the stage Hialmar Ekdal and Hedda Gabler, instead of Napoleon or Garibaldi? and the question involves an interesting point not only in Ibsen's development, but in the development of the whole modern drama. Shakespeare, perhaps it will be suggested, was a poet and Ibsen was not; but, in the opinion of G. Lowes Dickinson, the London writer, this is far from being an accurate statement of the facts in the case. "Ibsen was a poet," he says, "though certainly not of the calibre of Shakespeare. The interesting thing about him is precisely that, having begun with poetic drama of the Shakespearean type, he passed through 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt,' to his amazing prose-dramas of modern life." And "even in these, the poet in him is always peeping through, threatening to transform his drawing-rooms into castles and sorcerers' caves, and his middle-class men and women into wizards, witches and ghosts." Mr. Dickinson continues (in *The Independent Review*, July):

"Perhaps the key [to the problem] may seem to be given in the word 'realistic.' Mr. Bernard Shaw maintains that Shakespeare could not or would not grapple with reality. In the last resort, he insists, he ran away from it, and poeticised; whereas Ibsen faced the truth. But this is to beg the question about reality. Not that I complain of any man for begging the question; I merely insist on my right to beg it myself in my own way. People call those things, and that view of things, real, with which they are most conversant. Some people see one thing and some another; and all see what they see through different temperamental glasses. Shakespeare saw the world, broadly, as Æschylus saw it. He saw Man more than human set against a background of storm.

He saw him great and heroic, but in the grip of Something greater than himself. What that Something was to him, a Fate or a Providence, Power good or indifferent or bad, is, and will always be, matter of controversy. But, in any case, he saw Man over against the universe; and for that reason, he instinctively selected types and characters where that antagonism is most vividly presented. He could, of course, and he did, with his inexhaustible knowledge and sympathy, create any kind of person in any kind of situation—a Falstaff or a Dame Quickly as readily as a Richard the Second or an Anthony. But when he writes tragedy, he turns to great men in great positions. Why? Because there it is presented, in the most striking form, the issue between Man and the Universe. To say that this is not reality, is confusion or ignorance. True, it is not the reality with which most people are conversant in their daily life. But then, don't they wish it were! Besides, that is not the point. Men are more than they are. Great actions and great sufferings appeal to them, not merely as a spectacle, but as a challenge. There need be no sophistication in this, no sense of vicarious virtue. They are not heroes; but they are heroes in embryo. And, even if a hero had never existed—a preposterous opinion only held by valets—it might be urged, without paradox, that the hero is more real than any one who has existed."

There must be some other reason, then, than the quest for reality, to account for Ibsen's abandonment of Shakespearean tragedy. This reason Mr. Dickinson discovers in the fact that he had a "different vision of life" from Shakespeare's, conditioned by the circumstances of our age. What this vision is, one may gather from the following passage:

"Ibsen began, as we have noticed, with Shakespearean tragedy, the great man and the great crisis. 'Emperor and Galilean,' for example, is a world-tragedy, on the scale of 'Julius Cæsar' or 'Antony and Cleopatra.' But already, it is clear, the dramatist is pre-occupied with a prob-

the problem of will. 'Is my hero sound?' he seems to be asking. And the question grows more and more urgent, until it becomes an obsession. 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt' are sermons on the text: 'He that would save his life must lose it.' Brand throws away the world to save his own soul; Peer Gynt, because he has no soul, cannot even live in the world. In these dramas, and in all his other work, the poet is fascinated by the problem of the sick will. It is as though Shakespeare had come so possessed by the idea of Hamlet that he could no longer conceive any other type. In Ibsen's later plays, there is hardly, I think, a man—there are several women—who is not divided against himself. But the problem of the sick will is bound up with the problem of society; and upon society Ibsen fastens, as a pathologist on a disease. Business, professions, marriage—finds a taint in everything. 'The ship', he says, in one of his letters, 'carries a corpse in the hold.' Living men are haunted by ghosts. Dead ideas, dead habits, dead institutions, overlie and smother the free soul. Or, in another of his metaphors, the modern man is like a wild duck shot in the netting, who has dived down and 'bitten itself fast to the sea-weed.' Such men are not heroes; they do not confront Fate; they are not even aware of Fate, unless it be in the form of hereditary disease. They cannot stir the ocean-roll of verse, they kindle it with the light of rhetoric. They speak as we speak, live as we live, in rooms and streets and churches and conventicles. That Ibsen has shown them living so, with such consummate art, is his title to fame as a dramatist. No arts hold a modern audience as these do. They hold it as dramas; but they hold it also as problem-plays. Sick men and women are there, contemplating their own sick world. And they leave the theatre, not indeed 'purged by pity and fear' that is the work of the poetic drama—but checked with self-questioning, tortured with regret, perplexed, despairing, or enraged."

That the development exemplified by Ibsen, says Mr. Dickinson, is not peculiar to him seems to be shown by the general trend of the best modern drama. "Witness, for example, Sudermann in Germany and Mr. Bernard Shaw in England. This kind of drama somehow belongs to this age, just as Socialism does; and for the same reason." All our best intelligence is preoccupied with a "very general, very profound and constantly increasing sense that our social institutions are wrong." In the age of Shakespeare, as in the age of Æschylus, there was no such sense. These poets were not indifferent to the injustice and cruelty in the world, but conceived them in terms of fate or of individual guilt; whereas the modern dramatist conceives them as social evil. "He sees man involved in injustice, of which he is himself the author. He sees him the creator and perpetuator of the very system by which he is destroyed. He sees him vicious, not guilty; contemptible, not sublime. Pitiful victims and mean oppressors creep across the

stage. Strength disgusts; weakness exasperates. Men and women are cracked and flawed, like the system in which they live. They make it, and it mars them. Drama of this kind is revolutionary. It leaves a man saying, not 'How tragic, and yet how great is Man,' but 'How mean and how intolerable is Society!'" To conclude:

"It is, of course, just because Ibsen is revolutionary that Mr. Bernard Shaw places him among the prophets, along with Bunyan, and Hogarth, and Blake, and Nietzsche. But he can hardly deserve a place among these if his work be simply negative. A prophet is a prophet, not by what he denounces, but by what he affirms. What then does Ibsen affirm? Does he affirm anything? His ideal, of course, is the free man with the sound will. But does he believe in this ideal, and make us believe in it, as a thing not only desirable but possible, nay, necessary? Has he faith in Man? On that question, I suppose, his claim to be a philosopher, in Mr. Shaw's sense, must turn. Different people, perhaps, will answer it differently. But, for my own part, what I feel in Ibsen is a progressive disillusionment. 'The Wild Duck' and 'When We Dead Awaken' are Mephistophelian commentaries on 'Brand' and 'The Master Builder.' More and more the plays seem to become pathological demonstrations; less and less a challenge to healthy life. The high mountains lurking in the background dissolve in the universal illusion. Man is a mean creature, with a broken will. That seems to me to be the last message of this poet.

"It is otherwise with Shakespeare. Him Mr. Shaw will not count among the prophets, for reasons which I appreciate. I am inclined to agree that he had no positive view of the world; that, in many of his moods, 'he saw no sense in living at all.' But I deny that that is the effect produced by his tragedies. On the contrary, even those in which the tragedy is most unredeemed, even 'Lear,' and 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello,' leave one with a sense of the tremendous worth-whileness of life. 'Yet do I not repent me;' it is the characters of Shakespeare, not of Ibsen, that one can imagine using those great words. His tragedies do somehow deliver, and elate, and inspire. Why? Not because he has shown us a purpose in the world; but because he has shown us Man 'noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god;' and has hung above and about him 'this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire.' It is not he, it is Ibsen, who reduces Man to a 'quintessence of dust,' and Heaven to 'a pestilent congregation of vapors.' After seeing 'Othello,' we feel: 'So it was, and so it is well that it was;' after seeing 'The Wild Duck,' we feel: 'Would that it had never been!'" . . .

"Shakespeare was a poet, not a prophet. But what a poet! We need not complain that our modern dramatists are not poets too. But neither need we count it to them as a merit. Their drama is social criticism; and we need social criticism. But we need poetry too; and without it we shall not make much of the new society to which we are moving."

THE FUNDAMENTAL DEFECT IN WAGNERIAN OPERA

RICHARD WAGNER was "almost an egomaniac," according to E. A. Baughan, the musical critic of the *London Daily News*, and this quality of egotism was wrought into the very structure of his operas. For whereas until Wagner's day it had been taken for granted that voices ought to be dominant in opera and that the orchestra should merely accompany the singers, Wagner inaugurated an era of "topsy-turvydom" by subordinating the voices to his own direct musical utterance through the orchestra. Says Mr. Baughan (in *The Fortnightly Review*):

"All artists are egotists, but Wagner pushed egotism to its farthest limits. The orchestra as he used it in the 'Ring' and 'Tristan,' became a temptation he could not withstand. It enabled him to discourse at length upon the dramatic ideas and situations, to point a moral here, and to emphasise an emotion there. The ordinary dramatist (poor creature!) has to express himself in the terms of drama, through his *dramatis personæ*. All kinds of important point have to be left to the imagination of the audience, and there is no means of telling it precisely what should be felt. Wagner's orchestra gave a loquacious man, with a constitutional desire to impose his ideas on the world, an imposing pulpit. In his music-dramas you may trace his gradual slavery to his orchestra, until at last it would seem that his instrumental Chorus was the end for which his dramas came into existence. The *dramatis personæ* dwindled into the background; the whole scheme of his dramas was conditioned by his need of expressing himself. He prolonged situations beyond all reason so that he might deliver his orchestral comment at the proper length for musical effect. From the 'Ring' onwards, the *dramatis personæ* no longer carried the drama, but were borne along by the egotistic comments of the dramatist. The characters no longer expressed themselves, but were expressed by the author. The compositions were not dramas, but epic musical poems cast into dramatic form."

"I have never yet met a Wagnerian," remarks Mr. Baughan, "who could clearly explain why the master should have shown such a disinclination to allow his *dramatis personæ* to sing a melody when it was considered quite appropriate that the dramatic idea should be expressed in melody by the orchestra. One might almost imagine Wagner was jealous of his own characters!" Continuing the indictment, he says:

"The weaving up of the voice with the orchestra, so pleasing to the musician, is directly opposed to drama. It means that the voice will have no independent life of its own. If you attempt to sing one of Wagner's big scenes without the orchestral comment you will find that the

expression is absolutely incomplete. In many cases the vocal parts, if detached from the score, are without emotional meaning of any kind. And the orchestra, and you obtain the frenzied excitement which Wagnerians consider is perfect art. There must be something wrong in such a method when applied to drama. And Wagner did not improve an essentially false conception of the proper position of the voice in music-drama by writing the bulk of his orchestral music as if it were an independent symphonic poem, for thus created a Procrustean bed on which the expression of the *dramatis personæ* had to be stretched to get the expression of the composer himself. Only here and there in his music-dramas is the orchestra sufficiently plastic to adapt itself to the dramatic emphasis the voice should be allowed to make."

It is strange, thinks Mr. Baughan, that Wagner, with his experience as a conductor of operas, did not learn that the human voice is the most wonderful instrument in the world, and that when it comes to the expression of emotion no orchestra can hope to vie with it. Further:

"The volume of sound which an orchestra produces, its variety of tone colour, and its suggestion of titanic emotion are just the very qualities which the human voice lacks. If the orchestra is to be given full scope the voice has no power against it. The measure of music-drama must surely lie in the vocal expression of the *dramatis personæ*. If the orchestra is to set the standard as with Wagner, the voices to be heard at the end must attempt to be superhuman. It is not merely a question of drowning the voice by mere volume of sound. It cuts much deeper than that. In weaving his voices with the orchestra Wagner just enables his singers to make themselves heard at rather less effort than might be imagined, by the tremendous speech of the orchestra reinforcing the voice with a curious effect. It has been the secret of Wagner's power, and no doubt it is still a secret to many of his admirers. Emotions which would have been 'ordinary' become titanic in volume and apparent stress. Had Wagner been a poor craftsman he would have pitted his voices against his orchestra, and so have lost his power of hypnotizing his public. But the skill with which he wove his voices with his orchestra obviated that disaster. Yet the very effect of bigness, of titanic emotions expressed by singers and orchestra, is not really artistic. It is another proof of the composer's egotism. A dramatist and an artist would surely have aimed at conditioning his material to his subject. Thus in 'Tristan and Isolde' he had to express the most passionate and idealistic love of man and woman. Did he try to move us by a poignant musical illustration of that love, keeping it on the plane of poetry and yet not allowing it to lose its human proportions? As long as there is no passionate outburst to express the music is magical in its appeal, but immediately a crisis is reached Wagner himself rushes in with

his orchestra and builds a climax of frenetic sound round the voices until all human feeling is sacrificed to exaggerated passion. Tristan and Isolde are no longer a man and a woman, but some strange monsters of this musical Frankenstein's creation."

Opera must retrace its steps, concludes the critic. "It must aim at making its drama condition the style of its music, and the *dramatis personæ* must no longer be merged in the orchestral background."

THE PARADOX IN MOLIÈRE'S TEMPERAMENT

LAUGHTER and tears, it seems, dwell in the same house, and the world's greatest fun-makers have often been the saddest of men. The truth of this curious psychological paradox is brought out forcibly by Mr. Henry M. Trollope in his "Life of Molière,"* of which the *London Athanæum* speaks as "the best contribution that has been made by an Englishman to a knowledge of the French stage of the period discussed."

Sadness, we learn, closely enveloped the mind of the witty actor-dramatist. "It was not infectious, and he often tried to hide it, but it may be seen in his smiles, even in his laughter." Mr. Trollope writes further:

"Molière's pessimism was kept under by his knowledge of the value of hard work both in himself and in others, by generous feelings, and by a belief in the slow improvement in the mental and moral condition of mankind, brought about by industry and by a sober and wise use of free thought. He was unselfish and loyal as a friend, not-tempered, perhaps, and exacting in the performance of his work, but always thinking more of the wants of those who were dependent upon him than of the trouble he gave himself, though his health was not strong and demanded that he should labor less and be free from the daily anxieties of his theater. It was fortunate for him that his life was a very busy one. His love of satire and of pleasant railery was a great blessing to him. Between his unhappy thoughts and his keen appreciation of what was ludicrous, his strong common sense kept his mind straight and free from ill-considered or warped ideas."

So free, indeed, that a hasty reading of some of his plays may lead one to think that he loved to be joyous and merry and to brim over with fun. Yet, we are told, "a careful study of his scenes will reveal a sorrowful mind, often sick at heart at the thought of men's selfishness, their trickery, their greed, and their vanity." To quote again:

"The effect of his comedies is neither gloomy nor depressing and a man must be of a strange temperament if he is made unhappy by reading them. Nevertheless, in the 'Ecole des Maris,' the

'Ecole des Femmes,' the 'Tartuffe,' 'Don Juan,' the 'Misanthrope,' the 'Avare,' 'George Dandin'—and especially in the two last-named plays—the subjects were chosen from unhappy causes, and the comedies reveal the workings of an uneasy mind made melancholy because of the wrong men and women were daily doing to each other. There are everywhere Philinthes who are callous to social evils, and there are Alcestes who roar aloud at them. Molière's strong humor did much to hide his unhappiness, and he brought amusement so easily out of trifles that his fun seems to lie on the top of everything. As a comic dramatist it was his duty to endeavor to amuse, but his feelings were often moved to anger as he wrote, and his comedies were conceived with seriousness of purpose. He did not go out of his way to be melancholy, he did not like sadness. I imagine that he did not laugh much or easily, that he wished he could laugh more, and that he liked to see brightness and joyfulness in those around him. . . . He looked for truth, for kindness, for charitable feeling, and thought he found instead too much vanity and self-interest. If men's conduct one to the other were better than he believed it to be, Molière would have been less unhappy."

Comparing Molière with Shakespeare, Mr. Trollope says: "Neither probably were great laughs, though Shakespeare, one would say, must have had a very large capacity for enjoyment; and Molière had the greater power of giving fun and of making others laugh with him in his satire." Moreover, "the laughter that Shakespeare causes is louder and generally heartier; Molière's laughter is funnier, smaller in volume, and it shows a finer and often a sadder note." Shakespeare possessed powers that were beyond Molière's reach, but for "firm and distinct portraiture and dramatic formation of character; for a knowledge of handling events and small incidents and making men agree with his characters and be suitable for presentation on the stage; for the expression of human sympathies; for a great command of racy language peculiar to the speaker and the occasion—giving through it all a clear picture of comedy"—Molière comes, in the writer's mind, nearer to Shakespeare than any other comic dramatist. In fact, Mr. Trollope yields to the sad Frenchman the crown of comedy.

SALOME



NE might think that the scene in Herod's banquet-hall, where, in response to the request of Salome, John the Baptist's head is brought in in a charger, contained enough horror to satisfy any dramatist, even the most decadent. But Oscar Wilde, in his drama that is reported to be setting Germany wild, and which, in the form of an opera, is to be given in America the coming season, has gone several degrees further than the scriptural narrative. Salome's request, in the drama, is prompted not by her mother but by her own pique because the prophet has repulsed her quick-born love, and refused the kiss which she wishes to place upon his lips. She calls for his head that she may bestow upon the dead lips the kiss which she might not bestow upon the living lips. The horror is too much even for Herod and he orders his soldiers to despatch Salome herself.

It is not pretty, but Wilde's wonderful wizardry with words is exhibited in the tragedy to the full, and the success of the play has been marked not only in Germany, but in Italy, Spain and France. It has been given in a hundred German cities, and in Berlin has literally driven native playwrights temporarily from the boards. In London the play could not be publicly given because of its use of scriptural characters, but it has been given privately several times, and the Progressive Stage Society attempted its production in New York last winter, with inadequate means. Richard Strauss has made it into an opera which Mr. Conried announces his intention of producing here in a few weeks.

The play was originally written in French for Sarah Bernhardt. The English version, from which we quote, was made by Lord Alfred Douglas, and a series of pictures was made by Aubrey Beardsley to illustrate the English edition, two of these being herewith reproduced. They certainly do not lessen the gruesomeness of the work.

The opening scene is a great terrace in the Palace of Herod set above the banqueting-hall. Some soldiers are leaning over the balcony. To the right there is a gigantic staircase; to the left, at the back, an old cistern surrounded by a wall of green bronze. This cistern is the dungeon of Iokanaan—John the Baptist. The moon, which is shining brightly, is an important piece of stage property, for in their observations upon the moon the various moods of the different characters are skilfully portrayed. Thus to the young Syrian captain who loves Salome the moon seems "like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and

whose feet are of silver." His friend, the page of Herodias, fears for the life of the young captain and his nervous temperament sees in the palmy luminary "a woman rising from a tomb. One might fancy she was looking for dead things." To Salome, whose mind is chaste until she sets eyes upon Iokanaan, the moon appears the emblem of virginity. Herod sees in it an obscene picture of a drunken woman, while Herodias prosaically declares, "The moon is but the moon."

Salome early in the play leaves the banquet-hall to escape from the lustful eyes of Herod and comes to the terrace. From the cistern is heard the voice of the prophet, and the princess, curious to see how he looks, demands that he be brought before her. The soldiers fear to obey her command, but finally she prevails upon the young Syrian captain: "Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth, and to-morrow when I pass in my litter beneath the gateway of the idol-sellers I will let fall for thee a little flower, a little green flower." The prophet is brought and Salome is fascinated by his appearance. The prophet repels her advances harshly. Then the following remarkable scene ensues:

Salome: Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temples and are fed by the priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral that fishermen have found in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for kings! . . . It is like the vermilion that the Moabites find in the mine of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is painted with vermilion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. . . . Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan: Never! daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! never!

Salome: I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

The Young Syrian: Princess, Princess, thou who art like a garden of myrrh, thou who art the dove of all doves, look not at this man, look not at him! Do not speak such words to him. I cannot endure it. . . . Princess, do not speak these things.

Salome: I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

The Young Syrian: Ah! (He kills himself, and falls between Salome and Iokanaan.)

The Page of Herodias: The young Syrian has slain himself! The young captain has slain himself! He has slain himself who was my friend! I gave him a little box of perfumes and ear-rings wrought in silver, and now he has killed himself! Ah, did he not say that some misfortune would happen? I, too, said it, and it has come to pass. Well I knew that the moon was seeking a dead

thing, but I knew not that it was he whom she sought. Ah! why did I not hide him from the moon? If I had hidden him in a cavern she would not have seen him.

First Soldier: Princess, the young captain has just slain himself.

Salome: Suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan: Art thou not afraid, daughter of Herodias? Did I not tell that I had heard in the palace the beatings of the wings of the angel of death, and hath he not come, the angel of death?

Salome: Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan: Daughter of adultery, there is but one who can save thee. It is He of whom I spake. Go seek Him. He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee, and He talketh with His disciples. Kneel down on the shore of the sea, and call unto Him by His name. When He cometh to thee, and to all who call on Him He cometh, bow thyself at His feet and ask of Him the remission of thy sins.

Salome: Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan: Cursed be thou! daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou accursed!

Salome: I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan: I will not look at thee. Thou art accursed, Salome, thou art accursed. (*He goes down into the cistern.*)

Salome: I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan; I will kiss thy mouth.

Meanwhile Herod enters on the terrace, crowned with flowers. He is ill at ease, for he has slipped in the blood of the young Syrian, and imagines that he hears "the sound of mighty wings" in the air. He clumsily flatters Cæsar's envoys, and exalts himself; he insults Herodias and taunts her. All the while his eyes are riveted on the beauty of Salome. The caprice enters his head that only one thing in the world can please him—to see Salome dance. After this point the climax of the play is soon reached.

Herod: Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad to-night. Yes, I am passing sad to-night. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an evil omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what they may mean.

. . . I am sad to-night. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salome, I beseech thee. If thou dancest for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee. Yes, dance for me, Salome, and whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome (rising): Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask of you, Tetrarch?

Herodias: Do not dance, my daughter.

Herod: Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome: You swear it, Tetrarch?

Herod: I swear it, Salome.

Herodias: Do not dance, my daughter.

Salome: By what will you swear this thing, Tetrarch?

Herod: By my life, by my crown, by my gods. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom, if thou wilt but dance for me. O Salome, Salome, dance for me!

Salome: You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch.

Herod: I have sworn an oath.

Herodias: My daughter, do not dance.

Herod: Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, Salome, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear . . . wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings is terrible. The breath of the wind of its wings is terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. I am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick! quick! loosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. (*He tears the wreath from his head, and throws it on the table.*) Ah! I can breathe now. How red those petals are! They are like stains of blood on the cloth. That does not matter. It is not wise to find symbols in everything that one sees. It makes life too full of terrors. It were better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as rose-petals. It were better far to say that. . . . But we will not speak of this. Now I am happy. I am passing happy. Have I not the right to be happy? Your daughter is going to dance for me. Wilt thou not dance for me, Salome? Thou hast promised to dance for me.

Herodias: I will not have her dance.

Salome: I will dance for you, Tetrarch.

Herod: You hear what your daughter says. She is going to dance for me. Thou doest well to dance for me, Salome. And when thou hast danced for me, forget not to ask of me whatsoever thou hast a mind to ask. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn it, have I not?

Salome: Thou hast sworn it, Tetrarch.

Herod: And I have never failed of my word. I am not of those who break their oaths. I know not how to lie. I am the slave of my word, and my word is the word of a king. The King of Cappadocia had ever a lying tongue, but he is no true king. He is a coward. Also he owes me money that he will not repay. He has even insulted my ambassadors. He has spoken words that were wounding. But Cæsar will crucify him when he comes to Rome. I know that Cæsar will crucify him. And if he crucify him not, yet will he die, being eaten of worms. The prophet has prophesied it. Well! Wherefore dost thou tarry, Salome?

Salome: I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take from off my feet my sandals. (*Slaves bring perfumes and the seven veils, and take off the sandals of Salome.*)

Herod: Ah, thou art to dance with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thy little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that dance upon the trees. . . . No, no, she is going to dance on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen.

Herodias: What is it to thee if she dance on blood? Thou hast waded deep enough in it. . . .

Herod: What is it to me? Ah! look at the



"THE CLIMAX"

Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley to illustrate Oscar Wilde's gruesome drama, "Salome."

moon! She has become red. She has become red as blood. Ah! the prophet prophesied truly. He prophesied that the moon would become as blood. Did he not prophesy it? All of ye heard him prophesying it. And now the moon has become as blood. Do ye not see it?

Herodias: Oh yes, I see it well, and the stars are falling like unripe figs, are they not? and the sun is becoming black like sackcloth of hair, and the kings of the earth are afraid. That at least one can see. The prophet is justified of his words in that at least, for truly the kings of the earth are afraid. . . . Let us go within. You are sick. They will say at Rome that you are mad. Let us go within, I tell you.

The Voice of Iokanaan: Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bozra, whose raiment is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?

Herodias: Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not have her dance while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I will not have her dance.

Herod: Do not rise, my wife, my queen; it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced. Dance, Salome, dance for me.

Herodias: Do not dance, my daughter.

Salome: I am ready, Tetrarch.

(Salome dances the dance of the seven veils.)

Herod: Ah! wonderful! wonderful! You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give thee thy

fee. Ah! I pay a royal price to those who dance for my pleasure. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak.

Salome (kneeling): I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger . . .

Herod (laughing): In a silver charger? Surely yes, in a silver charger. She is charming, is she not? What is it thou wouldst have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salome, thou that art fairer than all the daughters of Judæa? What wouldst thou have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me. Whatsoever it may be, thou shalt receive it. My treasures belong to thee. What is it that thou wouldst have, Salome?

Salome (rising): The head of Iokanaan.

Herodias: Ah! that is well said, my daughter.

Herod: No, no!

Herodias: That is well said, my daughter.

Herod: No, no, Salome. It is not that thou desirest. Do not listen to thy mother's voice. She is ever giving thee evil counsel. Do not heed her.

Salome: It is not my mother's voice that I heed. It is for mine own pleasure that I ask the head of Iokanaan in a silver charger. You have sworn an oath, Herod. Forget not that you have sworn an oath.

Herod: I know it. I have sworn an oath by my gods. I know it well. But I pray thee, Salome, ask of me something else. Ask of me the half of my kingdom, and I will give it thee. But ask not of me what thy lips have asked.

Salome: I ask of you the head of Iokanaan.

Herod: No, no, I will not give it thee.

Salome: You have sworn an oath, Herod.

Herodias: Yes, you have sworn an oath. Everybody heard you. You swore it before everybody.

Herod: Peace, woman! It is not to you I speak.

Herodias: My daughter has done well to ask the head of Iokanaan. He has covered me with insults. He has said unspeakable things against me. One can see that she loves her mother well. Do not yield, my daughter. He has sworn an oath, he has sworn an oath.

Herod: Peace! Speak not to me! . . . Salome, I pray thee be not stubborn. I have ever been kind toward thee. I have ever loved thee. . . . It may be that I have loved thee too much. Therefore ask not this thing of me. This is a terrible thing, an awful thing to ask of me. Surely, I think thou art jesting. The head of a man that is cut from his body is ill to look upon, is it not? It is not meet that the eyes of a virgin should look upon such a thing. What pleasure couldst thou have in it? There is no pleasure that thou couldst have in it. No, no, it is not that thou desirest. Hearken to me. I have an emerald, a great emerald and round, that the minion of Cæsar has sent unto me. When thou lookest through this emerald thou canst see that which passeth afar off. Cæsar himself carries such an emerald when he goes to the circus. But my emerald is the larger. I know well that it is the larger. It is the largest emerald in the whole world. Thou wilt take that, wilt thou not? Ask it of me and I will give it thee.

Salome: I demand the head of Iokanaan.

Herod: Thou art not listening. Thou art not listening. Suffer me to speak, Salome.

Salome: The head of Iokanaan!

Herod: No, no, thou wouldst not have that. I thou sayest that but to trouble me, because that I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. It is true, I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. Thy beauty has troubled me. Thy beauty has grievously troubled me, and I have looked at thee overmuch. Nay, but I will look at thee no more. One should not look at anything. Neither at things, nor at people should one look. Only in mirrors is it well to look, for mirrors do but show us masks. Oh! oh! bring wine! I thirst. . . . Salome, Salome, let us be as friends. Bethink thee. . . . Ah! what would I say? What was't? Ah! I remember it! . . . Salome,—nay but come nearer to me; I fear thou wilt not hear my words,—Salome, thou knowest my white peacocks, my beautiful white peacocks, that walk in the garden between the myrtles and the tall cypress trees. Their beaks are gilded with gold and the grains that they eat are smeared with gold, and their feet are stained with purple. When they cry out the rain comes, and the moon shows herself in the heavens when they spread their tails. Two by two they walk between the cypress trees and the black myrtles, and each has a slave to tend it. Sometimes they fly across the trees, and anon they couch in the grass, and round the pools of the water. There are not in all the world birds so wonderful. I know that Cæsar himself has no birds so fair as my birds. I will give thee fifty of my peacocks. They will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and in the midst of them thou wilt be like unto the moon in the midst of a great white cloud. . . . I will give them to thee, all. I have but a hundred, and in the whole world there is no king who has peacocks like unto my peacocks. But I will give them all to thee. Only thou must loose me from my oath, and must not ask of me that which thy lips have asked of me.

(He empties the cup of wine.)

Salome: Give me the head of Iokanaan!

Herodias: Well said, my daughter! As for you, you are ridiculous with your peacocks.

Herod: Peace! you are always crying out. You cry out like a beast of prey. You must not cry in such fashion. Your voice wearies me. Peace, I tell you! . . . Salome, think on what thou art doing. It may be that this man comes from God. He is a holy man. The finger of God has touched him. God has put terrible words into his mouth. In the palace, as in the desert, God is ever with him. . . . It may be that He is, at least. One cannot tell, but it is possible that God is with him and for him. If he die also, peradventure some evil may befall me. Verily, he has said that evil will befall some one on the day whereon he dies. On whom should it fall if it fall not on me? Remember, I slipped in blood when I came hither. Also did I not hear a beating of wings in the air, a beating of vast wings? These are ill omens. And there were other things. I am sure that there were other things, though I saw them not. Thou wouldst not that some evil should befall me, Salome? Listen to me again.

Salome: Give me the head of Iokanaan!

Herod: Ah! thou art not listening to me. Be calm. As for me, am I not calm? I am altogether calm. Listen. I have jewels hidden in this place—jewels that thy mother even has never



"THE DANCER'S REWARD"

Another of Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for the play that is reported to be setting Germany wild, and that is to be given here, in the form of an opera, next season.

seen; jewels that are marvellous to look at. I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. They are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are even as half a hundred moons caught in a golden net. . . . I will give them all unto thee, all, and other things will I add to them. The King of the Indies has but even now sent me four fans fashioned from the feathers of parrots, and the King of Numidia a garment of ostrich feathers. I have a crystal, into which it is not lawful for a woman to look, nor may young men behold it until they have been beaten with rods. In a coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who wears them on his forehead can imagine things which are not, and he who carries them in his hand can turn the fruitful woman into a woman that is barren. These are great treasures above all price. But this is not all. In an ebony coffer I have two cups of amber that are like apples of pure gold. If an enemy pour poison into these cups they become like apples of silver. In a coffer incrustured with amber I have sandals incrustured with glass. I have mantles that have been brought from the land of the Seres, and bracelets decked about with carbuncles and with jade that come from the city of Euphrates. . . . What desirest thou more than this, Salome! Tell me the thing that thou desirest, and I will give it thee. All that thou askest I will give thee, save one thing only. I will give thee all that is mine, save only the life of one man. I will give thee the mantle of the high priest. I will give thee the veil of the sanctuary.

The Jews: Oh! oh!

Salome: Give me the head of Iokanaan!

Herod (sinking back in his seat): Let her be given what she asks! Of a truth she is her mother's child! (*The first Soldier approaches. Herodias draws from the hand of the Tetrarch the ring of death, and gives it to the Soldier, who straightway bears it to the Executioner. The Executioner looks scared.*) Who has taken my ring? There was a ring on my right hand. Who has drunk my wine? There was wine in my cup. It was full of wine. Some one has drunk it! Oh! surely some evil will befall some one. (*The Executioner goes down into the cistern.*) Ah! wherefore did I give my oath? Hereafter let no king swear an oath. If he keep it not, it is terrible, and if he keep it, it is terrible also.

Herodias: My daughter has done well.

Herod: I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

Salome (she leans over the cistern and listens): There is no sound. I hear nothing. Why does he not cry out, this man? Ah! if any man sought to kill me, I would cry out, I would struggle. I would not suffer. . . . Strike, strike, Naaman, strike, I tell you. . . . No, I hear nothing. There is a silence, a terrible silence. Ah! something has fallen upon the ground. I heard something fall. It was the sword of the executioner. He is afraid, this slave. He has dropped his sword. He dares not kill him. He is a coward, this slave! Let soldiers be sent. (*She sees the Page of Herodias and addresses him.*) Come hither. Thou wert the friend of him who is dead, wert thou not? Well, I tell thee, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine. (*The Page recoils. She turns to the soldiers.*) Hither, ye soldiers. Get ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of this man. Tetrarch, Tetrarch, command your soldiers that they bring me the head of Iokanaan.

(*A huge black arm, the arm of the Executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Iokanaan. Salome seizes it. Herod hides his face with his cloak. Herodias smiles and fans herself. The Nazarenes fall on their knees and begin to pray.*)

Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I said it; did I not say it? I said it. Ah! I will kiss it now.

. . . But wherefore dost thou not look at me, Iokanaan? Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are shut now. Wherefore are they shut? Open thine eyes! Lift up thine eyelids, Iokanaan! Wherefore dost thou not look at me? Art thou afraid of me, Iokanaan, that thou wilt not look at me? . . . And thy tongue, that was like a red snake darting poison, it moves no more, it speaks no words, Iokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its venom upon me. It is strange, is it not? How is it that the red viper stirs no longer? . . . Thou wouldst have none of me, Iokanaan. Thou rejectedst me. Thou didst speak evil words against me. Thou didst bear thyself toward me as to a harlot, as to a woman that is a wanton, to me, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa! Well, I still live, but thou art dead, and thy head belongs to me.

I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air. That which the dogs leave, the birds of the air shall devour. . . . Ah, Iokanaan, Iokanaan, thou wert the man that I loved alone among men! All other men were hateful to me. But thou wert beautiful! Thy body was a column of ivory set upon feet of silver. It was a garden full of doves and lilies of silver. It was a tower of silver decked with shields of ivory. There was nothing in the world so white as thy body. There was nothing in the world so black as thy hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as thy mouth. Thy voice was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, and when I looked on thee I heard a strange music. Ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me, Iokanaan? With the cloak of thine hands, and with the cloak of thy blasphemies thou didst hide thy face. Thou didst put upon thine eyes the covering of him who would see his God. Well, thou hast seen thy God, Iokanaan, but me, me, thou didst never see. If thou hadst seen me thou hadst loved me. I saw thee, and I loved thee. Oh, how I loved thee! I love thee yet, Iokanaan. I love only thee. . . . I am athirst for thy beauty; I am hungry for thy body; and neither wine nor apples can appease my desire. What shall I do now, Iokanaan? Neither the floods nor the great waters can quench my passion. I was a princess, and thou didst scorn me. I was a virgin, and thou didst take my virginity from me. I was chaste, and thou didst fill my veins with fire. . . . Ah! ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me? If thou hadst looked at me thou hadst loved me. Well I know that thou wouldst have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death.

Herod: She is monstrous, thy daughter; I tell thee she is monstrous. In truth, what she has done is a great crime. I am sure that it is a crime against some unknown God.

Herodias: I am well pleased with my daughter. She has done well. And I would stay here now.

Herod (rising): Ah! There speaks my brother's wife! Come! I will not stay in this place. Come, I tell thee. Surely some terrible thing will befall. Manasseh, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches. I will not look at things, I will not suffer things to look at me. Put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Let us hide ourselves in our palace, Herodias. I begin to be afraid.

(*The slaves put out the torches. The stars disappear. A great cloud crosses the moon and conceals it completely. The stage becomes quite dark. The Tetrarch begins to climb the staircase.*)

The Voice of Salome: Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? . . . Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. . . . They say that love hath a bitter taste. . . . But what matter? what matter? I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth.

(*A ray of moonlight falls on Salome and illumines her.*)

Herod (turning round and seeing Salome): Kill that woman!

(*The soldiers rush forward and crush beneath their shields Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa.*)

CURTAIN.

Religion and Ethics

IS WOMAN A "FALLEN" BEING ?



THE amazing theory that woman has "fallen" from a previous angelic sphere, and that her lapse constitutes "the most vital, the most far-reaching, and the most terribly significant fact of all human and planetary history," is propounded and eloquently defended by George Barlow, a writer in *The Contemporary Review* (July). He contends that it was the "fall of woman" that "brought sin into the world" and "may have made the Incarnation a necessity, as a sort of divine counterstroke"; and he goes for his arguments to the Scriptures themselves. To quote:

"There was war in heaven." This single little phrase, it often seems to me, may throw light upon much that at first appears hopelessly puzzling in the long strange record of human love. For some years it has been the habit of English thinkers, following the lead of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, to assume that the theory of evolution was a sufficient explanation of the history of the human race, and that the gradual uplifting of man from the animal sphere contained in it the key to the mystery of love. But does it contain the entire key? Is there not still a vast *residuum* of fact wholly unexplained either by the theories of 'natural selection' or 'sexual selection'? On the whole, I am inclined to think that, if we dispassionately survey the infinitely complex sexual situation as to-day placed before us, we shall be led to believe that though the Darwinian theory explains much, it does not cover all the facts. There must be something more behind. It is certain that there has been an upward evolution; that we can see clearly. But there seems also, in the history of the race, to have been a downward evolution. What Darwin realised so forcibly may possibly have been the series of phenomena accompanying a rise, or an effort to rise, from an original fall. It is not impossible that the account of the origin of evil given in the Book of Genesis may contain in it a vast amount of literal world-truth. The expression I quoted from the Book of Revelation, 'there was war in heaven,' with its context, seems to supplement the account given in Genesis, and it powerfully suggests the idea that in some way it was indeed the lapse of woman from her proper post of angelic interpreter of the sweetest and tenderest side of the Divine Nature to man, which brought sin into the world."

The key to this "immense mystery," continues the writer, may be found in the Bible and lies in the "spiritual Darwinism" which, according to his argument, pervades the book from first to last. To quote again:

"Throughout the Bible—which, be it remem-

bered, is by no means a wholly optimistic book—runs the idea of an unceasing and passionate 'struggle for life.' But the Bible does not deal, as does Darwin, with a mere surface struggle. It takes our thought out of the visible sphere of things, and places before us a picture of terrible internecine warfare, perpetual warfare, waged between two opposite classes of angelic combatants. . . . 'There was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels.' The moment that we grasp the idea of possible angelic conflict, grasp it as an actual fact, a fact as real as and of far greater moment than the wars we witness upon earth, we begin to get at the truth which I said must lie behind Darwin's theories; and when we realize that sex-issues may, nay must, play an important, or probably a determining part in this conflict, may indeed be the very cause and goal of it, we begin to gain light upon the darker side of human love, and upon its loftier aspects also.

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." The expression 'sons of God' in this context might refer to some of the fallen angels, some of those against whom Michael and the higher angels are said to have 'fought,' and who were ultimately excluded from heaven. But, guarding oneself against any over-speculative tendency, such a passage, none the less, makes one thoughtful. One can hardly help asking oneself, with more and more of wonder, what is the meaning of this strange beauty of woman, which even the 'sons of God' longed to possess—but which we, we into whose keeping it has passed for a time, often heed as little as the flowers we gather and fling away. The Bible, from end to end, is a book saturated with a profound sense of the importance of this planet, and of the human race, the dually-constituted human race; and it was evidently a leading idea of the greatly-inspired men who wrote the Bible that at the very heart of the world-conflict stands woman, and that, in some mystical but most real way, two classes of angelic beings, a higher and a lower, have been for an enormous period of time—ever since the fall, whatever that may exactly imply—contending over her."

In this way the writer accounts for what he calls the "double" nature of woman, and the fact that in contemplation of her character thinker after thinker, sage after sage, poet after poet, have stood bewildered. "By some terrible blunder, or crime," he says, "the sexes have become separated. . . . Woman has become a tempter, where she should have been a redeemer, and man has become a destroyer where he should have saved. . . . Satan, in striking at woman, has struck right

at the heart of God." Pursuing this train of thought further:

"Let the mind swiftly travel through human history, think of the part that the 'double' woman of whom Hugo speaks has played, and then realise the condition to-day of our great cities; watch the faces of the poor fallen women in London streets at night, and realise that this horror of corruption, this slow decomposition of the diviner soul of humanity, attended by steady degradation of the physical nature as well, has gone on for numberless past ages; realise also that the actual base pleasure of destroying has been felt in some Satanic region of the universe throughout the centuries, and is being felt to-day; realise and ponder upon all this, and you will distinctly apprehend that the fall of woman, poetically described in the Book of Genesis, may be no mere legend, but the most vital, the most far-reaching, and the most terribly significant fact of all human and planetary history. . . .

"Christ's agony contained within it the intolerable agony of woman, and the pain—even deeper, if possible—of all angelic beings who, through epoch after epoch, have helplessly witnessed her agony and have vainly striven to save. The horrors attendant upon Armenian and Macedonian massacres are brought tangibly before us, and we shudder as we read. Yet they are but a shadow compared to the age-long suffering of woman, the anguish which surpasses all other anguish, that of the higher soul trampled beneath lower instincts, and gradually itself forced to develop lower instincts in turn.

The historic degradation of woman has been so great, the writer goes on to say, that it requires an effort—which women themselves often refuse to make—even to conceive what womanhood might mean. Only the more sensitively organized poets, Wordsworth and Swinburne, Rossetti and Shelley, have understood the real potentialities of sex.

"The dreams of Rossetti, both as poet and draftsman, were always of an ideal womanhood. The face of Beatrice in his great painting, 'Beata Beatrix,' was drawn from his memory of the face of his wife; but he introduced into the picture that strange sense of the immortality of human beauty which always haunted him, the imperative suggestion of some deathless glory of perfect womanhood. Shelley's idea of woman was always of the unfallen woman. The woman he describes in 'Laon and Cythna' is hardly modelled upon the human woman of the nineteenth century; the poet is dreaming of woman as she might have been in Paradise. We may incidentally observe that it was for this very reason that Shelley failed so completely to evolve a harmony from his actual love-life upon earth, and made so many astounding blunders. He never saw woman as she really is. He met the eyes of the unfallen Eve, and did not realise the significance of the change that has taken place. . . . Woman, in fact, represents, or ought to represent, the principle of Divine Love. She is intended to convey to man vibrations proceeding straight from the very heart of Being, divine vibrations without which he can in no real sense be said to exist. For humanity, as

we see it around us to-day, is only a mutilated one-sided humanity, a phantom race. Men and women move along, each on their separate paths, and no true blending, no divine marriage, is possible. We have been tricked and misinformed, we have all been hopelessly misled. The 'dual' manhood and womanhood has hardly as yet been developed or redeveloped among us. Probably the mystical writers on these subjects are very near the truth when they suggest that some vital change in the physical constitution of man was wrought when the catastrophe which we call 'the Fall' occurred. Some profound bodily degradation took place, and woman and man now approach one another under very imperfect conditions. They have, as a rule, lost the power of conveying to one another, consciously and organically, divine life-currents. It is likely that our notion of what love ought to be is so far below the true idea that it can hardly be said to involve any adequate conception of love at all. Love, even as the poets conceive it, is a weak and frail thing compared to the spiritual reality. There is, somewhere in the universe, a sex-love, unspeakable in its purity, inconceivable in its intensity, and a joy of which we can hardly dare to dream."

The writer closes with a passage of rare poetic beauty. "If, as I have been suggesting," he says, "the shock of the fall of woman was felt throughout the whole material universe, that whole universe, on the other hand would instantly be thrilled into diviner life by her redemption and restoration."

"The glory of the sun poured over wide expanses of sapphire sea, the mystery of the starlit heaven, the golden or fiery radiance of an August sunset, the splendor of one perfect crimson rose—each of these things would affect in some way a loveless gazer, but would produce a wholly different impression upon two eager-hearted lovers. The loveless eyes would discern only the outward glitter of stars and sun, only the external brightness of the sunset, only the red material brilliance of the flower. But the souls of the lovers would commune with the spiritual force which lies behind and within sunlight and starlight, the force which is Light, for it is Love: the souls of the woman and man, drawing upon the inexhaustible powers of the mingled Divine magnetism which only the impact of sex upon sex can generate, would pierce past the red petals of the rose to the soul of the rose. For within each star there is the soul of a star, and within each rose the soul of a rose. But we cannot understand this without woman's help, for without her there would be neither fragrance in the rose nor spiritual glory in the starlight. It is her redeemed and transfigured soul, and the feminine passion for pure beauty deepening ever within the heart of man, which will ultimately enable us to behold the world robed in its resurrection raiment: to see woman as God sees woman, and the rose as its Maker sees it.

"There is not a single star throughout the measureless regions past which the star-rays travel; not one smallest blossom amid the unending multitude of flowers whose scent each summer fills forest upon forest, meadow after meadow, hill-

side beyond hill-side; not one bluest wavelet among the innumerable ripples of lake or river or sea; there is not one of these which will not in some way, not merely metaphorical but strangely literal, respond to the sceptre of woman the slave when she becomes woman the queen. No lily can win its noblest whiteness, no iris its true royal purple, no rose its most passionate perfume, till woman herself is restored to her rightful em-

pire. For only with the eye of love can we discern the glory of the outward universe; that glory resides not in material things, but in our loving apprehension of them. It is the human passion of love that bestows its passionate beauty upon rose and lily, its golden splendor upon sun and star, and to create and sustain that passion of noble love in the heart of humanity is, and will ever increasingly be, the prerogative of woman."

MAGIC AS A KEY TO THE INTERPRETATION OF RELIGION



HE enchanting study of magic is recommended by Dr. Paul Carus, the well-known philosophical thinker and writer of Chicago, as potent in clarifying our religious conceptions. He even goes so far as to claim for magic and its history a place in our educational program. Modern magic, he tells us in his introduction to a new work on "The Old and the New Magic,"* is not merely a diversion and a recreation, but may become possessed of a deeper worth when it broadens our insight into the rich possibilities of mystification; while a peep behind the scenes will keep us sober and prevent us from falling a prey to superstition.

In order to understand the writer's full meaning, we must observe the distinction he draws between ancient and modern magic as radically different in principle. He says:

"Magic originally meant priestcraft. It is probable that the word is very old, being handed down to us from the Greeks and Romans, who had received it from the Persians. But they in their turn owe it to the Babylonians, and the Babylonians to the Assyrians, and the Assyrians to the Sumero-Akkadians.

"*Imga* in Akkad meant priest, and the Assyrians changed the word to *maga*, calling their high-priest *Rab-mag*; and considering the fact that the main business of priests in ancient times consisted in exorcising, fortune-telling, miracle-working and giving out oracles, it seems justifiable to believe that the Persian term, which in its Latin version is *magus*, is derived from the Chaldean and is practically the same; for the connotation of a wise man endowed with supernatural powers has always been connected with the word *magus*; and even to-day magician means wizard, sorcerer, or miracle-worker."

Every Bible student knows that magic played a prominent part in the civilization of Israel, and this in spite of the fact that the leaders of orthodox thought set their faces against it, and even persecuted sorcerers with fire and sword. Says Dr. Carus:

"We read in the Bible that when the Lord

'multiplied his signs' in Egypt, and sent Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh to turn their rods into serpents, the Egyptian magicians vied with them in the performance, but that Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods, thus demonstrating Aaron's superiority. It is an interesting fact that the snake-charmers of Egypt to-day perform a similar feat which consists in paralyzing a snake so as to render it motionless. The snake then looks like a stick."

Less known, but of deep significance, is the position of magic among the early Christians. In fact, our author assures us that they looked upon Christ as a kind of magician, and that all his older pictures show him with a magician's wand in his hand. "The resurrection of Lazarus, the change of water into wine, the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, the healing of diseases by casting out devils, and kindred miracles, according to the notions of those centuries, were performed after the fashion of sorcerers."

Since then the interest of magic, though eclipsed at times, never wholly disappeared. Goethe introduced the belief in magic into the very plot of his greatest play. Faust, we are told, follows the will-o'-the-wisp of pseudoscience, but is finally brought to a genuinely scientific and rational view of nature. To quote further:

"Progress does not pursue a straight line, but moves in spirals and epicycles. Periods of daylight are followed by nights of superstition. So it happened that in the first and second decades of the nineteenth century the rationalism of the eighteenth century waned, not to make room for a higher rationalism, but to suffer the old bugbears of ghosts and hobgoblins to reappear in a reactionary movement."

Dr. Carus cites Goethe again in support of his contention that the aim of man is liberty and independence. As soon as we understand, he argues, that there are no ghosts to be conciliated by supplications and appeased, but that we occupy a place in nature from which we have grown, in constant interaction between our own aspirations and the natural forces

*THE OLD AND THE NEW MAGIC. By Henry Ridgely Evans. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.



PORTRAYALS OF CHRIST AS THE GREAT MAGICIAN

(Found in the Catacombs)

"The early Christians looked upon Christ as a kind of magician, and all his older pictures show him with a magician's wand in his hand."

regulated by law, we shall have confidence in our own faculties, which can be increased by investigation and proper comprehension of conditions, and we shall no longer look beyond, but around. This attitude is thoroughly modern:

"The old magic found a rival in science and has in all its aspects, in religion as well as in occultism, in mysticism and in obscurantism, treated science as its hereditary enemy. It is now succumbing in the fight, but in the meantime a new magic has originated and taken the place of the old, performing miracles as wonderful as those of the best conjurers of former days, nay more wonderful; yet these miracles are accomplished without the least pretense of supernatural powers.

"The new magic originated from the old magic when the belief in sorcery began to break down in the eighteenth century, which is the dawn of rationalism and marks the epoch since which mankind has been systematically working out a scientific world-conception.

"In primitive society religion is magic, and priests are magicians. The savage would think that if the medicine-man could not work miracles there would be no use for religion. Religion, however, does not disappear with the faith in the medicine-man's power. When magic becomes discredited by science, religion is purified. We must know, though, that religious reforms of this kind are not accomplished at once, but come on gradually in slow process of evolution; first by disappointment and then in exultation at the thought that the actualities of science are higher, nobler and better than the dreams of superstition, even if they were possible, and thus it appears that science comes to fulfil, not to destroy."

Science, Dr. Carus thinks, will permeate magic with its spirit, changing it into scientific magic, which is destitute of all mysticism, occultism and superstition. He admits that

magic in the old sense is gone, but this is not to be lamented:

"The coarseness of Cagliostro's frauds has given way to the elegant display of scientific inventiveness and an adroit use of human wit. Traces of the religious magic are still prevalent to-day, and it will take much patient work before the last remnants of it are swept away. The notions of magic still hold in bondage the minds of the uneducated and half-educated, and even the leaders of progress feel themselves now and then hampered by ghosts and superstitions."

A clear understanding of the effect by which the modern magician attains his effect, says Dr. Carus finally, will prevent us from falling a prey to spiritualistic fallacies. He thinks that even "the most complete deceptions admit of explanations which, in many instances, are much simpler than the spectators think." And hence:

"Neither the marvelous feats of the prestidigitateurs nor the surprising revelations of mediums should shake our confidence in science or make us slaves of superstition. The success of modern magic, which accomplishes more than the old magic or sorcery ever did, is a sufficient guarantee of the reliability of reason, and even where 'now we see through a glass darkly,' we must remain confident that when we grow in wisdom and comprehension we shall learn to see 'face to face.'

"The spread of modern magic and its proper comprehension are an important sign of progress, and in this sense the feats of our Kellers and Herrmanns are a work of religious significance. They are instrumental in dispelling the fogs of superstition by exhibiting to the public the astonishing but natural miracles of the art of legerdemain; and while they amuse and entertain, they fortify the people in their conviction of the reliability of science."

A POET'S RHAPSODY ON THE "DIVINE FIRE"



WE have heard of esthetic creeds to the exclusion of morality. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, while every inch a poet, endeavors to unite with his artistic gospel the teachings of science and ethics. In an impassioned oration delivered recently at the dedication of the Goldwin Smith Hall of Humanities at Cornell University, and printed in *The Cornell Alumni News*, he exhorts us to worship and cultivate the godlike quality in man or, as he chooses to call it, "the fire divine." "The deity," he tells us, "has its best proof of existence in the existence of man." To quote his argument:

"In the heart of that primal fire and elemental heat that burns in the core of our being; in the center of that radiant energy which supplies man with the necessary appetites and power to keep him alive in the remorseless competitions and conflicts of nature, exists a principle, a power, a will, a life, a soul which makes all the universe beside seem naught but an unconscious, largely mechanical, manifestation of the unknown creative force, working through undeviating laws. This principle, this will, this soul has likeness in all creation to only one other thing—namely, that incomprehensible creative power itself from which, we dare to conjecture, all else proceeds.

"Our bodies are of the same stuff as the stars, but between the earliest star and the first man lie uncounted millions of centuries, and between the initial exercise of that Power, in whose will originated the course of evolution which was consummated in man,—from that dateless hour to man's appearance on the globe, so far as this earth is concerned nothing whatever is known to have existed which recalled in intelligence, in will, and in apparent purpose the great originator and sustainer of creation. Divinity may be manifested in all the range of evolution, and implicit in the very texture of the universe, but its attributes shine most clearly at the beginning and at the end of this incomputable series. In man alone gloriously reappears the divine."

Heat and light, as Mr. Gilder points out, have ever played a great part in the evolution of life, and science has given these properties and energies "new and tremendous importance." Thus in all parts of the earth have they become a symbol of an "unseen divinity," and "that great fire, the sun, has had its worshippers." Mr. Gilder refers to Zoroaster and Prometheus; to the frantic seizers of the sacred fire at the Holy Sepulchre; and to the barbaric sun dance of the Sioux Indians of far Western America. He calls to mind the first hymn of the Rig Veda, addressed to Agni, the God of Fire, and adds: "In how many religions and literatures have the en-

kindled fire and the enkindling God been exquisitely associated, till in our mind the 'divine fire' has come to stand for the divine principle, the creative urge, the living and the life-giving element; and so for imagination, for genius,—which is imagination triumphantly at work,—for self-bestowal and sacrifice, for noble enthusiasm, for the intense love of beauty, for poetry and all art, for passionate idealism." The divine fire may also be nobly manifested in the "passionate pursuit of the technically scholastic, and of the ultimate and ever-evading truth of nature." Yet it is here that the poet raises a finger of warning:

"In this pursuit some of the finer susceptibilities may be tragically atrophied. Let the acquisition of knowledge, as to the measurable realities, be relentless; but let not the door of the spirit be closed to the immensurable. The analyses of the spectrum and the marvellous measurements of the electroscope conduct us into new worlds; their fine uses should not unfit us for the still subtler measurements of the spirit—those higher perceptions without which life must dwindle, even while, in some directions, the intelligence enlarges."

Mr. Gilder by no means shares the view of a distinguished scientist of our day to the effect that the imagination of the greatest men of science, of the Newtons and Laplaces, is on a higher plane than that of the Dantes and Shakespeares, and that the prophesies of the men of science imply higher faculties than the imaginative inventions of the great poets. He says on this point:

"Because the poet's imaginative symbols contain fundamental truths, they naturally will keep on being proved and reproved by the successive discoveries of science. On the other hand, the fact that the very language in which the poet writes may pass away, by no means proves, as one man of science maintains, that the poet's creation is less exalted. This confounds the greatness of the laws which the scientist imaginatively discovers, with the act of discovery, or inventive prophecy itself. The imaginative scientist really creates nothing, whereas the imaginative artist, in every art, does truly create; he adds to the world of existences,—according to the ancient saying, that none merits the name of creator save God and the Poet. Keats's list of 'things real,' remember, included 'sun, moon, and stars, and passages of Shakspeare.' To hold that because the language of Shakespeare may disappear in twenty thousand years, therefore Shakespeare's imagination is not as great as Newton's, is the same as to hold that it is derogatory to the genius of Michelangelo that all his painting and sculpture might be brought into the Sistine Chapel, and the place, with its contents, destroyed, along with St.

Peter's and all his accomplishment in architecture! The fact that one of these days the earth itself and all its contents, including the books and creative works of all the writers, artists and discoverers that ever lived, may pass into the void, has no conceivable relation to the relative intellectual or imaginative rank of Phidias and Galileo. Imagination remains imagination and art remains art. Why seek to determine whether the imaginative poet, or the imaginative apprehender of nature's laws has the mightier brain?"

In lauding the divine fire, the poet continues, we praise all that is genial in life, and—not least—the love of and the practice of art. In our present state of civilization it is not to be demanded that, as in Japan, every man essay the poet's art. Yet we should cultivate to the utmost, contends Mr. Gilder, our own artistic capabilities, in order that, though we may add nothing to the world's art, we may at least not hinder the creation of that atmosphere without which art cannot live and grow. The fire divine, using the image freely, offsets not only the unesthetic, but the unsocial as well:

"Let us bring the divine fire to the enlightenment of all dark places in the conscious human soul, and in that larger consciousness, made up of many consciousnesses—the whole body of human society—whereof philosophers and poets put forth mystic intimations.

"For our land and age let us pray for the shining of the divine fire, that it may drive away, by the impact and purity of its illumination, the fetid atmosphere of avarice and self-indulgence. Let it consume the dross and filth of ignoble success; in its ever-renewed radiance let our young men and maidens behold, worship, and be forever guided by the ideals of noble religions, of celestial arts, of true democracies, of just constitutions, and of pure patriotisms—patriotisms that stay not at the frontiers of nations, but that go forth in the spirit of peace and fellowship among all the peoples of the earth."

This fine fire, we are told further, engenders in the spirit of man not the unsupportable heats of desolation and anarchy, but the genial warmth of revolution. The new astrology teaches in sublime fashion the lesson of the balance. "It is not the star whose heat is increasing that stands nearest to the period of complexity and organic life—it is the cooling star." The votaries of the divine fire may at times unwittingly forget the happy mean, but in a world not evenly developed too much energy is often needed in order that "for greater effectiveness there shall be energy enough." The poet goes on:

"In the light of the divine fire how pitiful the man whose life is spent without a thought of

human service; who expends the star-brought energies and divine faculties of his nature in grovelling and cruel accumulation; who chooses a life wherein every pleasure is a stab into his own soul or a blow at another's; who despises godlike self-control; who closes the avenues of his spirit to the sweet influences of beauty, and of art, and of all human sympathy.

"Ah, let us not think of him; let us regale our souls in the contemplation of the immortal fire-bringers and light-bearers of the world. Let us not be deceived by false lights,—the baleful flame of morbid genius; or the disastrous leadership of the ardent fool or the feigning and pernicious demagogue."

And though none of us may ever stand among the immortals, the humblest may be on their side, and thus the faithful bringers and onward-bearers of the divine light. In ringing sentences which at last break into poetry, this poet, who has lived nearer to the ideal he portrays than have the majority of his contemporaries, closes:

"The fire divine is that which burns in the veins of noble statesmen and high-minded enterprisers; the great teachers and philosophers; the world's imaginers, inventors and discoverers; its believers, its prophets, martyrs, liberators and redeemers. It is the fire which lights the beacons of the world. It is the light that warns; the lamp that makes clear the way, and that beckons from afar to the adventurous spirit of man; that calls to gloriously impossible achievement; to ideal heights. It is the light of love, the hearth-fire of pure homes, the burning coal on the altars of immemorial faiths. It is the self-renewing radiance of stars and of suns; and the gleam of dawns. It ushers,—O may it quickly usher!—the new day of righteousness and justice among all mankind.

"THE DIVINE FIRE.

"He who hath the sacred fire
Hidden in his heart of hearts
It shall burn him clean and pure,
Make him conquer, make endure.
He to all things may aspire,
King of days, and souls, and arts.
Failure, fright and dumb dismay
Are but wings upon his way.
Imagination and desire
Are his slaves and implements.
Faiths and foul calamities,
And the eternal ironies,
Are but voices in his choir.
Musician of decreed events
Hungers, happiness, hates,
Friendships lost, all adverse fates,
All passions and all elements,
Are but golden instruments
In his glorious symphonies.
Subject to his firm decrees
Are the heavens, are the seas;
But in utter humbleness
Reigns he, not to ban but bless,—
Cleansed, and conquering, and benign
Bearer of the fire divine."



A NEW PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

"In how many religions and literatures," he says, "have the enkindled fire and the enkindling God been exquisitely associated, till in our mind the 'divine fire' has come to stand for the divine principle, the creative urge, the living and the life-giving element; and so for imagination, for genius, which is imagination triumphantly at work!"

NEW SIGNS OF A MORAL AWAKENING IN AMERICA

REFERENCE has been made in these pages (see CURRENT LITERATURE, May) to a "great moral upheaval" believed to be now taking place in the United States. The portent has aroused the interest of foreigners, and has led to much stimulating comment at home. The latest writer on this topic, Mr. Philip Loring Allen, is impressed not only by the "unexampled succession of revelations regarding political and business methods" and the "series of successful campaigns conducted upon what are fundamentally moral issues," but also by the fact that "the result of all this has been a real 'bracing' of the average American, making him a little more scrupulous in his own dealings and giving him a little stronger sense of personal responsibility." In this connection Mr. Allen calls attention to what he regards as a distinct change in the recent attitude of business men toward moral reforms. He says (in the *New York Outlook*):

"Business men, although naturally so greatly in fear of anything 'unsettling,' have given support to the work of 'cleaning up' in the past two years. If they have not co-operated unanimously or whole-heartedly, they have at least done more than any of the men in the front of these fights ever expected. Surprisingly little heed has been given to the familiar cry that the good work was 'hurting business.' 'I have profited for years by these very practices,' said a Western manufacturer when the campaign against railway rebates came to a head in his State; 'but I say, "Go ahead." It would be overstatement to call such men 'typical' of this period of militant reform, but at least they have not been altogether exceptional."

But it is not necessary to depend on mere conjecture or general impressions for proof of the nation's awakening moral sense. Mr. Allen has data of the most concrete sort to present. After rehearsing the familiar list of moral victories achieved in politics last year, he passes on to a consideration of what he calls the two practical barometers of national honesty—the "conscience fund," as maintained by the National, State and local governments, and the record of bonded employees, as reflected in the tables for the various fidelity companies.

"Conscience money," Mr. Allen explains, includes not only money restored to the public authorities from whom it was dishonestly obtained or withheld, but also sums owed to private individuals, who, perhaps, cannot be found. It occasionally happens that a debtor will turn over money to the public treasury rather than

enjoy it undeservingly himself. But the majority of contributions are from people who have defrauded the Government, and range the way from the one-cent stamp forwarded by a woman "for having sent a letter with one-cent stamp on it without knowing I was doing wrong," to sums of several thousand dollars refunded by fraudulent contractors and "grafters" of all kinds. Says Mr. Allen:

"The conscience fund at Washington, which really only an item of miscellaneous receipts dates back to the year 1811, when the first anonymous contribution was sent to President Madison. It amounts now to about a half million of dollars and in a year there may be noted hundreds of separate items, large and small. With this National fund there are combined for the following table the corresponding receipts for the thirty largest States and the three largest cities. The first column shows the totals for a period of ten years. The second includes roughly the accretions of the year 1905 and the first three months of 1906. Different methods of book-keeping render it impossible to make the division at exactly the same point for all the States and cities. He then, are the figures for this species of *ex post facto* honesty:

	Ten-Year Period.	1905-1906
United States Treasury.....	\$118,452 97	\$25,741 20
New York State.....	733 49	
Pennsylvania	1,623 50	
Illinois	60 00	60
New York City.....	11,431 24	154
Chicago	72 50	7
Philadelphia	1,427 75	1,302
Total	\$133,801 45	\$27,285
Total, 1896-1904.....	106,516 03	
Average for nine years...	11,285 42	

"So we find that out of about \$134,000 of gotten gains restored through the conscience funds in ten years, more than \$27,000 came within this remarkable period of a little more than a year. It is two and one-quarter times as much the average for the nine years previous."

Turning, next, to the figures covering bonded employees, Mr. Allen reminds us that the fidelity company, which insures employees against the dishonesty of employees, has become an important institution in our day. The face value of the fidelity bonds now outstanding in seven of the largest companies is upward of one million dollars, and they cover men in all parts of the country, of all ages, \$10,000 men and \$900 men, tellers, cashiers in banks, stores and factories. "The records of the fidelity companies," says Mr. Allen, "furnish a reliable criterion of the faithfulness of bonded employees as the records of the fire-insur-

ance companies would of the frequency and destructiveness of fires." He continues:

"To find out whether there has really been any change for better or worse in the standard of faithfulness among this class of men, it is only necessary to take for each year the ratio between the amount at risk and the total losses. . . .

"The following table is made up from the reports of seven leading companies:

FIDELITY BONDS			
	Risks	Losses	Losses per \$100,000.
896.....	\$282,082,211	\$393,349	\$139
897.....	321,319,095	548,091	170
898.....	360,989,156	581,346	161
899.....	441,905,606	690,540	156
900.....	504,176,809	657,427	130
901.....	529,541,479	976,200	184
902.....	592,526,582	687,249	117
903.....	626,343,847	805,067	128
904.....	733,477,327	1,068,112	145
905.....	1,216,970,451	1,380,157	110

"For the nine years 1896-1904, inclusive, there was an average loss of \$147 a year for every \$100,000 at risk upon a fidelity bond; in 1905 the corresponding loss was only \$110. Not only is this the lowest figure for any year, but a comparison by groups of years shows the improvement almost as strikingly."

Thus it appears that efforts at restitution through the conscience fund have more than doubled, and the waste through personal dishonesty, as checked by the bonding companies, has been cut down by a clear 25 per cent. since 1904, the year when the "moral upheaval" began. All of which, in Mr. Allen's view, indicates a tendency that may work itself out in business as well as in political improvements. "There is more than a grain of truth," he concludes, "in 'Mr. Dooley's' paradox that instead of electing business men to purify politics, we ought to set politicians at work reforming business."

A SEARCH FOR THE HIGHEST GOOD



IN an age which is nothing if it is not democratic, and which is constantly striving for universal knowledge and universal ideals, it is entirely appropriate that the messages of religion and philosophy and ethics should be clothed in a popular form. Some of the greatest intellectual reputations in our day are being made by men who are popularizing the knowledge that in previous generations was confined to academic treatises. And it is because of this general tendency that a newly published work by G. Lowes Dickinson* has unusual significance. The book is entitled "The Meaning of Good," and is cast in the form of a conversation which is assumed to take place between a number of educated Englishmen on the piazza of a house in Switzerland. Coming together as guests from distant places and after varying periods of separation, these gentlemen fall to "comparing notes," and later drift into a serious discussion of the fundamental issues of life. Some are optimistic, but the majority are pessimistic, and feel that life, after all is said, is hardly worth the living.

Is there such a thing as absolute Good? asks one member of the party. And can we find it? Or are the distinctions between good and bad mere illusions and delusions? He confesses

that he is bewildered. He has lived for years in Oriental countries and seen millions of people under the sway of moral codes that can only appear *immoral* to Western minds. When he is in Europe these codes seem bad; when in the Orient they seem good.

Or, pursuing the question along still broader lines, who does not know, asks a second member of the circle, a newspaper man, that all around us, in the modern world, the most variable moral standards prevail? It sometimes seems as if what were moral for one man is immoral for another; and *vice versa*. A Christian has one code of conduct, and a free-thinker another. The Ibsens and Nietzsches attack our morality not because it is moral, but because, from their point of view, it is immoral. We are constantly passing judgments one upon the other, each from his own individual and special standpoint. We call one man "good" and another man "bad," but perhaps if we could see into the soul of the "bad" man, we should simply find that his good is different from ours. There is apparently no common ground upon which all can stand.

So the conversation goes on, until at last a serious attempt is made to discern and define the real meaning of Good—that Good which ought to be the object of life, if life has any object.

A speaker declares his conviction that ac-

*THE MEANING OF GOOD. By G. Lowes Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Company.

tivity is the thing to be desired, and that *all* activities are good, if pursued in proper order and proportion. He says:

"My ideal of the good life would be to move in a cycle of ever-changing activity, tasting to the full the peculiar flavor of each new phase in the shock of its contrast with that of all the rest. To pass, let us say, from the city with all its bustle, smoke, and din, its press of business, gaiety, and crime, straight away, without word or warning, breaking all engagements, to the farthest and loneliest corner of the world. To hunt or fish for weeks and months in strange wild places, camping out among strange beasts and birds, lost in pathless forests, or wandering over silent plains. Then, suddenly, back in the crowd, to feel the press of business, to make or lose millions in a week, to adventure, compete, and win; but always, at the moment when this might pall, with a haven of rest in view, an ancient English mansion, stately, formal, and august, islanded, over its sunken fence, by acres of buttercups. There to study, perhaps to write, perhaps to experiment, dreaming in my garden at night of new discoveries, to revolutionize science and bring the world of commerce to my feet. Then, before I have time to tire, to be off on my travels again, washing gold in Klondike, trading for furs in Siberia, fighting in Madagascar, in Cuba, or in Crete, or smoking hasheesh in tents with Persian mystics. To make my end action itself, not anything action may gain, choosing not to pursue the Good for fear I should let slip Goods, but, in my pursuit of Goods, attaining the only Good I can conceive—a full and harmonious exercise of all my faculties and powers."

The same speaker goes on to extol the life of the senses, citing Browning's glowing lines:

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock
up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,
the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt
of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in
his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with
gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the
full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly
and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit
to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever
in joy.

At this there is a flood of talk in praise of sport and physical exercise, touched with a sentiment not far removed from poetry. Someone tells of a never-to-be-forgotten day when he skated on Derwentwater, describing the miles of black, virgin ice, the ringing and roaring of the skates, the sunset glow, and the moon rising full over the mountains; and an-

other recalls a bathe on the shore of Ægi, the sun on the rocks and the hot scent of the firs, as though the whole naked body were plunged in some ethereal liqueur, drinking in with every sense and at every pore, like a great sponge of sheer sensation. "I sometimes think these are the only pure Goods," exclaims the first speaker.

This subject very naturally leads on to the question of Art. And from Art the talk turns to Knowledge. But the company does not halt at either topic. It seems to feel that something lies beyond.

The host, meanwhile, has been subjecting each proposition, as it is raised, to analytical criticism. The life of activity, the life of the senses, he admits, are good; but their joy is precarious; they are not all. He continues:

"It is only at moments, and at moments that come and go without choice of ours, that the harmonious relation becomes established between our senses and the outer world. The very same things which at such times appear to be perfect at one with ourselves, as if they had been made for us and we for them, we see and feel to have also a nature not only distinct but even alien and hostile to our own. The water which cools our skin and quenches our thirst also drowns; the fire which warms and comforts also burns; and so on through all the chapter—I need not weary you with details. Nature, you will agree, not only ministers to our bodies, she torments and destroys them; she is our foe in ways at least as varied and efficacious as she is our friend."

Then as to Art. The great objection to Art as the highest Good, says the host, lies in the fact that, in one sense, it is not a reality at all. It is not a thing inherent in the universe; it is the product of man's hands. He says further:

"Works of Art, though of course they are real objects, are such that a certain violence, as it were, has been done to their reality in our interest. . . .

"A picture, however beautiful, is not a 'natural Good, not a real Good, not a Good in its own right; it is a kind of makeshift produced by human effort, beautiful, if you will, admirable if you will, to be sought, to be cherished, to be loved in default of a better, with the best faculties of brain and soul, but still not that ultimate thing we wanted, that Good in and of itself, as well as through and for us, Good by its own nature apart from our interposition, self-moving, self-determined, self-dependent, and in which alone our desires could finally rest."

Nor can Knowledge, maintains the host, ever satisfy us as an end in itself. It cannot be the Good, seeing that knowledge may be, and frequently is, knowledge of Bad.

Returning to the first question propounded—what, then, is the ultimate Good? The ho-

gests that it may be found, finally, in Love. concluding the discussion, he says:

"We find ourselves involved with one another in the most complex relations—economic, political, social, domestic, and the rest; and about and among these relations centres the interest of our life, whether it be pleasurable or painful, empty or full, or whatever its character. Among these relations some few perhaps—or, it may be, even none—realize for a longer or shorter time, with more or less completeness, that ultimate identity and diversity, that 'me in thee' which we call love; the rest comprise various degrees of attraction and repulsion, hatred, contempt, indifference, toleration, respect, sympathy, and so on; and all together, always changing, dissolving, and coming again, weave about us, as they cross and intertwine, the shifting, restless web we call life. Now these relations are an effect and result of the pursuit of Good; but they are never the final goal of that pursuit. The goal, I think, would be the perfect union of all with all; and is not attained in anything that falls short of this, whether the effect be in depth or in extent. And that is how

it is that love itself, even in its richer phases, and still more in those which are merely light and sensual, though, as I think, through it alone can we form our truest conception of Good, yet, as we have it, never is the Good, even if it appear to be so for the moment; for those who seek Good, I believe, will never feel that they have found it merely in union with one other person. . . .

"Every man has to live his own way, according to his opportunities and capacity. Only, as I think myself, all are involved in the same scheme, and all are driven to the same consummation. That which urges us to it is here and now. Everything is rooted in it. Our pleasures and pains alike, our longing and dissatisfaction, our restlessness never-to-be-quenched, our counting as nothing what has been attained in the pressing on to more, our lying down and rising up, our stumbling and recovering, whether we fail, as we call it, or succeed, whether we act or suffer, whether we hate or love, all that we are, all that we hope to be springs from the passion for Good, and points, if we are right in our analysis, to love as its end."

CAN NATURE'S CRUELTY BE RECONCILED WITH BELIEF IN A MERCIFUL CREATOR?

THAT conception of nature as "red in tooth and claw" so vividly portrayed by the poet has haunted Mr. E. Kay Robinson, an English writer, for more than a score of years, and has always seemed to him the greatest modern obstacle to belief in a personal God. The contradiction, indeed, between the idea of nature's cruelty and faith in an all-loving Father struck him as glaring that he was led to make careful researches into science and natural history with a view to vindicating religion. The results of his investigation he now publishes in book form,* with the statement that his discoveries have brought "comfort and complete satisfaction" to himself.

Mr. Robinson's conclusion is that animals do not suffer, in the sense that human beings suffer; and, in support of this theory, which is probably older than Plato and was held by Descartes, he marshals much new and interesting evidence. The first and great difficulty in approaching this problem, he remarks, is one of language. There are no words that differentiate the unconscious "feelings"—if such they may be called—of the lower forms of living and the sentiments of man. It is obvious, he thinks, that plants have no conscious-

ness at all. That insects do not feel or suffer in the same degree that man suffers he also holds to be self-evident. In this connection he instances the case of the common dor beetle:

"This is a mail-clad insect so strongly armored that it cannot by any means touch the joints of its body or the upper joints of its strong limbs. Consequently we find that parasitic mites—bearing about the same relation in size to the beetle as rats would bear to a man—cluster and multiply at these joints, sucking the living juices of the beetle's tissues.

"The beetle can do nothing at all to help itself, simply because it is born to be a certain kind of beetle. Its troubles are part of its existence. It is the natural vehicle and provender of a certain kind of mite.

"We cannot, therefore, suppose otherwise than that the dor beetle comes into the world with feelings adapted to the circumstances awaiting it. Although laden with a gang of blood-sucking parasites, it will go through life, feeding, multiplying, and providing for its young with complete apathy."

Instances of the same kind might be multiplied. Mr. Robinson calls attention to the well-known fact that a wasp may be snipped with a pair of scissors across the narrow "waist" which separates the thorax from the abdomen and will still go on feeding, as though nothing had happened. And a sleeping moth upon a tree-trunk may be dexterously transfixed by an entomologist with a pin, so that it does not

even awake. "The reason of these things," we are told, "is that there is no effective connection between the separate knots of nerves in insects; and, of course, it follows that there can be no sense of personal individuality in creatures whose several parts are thus separately sensitive."

The same argument is boldly carried into the higher domain of fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals. None of these creatures, maintains Mr. Robinson, are conscious either of pain or of pity. All are impelled by blind instinct. Rabbits and mice, as we all know, will devour their own young. Robins, after caring for their children with touching devotion, will mercilessly drive the young birds out of the nests, to face the coming winter as best they can. In short, the apparent cruelty of animals and birds toward their offspring is as notable as their parental care.

Even in the case of horses and dogs, argues Mr. Robinson, the *apparent* expression of pain may disguise a feeling that is not at all what we ordinarily understand as such. For instance, the action of a dog cringing from the whip may be explained, he thinks, in this way:

"Every injury to the body of an animal leaves its imprint on the nerve-centre, and in the case of so severe an experience as a whipping is to a dog the imprint lasts so clearly that ever afterwards the sight of the whip completes an automatic nervous connection which brings the animal's natural instinct to avoid injury to his body into full activity.

"What we regard as his 'expressions' of fear—the dropped ears and tail, the crouching attitude, the backward glance—are all the natural actions of an animal preparing to evade or dissuade attack. Because, in like circumstances, we might know that we should be suffering from the consciousness of fear affords no reason for crediting the dog with similar knowledge. If any kind of animal in a wild state did not always instinctively prepare to evade the repetition of an injurious experience, it would become extinct; and what we regard as painful signs of fear in our domesticated animals are only facsimiles of the instinctive means whereby their wild ancestors survived in the struggle for existence by evading unequal combat."

The long train of argument, as finally summed up, may be presented under these seven heads:

(1) There cannot be unhappiness or "suffering"—in the human sense of anguish, agony, pain, torment, torture, etc.—unless one knows what one feels. (2) It is inconceivable that the lowest form of plant life, such as the microscopic one-celled plants which form the green slime on a damp paling, can think about the pain they suffer if they are crushed. (3) Since there is no line than can be drawn between the lowest forms of

plant and animal life, neither can the lowest animals think about pain. (4) Since, again, there is no line that can be drawn between the ascending forms of animal life, neither can the highest animals think about pain. They have, that is, conscious thought. (5) But the lowest forms of human life demonstrate the power of conscious thought as revealed in the use of language, the use of personal decoration, and in the conception of a deity. (6) Therefore the line of separation, to mark where self-consciousness begins, can confidently be drawn between the lowest of mankind and the highest of animals. Therefore man alone can "suffer," and therefore there can be no "cruelty" or "suffering" in nature, except where it exists in the thoughts of men.

Mr. Robinson goes one step further. To the fact that humanity alone suffers, he urges the real sign of our divine origin; for pain is as a spur, eternally driving us upward and onward. "Thus man becomes more Godlike, as he grows by age, and is by this process destined to complete his evolution in power and purity and to rejoin God."

Mr. Robinson's striking presentment of his case has aroused much interest and some controversy. The London *Spectator* treats the book as 'a serious contribution to religious thought. The London *Academy*, on the other hand, ridicules the author's pretensions, both as a scientific naturalist and as a speculative philosopher. It comments:

"By far the greatest defect in his theory is the hiatus which he assumes between the instincts of animals and the reason of man. It is his constant habit to speak of the two as though they differed not only in degree but in kind. The point is one on which it would be a waste of time to argue. Indeed, the controversialist would have no difficulty in showing from Mr. Robinson's own words that if he were logical he would have to admit that reason is only a development of instinct, a larger instinct. In savages as we know them, it differs but in degree from that of the animals they hunt, and there is nothing in man the roots of which cannot be found in the lower animals. His attempt to draw impassable divisions between man and the lower animals is almost childish in its futility. In his chapter on the growth of consciousness he uses in the most confusing manner the terms consciousness and self-consciousness apparently to describe the same thing. 'I based my case,' he says, 'upon evidence which proves that man alone possesses that grade of consciousness which causes him to know when he is happy or unhappy.' By that it would appear that when an animal is gay and sportive it does not know that it is happy, and when, as often happens, it is dull and melancholy it does not know that it is unhappy. How he ascertains that is one of the mysteries in which the book abounds. Man has only the experience of his own life to guide him, and it can only lead to error and fallacy if he attempt to interpret animal life by any other aid."

ARE WOMEN'S CLUBS A MENACE TO THE CHURCH?



WOMEN'S clubs are multiplying in our day, and some women are devoting more time to their clubs than they are to their churches. Does this portend a weakening of the forces of organized religion? Is there a possibility that women, in any large numbers, will abandon the church, of which they have hitherto been the strongest supporters? Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who may be said to speak with authority in matters affecting the interests of women, is inclined to answer both of these questions in the negative. Writing in *The Woman's Home Companion* (July), she says:

"While there are some club-women who do not go to church, and many church-women who do not go to clubs, still in most cases the strong worker in the Village Improvement Society is also a strong worker in the church. Quite aside from any such numerical balancing as this we have two things to be measured, one the effect of the club-membership on the woman herself, and the other the effect of the club-work on the world. I think it can be shown that on both sides the club will be found a fellow-servant of the church, a developer of character, and a means of social service. As to worship, I have yet to hear of a woman's club whose meetings coincide with church services. They do not conflict in the slightest, but may be of wide help to each other and to humanity."

The real justification for the woman's club is indicated by Mrs. Gilman in the following passage:

"The word 'club' had an unfortunate connotation to begin with; not only as a supposed masculine prerogative, but as an institution of questionable moral value.

"So extreme was this general idea that when some crafty publisher reaped a fortune from a subscription book entitled, 'Mother, Home, and Heaven,' a scoffer suggested a companion volume to be called 'Father, Club and the Other Place.' Therefore, when women first began to get together in small groups for purposes other than sewing for the heathen, and when these groups began to be called clubs, grave fears were entertained.

"The church had been for so many unbroken centuries woman's only gathering place that it was tacitly assumed to fill all her needs and give scope for all her powers.

"If mother's thoughts wandered from 'Home' they were supposed to leap instantly to 'Heaven'; the intermediate subjects—namely, all the rest of the round world she lived in—all the people beyond her own family, and all the works and wants and wonders of life—all knowledge beyond that required 'to suckle babes and chronicle small beer'—these trivial items were not supposed to interest her in the least.

"Now a mother is a good thing, an indis-

pensable thing; a home is a good thing, an indispensable thing; and heaven we hope for through the ages; but there are other things in life to demand attention, to arouse interest, to give pleasure and strength, to claim our service and devotion.

"The women of this age, and notably those of America, have grown to a sudden perception of this great field of life, human life, which is not home, yet affects that home in a thousand ways; which is not heaven, yet has a tremendous influence on our chances of getting there; and which, while it is not motherhood, in a narrow, animal sense, is assuredly motherhood in the large human sense that cannot bear to leave unfed, unwashed, unclothed, untaught, one poor, neglected child."

The woman's club, then, has come into existence to fulfil a very necessary function hitherto unfulfilled by the church. But it by no means follows, says Mrs. Gilman, that the club is therefore in an attitude of opposition to the church. Rather, it should be regarded as a valuable auxiliary. To quote again:

"It is true that certain of the clubs study the Bible, and others ethics, and others practical religion, but if their churches had been meeting every year in these lines we would not have started clubs for them. . . .

"The great mass of interests pursued are quite apart from those of the average church. All this study of household economics, these cooking classes, this wrestling with domestic science, and the dawning of an era of child study which shall lead us to a new world of men and women—these things are not the province of the church to teach, yet are matters of grave social need.

"The study of history, biography and travel, of arts and crafts, of science and music—these do not trespass on the church's field. It might be said that the very general tendency to philanthropy and reform was trenching on the former ground, but the answer is that if the church accomplished all that was needed in this line there would have been no need of any other agencies. As it is, the world needs every kind of help we can all give; and these small, flexible, numerous groups of earnest women can meet the demands of the hour better than the somewhat cumbrous machinery of our churches.

"It is true that the club-woman is doing some things the church-woman did before; but mainly she is doing new things, that is, new for women; and this spreading range of activities is occupying her more and more."

Three motives, concludes the writer, inspire the woman's club movement. They are philanthropy, education and social service. "To do good, to grow wiser, to join in civic progress"—these are their principal purposes, and as such cannot be condemned. Furthermore:

"As the home-bred, home-bound, home-serving

woman comes into this new atmosphere for the first time the effect upon her moral nature is such as ought to please anyone anxious for human progress.

"A new conscience is developed in club-work, a new set of virtues, and these qualities are precisely those needed to live most usefully in the world.

"The woman at home has a husband to rule over her, or, as sometimes happens, for her to rule; she has children and servants to manage; but she has no equals, no fellow-laborers in the same field. When she does mingle with her kind in visits or entertainments, she is giver or receiver—and hostess or guest—but not on an equal basis.

"In the club, for the first time in her life, she finds herself simply a human being among others, united for some common purpose, and measured

only by personal quality. She is not daughter, sister, sweetheart, wife, mother, aunt or grandmother. She is Mary Jones, and is liked or disliked for qualities hitherto uncalled for, qualities greatly needed to make the world what all noble religions would have it—a place of health and happy peace and noble growth. We need all forces working together to this end. And while the church is one force and the home another, this new force, the woman's club, is a large and steadily increasing help in the world's work.

"The home should give mother a little more leeway—a wider range of stimulus and exercise, sure that she will bring back new light and power to make home better and the church should recognize in the woman's club, not a rival, but a strong young assistant in that field where the harvest is always ripening and the laborers too few."

A GREAT SCIENTIST'S PROPOSED CATECHISM



IN contemplating the administrative and theological difficulties connected with the religious education of children and the heated controversies to which this problem has constantly given rise, Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent British scientist, declares that he has been chiefly impressed not so much by the different doctrines held by the disputants as by "the mass of fundamental material on which the great majority are really agreed." Is it not possible, he asks, to familiarize children with this fundamental body of teaching, up to such an age as thirteen, during school hours, and leave distinctive coloring to other influences operating both then and later? Without being unduly sanguine as to the adoption of such a plan, for he admits that "the attempt to draw up anything of the nature of a creed unhallowed by centuries of emotion and aspiration is extraordinarily difficult," Sir Oliver has endeavored to formulate an ideal catechism, at once profound and simple, which could be used in schools and upon which he thinks Christians of all denominations could unite. This catechism appears in *The Hibbert Journal* (London, July), and is subjoined herewith:

Q. What are you?

A. I am a being alive and conscious upon this earth, my ancestors having ascended by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life and with struggle and suffering become man.

Q. What is the distinctive character of manhood?

A. The distinctive character of man is that he has responsibility for his acts, having acquired the power of choosing between good and evil, with freedom to obey one motive rather than another.

Q. What is meant by good and evil?

A. Good is that which promotes development and is in harmony with the will of God. It is akin to health and beauty and happiness.

Evil is that which retards or frustrates development and injures some part of the universe. It is akin to disease and ugliness and misery.

Q. What is the duty of man?

A. To assist his fellows, to develop his own higher self, to strive towards good in every way open to his powers, and generally to seek to know the laws of nature and to obey the will of God, in whose service alone can be found that harmonious exercise of the faculties which is synonymous with perfect freedom.

Q. How does man know good from evil?

A. His own nature when uncorrupted is sufficiently in tune with the universe to enable him to be well aware in general of what is pleasing and displeasing to the guiding Spirit, of which he himself should be a real and effective portion.

Q. What is sin?

A. Sin is the deliberate and wilful act of a free agent who sees the better and chooses the worse, and thereby acts injuriously to himself and others. The root sin is selfishness, whereby needless trouble and pain are inflicted on others; it is akin to moral suicide.

Q. How comes it that evil exists?

A. Acts and thoughts are evil when they are below the normal standard attained by humanity. The possibility of evil is the necessary consequence of a rise in the scale of moral existence; just as an organism whose normal temperature is far above 'absolute zero' is necessarily liable to damaging and deadly cold. But cold is not in itself a positive or created thing.

Q. Are there beings lower in the scale of existence than man?

A. Yes, multitudes. In every part of the earth where life is possible, there we find it developed. Life exists in every variety of animal, in earth and air and sea, and in every species of plant.

Q. Are there any beings higher in the scale of existence than man?

A. Man is the highest of the dwellers on the planet earth, but the earth is only one of many planets warmed by the sun, and the sun is only one of a myriad of similar suns, which are so far off that we barely see them, and group them indiscriminately as "stars." We may be sure that in some of the innumerable worlds circulating round those distant suns, there must be beings far higher in the scale of existence than ourselves; indeed we have no knowledge which enables us to assert the absence of intelligence anywhere.

Q. What caused and what maintains existence?

A. Of our own knowledge we are unable to realize the meaning of origination and maintenance, but we conceive that there must be some Intelligence supreme over the whole process of evolution, else things could not be as organized and as beautiful as they are.

Q. How may we become informed concerning things too high for our own knowledge?

A. We should strive to learn from the great teachers, the prophets and poets and saints of the human race, whose writings are opened up to us by education. Especially should we seek to learn how to interpret and understand that Bible which our Nation holds in such high honor.

Q. What then do you reverently believe can be deduced from a study of the records and traditions of the past in the light of the present?

A. I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist, I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshiped by the Christian Church

as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

I believe that man is privileged to understand and assist the Divine purpose on this earth, that prayer is a means of communion between man and God, and that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the Way towards Goodness and Truth, so that by unselfish service we may gradually enter into the Life Eternal, the Communion of Saints, and the Peace of God.

Q. What do you mean by the Life Eternal?

A. I mean that whereas our terrestrial existence is temporary, our real existence continues without ceasing, in either a higher or a lower form, according to our use of opportunities and means of grace; and that the fulness of Life ultimately attainable represents a state of perfection at present inconceivable by us.

Q. What is the significance of "the Communion of Saints"?

A. Higher and holier beings must possess, in fuller fruition, those privileges of communion which are already foreshadowed by our own faculties of language, of sympathy, and of mutual aid; and just as we find that our power of friendly help is not altogether limited to our own order of being, so I conceive the existence of a mighty fellowship of love and service.

Q. What do you understand by prayer?

A. I understand that when our spirits are attuned to the Spirit of Righteousness, our hopes and aspirations exert an influence far beyond their conscious range, and in a true sense bring us into communion with our Heavenly Father. This power of filial petition is called prayer; and we may strengthen our faith in its efficacy by pleading the merits of the Lord Jesus.

Q. Rehearse the prayer taught us by Christ.

A. Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, etc.

Q. Explain the clauses of this prayer.

A. We first attune our spirit to consciousness of the Divine Fatherhood, trying to realize His infinite holiness as well as His loving-kindness, desiring that everything alien to His will should cease in our hearts and in the world, and longing for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then we ask for the supply of the ordinary needs of existence, and for the forgiveness of our sins and shortcomings just as we pardon those who have hurt us. We pray to be kept from evil influences, and to be protected when they attack us. Finally, we repose in the might, majesty, and dominion of the Eternal Goodness.

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT



IN the opinion of one of our leading biblical scholars, Prof. Charles Foster Kent, of Yale University, "the church is passing through a revolution in its attitude toward the Bible." This revolution, he avers, is "more fundamental and far-reaching than that represented by its precursor, the Protestant Reformation"; it especially affects the Old Testament; and its real significance is daily becoming more apparent.

At first sight, the Old Testament seems to have lost lately something of its ancient authority and prestige. "It is undoubtedly true," concedes Professor Kent, "that during the past two decades the Old Testament has, in fact, if not in theory, been assigned to a secondary place in the life and thought of Christendom"; and this wane in influence he attributes to three main causes: (1) The reaction from Puritanism and its false interpretation of the Bible; (2) The work of the higher critics; and (3) The difficulty of cultivating, in our age, a proper understanding of, and sympathy with, an Oriental people so far removed from us as the Israelites. Pursuing this line of thought further, in a newly published work,* Professor Kent says:

"With three such distinct and powerful currents—reaction, suspicion, and misunderstanding—bearing us from the Old Testament, it might be predicted that in a decade or two it would lie far behind our range of vision. Other forces however are, in divine providence, rapidly bringing it back to us again, so that we are able to understand and appreciate it as never before since the beginning of the Christian era. The chasm between us and it is really being bridged rather than broadened. The long centuries that lie back of the Old Testament have suddenly been illuminated by great search-lights, so that to-day we are almost as well acquainted with them as with the beginning of the Christian era. From ancient monuments have arisen, as from the dead, an army of contemporary witnesses, sometimes confirming, sometimes correcting, but at all times marvellously supplementing the biblical data. Now the events and characters of Old Testament history no longer stand alone in mysterious isolation, but we can study in detail their setting and real significance. At every point the biblical narrative and thought are brought into touch with real life and history. The biographies and policies, for example, of Sennacherib and Cvrus, are almost as well known as those of Napoleon and Washington. The prophets are not merely voices, but men with a living message for all times, because they primarily dealt with the con-

ditions and needs of their own day. The vital relation and at the same time the infinite superiority of the religious teachings of the Old Testament to those of earlier ages and peoples are clearly revealed."

This "rediscovery" of the Old Testament, continues Professor Kent, has enabled us to understand the real ground of its authority:

"The ultimate authority of the Old Testament is not dependent upon devoted canon-makers, nor the weighty testimony of the church, nor upon its own claims, nor the reputation of the inspired men who have written it, nor the estimate of any age. Its seat of authority is more fundamental. It contains the word of God because it faithfully records and interprets the most important events in the early religious history of man, and simply and effectively presents God's revelation of himself and of his will in the minds and hearts of the great pre-Christian heralds of ethical and spiritual truth. . . .

"The ever-present evidence of the divine authority back of the spiritual teachings of the Old Testament as a whole is that they ring true to life and meet its needs. By their fruits we know them. It is the demonstration of the laboratory. We know that they are inspired because they inspire. The principles underlying the social sermons of Amos are as applicable to present conditions as when first uttered. The sooner they are practically applied the sooner our capitalistic civilization can raise its head now bowed in shame. The faith that breathes through the Psalms is the faith that upholds men to-day in the midst of temptation and trial."

And so, if in these later days the Old Testament has been removed from the throne of infallibility on which Protestantism sought to place it, the final result has only been that we understand it better and appreciate more fully its value. Professor Kent concludes:

"The Old Testament contains not merely the word of God, but, together with its complement the New, is the great guide-book in finding and knowing him. It blazes the way which the pilgrim of to-day, as in the past, must follow from his cradle to the throne of God. At each point it is richly illustrated by the actual religious experiences of real men and women. Their mistakes and their victories are equally instructive. From many vantage-points reached by prophets and priests and psalmists, we are able to catch new and glorious visions of God's character and purpose for mankind. Through its pages—sometimes dimly, sometimes brightly, but growing ever clearer—shines the divine light of God's truth and revelation, culminating in the Christ, the perfected revelation and the supreme demonstration that man, though beset by temptation, baffled by obstacles, deserted by friends, and maligned by foes, can nevertheless, by the invincible sword of love and self-sacrifice, conquer the world and become one with God, as did the peerless Knight of Nazareth."

*THE ORIGIN AND PERMANENT VALUE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., Woolsev Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons,

Science and Discovery

WHEREIN MODERN ARCHITECTURE DISTORTS THE SENSE OF SIGHT

IN the early part of the nineteenth century an English architect visited the Parthenon for the purpose of making accurate measurements of its principal dimensions. What was his astonishment to find that something of the nature of entasis (increase of the middle diameter of a column for ocular effect) had been given to the architraves, corners and cornices of the building. The long, horizontal lines of the friezes were convex outward, in order that they should not appear hollow to the eye. For, as Dr. Edward S. Holden, of the United States Military Academy, explains in *The Popular Science Monthly*, the Greek architects long ago discovered that a cylindrical column looked at from a distance would not ap-

pear to have two of its sides parallel, but that, on the contrary, the two sides would appear hollowed in—convex toward each other. A long colonnade of cylindrical columns would exaggerate the unbeautiful effect. The Greeks felt the lack of beauty and afterward proceeded to discover a rule for making the outer surface of a column convex, so that a colonnade of convex columns would appear to the spectator to be comprised of cylindrical or conical surfaces, beautiful to the eye. This increase of the middle diameter of columns was called entasis.

So, too, as we have seen, the long horizontal lines of friezes were convex outward in order that they should not appear hollow to the eye. Other horizontal members were also



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

CURVED LINES WHICH THE EYE WILL SOON BE TRAINED TO DEMAND

The beautiful library of Columbia University, here shown, is built on principles of which entasis, as the ancient Greeks called it, is the expression. The special point to which attention is drawn by Dr. Edward S. Holden is not so much the rediscovery of entasis as the amazing inferiority of the modern man's perception, which the circumstances of the rediscovery indicate.

convexed in order that they should not appear to tilt upward. Measurements made on the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes demonstrated that like rules were employed by the subtle architect for similar purposes. Measurements made on the temples of Egypt have shown that their floors are convexed in order that they may appear flat.

The Egyptians, the Greeks and even the Romans were possessed of eyes and senses so subtle that certain architectural devices were demanded by them in all edifices designed to give a high sense of esthetic pleasure. The entire Western world was ignorant of these devices until a couple of generations ago. With the destruction of Rome even the traditions of these changes were lost, so that all the Gothic cathedrals of Europe and every great building erected between the end of the fifth century and the middle of the nineteenth were constructed on geometrical lines and not to please the eye.

The point, however, to which Dr. Holden directs special attention now is not so much

the fact of the rediscovery of entasis, although that is interesting enough, but to the amazing inferiority of modern man which it denotes. The inferiority has special reference to the mode in which truth ought to be discovered as distinguished from the mode in which truth is actually discovered. The rediscovery of entasis was made with a foot-rule and not by a sensitive human eye.

The discovery has borne fruit in our time and in the greatest of American cities—New York—within a quite recent period. The beautiful library of Columbia University is built on Greek principles. Let anyone glance along the edge of one of the steps of the main approach and determine for himself how far it departs from a horizontal line. Our eyes will soon come to demand such curved lines. Straight lines will before long seem hollow to us, as they did to the Greeks of old. But note the difference. We have come to our comprehension of such forms by archeological and mensurational steps. It was a matter of feeling to the Greeks.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM OF ALL SCIENCE TO-DAY



It is almost impossible to understand the fundamental problem of all science to-day—the real nature of what physicists term ether—unless electricity is susceptible of something like clear differentiation from other natural phenomena. In this problem of the real nature of ether is involved the electrical theory of matter, the nature of light, the function of heat and the relation of radiation to phenomena.

Let us suppose that we are endowed with the respiratory organs of amphibious animals, and let us go, in our imaginations, to the bed of the ocean. We find ourselves surrounded with water. We notice that by moving our arms rapidly through the water we can disturb it, and as we become accustomed to our environment we find that we are able to set up quite a variety of disturbances in this surrounding medium.

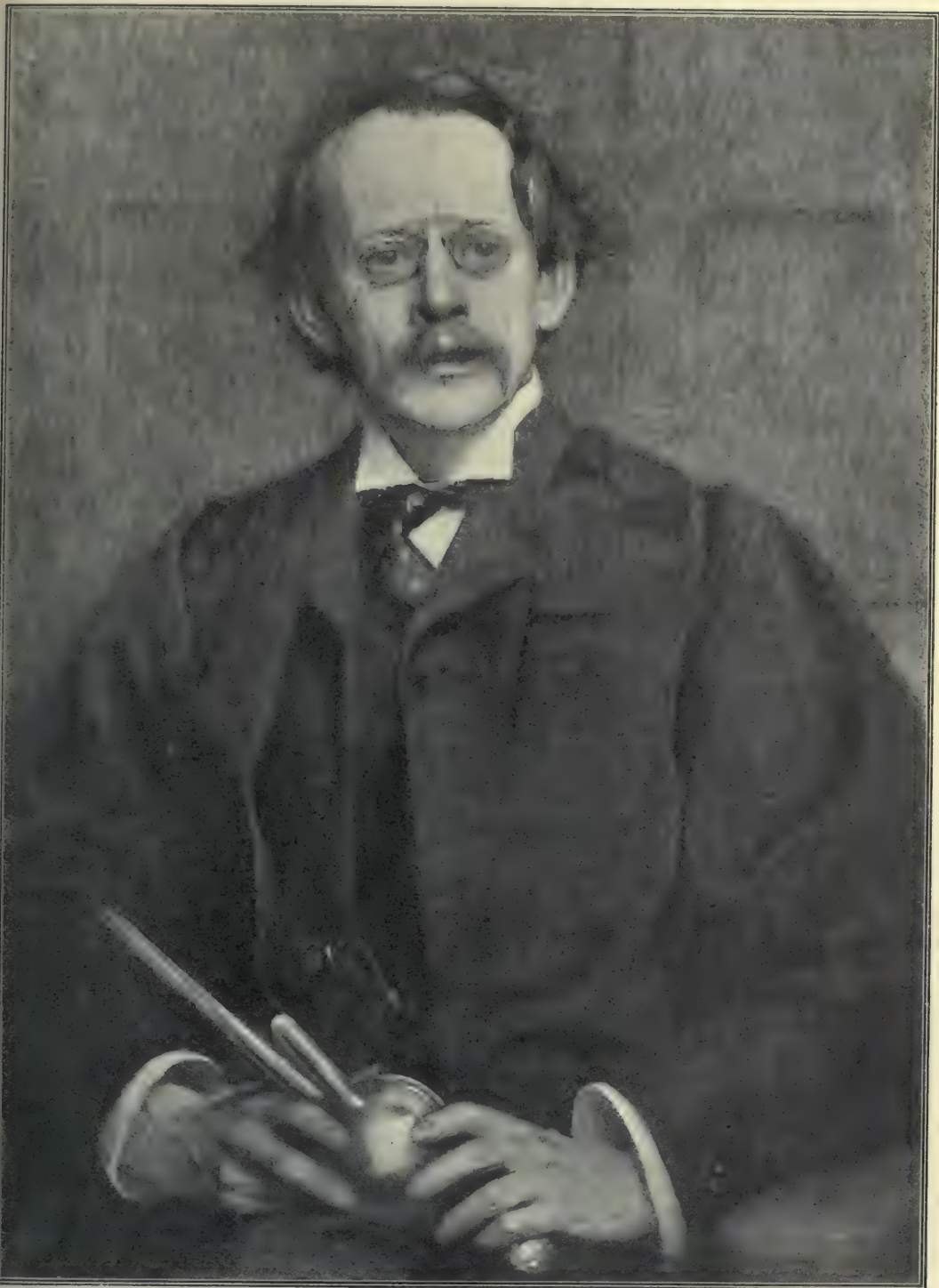
Coming back to real life, we may, in a similar way, imagine ourselves immersed in a great ocean of something which we do not understand, but to which scientists have given the name of ether. We are able by many different means to set up disturbances in this ether of space and, for the present, we may consider the word electricity to mean a dis-

turbance of this ether and look upon electric batteries and dynamos merely as pumps for affecting this ether ocean.

We really know nothing as to the nature of this ether, so that it would not be unreasonable for a savage to suggest that the ether itself may be merely a myth or an entirely mistaken idea in the mind of a scientist. To the scientist the ether is as real as the air he breathes, although its nature is shrouded in mystery. Thus Mr. Charles R. Gibson, associate of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, to whose study of the subject of electricity and ether we are indebted for these facts.

If, to make use of another illustration in Mr. Gibson's newly issued work,* two men are walking along a road, one in front of the other, and the one immediately behind wishes to communicate with his friend, he might touch him on the shoulder and thus make his arm a medium of connection between them. Or, if he happened to be a few feet farther distant, he might tap him on the leg with his walking-stick, and so on. If the distance apart were still greater, and the man were sure of his friend's good temper, he might throw some

*ROMANCE OF MODERN ELECTRICITY. By Charles R. Gibson. J. B. Lippincott Company.



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THE LEADER OF THE FIGHT FOR THE ELECTRICAL THEORY OF MATTER

Prof. J. J. Thomson, the famous Cambridge Professor of Physics, has labored in laboratory and lecture room to demonstrate the electrical theory of matter, the result being a controversy in which all the leading physicists of the world are now engaged.

object at him. In each case the medium of communication would be apparent. If the distance were still increased, the one man might still communicate with the other by shouting or whistling, thus using the air as a medium between them. From a distance beyond ear-shot he might still attract his friend's attention by waving his arm, provided his friend's eyes were not turned away from him. In this last-mentioned case there must have been some medium, other than the air, between the two.

If you hold a loose electric-lamp bulb between you and the window you receive light through the bulb, though it contains no air. We receive light from the sun across a space of more than ninety million miles and our atmosphere only extends, at most, a few hundred miles. There must be some medium between us and the sun.

If a man is standing upon the seashore and looking out to sea observes a steamer moving along, followed by a large sailing ship which, having no sails set, still keeps pace at constant distance behind the steamer, he at once concludes that there is some medium of connection between the two vessels, although he sees no signs of any, and his experience suggests a rope or cable. Surely, when we see a magnetic needle follow the direction in which it is led by a neighboring magnet, our reason insists that there must be some medium of communication between them, and it is to this medium that scientists have given the name of ether.

It has been objected that not until we have assurance that ether possesses weight can we place it among the realities of life. It is quite clear now, however, that the ether has no weight. Otherwise it would offer some resistance to any disturbance in it. But can anything really exist and have no weight whatever? We may say that weight is the measure of gravitation or the attraction between any body and the earth. But we must keep in mind the larger fact that every particle of matter attracts every other particle and that this attractive power between even very small objects may be measured by very delicate apparatus. The amount of attraction between two bodies of the most moderate size is quite negligible as compared with the effect of the vast mass of our globe on all other bodies on or near its surface.

It is not very essential that we try to form a definite conception of what gravitation may be, but let us suppose that the attractive power between the two bodies is due to some internal motion in the small particles or atoms of mat-

ter and that this motion is common to all atoms of matter. We then agree, for the sake of our mental picture, that it is this motion which gives to matter the attractive power of what we call weight, and it must be clear to us that if this motion were absent from whatever matter is made of, then the attractive power would not exist, so that the "something" without this motion would not be matter and would not have weight. If we picture this something as being the ether, we can imagine the ether as having no weight, but if it be given the necessary motion it may become what we call matter.

The most recent theory, known as the electric theory of matter, owes its temporary acceptance to the genius of Prof. J. J. Thomson. The theory supposes the ether as the fundamental basis and that, given certain motions it forms "atoms" of electricity, and that it is the grouping together of myriads of these that forms an atom of matter. But so recently a last month some very grave objections to the electrical theory of matter were formulated at a meeting of British scientists. But even if the genius of Thomson should have proved unequal to the task of upholding an electrical theory of matter, that scientist will have pointed the way to a solution of the fundamental problem of all science at this moment. This is, indeed, a prodigious achievement for a man who was unknown to the general public a few years back, although he has been an honored figure in the world of science for over twenty years. Thomson to-day is just fifty. It is to him that we owe the entire electron conception. The electron is the name given to the supposed minute corpuscles or isolated electric charges of which perhaps many thousands are contained in one atom. Electrons are supposed by some physicists to be accumulation of energy without weight. However that may be, facts have been brought to light through the labors of Prof. J. J. Thomson which are of a character totally different from anything hitherto known.

Meanwhile, it is a blunder to conceive of a riddle of the nature of matter or of a problem of radio-activity. The unsolved problem of the present day in the physical sciences is not "What is electricity?" or "What is matter?" or "What is heat?" or "What is radio-activity?" or "What is light?" or "What is gravitation?" Such language involves mis-use of words even when it does not lead to confusion of thought. The fundamental query confronting all the sciences is simply, "What is the ether?"

EYE-STRAIN AND PESSIMISM

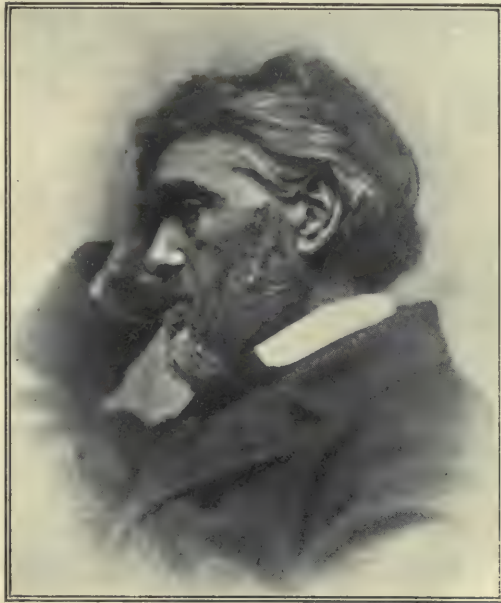
SWIFT, Nietzsche and Flaubert! None indulged in more reckless and unhygienic abuse of their bodies than these. They did not scorn their duties to this heroic friend and servant. They were utterly unconscious of duties to it. None more certainly outraged every common-sense rule of ocular hygiene. In none were the horrors of an incessant straining of the sight more plainly manifest, in none its wrecking power on character, intellect and will more evident. In none were the injustice and insults more patently avenged. And they were the world's arch pessimists and cynics, the three greatest haters of humanity which humanity can exhibit.

In these terms does that noted ophthalmologist, Dr. George M. Gould, the highest living authority on the so-called "reflexes from eye-strain," sum up the etiology or origin of pessimism in literature and philosophy. He takes Flaubert's case as an ideal instance of this theory and generalizes from data gathered in a lifetime of study and research, the result being set forth in the pages of *The Medical Record*.

In the cases of the world's great pessimists, declares Dr. Gould, we have capital examples of what the physiologists call "inhibition." A common bodily function is interfered with by some "reflex" which prevents its execution. A subconscious wisdom forefeels the hurt and shrinks from it. The sick lose the spur of action, even the desire for it. The wounded or weak animal feigns death. The hurt eyes notify the brain to stop and the very effort required to overcome the strain checks mental activity and initiative. It is such a natural, common and necessary protective method that we have overlooked it. But what

a vast significance it has for the welfare of the individual literary worker and for literature itself! Very frequently in this simple inhibition of thought due to eye-strain lies the entire question of the quality of inspiration and of inspiration itself. Whipping oneself into a white heat, as Carlyle and others did, or developing the aphorism style of Nietzsche, with its morbid vagueness, excess and disjointedness, give an altogether diseased character to the literary work:

"There is, indeed, often tragedy to the worker and to his literary art in not having a normal and physiologically acting ocular mechanism. Of all truths none is truer than that healthy and happy brain-action often depends upon spectacles which give health and ease to ocular function. Forcing inspiration defeats its own object and results in sterility. In the heart of his 'Bovary' period Flaubert ground up his soul in agony and fury to overcome this inhibition. He is said to have hunted for one desired word for three weeks. 'How tormenting is my 'Bovary'!' I want to cry sometimes, so much do I feel my lack of power. But I'd rather die than play the juggler with it.' And so he stamped and walked, howled, sang, and declaimed, like a madman day and night for thirty years to lash himself into a fury and overcome the inhibitional effects of eye-strain."



THE PESSIMISTIC WEARINESS OF
EYE-STRAIN

The photograph of Thomas Carlyle here shown is familiar to all admirers of the sage of Chelsea as a characteristic pose. Dr. George M. Gould insists that the attitude indicates eye-strain primarily and that the philosophy of the man was conditioned accordingly.

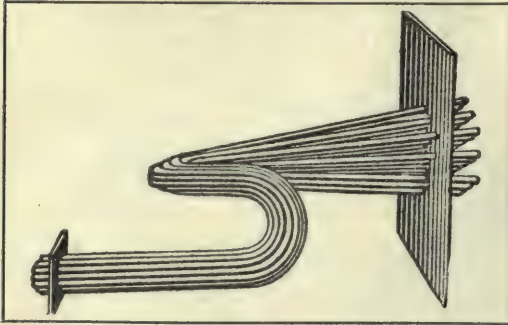
The latest and perhaps the most typical instance in point is the phenomenon of Zolaism. The ideal of Zolaism and all that it stands for is sought by thousands of errant pseudo-litterateurs who tell their wearisome story in every book-stall and popular magazine of the day. It is, strangely enough, a result of diametrically opposed and opposing tendencies, disease being the father of both—"art for art's sake" and "form," empty and contentless; or Zolaism—the formless search for what is strangely called "truth"—the latter-day alias of mud and filth, shortly, the yellow newspaper.

A NEW THEORY OF VISION



HY do not all objects appear inverted to the eye?

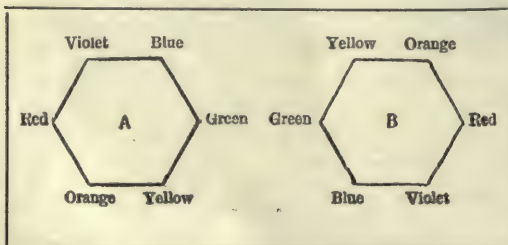
This question has been asked ever since optics became a branch of science. The human eye, consisting of the cornea and the crystalline lens, forms on



The twisted path of the nerve fibers may be illustrated by the model shown above, in which the 500,000 nerve fibers are represented by 19 wires arranged in the form of a hexagonal prism, of which Fig. 2 shows the cross-section and the distinctive colors given, in the order of the solar spectrum, to the 6 wires which occupy the angles of the hexagon. By following the paths of the wires through the double curve it will be seen that if the arrangement at the left end is represented by A, the arrangement at the right end will be represented by the diagram below, the bundle of wires having, practically, been twisted through two right angles.

the retina real but inverted images of all that it beholds.

How are these images reinverted in the brain? Three hundred years have passed



since the first attempt of Kepler to explain this puzzle scientifically.

The latest theory is barely a year old, but it has gained wide acceptance among scientists and even seems to the Paris *Cosmos* to have elucidated all the obscurities.

The theory in question is based upon recently established facts. It has been formulated by a well-known student of ophthalmology—Mr. George Poullaine. The study of recent anatomical clinics of the nerve centers and the

comparison of sections of the optic nerve in different planes revealed to Mr. Poullaine the existence of a loop or twist in the optic nerve. The twist is in the protuberance of the outer and posterior parts of the optical layer of the brain. "The peculiar conformation explains," says *Cosmos*, "the re-inversion of the retinal image."

The optic nerves, after emerging from the eyeballs, converge to the optic chiasma. Here they partly cross, or seem to exchange part of their fibers. The two nerve bundles thus modified separate and pass around the peduncles. In this part of their course they are known as the optical bands or Grasset's hemiopic nerves.

These bands enter the brain. Their fibers

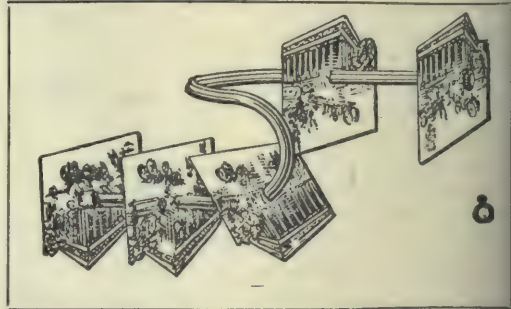


Illustration obtained by threading a picture of a building or other object on a system of two wires of different diameters which are soldered together lengthwise. The wires having been bent in the double curve of the optic nerve, the picture, the hole in which closely fits the wires, is moved along them and is seen to become inverted in traversing the double curve. At the left end of the wires the picture represents the retinal image; at the right, the cerebral image.

can be traced in the pulvinar, where they describe concentric curves. They can be traced, also, in other portions of the optical layer, where they are known as Gratiolet's optic rays.

In order the more correctly to ascertain the paths of the fibers, Poullaine studied and measured sections of the loop made by a horizontal plane and by two vertical planes, anterior, posterior and transverse. The diagrams will explain more fully the method employed. The theory, according to *Cosmos*, makes it easy to understand the mechanism of the reinversion of the retinal image. The double curve effects a complete reversal of the order of the nerve fibers both from top to bottom and from right to left, the two half-turns being exactly equivalent to a half-twist or rotation through 180 degrees about the axis of the bundle.

THE CLOTHES OF GHOSTS—AN ENIGMA



WHY do ghosts—if there are really such things as ghosts—wear clothes? This question, says Andrew Lang, only a skeptic would think of asking. But as there are still skeptics on the subject of ghosts, despite the labors of the spiritualists and the careful researches of the psychic societies, the question is still asked with frequency enough and insistence enough to compel attention of some kind from the experts in psychic affairs.

Dr. James H. Hyslop, that patient investigator in mysterious phenomena, refers to the subject somewhat gingerly, as it seems to us, in his new volume.* All the ghosts that have come to his attention with respectable credentials wear clothing. The testimony is generally quite explicit on that point. He cites some of it. One witness, for instance, whose tale is corroborated, tells of being in a hotel bed on a bright moonlight night, when the windows were open and the blinds up. He saw a young man of twenty-five standing at the side of the bed and pointing with his finger, who soon vanished through the door, which was shut. He was dressed, not in sheets, but in flannels. In another case, well authenticated, the narrator after going to bed about midnight saw at his bed a wraith, which, in spite of the unwonted dress, he at once recognized as a friend who had died some time before. The ghost had on a khaki coat, a leather strap, a brown leather girdle, a sword and helmet.

In these and a host of other instances for which the evidence is of a scientific and unsailable character, Dr. Hyslop is able to be specific on the subject of the clothing worn by apparitions. The conventional notion that the average ghost presents itself in a winding-sheet has been exploded by the investigations of Dr. Hyslop and the Society for Psychical Research. Ghosts dress very much as do they in the world of mortal men. It has been customary in all recent investigation to take note of that circumstance. But how do the ghosts come by their clothes? Are the clothes themselves spirit? In reply, Dr. Hyslop insists that the question is in reality irrelevant. If we regard the apparition as a real spirit we are forced to treat the apparition of clothes as an incidental phenomenon to be explained by a subsidiary hypothesis. It does

not damage the spirit theory; it is simply a perplexity within it.

To the intelligent psychologist the phenomenon does not give any trouble. He is quite willing to recognize that the whole apparition, clothes and all, is an hallucination. He simply regards it as a "veridical hallucination," meaning thereby that it is caused by an extra-organic though super-normal stimulus, as subjective hallucinations are produced by intra-organic or by normal extra-organic stimuli. He does not require to believe that the spirit is actually where it is, any more than he supposes that telepathic phantasms are real. Just what Dr. Hyslop's own point of view is on the subject is not altogether clear to us. Very few of the psychic investigators have reached a point where they are to dogmatize on the main subject of their investigations, still less so on what may be called a side issue, of the subject.

Another solution of the clothes enigma to which attention is called in the *London Post*, by Andrew Lang, himself an expert in psychic research, is that the clothes of a ghost are astral matter like the ghost itself. But we know no more about astral matter, observes Mr. Lang, commenting on Dr. Hyslop's remarks on the subject, than we know of life on another planet. Astral theories, he says, are condemned by science as purely hypothetical. Of course, if the ghosts are mere hallucinations, the clothes present no enigma. They are hallucinations, too. But this easy way of disposing of the subject does not satisfy Mr. Lang. He says:

"If I see a friend, who, on principle, never enters a motor, in motoring costume and covered with blood, and if it turns out that he has been killed at the moment of my vision in his first motor journey, then the coincidence is the puzzle. There must be some cause of the appearance beyond mere chance coincidence, or at least it is natural to think so. A pretty instance occurs, I think, in a biography of Warren Hastings. The anecdote, as I remember it, avers that at a meeting of the Council of the East India Company in Calcutta one of the members (I think several shared the experience) saw his own father, wearing a hat of a peculiar shape, hitherto strange to the observers. In due time came a ship from London bearing news of the father's death, and a large and well-selected assortment of the new hat fashionable in England. It was the hat worn by the paternal appearance! If the circumstances are recorded in the minutes of the proceedings of the Council, which I have not consulted, then the hat of that spook becomes important as evidence.

A NEW PERIOD



A REVOLUTION IN THE FIELD OF VISION

The use of the concentric circles impinging one upon another accentuates the movement to the eye when the disk is rotated. (Look straight at the center.)

This anecdote is given merely as illustrative, not as historically well attested.

"Dr. Hyslop takes the line that such cases (as when the phantasm conveys intelligence of a change of fashion in hats, and coincides with an unknown event, as the death of the father in England), cannot be dismissed as ordinary hallucinations, without any external cause of an unknown nature. These visions correspond with facts unknown and unguessed at by the persons to whom the visions occur. Such cases are well attested in crystal-gazing, as when a man sees correctly a house of which he had never heard, or sees a known person wearing an unknown dress which that person is proved to have been wearing at the moment. There must be some cause of the accuracy of the information thus obtained, whether in visions of the living or the dying or the dead."

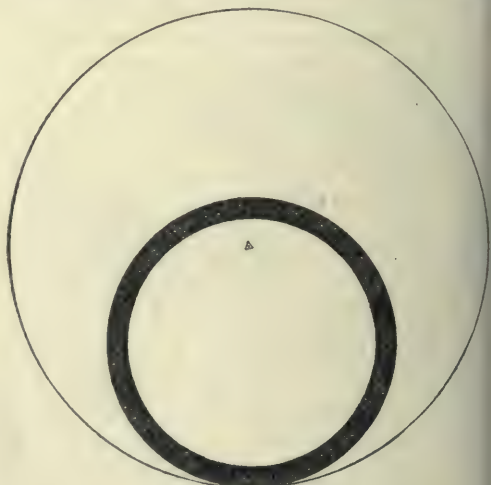


AN ILLUSION OF SPEED

Rotation of this disk should give the eye an impression of extreme velocity of movement.



IN all the centers of civilization to-day the influence of the cinematograph, the kinetoscope and the penny-in-the-slot machine tends to produce eccentricities of vision. If the use of the moving picture as a form of amusement becomes very general, as it threatens to become, the next generation may be incapable of using the sense of sight with exactitude. Thus a writer in the German scientific organ *Prometheus* (Berlin). Optical illusions of one kind and another, he notes, seem to be impairing the value of human testimony, not only in courts of law but in the ordinary routine of life. The obvious thing to do is to avoid, as far as possible, all straining of the sight



A TRIAL TO THE EYE

No matter how fixedly one may gaze at the center of the disk—the thin circle—the eye will involuntarily seek the center of the thick circle. (Rotate rapidly.)

through these instruments. They are accused of lowering the vitality of many children who have frequent recourse to penny-in-the-slot machines as a diversion.

To indicate more clearly the peril involved in many moving-picture exhibitions, and at the same time furnish a test for ascertaining impairment of vision, the Berlin writer suggests simple experiments with rotating disks on which certain black circular lines have been traced. These disks show how easy a matter it is to strain the eye by concentrating the gaze for the briefest possible period upon any series of lines involving an optical illusion. A rotation of the disks in a slow and measured manner is apt to give results totally different from

TO EYESIGHT

those ensuing upon swift rotation with the hand. The moving picture is very apt to produce on a grand scale this ocular phenomenon of the rapidly revolving disk. The fatigue to the eye is multiplied. The attention of the spectator in a moving-picture exhibition is sometimes diverted to one field in the perspective when the laws of optics force his gaze to a totally different point.

At no time in the history of the race was the sense of sight more essential to man's reconciliation with his physical environment; but at no time, complains our authority, has the aid of science been more readily given to make man, through the medium of his eyes, a stranger to reality.



TWOFOLD MOVEMENT

By rotating this disk its apparent movement becomes forward or backward, according to the direction given by the motion of the hand.

In experimenting with the disks reproduced on these pages, the eye should fix itself as intently as possible in the center of the outer circle, as indicated with comparative accuracy by the central dot. The intended effect can be best produced by a slow rotation. This rotary movement can be increased at pleasure, and in some cases the effect will be varied. Thus, the disk in the upper right-hand corner of this page will, when rapidly rotated, give to some eyes the illusion that the central ball is rolling off.

Caution should be exercised by persons of weak vision in the use of these disks. Headache as a reflex from eye-strain could be induced by too much experiment. It would be



A SINGULARITY IN OPTICS

Rapid rotation of the above disk is said to affect every pair of eyes somewhat differently. This is due to differences of focus in the individual eye.

well to remember that as each eye varies more or less, in focus and in strength, it is not likely that any great number of persons could agree regarding the ocular illusion produced by these rotations. In some disks of this sort used by ophthalmologists in Germany some surprising effects are produced upon the eye by coloring the lines. While the disks give us, on a small scale, some effects of the moving picture and the cinematograph, the resemblances are not exact, and the illustration should not be carried too far.



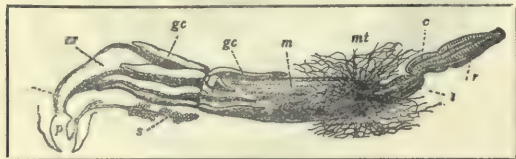
A TEST OF BINOCULAR VISION

Rotation of this disk should impart a spring-like effect to the design. If the impression be unmodified by rotation there must be some eccentricity of vision.

THE BACTERIAL HANDICAP OF BEING HUMAN



It is to bacteriology that man owes the discovery that the human race could very advantageously do without stomachs and that we might all be much healthier beings if we could get rid of some nine feet of our intestines. In the case of the large intestine, particularly, it would be a very great relief, we are assured,

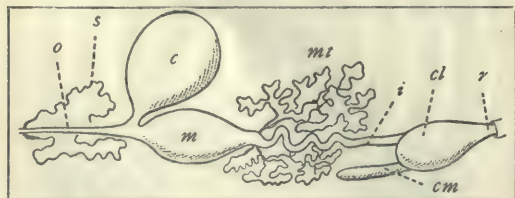


WHY THE GRASSHOPPER IS NOT SWARMING INTERNALLY WITH BACTERIA

The shortness of the creature's alimentary canal—here shown—affords no breeding place for the poison-secreting microbes. In man the corresponding region, *mt, c, i* and *r*, is alive with bacteria. (*c*, colon; *cr*, crop; *gc*, *gc*, gastric ceca; *i*, ileum; *m*, mid-intestine, or stomach; *mt*, Malpighian, or kidney, tubes; *o*, esophagus; *p*, pharynx; *r*, rectum; *s*, salivary gland of left side.)

The structure of the grasshopper's alimentary canal is thus in principle analogous to man's.

if each specimen of our species were without the major portion of it. With this line of research and discovery the name of Elie Metchnikoff will be forever associated. The whole weight of this high authority's name is given to this theory that, on its physiological side, it is a bacterial handicap to be human. Metchnikoff has spent so many years in studying the relations of bacteria to man that, as Prof. Ray Lankester recently remarked, the career of this Gallicized Russian scientist is a guarantee of his capacity and the best credential for his theory. It was in 1888 that Metchnikoff went to the Pasteur Institute in Paris, where he is to-day. Before that he had been a Professor of Zoology at Odessa, and an ex-

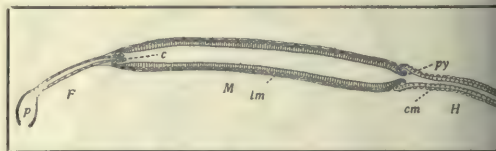


BACTERIOLOGICAL SUPERIORITY OF THE MOTH TO MAN

The diagram shows the alimentary tract of a moth as given in Dr. Folsom's "Entomology with Reference to its Biological and Economic Aspects." From the esophagus (*o*) to the rectum (*r*) the insect's food, in its passage through the food reservoir (*c*) and the other portions of the alimentary canal, is never forced to run the gantlet of swarming microbes, as it must do in the case of man.

pert in the embryology of insects. But it is less as a zoologist than as a bacteriologist that Metchnikoff won recognition as perhaps the most gifted student of every microscopic form of life.

In the elucidation of the very latest theories based upon his bacteriological researches Metchnikoff asserts, as reported in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), that the large intestine affords an ideal refuge for those legions of poison-secreting microbes with which the human organism is infested. Thus we mortals are bacteriologically filthier than the most noisome "skipper" in a putrid ham. The tropical plenitude of what is called the bacterial flora in the human intestine may be appreciated by the circumstance that this region of our physical frame can accommodate 128,000,000,000,000 of these things in an area not much larger than a silver dollar. In the large in-



THE IDEAL ALIMENTARY CANAL FROM A BACTERIOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW

From the pyloric valve to the extremity of the hind gut this region of the digestive system in the lower form of insect life protects the organism (by its lack of coevolution and of length) from the bacteria swarming the large intestine of man.

Alimentary tract of a collembolan, *Orchesella*. *F*, food; *H*, hind gut; *M*, mid gut; *c*, cardiac valve; *cm*, circular muscle; *lm*, longitudinal muscle; *p*, pharynx; *py*, pyloric valve.

testine are sheltered most of these bacteria.

So we should be relatively insect-like in our alimentary canals. Could we conceive of an anatomical paradise, of which the creature were a bacteriologist, the inmates of such a region would unite the histological structure of mankind with the alimentary canal of the insect. Because man cannot eliminate the poison factory within him by developing an alimentary tract similar to that of a moth, the digestive system of a cockroach human life is shortened. The only thing to do under the circumstances is, in Metchnikoff's opinion, to reduce the population of the intestines to its state of unredeemed savagery to one of comparative culture. This is the proposition which gives serum its present importance in bacteriology, and has led to that discussion of lactic acid now general in the scientific press.

For lactic acid, as present in sour milk, is practically fatal to the development of many forms of bacterial existence.

A writer in *Cosmos* (Paris) also thinks that many biological problems could be solved in the light of entomology, and the most ambitious effort in this direction is that of Dr. Justus Watson Folsom, instructor in entomology at the University of Illinois.*

Dr. Folsom does not commit himself to any of the bacterial theories which have been drawn from the studies of entomologists in the anatomy and physiology of insects. The alimentary tract in its simplest form, according to him, is seen in most larvæ. It is a simple tube extending along the axis of the body. But there are many departures from this primitive condition in the most specialized insects. The digestive system of a beetle is like that of man in possessing its Malpighian tube, esophagus, ileum, colon and the like; but the chief function of the stomach in the insect is absorption. Physiologically the so-called stomach of an insect is quite unlike the stomach of a human being. It is more like an intestine. It is nevertheless a certainty that the intestinal region in insects affords absolutely no shelter for those countless bacterial forms with which man is infested. Nothing can be more exquisitely adapted to the development of a beetle's energies than its digestive system. From the esophagus to the reservoir there is

no refuge for bacteria. On the other hand, the intestine in insects does vary greatly in length, and is frequently so long as to be thrown into convolutions. In the grasshopper we find it short and stout. In many carnivorous beetles it is long, slender and convoluted. It is quite short in caterpillars. And in that part of the intestine of the insect which is called the colon—corresponding, so far as analogy can be drawn, with the ileum, the jejunum and the sigmoid flexure in the alimentary tract of man—there is apt to be found indigestible matter and the waste products of digestion.

This indigestible matter has the same peptic origin as the contents of the large intestine in man. Through the convolutions and structure of man's intestine the bacteria can make a home for themselves on a scale truly colossal. In the colon of the insect, on the other hand, there is room only for the bi-products of digestion and the surplus food supply. Relatively to the size of the insect there is no vastness of area in this region. Hapless man finds room for a relatively enormous chain of alimentary tracts, each link in which is a chemical agent. The insect has no facilities of this sort to place at the disposal of those bacterial flora which set up a poison factory within the human subject. Thus do the latest entomological researches seem to support the contention of Metchnikoff that the problem of human longevity depends largely upon man's capacity to rid himself of the bacterial handicap which his intestinal structure imposes.

*ENTOMOLOGY WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS BIOLOGICAL AND ECONOMIC ASPECTS. By J. W. Folsom. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

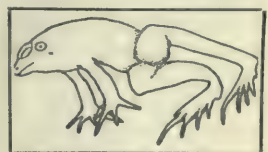
DEPENDENCE OF BIOLOGY ON THE FROG

NOTHING is more familiar to evolutionists than a remark attributed to Huxley to the effect that frogs seem to have been designed as a foundation for biology to build upon. In fact, as is noted by Prof. Samuel J. Holmes, in his new volume on the batrachia, most of what is known in certain departments of biological physiology is derived from a study of frog structure and function. Perhaps no animal except man

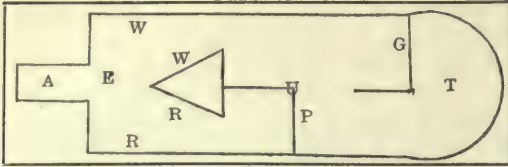
has been the subject of so many scientific investigations. One seldom picks up a volume of a physiological publication without finding the frog a theme for generalization. All science, according to Huxley, starts with hypotheses, or unproved assumptions, which must be tested. The frog lends itself most happily to the process. The most ambitious theories of natural selection, of embryology, of evolution and of heredity have been reared on the basis of data



A HYPNOTIZED FROG
The creature will remain for hours in this mesmerized state. It is a genuine state of hypnosis.



IN DORSAL POSITION
This specimen could be placed upside down without disturbing the profound hypnotic slumber.



EXPERIMENTAL TEST OF THE FROG'S
INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY

The frog enters the box through a small opening at one end, A. At the other end of the box an opening at one side leads to a tank of water, into which the frog is naturally desirous of getting. Near A the box is divided so that a choice of two paths is given. If the frog passes to the right, its course is blocked off by the partition P. Near the other end of the box two alternatives are also presented, in that the frog can go either to the left, where its course is cut off by the glass plate G, or to the right path, which leads to the water. The sides of the box were fitted so that colored cardboard could be placed in the positions marked W and R, and the color of the sides of the labyrinth could thus be varied at will. The partition P was also movable and could be shifted to the other side of the box so as to reverse the closed and free passage. A frog entering the box at A usually does not go at first by the most direct route to the water, but after several trials it comes to avoid the closed passages and travels to the water by the shortest route. The frog learns this path very slowly, as it was found to take from fifty to one hundred trials before it would take the direct route without being liable to make a mistake. Associations once formed, however, were found to persist for over a month. If, after the frog had learned to go to the water by the nearest path, the colored cardboards lining the sides of the box were exchanged, so that the side that was red before was made white, the animal would become confused and frequently take the wrong route.

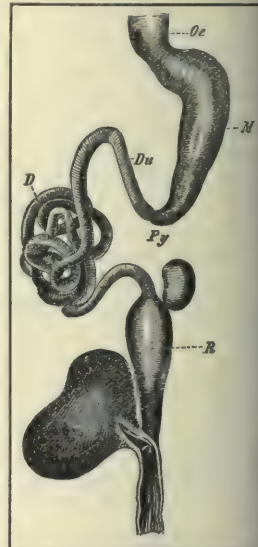
which the frog alone could have readily afforded. With the discovery that frogs, like human beings, are attacked by mosquitoes—although the frog is a cold-blooded animal—a whole line of research has recently been opened up, and parasite life is much better understood since it became known that the frog serves as the host of a large number of parasite forms. Not the least interesting of researches is based on the certainty that a frog may be thrown into the hypnotic state.

One baffling circumstance is the extraordinary limitation to the frog's intelligence. It seems strange to a writer in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) that so highly developed an organism as the frog's should be the receptacle of an intellect so low, relatively, in the scale. Professor Holmes, in his work on the biology of the frog,* agrees that the batrachian is not mentally strong. The frog, says Professor Holmes, is admirably endowed by nature with a number of instincts, which enable it to cope successfully with most of the situations that present themselves in the ordinary course of its life. Nevertheless, the behavior of the frog is to a great extent "stereotyped." It is the result of specific adaptive responses which are dependent upon its inherited organization.

Now the brain of the frog, as Professor Holmes tells us, is in one respect a unique object for the study of function. Large parts of the brain of the frog may be removed without causing the death of the animal. The establishment of this characteristic is beyond dispute now, although, until within recent years, there was thought to be some possibility of error in the observations. The brain, it must be remembered, is the great center of communication between the principal organs of sense and the rest of the body. Through it are effected the numerous co-ordinations between the great variety of stimuli—sights, sounds, odors—and the appropriate muscular actions which enable the animal to adjust itself to the environment.

The number and nature of the connections established in the central nervous system determine the instinct.

Regarding biology, therefore, as the physics and chemistry of living beings, it seems no overstatement of the truth that the frog rivals man as an object of scientific interest. Without the former, it would have been impossible to arrive at an exact knowledge of many fundamental principles in zoology. In his vocal and respiratory organs, his internal secretion and ductless glands (to say nothing of his circulatory and nervous system), the frog is as intimately part and parcel of the cosmic process as man himself. Man and the frog are in biology the most intimate neighbors in existence. Even their hypnotic characteristics are wholly alike.



ALIMENTARY CANAL OF
THE FROG

This portion of the anatomical structure of the frog begins, as does the alimentary canal of man, with the esophagus (Oe). Next is the stomach of the frog (M) in the same relative position as the stomach of man. The duodenum (Du) and the ileum (I) are farther along in the route from the stomach through the pylorus (Py). The analogy between this structure and that of the alimentary canal in the human subject is especially striking, in view of the fact that the frog has no ribs. The stomach of the frog is rich in glands. It is possible to deal with the gastric juice of the frog by experiments yielding ferments strikingly like those in the human stomach. The frog's digestive equipment includes the spleen and the large intestine, the function of which implies biological affinity with the highest living organisms.

*BIOLOGY OF THE FROG. By Samuel J. Holmes, Ph.D.
The Macmillan Company.

Recent Poetry

It will be a long time before the name Oscar Wilde becomes sufficiently dissociated from the abominations of his life to admit of a fair judgment of his literary genius. That he had genius no one denies. Even his first volume of poems, published when he was still going through the streets of our large cities with the rapt eye, long locks, and affected stride of an esthete, bearing a lily in his hand, laughing inwardly at the absurdity of it all and incidentally pocketing a tidy little sum as the result—that first volume of poems told of high literary skill and quick poetic insight. It was but a little later, when he was twenty-five, that he wrote the very striking poem below, which however was not published until a year ago, and then privately, in a sumptuous folio edition, numbering but sixty-five copies. The poem is included now in a complete edition of Wilde's poems just published by F. M. Buckles & Company of New York. It will live long and it is gratifying to know that it was written after the author had abandoned that ridiculous esthetic pose of his and before he had fallen into the wretched ways that wrecked his life later.

THE HARLOT'S HOUSE

BY OSCAR WILDE

We caught the tread of dancing feet,
We loitered down the moonlit street,
And stopped beneath the Harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,
We heard the loud musicians play
The "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black leaves whirling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille,

Then took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clock-work puppet pressed
A phantom lover to her breast,
Sometimes they seemed to try and sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then turning to my love I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she, she heard the violin,
And left my side, and entered in:
Love passed into the house of Lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,
The dancers wearied of the waltz,
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl,

And down the long and silent street,
The dawn with silver-sandaled feet,
Crept like a frightened girl.

Every poet writes about the sea, whether or not he has ever seen it. Clinton Scollard has seen and heard and loved it, and in the following fine lines (in *Munsey's*) he records his thralldom:

A SEA THRALL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

The murmur and the moaning of the sea,
They master me;
I am the serf of sound,
Bondslave to aural beauty grave or gay;
Happy to be so bound,
I hang upon the lyric tides that sway
Night's swimming satellite of ice and fire
Compacted, and although I flee away,
Upon the falcon pinions of desire,
Into the wood's most secret sanctuary,
Or hide amid the mountain's mightiest rocks,
Where, in a mood maniacal, the wind
Mouths like old doddering Lear, and mocks and
mocks
At all of lower earth, I may not find
Escape from those vast fugues that veer and vary
As do the moods and mazes of the mind.
Yea, I am thrall complete
(Finding the thralldom sweet)
To thee, to thee,
O all-embracing and most sovereign sea!

There is a music of another sort to which we all yield at last—the notes of the "magic music" of the piper, Death. It is a new variation of an old theme which we get in *The Pall Mall Magazine*:

THE LAST ROAD

BY URSULA TWENTY

Across the silence of the hills
(*Oh distant hills of dream!*)
The Piper's magic music shrills
And ripples like a stream.
Beyond the moor, beyond the fen,
Thin, tremulous, and silver-clear,
It pierces to the souls of men,
It calls—and they must hear.

The voice of all the crowded town
(Oh voice of tears and laughter!)
 The Piper's charmed note shall drown,
 They turn and follow after.
 By its wild lure their feet are drawn
 To walk a way they do not know,
 Whatever heart be left to mourn,
 It calls—and they must go.

They leave their hearts' desire behind
(Oh witching tune the Piper plays!)
 None know what they may hope to find,
 What waits beyond the trackless ways.
 No grief can hold, no love can keep,
 No wild regret their eyes can dim,
 Whatever heart be left to weep,
 The Piper calls—they follow him.

Even a Shakespearean expert, if asked the question, Who was Innogen? would probably have difficulty in answering. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell finds in her, however, the inspiration for a beautiful little poem printed in *The Century*:

INNOGEN

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

A stage direction in the old copies of "Much Ado About Nothing" is "Enter Leonato, Governour of Messina, *Innogen* his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a messenger." As the wife of Leonato takes no part in the action, and neither speaks nor is spoken to throughout the play, she was probably no more than a character the poet had designed in his first sketch of the plot, and which he found reason to omit afterward.

Immortal shadow, faint and ever fair,
 Dear for unspoken words that might have been,
 Compelled to silent sorrow none may share,
 A ghost of Shakespeare's world, unheard, unseen,

How many more like thee have voiceless stood
 Uncalled upon the threshold of his mind,
 The speechless children of a mighty brood
 Who were and are not! Never shall they find
 The happier comrades unto whom he gave
 Thought, speech, and action—they who shall
 not know

The end of our realities, the grave,
 Nor what is sadder, life, nor any human woe.

It is a good sign that our American poets no longer feel the necessity of following the English bards in rhapsodizing over the lark. We have birds of our own, and the thrush has taken his proper place of late in American song. Here is the latest tribute to his melody. We find it in *The Outing Magazine*:

PAN IN THE CATSKILLS

BY BLISS CARMAN

They say that he is dead, and now no more
 The reedy syrinx sounds among the hills,
 When the long summer heat is on the land.
 But I have heard the Catskill thrushes sing,
 And therefore am incredulous of death,
 Of pain and sorrow and mortality.

In those blue cañons, deep with hemlock shade,
 In solitudes of twilight or of dawn,
 I have been rapt away from time and care
 By the enchantment of a golden strain
 As pure as ever pierced the Thracian wild,
 Filling the listener with a mute surmise.

At evening and at morning I have gone
 Down the cool trail between the beech-tree boles.
 And heard the haunting music of the wood
 Ring through the silence of the dark ravine,
 Flooding the earth with beauty and with joy
 And all the ardors of creation old.

And then within my pagan heart awoke
 Remembrance of far-off and fabled years
 In the untarnished sunrise of the world,
 When clear-eyed Hellas in her rapture heard
 A slow mysterious piping wild and keen
 Thrill through her vales, and whispered, "It is
 Pan!"

A cheerful variation of a usually somber theme is found in the following poem which we take from *McClure's*:

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are
 strong—
 I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the
 road,"
 "Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
 Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maiden-
 hood

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
 A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
 Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:
 "Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
 "Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand—
 That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his
 breath:
 "Lord of the Land, but men have named me
 Death."

Our bards are not through with San Francisco. From John Vance Cheney we have received the following lines, accompanied by a letter in which he says: "San Francisco was a wild flower. She belonged to Nature first, afterward to man. She was untamed and happy. I knew her well, and I have just returned from wandering over the waste place where late she bloomed."

SAN FRANCISCO

By JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Who now dare longer trust thy mother hand?
So like thee thou hadst not another child;
The favorite flower of all thy Western sand,
She looked up, Nature, in thy face and smiled,
Trustful of thee, all-happy in thy care.
She was thine own, not to be lured away
Down joyless paths of men. Happy as fair,
Held to thy heart—that was she yesterday.
To-day the sea is sobbing her sweet name;
She cannot answer—she that loved thee best,
That clung to thee till Hell's own shock and flame
Wrenched her, swept her, from thy forgetting
breast.
Day's darling, playmate of thy wind and sun—
Mother, what hast thou done, what hast thou
done!

Joaquin Miller has also been heard from.
From his home, "The Heights," on the hills across
the bay, he saw the burning of the city that fol-
lowed after the earthquake. In *Sunset Magazine*
he gives his impressions of the scene in some of
the best stanzas that Miller has penned for a
number of years:

SAN FRANCISCO

By JOAQUIN MILLER .

Such darkness, as when Jesus died!
Then sudden dawn drave all before.
Two wee brown tomtits, terrified,
Flashed through my open cottage door;
Then instant out and off again
And left a stillness like to pain—
Such stillness, darkness, sudden dawn
I never knew or looked upon!

This ardent, Occidental dawn
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold,
Just gold and gold to walk upon,
As he of Patmos sang of old.
And still, so still, her streets, her steepes,
As when some great soul silent weeps;
And, oh, that gold, that gold that lay
Beyond, above the tarn, brown bay!

And then a bolt, a jolt, a chill,
And Mother Earth seemed as afraid;
Then instant all again was still,
Save that my cattle from the shade
Where they had sought firm, rooted clay,
Came forth loud lowing, glad and gay,
Knee-deep in grasses to rejoice
That all was well, with trumpet voice.

Not so yon city—darkness, dust,
Then martial men in swift array,
Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust
To heaven, as if pots of clay—
Cathedral, temple, palace, tower—
An hundred wars in one wild hour!
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,
The piteous wail of little ones!

The mad flame climbed the costly steep,
But man, defiant, climbed the flame.
What battles where the torn clouds keep!
What deeds of glory in God's name!

What sons of giants—giants, yea—
Or beardless lad or veteran gray.
Not Marathon nor Waterloo
Knew men so daring, dauntless, true.

Three days, three nights, three fearful days
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,
Of God's house thrown a thousand ways;
Blown east by day, blown west by night—
By night? There was no night. Nay, nay,
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay
Crouched down between this first, last day.
I say those nights were burned away!

And jealousies were burned away,
And burned were city rivalries,
Till all, white crescenting the bay,
Were one harmonious hive of bees.
Behold the bravest battle won!
The City Beautiful begun:
One solid San Francisco, one,
The fairest sight beneath the sun.

Eight years ago, when all the world was in-
dignant over the Dreyfus revelations and it looked
as though justice never was to be done, an Amer-
ican writer published in the *Providence Journal*
the prophetic verses below which we take occasion
to reprint at this time:

DREYFUS

By HENRY ROBINSON PALMER

Not in the cloudy mountain top,
Majestic and alone,
Truth lifts her ponderous sceptre up
And rears her awful throne;
But in the crowded market place
And in the prison pen—
Her judgment seat is on the street
And in the haunts of men.

She hailes the mighty to her bar,
She bids the low arise,
For craft and power are all in vain
To blind her piercing eyes.
Before her still and serious gaze
The haughty take affright;
Their lust and lore and golden store
Are ashes in her sight

She watched them mass their frowning troops,
And fling their banners high;
She saw them brand the innocent
And cast him out to die.
They stripped the buttons from his coat,
They marched him round to view,
And swiftly broke with ringing stroke
His sword and spirit too.

And only she of all the throng
That watched his sore disgrace
Let fall a pitying tear to match
The anguish of his face.
From loneliness to loneliness
His barren pathway led,
And none may know the stifled woe
That shook the prisoner's bed.

The love of God, divinely great,
Is yet divinely small.

It notes the eagle in his flight,
The sparrow in his fall.
Away from those who wrong the weak
It turns its patient face,
But bears relief to bitter grief
In the far desert place.

It swept across the tropic sea,
It sought the captive out,
It cheered him on his lonely strand
And compassed him about.
And Truth, who works her miracles
Within the sight of men,
Rebukes the foes that round him rose
And bore him home again.

Shall earthly pomp and earthly plot,
Or yet the assassin's wrath,
Avail to check imperial Truth
Or turn her from her path?
Through all the Army's tented fields
Her silent couriers run,
And soon or late, as sure as fate,
God's justice will be done.

The poem below will not mean very much to those who have never followed the furrow in anything but books. It will touch a chord in the rest of us that responds readily even to an unskilful hand, and the hand in this case is not unskilful. We take the verses from a new book of poems (A. C. McClurg & Co.) with the same title as that given to this, the opening poem:

IN THE FURROW

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Let me follow in the furrow while you turn the black soil over;
Let me breathe the smell of Mother Earth I have not known so long.
Here last summer through the sun and rain grew timothy and clover,
Here again I feel my heart alive with all the joy of song.
Though I come each spring-returning to the same instinctive rapture,
It could never be more wonderful a transport than to-day.
Let me follow in the furrow that my heart may so recapture
The dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it far away.

Not the perfume of the violet or hyacinth or lily
Can be sweeter, in the magic of the wonders that should be,
When my boyish dreaming thought the world one golden daffodily
Blown for no one but myself to pluck, and no one else to see.
Not the breath of any fragrance can be sweeter to my fancy
Than the smell of earth the plowshare turns against the sun of May.
Let me follow in the furrow while I feel the necromancy
Of dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it far away.

Let me feel the early passions and the primal instincts thrilling
Every deadened inspiration of the plowshare and the sod,
Till the warm, moist earth with ecstasy my eager soul is filling,
Such as led my steps in boyhood when the plowman's path I trod.
Here the corn shall lift its greenness while the rain-washed winds blow over,
Till it bears the wealth of summer where the dark stalks droop and sway.
Let me follow in the furrow, every sense an idler, rover,
With dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it far away.

"Mystery of the West" is the title of a new book of poems by Henry Nehemiah Dodge (published by Richard G. Badger), in which he tells the epic tale of Leif Ericsson and Columbus, and then, in a series of chants, goes on to tell of the coming of the nations to the New World. The purpose is well sustained, but we find nothing in the book quite so quotable as the "Foreword":

THRUSTARARORUM

BY HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE

What time I hear the storming sea,
Blood of my ancestor stirs in me;
The quiet stream awakes from sleep,
And I long to beard the tawny deep.

I meet the rushing wind's embrace,
I feel the sea-foam on my face,
I ride at will on the hissing wave,
And the wrath of bellowing ocean brave.

I wrestle alone with the terrible gale,
And in its teeth triumphant sail;
Or fly before the driving blast,
And laugh at the gulls, as I hurtle past.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

From cold Newfoundland fogs he sailed
In his fishing boat, nor ever quailed
When fierce Atlantic's waking wrath
Piled mountain billows in his path.

The ghostly iceberg-wraith he cleared,
Though it crowded him close, like a phantom weird;
For a valiant sailorman was he,
And he scorned the dangers of the sea.

His sturdy arm ruled sure the helm;
No wild nor-east could his soul o'erwhelm;
He knew the pathways of the sea,
And loved his life of liberty.

For sun-kissed Manisses he steered,
Nor loud Point Judith's anger feared,
And he built him there an island home
Where the mackerel swarm and the sword-fish roam.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

Afar the cliffs o'er the ocean loom,
Afar the thundering breakers boom;
The pastures lie in the golden light,
And the heart of the islander leaps at the sight.

There he taught the people fisher-lore—
Neptune afloat, Solon ashore,
Lived he and labored on Manisses fair,
Where the pond-lily breathes on the balmy air.

With brawny arm he hauled the net,
And I see in my hands the mark of it yet;
One of earth's toilers, strong and free,
He left me his love of liberty.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

As I sing it now I seem to hear
The voice of ocean loud in my ear,
The rush and roll of the breaker's roar,
The lofty song of his island shore.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

And when I tire of the tedious round,
I put out for the ancient fishing ground;
I and my ancestor fishing go,
Where the billows dance and the salt winds blow.

And the floods and the sky their welcome give,
And I feel what a joy it is to live,
And my soul escapes like a bird at the sound
Of our rippling bow—
As into the ocean's arms we bound!

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

In *Success Magazine* we find a plaintive little lyric that has nothing particularly new or brilliant in it, but which catches our fancy by its simplicity and sincerity:

GOOD-BY

BY LILLIAN BENNET THOMPSON

Dear love, good-by.
Though my heart break beneath its weight of pain,
I must not look upon your face again;—
I dare not cry
That life spreads out before me, desolate,
For none must know; each one must bear his fate,
Nor question why.
The road lies on before us. Thorn and stone
May wound us, yet we go alone,
Nor seem to sigh.
Yet sometimes, in the dim year's passing,
I throw
One kindly thought to one who loved you so,—
Dear love,—good-by.

The same note of disappointed love is found in the verses below from the *Pall Mall Magazine*:

THE STRANGER

BY SAMUEL DANIEL

Rose-red glow on the mountain—singing voice of the pine—
Passion of recognition—flash of a light divine:
I who pass by a stranger? Nay, the soul of it all is mine.

One little homestead—a lattice, round which the roses grow—
One little path through the daisies—one spot where the lilacs blow—
The rush and swirl of the river in its rocky bed below.

I fear the breath of the lilacs, their sweetness is all too sweet;
I dare not cross the pathway, I should hear the sound of your feet
Flying over the daisies to the place where we used to meet.

Fading glow on the mountain—wailing voice of the pine—
Deepening roar of the river—and the light that was all divine
A shadow, that rests for ever on another soul and mine.

This same minor chord is reproduced in these lines which we take from *The Independent*:

FROM GOETHE

BY MARY E. KNEVALS

The heart two chambers hath
Of joy and sorrow,
The heart two songs doth sing
To-day—to-morrow.
The heart two things doth weep
And weeps them ever,
Love that is gone, and love
That cometh never.

Even in the loss of eyesight compensation is to be found—by the poets at least. The sonnet below is taken from *Everybody's*:

BLINDNESS

BY GARDNER WEEKS WOOD

No more may I the rolling seasons trace:
For me in vain will slender-fingered Spring
Unveil the marvels of her bourgeoning,
Or Autumn hang upon the ancient face
Of her calm cliffs the gold and ashen lace
Of leaf and lifting smoke, The oriole
In vain will flash his flaming path from knoll
To nest below my lodge. The sun-swept space
Will limn its happy visions masked from me
Who, empty-eyed and stricken, sit alone.
Yet not alone am I nor all unblessed:
I know the soul of things before unguessed;
The thrill of hands in mine; the story blown
From out the unseen world's infinity.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

If the reviewer of the London *Academy* is correct in his opinion, the author of "Richard Carvel" has in his latest novel* just fallen

Coniston short of real greatness. But for one defect in the portraiture of

his hero, "it might well have been ranged in a gallery of masterpieces." That defect lies in making the hero repent at the eleventh hour, when as a matter of fact he should by that time have become too hardened a sinner for the tooth of remorse to make any impression upon him.

The novel is one of love and politics—American politics. It begins in the period of Andrew Jackson, but most of the scene is laid in the days of Grant's presidency. Its hero, Jethro Bass, is the first political "boss," and the purpose of the story, politically, is to help us to recognize that "things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form, except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function."

Coniston is the New England village in which Jethro Bass lives and thrives. By means of a number of mortgages which he holds, he persuades enough voters to his support at a critical time to make him selectman. From that modest post his power is exerted and develops until he controls the whole State and the governor, legislature and United States senators thereof. But he has to make choice, early in the story, between renouncing his political methods and losing his love. He fails to renounce and Cynthia leaves him. She is married to a very different type of man and a second Cynthia comes on the scene, the first Cynthia's daughter, who becomes the real heroine of the novel, and who induces Jethro, in his old age, to renounce his shady ways as a "boss." It is a long story for these rushing days—543 pages—and more than one critic protests against the length.

Except for the one defect already noted, the London *Academy* praises the work warmly, and calls it a "remarkable novel" even as it is. The characters are perhaps too numerous, but "are all drawn with vigor and animation." The New York *Nation* takes the work less seriously on its political side. It says:

"Jethro Bass is laconic and inscrutable. Perhaps by saying nothing and rolling a dangerous eye in critical moments, a man may rise to prominence in his country's affairs, but it is difficult to believe that the process is so simple, and such bare statement does not satisfy the curious, who seeing wonderful results, demand some approximately remarkable cause."

The New York *Sun* thinks that the numerous characters are capital snap shots of real New Englanders; but they fail to develop as the story proceeds: "They remain unchanged every time that they appear, from beginning to end. We fear that this applies even to his hero, Jethro, who is very nearly the same man, except for the author's explanations, at the end that he is at the beginning."

The New York *Times* calls the book "an engrossing novel, singularly vigorous, thoughtful, artistic," without a careless stroke or a blurred image anywhere. But the San Francisco *Argonaut* finds the canvas overcrowded, styles the author "an apostle of the commonplace," whose hold on public regard is due to the democratic simplicity which attracts his pen and to his sympathy with love and life in their more wholesome aspects; but he "offers no delicate savor to the epicure in words." The St. Louis *Mirror* finds in "Coniston" an excellent narrative but a poor novel: "The characters don't function themselves. Mr. Churchill simply tells us about them."

In *Harper's Weekly*, James MacArthur reviews the book briefly, but expresses the conviction that it is the best conceived and best executed work of fiction the author has yet produced, going as far in advance of his previous work as "The Crossing" fell below it.

Is a greater than Jane Austen in our midst? One might conclude so to read the enthusiastic

**Awakening
of Helena
Richie**

commendations of Margaret Deland's new book.* "The best books of Mrs. Wharton, John Oliver Hobbes and Gertrude

Atherton," says a Chicago reviewer, "are in the kindergarten class beside this really great novel." Another critic, in the New York *Times*, compares the author's work with Jane Austen's to the disadvantage of the latter because Jane Austen's characters all have a spiritual vacuum, whereas Mrs. Deland's all have souls. And still another critic, James MacArthur, in *Harper's Weekly*, as-

*CONISTON. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company.

*THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Bros.

serts that to find a parallel to this new novel "we must go back to the old standards and think of 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner.'"

The scene and many of the characters are the same as in Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales" and "Dr. Lavendar's People." The Chester in these tales is the village of Manchester, near Pittsburg, where Mrs. Deland spent her girlhood days. The Mercer of the stories is Pittsburg. We get again in the new novel Dr. Lavendar, Dr. Willy King, Martha, and other Chester folk; but Helena Richie is a newcomer. She is a woman with a past, who comes to Chester for seclusion, with a man whom she introduces as her brother, but whom she expects to marry when her husband, from whom she has separated, has died. She believes she is harming nobody by her course in violation of "the conventions" of society. Chester is unsuspecting and receives her. Her awakening is the realization that comes to her of the real character of her sin and its social consequences.

M. Gordon Pryor Rice, writing in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, says of this heroine:

"In the creation of this woman Mrs. Deland has surpassed even herself. The reader is made to feel all her sweetness, all her loveliness, all the childlikeness of her nature; and yet is impressed as perhaps never before with the disintegrating effect of her sin, upon not only the characters of the guilty, but upon the vital centres of society. No hand can be raised to cast a stone at Helena Richie, and yet the decisive word is said—it says itself in her history—of the sacredness of marriage: 'That when personal happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it.'"

Mr. Rice, in a three-column review, finds nothing in the novel to find fault with, and closes as follows:

"It cannot fail to 'surprise' the attention of the most casual reader with its captivating charm, its intense human interest. But to the reader who returns to it again and again, it unfolds more and more the characteristics of true greatness; and by and by it dawns upon him that after its kind it is a perfect book, in its noble simplicity, its delicate, selective art, its wonderful presentation of life, its fine disdain of all standards save the highest. Flawless in literary form, penetrated through and through with 'an inward spiritual grace,' surely it must come to its own—a permanent place among the books that abide."

If there are any adverse criticisms of the book, they have so far escaped our notice. James MacArthur compares it with Barrie's stories of Thrums, finding Barrie more of a humorist and

Mrs. Deland more of a moralist; but there is in both the same kindly humor, akin to pity and love, that plays tenderly yet searchingly upon the frailties and incongruities of human nature. Says Mr. MacArthur further:

"'The Awakening of Helena Richie' is a masterpiece of fiction. To find its parallel we must go back to the old standards, and think of 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner' as belonging to the same noble company. It has a masterly sweep of breadth and vision, the unerring instinct of the artist, the profound insight and beauty of the poet. It deals with fundamental truths and ideas, yet its psychology is never apparent except in the working out of these truths and ideas in the living, palpitant embodiment of its central tragedy—a tragedy that, to describe it, might seem commonplace, but which in Mrs. Deland's pages glow with a noble sympathy and fervent fire. This is not merely an entralling story; it is a piece of life, it goes deep into human experience. We marvel at the power that can take us out of ourselves, and merge us in an imagined life, yet leave us shaken to the foundations of our being, with the vivid and poignant feeling of having participated in Helena Richie's ordeal; we are thrilled by the quickened sense of reality that has brought into our living consciousness a circle of acquaintances better known and loved and mourned than many who live close to us in the world. There is more than the magic of words here, there is the magic of the soul, the passion for humanity, the absorption of a noble mind in a drama of struggle and conflict composed of elements of inexorable law and ineffable pity, that has been long pondered and brooded over until the author is one with her kind."

The *New York Evening Post* speaks of the author's "fine inlay work" as here "peerlessly present." Here is Dr. Lavendar at his richest, and the child David outdoes even Mrs. Deland's own admirable record in child-portraits, while Helena Richie is, in her grace and sweet feebleness, as winning as the men-folk of Old Chester found her.

One plunges into the realm of uncompromising romance in reading the new novel by Mr. and

Mrs. Egerton Castle.* Instead, **If Youth But Knew** however, of creating a fictitious kingdom for its setting, the authors select Westphalia, when

Jerome Bonaparte was king, and there is a more or less genuine historical atmosphere about the tale. But the romance is the thing. "Once accept the book as a glorified libretto of a romantic opera, clever, dainty, delicately treated," says the *London Academy*, "and all runs smoothly and delightfully to the end." The heroine is the Baroness Sidonia, who is just seventeen, and has long plaits of yellow hair. The hero is a young Aus-

***IF YOUTH BUT KNEW.** By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Company.

trian count who has had an English education. The *deus ex machina* is a nobleman whose fortunes have been adverse, and who, as Geiger-Hans, is now a wandering minstrel, who, with his fiddle, always turns up at the nick of time. The villains of the story are the German Burgrave Wellenhausen, guardian of Sidonia, and his light-minded and frivolous spouse, Lady Betty. The hero count, Steven Lee, and the heroine countess, Sidonia, fall in love with each other, as a matter of course, and after some vicissitudes are wedded; but one hour afterward they are separated by the machinations of the plotting burgrave and burgravine, and after various adventures are restored to one another's arms by Geiger-Hans, who then goes fiddling his way into the darkness until he shall be restored to view, perchance, in a later novel. The title, "If Youth but Knew," embodies the philosophy of Geiger-Hans, who thinks that Youth, if it but knew it, could accomplish all things.

None of the reviewers speak of the book in superlatives; but they all agree on its charm and beauty and interest. "It begins to be romantic, it continues in the true vein of romance, and ends sweetly upon a proper romantic note, to the accompaniment of Geiger-Hans' fiddle," says the London *Athenæum*. It cannot accept Geiger-Hans as real, however. He belongs to fairy tales and we welcome him warmly; but we do not believe in him now. The heroine, however, ravishes us, and "the heart follows the fortunes of Sidonia flutteringly till she is safe in her husband's arms."

The Chicago *Dial* concludes its review as follows: "It is a story throbbing with life, instinct with poetic feeling, and bearing the stamp of a creative power that is closely akin to genius." The *Canadian Magazine* thinks that it is a finer poem of life than "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard," and as such reflects greater credit upon its authors. Geiger-Hans is considered by the Washington *Evening Star* to be "one of the most appealing personages ever introduced in the pages of a story."

You may go from the scenes of the novel by the Castles to the scenes of Stanley Weyman's latest romance* with never a jar. But you must leave Westphalia and go to England, the time being much the same, the close of the Napoleonic wars.

Mr. Weyman opens with an elopement, the lady in the case being the heroine, Henrietta Damer,

and the man being a rascal who already has a wife and four children of whom he has told her not a word. Their chaise is stalled and the rascal, knowing that the officers of the law are in pursuit of him for his participation in recent riots, vanishes and leaves Miss Henrietta to shift for herself. She needs the best services of her author's pen to bring her triumphant through all her troubles. Even he is not able to keep her from going to Kendal jail, but he succeeds in keeping her picturesque there even when sweeping out the prison-yard. There are smugglers; there is a handsome gypsy girl Bess, who wants to treat Miss Damer and all other aristocrats as they had been recently treated during the Reign of Terror in France; there is a parson who falls in love with Henrietta. There are various other characters, and between them all they concoct a lively menu of—to quote *The Times*—"adventures, misunderstandings, dramatic incidents, surprises, conversations, scenes, rages, tears, and the rest of the things which tickle the romance reader's palate."

There is just a suggestion of "damning with faint praise" in the reviews of the novel. The London *Outlook* takes it as the text for a discourse on the general ineptitude of our romance writers of recent years. Mr. Weyman, Maurice Hewlett, Gilbert Parker, Marriott Watson, Bernard Capes, and the rest, it thinks, all fail to achieve the romantic effect, and for the same reason: they are in too much of a hurry. Says *The Outlook*:

"They are so full of their story, with its ingenious complications and exciting incidents, that they must needs start us on it at once and drag us breathlessly along the course until—bang! it is all over and we fall exhausted to the ground. They will not prepare us. They tell us next to nothing about their characters, and so we are uninterested in their fate. In this they make the mistake of thinking that a few suggestive hints and the reader's intelligent imagination are all that is required. That is not so. It is not enough to understand the sort of character which is described in a few sentences; you must live with it awhile before you care for its fortunes. So with the background—hardly less important even than character in romance and sometimes much more so. It is not enough to see in imagination an old house by moonlight: you must live in it, or at least walk round it with leisured paces, before its romantic quality sinks into your mind and colors all that is to happen in its neighborhood. It is because Scott so thoroughly understood this necessity that he is the type of romancer for all time. . . . Yet even Scott has been surpassed in this matter. We say at a venture that the two most romantic backgrounds in English fiction are the old house in Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables' and the old house of Castlewood in 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians.' There were artists who prepared their background with so sure a touch, so lingering a care, that almost any story

*STARVECROW FARM. By Stanley Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co.

they had put upon it would have taken the color of romance."


The London *Athenæum* thinks this novel is as good as any which have preceded it from the same pen, and it pays tribute to Mr Weyman's "good workmanship," in that he is never careless and never clumsy; but "Starvecrow Farm," it thinks, is not startlingly original. The New York *Evening Post* classes it among his less important works; but, nevertheless, "the interest is progressive, the incidents are exciting, the development of the love theme is logical, and the characters

introduced are human." *The Reader Magazine's* reviewer has no particular fault to find and many virtues to praise. He says:

"Mr. Weyman's atmosphere is charmingly true; the story that he has to tell is more than ordinarily worth telling; there are picturesque and interesting characters and a merry march of adventures that includes smuggling. All in all, there is more substance to 'Starvecrow Farm' than to most historical romances, and a sterner air of reality, giving the reader the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with flesh-and-blood people instead of mere figure-posts for the effective display of high hats, flaring petticoats, fetching plumes and lace."

The Messenger

Of the author of this story, Isaac L. Perez, Prof. Leo Weiner, of Harvard, says: "Perez must be counted among the greatest writers, not only of Judæo-German literature but of all literature in general, at the end of the nineteenth century." What Professor Weiner calls Judæo-German is commonly called Yiddish. It is the form of language in which Perez writes—the language spoken by Jews in Russia, Poland, Austria and Roumania, and by many in America. This story is taken by us from advance sheets of a new volume of Perez's tales translated by Helena Frank and published by The Jewish Publication Society of America.

E is on the road, and his beard and coat-tails flutter in the wind.

Every few minutes he presses a hand to his left side—he feels a pang; but he will not confess to it—he tries to think he is only making sure of his leather letter-bag.

"If only I don't lose the contract-paper and the money!" That is what he is so afraid of.

"And if it *does* hurt me, it means nothing. Thank God, I've got strength enough for an errand like this and to spare! Another at my years wouldn't be able to do a verst, while I, thanks to His dear name, owe no one a farthing and earn my own living. God be praised, they trust me with money.

"If what they trust me with were my own, I shouldn't be running errands at more than seventy years old; but if the Almighty wills it so—so be it."

It begins to snow in thick flakes; he is continually wiping his face.

"I haven't more than half a mile* to go now," he thinks "*O wa!* what is that to me? It is much nearer than further." He turns his head. "One doesn't even see the town-clock from here, or the convent, or the barracks; on with you, Shemaiah, my lad."

And Shemaiah tramps on through the wet snow; the old feet welter in and out. "Thank God, there is not much wind."

Much wind, apparently, meant a gale; the wind was strong enough and blew right into his face, taking his breath away with every gust; it forced the tears out of his old eyes, and they hurt him like pins; but then he always suffered from his eyes.

It occurred to him that he would spend his next earnings on road-spectacles—large, round ones that would cover his eyes completely.

"If God will," he thought, "I shall manage it. If I only had an errand to go every day, a long, long one. Thank God, I can walk any distance, and I should soon save up enough for the spectacles."

He is also in want of a fur coat of some sort, it would ease the oppression on his chest; but he considers that, meanwhile, he has a warm cloak.

"If only it does not tear, it is an excellent one." He smiles to himself. "No new-fangled spider-web for you. All good, old-fashioned sateen—it will outlast me yet. And it has no slit—that's a great point. It doesn't blow out like the cloaks they make nowadays, and it folds over ever so far in front.

"Of course," he thinks on, "a fur coat is better; it's warm—beautifully warm. But spectacles come first. A fur is only good for winter, and spectacles are wanted all the year round, because in summer, when there's a wind and it blows the dust into your eyes, it's worse than in winter."

And so it was settled; first spectacles and then

*A Lithuanian mile=5.56 English miles.

a fur coat. Please God, he would help to carry corn—that would mean four gulden.

And he tramped on, and the wet snow was blown into his face, the wind grew stronger, and his side pained him more than ever.

"If only the wind would change! And yet perhaps it's better so, because coming back I shall feel more tired, and I shall have the wind in my back. Then it will be quite different. Everything will be done; I shall have nothing on my mind."

He was obliged to stop a minute and draw breath; this rather frightened him.

"What is the matter with me? A Cantonist* ought to know something of the cold," he thought sadly.

And he recalls his time of service under Nicholas, twenty-five years' active service with the musket, beside his childhood as a Cantonist. He has walked enough in his life, marching over hill and dale, in snow and frost and every sort of wind. And what snows, what frosts! The trees would split, the little birds fall dead to the ground, and the Russian soldier marched briskly forward, and even sang a song, a *trepak*, a *komarinski*, and beat time with his feet.

The thought of having endured those thirty-five years of service, of having lived through all those hardships, all those snows, all those winds, all the mud, hunger, thirst, and privation, and having come home in health—the thought fills him with pride. He holds up his head and feels his strength renewed.

"Ha, ha, what is a bit of a frost like this to me? In Russia, well, yes, there it was something like."

He walks on, the wind has lessened a little, it grows darker, night is falling.

"Call that a day," he said to himself. "Well, I never," and he began to hurry, not to be overtaken by the night. Not in vain has he been so regularly to study in the Shool of a Sabbath afternoon—he knows that one should go out and come home again before the sun goes down.

He feels rather hungry. He has this peculiarity—that being hungry makes him cheerful. He knows appetite is a good sign; "his" traders, the ones who send him on errands, are continually lamenting their lack of it. He, blessed be His name, has a good appetite; except when he is not up to the mark, as yesterday, when the bread tasted sour to him.

Why should it have been sour? Soldiers' bread? Once, perhaps, yes; but now? Phonyef bakes bread that any Jewish baker might be

proud of, and he had bought a new loaf which it was a pleasure to cut; but he was not up to the mark, a chill was going through his bones.

But, praised be He whose name he is not worthy to mention, that happens to him but seldom.

Now he is hungry, and not only that, but he has in his pocket a piece of bread and cheese; the cheese was given him by the trader's wife, may she live and be well. She is a charitable woman—she has a Jewish heart. If only she would not scold so, he thinks, she would be really nice. He recalls to mind his dead wife.

"There was my Shprintze Niepritskhes; she also had a good heart and was given to scolding. Every time I sent one of the children out into the world she wept like a beaver, although at home she left them no peace with her scolding tongue. And when a death happened in the family!" he went on remembering. "Why, she used to throw herself about on the floor whole days like a snake and bang her head with her fists."

"One day she wanted to throw a stone at heaven.

"We see," he thought, "how little notice God takes of a woman's foolishness. But with her there was no taking away the bier and the corpse. She slapped the women and tore the beards of the men.

"She was a fine woman, was Shprintze. Looked like a fly, and was strong, so strong. Yet she was a good woman—she didn't dislike *me* even, although she never gave me a kind word.

"She wanted a divorce—a divorce. Otherwise she would run away. Only, when was that?"

He remembers and smiles.

It was a long, long time ago; at that time the excise regulations were still in force, and he was a night watchman, and went about all night with an iron staff, so that no brandy should be smuggled into the town.

He knew what service was! To serve with Phonye was good discipline; he had had good teachers. It was a winter's morning before day-break, he went to have his watch relieved by Chaim Yonch—he is in the world of truth now—and then went home, half frozen and stiff. He knocked at the door and Shprintze called out from her bed:

"Into the ground with you! I thought your dead body would come home some time!"

Oho! she is angry still because of yesterday. He cannot remember what happened, but so it must be.

"Shut your mouth and open the door!" he shouts.

"I'll open your head for you!" is the swift reply.

*A Jew taken from his home as a child, under Nicholas I, estranged from his family and his faith, and made to serve in the army.

†Jewish name for the typical Russian.

"Let me in!"

"Go into the ground, I tell you!"

And he turned away and went into the house-study, where he lay down to sleep under the stove. As ill-luck would have it, it was a charcoal stove, and he was suffocated and brought me like a dead man.

Then Shprintze was in a way! He could hear, after a while, how she was carrying on.

They told her it was nothing—only the charcoal.

No! she must have a doctor. She threatened to faint, to throw herself into the water, and went screaming:

"My husband! My treasure!"

He pulled himself together, sat up, and asked helplessly:

"Shprintze, do you want a divorce?"

"May you be——" she never finished the curse, and burst into tears. "Shemaiah, do you think I will punish me for my cursing and my bad temper?"

But no sooner was he well again than there was the old Shprintze back. A mouth on wheels, a tongue on screws, and strong as iron—she watched like a cat—ha, ha! A pity she died; and she did not even live to have pleasure in her children.

"They must be doing well in the world—all artisans—a trade won't let a man die of hunger. I healthy—they took after me. They don't starve, but what of that? They can't do it themselves, and just *you* go and ask someone to do it for you! Besides, what's the good of a letter of introduction? It's like watered soup. And then young boys, in a long time they forget. They must be doing well.

"But Shprintze is dead and buried. Poor Shprintze!"

"Soon after the excise offices were abolished, he died. That was before I had got used to going errands and saying to the gentle folk 'your friendship,' instead of 'your high nobility';* before they trusted me with contracts and money—and I used to want for bread.

"I, of course, a man and an ex-Cantonist, could easily go a day without food; but for her, as I said, it was a matter of life and death. A foolish woman soon loses her strength; she couldn't even hold any more; all the monkey was out of her; she did nothing but cry.

"I lost all pleasure in life—she grew somehow afraid to eat, lest I shouldn't have enough.

"Seeing she was afraid, I grew bold, I screamed, I scolded. For instance: 'Why don't you go and eat?' Now and then I went into a room and nearly hit her, but how are you to hit an old woman, addressing them in Polish instead of Russian.

a woman who sits crying with her hands folded and doesn't stir? I run at her with a clenched fist and spit at it, and she only says: 'You go and eat first—and then *I* will,' and I had to eat some of the bread first and leave her the rest.

"Once she fooled me out into the street: 'I *will* eat, only *you* go into the street—perhaps you will earn something,' and she smiled and patted me.

"I go and I come again, and find the loaf much as I left it. She told me she couldn't eat dry bread—she must have porridge."

He lets his head drop as though beneath a heavy weight, and the sad thoughts chase one another:

"And what a wailing she set up when I wanted to pawn my Sabbath cloak—the one I'm wearing now. She moved heaven and earth, and went and pawned the metal candlesticks, and said the blessing over candles stuck into potatoes to the day of her death. Before dying she confessed to me that she had never really wanted a divorce; it was only her evil tongue.

"My tongue, my tongue," she cried, 'God forgive me my tongue!' And she really died in terror lest in the other world they should hang her by the tongue.

"God," she said to me, 'will never forgive me; I've been too great a sinner. But when *you* come—not soon, heaven forbid, but in over a hundred and twenty years*—when you *do* come, then remember and take me down from the gallows, and tell the Heavenly Council that *you* forgave me.'

"She began to wander soon after that, and was continually calling the children. She fancied they were there in the room, that she was talking to them, and she asked their pardon.

"Silly woman, who wouldn't have forgiven her!"

"How old was she altogether? Perhaps fifty. To die so young! It was worse than a person taking his own life, because every time a thing went out at the door, to the pawn-shop, a bit of her health and strength went with it.

"She grew thinner and yellower day by day, and said she felt the marrow drying up in her bones; she knew that she would die.

"How she loved the room and all its furniture! Whatever had to go, whether it were a chair or a bit of crockery or anything else, she washed it with her tears, and parted from it as a mother from her child; put her arms around it and nearly kissed it. 'Oho!' she would say, 'when I come to die, you won't be there in the room.'

"Well, there; every woman is a fool. At one moment she's a Cossack in petticoats, and the next weaker than a child; because, really, whether you die with a chair or without a chair, what does it matter?"

*The ideal age for the Jew, the age reached by Moses.

"Phê," he interrupted himself, "what shall I think of next? Fancy letting one's thoughts wander like that, and my pace has slackened, too, thanks to the rubbish!"

"Come, soldier's feet, on with you!" he commanded.

He looks round—snow on every hand; above, a gray sky with black patches—"just like my under-coat," he thought, stuff patched with black sateen. Lord of the world, is it for want of "credit" up there, too?

Meanwhile it is freezing. His beard and whiskers are ice. His body is fairly comfortable and his head is warm, he even feels the drops of sweat on his forehead; only his feet grow colder and weaker.

He has not walked so very far, and yet he would like to rest, and he feels ashamed of himself. It is the first time he ever wanted to rest on an errand of two miles. He will not confess to himself that he is a man of nearly eighty, and his weariness not at all surprising.

No, he must walk on—just walk on—for so long as one walks, one is walking, one gets on; the moment one gives way to temptation and rests, it's all over with one.

One might easily get a chill, he says to frighten himself, and does all he can to shake off the craving for rest.

"It isn't far now to the village; there I shall have time to sit down.

"That's what I'll do. I won't go straight to the nobleman—one has to wait there for an hour outside; I'll go first to the Jew.

"It's a good thing," he reflected, "that I am not afraid of the nobleman's dog. When they let him loose at night, it's dreadful. I've got my supper with me, and he likes cheese. It will be better to go first and get rested. I will go to the Jew and warm myself, and wash, and eat something."

His mouth waters at the thought; he has had nothing to eat since early this morning; but that's nothing, he doesn't mind if he is hungry; it is a proof that one is alive. Only his feet!

Now he has only two versts more to walk, he can see the nobleman's great straw-covered shed, only his feet cannot see it, and they want to rest.

"On the other hand," he mused, "supposing I rested a little after all? One minute, half a minute? Why not? Let us try. My feet have obeyed me so long, for once I'll obey them."

And Shemaiah sits down by the road-side on a little heap of snow. Now for the first time he becomes aware that his heart is beating like a hammer and his whole head perspiring.

He is alarmed. Is he going to be ill? And he has other people's money on him. He might

faint! Then he comforts himself: "God is praised, there is no one coming, and if anyone came, it would never occur to him that I have money with me—that I am trusted with money. Just a minute, and then on we go."

But his lids are heavy as lead.

"No, get up, Shemaiah, *vstavai!*" he commands.

He can still give a command, but he cannot carry it out; he cannot move. Yet he imagines he is walking, and that he is walking quicker and quicker. Now he sees all the little houses—that Antek's, yonder, Basili's, he knows them all, he hires conveyances of them. It is still a long way to the Jew's. Yet, best to go there first—he may find Mezumen,* and it seems to him that he approaches the Jew's house; but it moves further and further on—he supposes that so it must be. There is a good fire in the chimney, the whole window is cheery and red; the stout Mir'l is probably skimming a large potful of potatoes and she always gives him one. What so nice as a hot potato? And on he trudges, or—so he thinks, for in reality he has not left his place.

The frost has lessened its grip, and the snow is falling in broad, thick flakes.

He seems to be warmer, too, in his cloak of snow, and he fancies that he is now inside the Jew's house. Mir'l is straining the potatoes, he hears the water pouring away—*ziüch, ziüch, ziüch*—and so it drips, indeed, off his sateen cloak. Yoneh walks round and hums in his beard; it is a habit of his to sing after evening prayer, because then he is hungry and says frequently "Well, Mir'l!"

But Mir'l never hurries—"more haste, worse speed."

"Am I asleep and is it a dream?" He is seized with joyful surprise. He thinks he sees the door open and let in his eldest son. Chonoh, Chonoh! Oh, he knows him well enough. What is he doing here? But Chonoh does not recognize him, and Shemaiah keeps quiet. Ha, ha, ha; he is telling Yoneh that he is on his way to see his father; he inquires after him; he has not forgotten; and Yoneh, sly dog, never tells him that his father is sitting there on the sleeping-bench. Mir'l is busy; she is taken up with the potatoes; she won't stop in her work; she only smiles and mashes the potatoes with the great wooden spoon—and smiles.

Ach! Chonoh must be rich, very rich! Everything he has on is whole, and he wears a chain—perhaps it is pinchbeck? No, it is real gold. Chonoh wouldn't wear a pinchbeck chain. Ha, ha, ha! he glances at the stove. Ha, ha, ha! he nearly splits with laughter. Yainkel, Beril, Zecharyah—all three—ha, ha, ha! they were hidden

*Three men necessary for a certain form of grace.

on the stove. The thieves! What a pity Shprintze is not there! What a pity! She would have been so pleased. Meantime Chonoh is ordering two geese. "Chonoh! Chonoh! don't you know me? I am he!" And he fancies they embrace him.

"Look you, Chonoh; what a pity your mother cannot see you! Yainkil, Beril, Zecharyah, come down from the stove! I knew you at once! Make haste! I knew you would come! Look, I have brought you some cheese, real sheep's milk cheese. Don't you like soldier's bread? What?

Perhaps not? Yes, it is a pity about the mother."

And he fancies that all the four children have put their arms round him and hold him and kiss and press him to them.

"Gently, children, gently; don't squeeze me too hard! I am no young man—I am eighty years old! Gently, you are suffocating me; gently, children! Old bones! Gently, there is money in the bag. Praise God, they trust me with money! Enough, children, enough!"

And it was enough. He sat there suffocated, with his hand pressed to the bag in his bosom.

She Waits—A Story

(Francisca Mann, the author of this story, who plays an important part in "the woman's movement" in Germany, has distinguished herself as a novelist and playwright. She is a modern in her views on life and her style is decidedly "impressionistic." In contradistinction to her male compeers she does not despise her heroes or heroines, but loves them, even though her touch is melancholy. Her novel "Kings without Realm" ("Koenige ohne Land") is an exquisite study of a woman's soul, and in the little book from which the present story is taken ("Alte Maedchen") she deals sympathetically with the psychology of the "old maid."

HYSTERICAL and anemic"—such had been the doctor's diagnosis. The first spring days therefore led her to Tabarz.

How terribly haggard she was, how bare of all charms! The mouth too broad; the eyes a little blinking when not protected by spectacles; the hair drawn too tightly over the angular forehead; and, to crown it all, a wee little head on a long lank body!

She had reached the age of discretion, which with the Suabians is forty. Her illness was nothing but the sum of all her disappointments. In an idleness at first involuntary, she had at last lost track of all greater aims in life. Now she was ever clutching almost convulsively for people whose company she might forget herself.

Three gentlemen who were unafraid of the inclemency of the weather had met in superficial intimacy at the same inn. They were the swallows who announced the beginning of the season.

By some chance Flora Starny boarded at the same house. Flora! The very name provoked a smile by its contrast with this type of old maidenhood and faded bloom.

On the spur of a mad whim the three men made bet that within two weeks they would so turn round Flora's head that she should be able to record at least one romance in her poor, joyless life.

The whole morning Flora had stared into the

rain with her chenille shawl firmly drawn over her narrow shoulders. Since she had started on her summer trip it had rained continually. At first this fact had put her somewhat out of humor, then she had grown indifferent to it. After all, the rain was only in accordance with her mood. When nature smiles it is more difficult for us to realize that happiness has passed us by.

Herr Paul, a teacher on vacation, entered the room at this juncture. He sat down beside Flora with friendly mien and commenced a conversation on generalities—the weather, the Thuringian woods and Tabarz. Cleverly he managed to present himself as a defender of woman's rights.

In pleasant tittle-tattle an hour passed until number two entered the sphere of action. Flora would have liked to prolong the conversation, but in accordance with the agreement, each actor was to have the field for himself, and so Herr Paul withdrew.

Number two was an artist. Artists have the knack of the thing. Soon from speaking of women in general he came to speak of woman in particular, and how each could be conquered if one seriously cared. Of course, one didn't always care, as only ripe maidenhood exercised an irresistible spell. Flora, who was not used to such talk, blushed continuously.

The third, too, had a chance to air his art the same day. Elegiac, sentimental, dissatisfied, he impersonated the "misunderstood man"—an artificial copy of his languishing listener.

Flora used to suffer from sleeplessness. She often lay awake the whole night from weariness of life. How different it was that night! True, she lay open-eyed until morning, but in her mind's ear she heard again and again those entrancing voices and her lips softly murmured, "At last."

It was Sunday. For years Flora had never entered a church, but an indefinite impulse of gratitude impelled her to-day to the house of God. She observed the crude physiognomies of the peasants and saw how they mechanically moved their lips in prayer. She almost envied those simple people whose life and death passes without ecstasies of any kind. They have no dreams to bury. It is that which keeps them strong.

The words of the preacher were unembellished and went straight to the heart. "And love never faileth." Sincerely edified, Flora left the church. The rain had stopped. An exquisite odor of pine permeated the atmosphere. Flora met her fellow wayfarers. Two had to attend to pressing business and only the "misunderstood" man stayed with her. Like a breath of convalescence a benign influence seemed to emanate from him. At her side walked a man who seemed to her the longer she listened to his voice a miraculous completion of her own Ego. In that hour her astonishment was even greater than her joy.

Her companion, too, was in a perpetual state of surprise. He was convinced now that he would have become a grand actor had not his family forced him energetically to adopt a different career. Here his talent could reveal itself once more. He was positively intoxicated with it, studied each delicate shading at his command and had no more compassion for his victim than the artist has for an audience under his spell.

The flowery meadows were bathed in sunshine. Tabarz rosé before their eyes as if it had just been taken out of a toy box.

At the dining table the other participators in the game were already waiting with impatience in order to continue the sport with renewed strength. Like a starved sparrow, the weazened little creature whose youth was slipping from her and whose famished emotions cried for food fell upon the unwonted dainties of their amiability. Temptingly one looked into her eyes; the next tenderly and caressingly held her small hand in his; with goodness and seeming sincerity the teacher painted his future at the side of a faithful wife.

Why should she not participate in this miracle?

For a miracle it seemed to her that an eternally lonesome creature like herself, who had never received the least attention at the hands of any man, should have suddenly aroused the fire of love in three, each of whom approached her with "serious intentions." Love's fever shook her. Each day, each hour, her heart beat more violently. The marine hat that was far too small for her sat more slantingly than ever upon her angular forehead, and the excitement made her appear even homelier than usual.

Thus the weeks passed. One evening each of the three told her that he would leave the morning of the next day. They planned a little tour through the woods of Thuringia before taking up work again. Each hinted that within a few days he would return "alone," and accompanied this "alone" with a look which made it clear that it was only for her to choose. And when the hour of parting—apparently sorrowful to each—had come, three lips whispered into the old maid's ear: "Au revoir—soon!"

Drunk with joy, Flora entered her room. An ardent desire for love kept her awake. The times of hopeless, empty loneliness were wiped out from her memory. She opened her arms. Happiness tingled in every fiber of her body.

All strangers who seek to regain their health at Tabarz remark a being that has been strolling for years through the woods, almost always alone, smiling happily to herself. A legend has woven itself about this curious character: little truth and much invention. Only one thing seems to confirm these rumors: Flora waits. Ten years have passed. Still she smiles and—waits.

No command could separate her from Tabarz. So they let her stay. She disturbed no one. During the winter she always looked through a window cleared from the frost upon the street; incessantly, untiringly, she strayed in the open as soon as the ways were passable—waiting, always waiting.

No sudden shock shattered her nerves. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the apprehension of possible happiness crystallized into a fixed idea. She never wrung her hands in despair, never wept during long nights, nor thought of the lake when day by day passed and none of the three found his way back to her.

Life continued in its course. By and by that wandering smile crept into her features. She kept on waiting, that was all.

My Neighbor

This original little story, written by Annie Hamilton Donnell, is reprinted from *The Broadway Magazine*, by permission. It is written in an unpopular literary form—as extracts from a diary—but it is not as digressive as such stories usually are and the mingling of humor and pathos is to us very delightful.



JULY 9:—I have never seen my Neighbor, but some day I am going to yield to temptation and look at her. Don't tell Janet—it is Janet who has kept me from looking all this time.

I am sure the knot-hole is just about opposite my eye. Now, to stoop to peer through a knot-hole might hurt one's dignity, or to reach up on one's toes; but to sit quite still, as the Lord made you, properly and dignifiedly in your wheel-chair—why would that be a hazard to propriety?

I like Janet and Janet likes me, but we have to do it in our own ways. We are made like that. Janet's way embarrasses me; I can imagine how Janet feels about my way. She is the older—I don't know how old Janet is, but I should say just about the age she was when I had the habit of sleeping in a cradle and she rocked it. Janets begin life old, they do not grow old in startling ways like other people.

I do. There are twenty gray hairs in my head and I have stopped letting Janet comb my hair. It has hurt her feelings; she has not hummed to-day.

My Neighbor does not hum, but sings jubilantly. She is singing now—she always sings.

JULY 11:—Janet is counting her handkerchiefs at her window. If my Neighbor were not singing a lilting little love-song I should hear Janet. She counts like this; "one, two, *three*—four, five, *six*—seven, eight, *nine*," with emphasis on every third count. It tries me—Janet has so many handkerchiefs. Besides, I want to hear my Neighbor, undisturbed. Why is it nearly always a love-song? Then I suppose she is young and has a lover.

Janet had one once, but she does not know I know. She only had him a week. If I had been Janet, do you think I would have sewed his brass buttons on stronger and let him go to the war? If I had, it would have been with my heartstrings, and it would have killed me.

My neighbor's lover has "blue, blue eyes,"—there was never his like "on land or sea and whether he comes or bides away, he leaves his heart with she—" the rhyme demands the nominative case. If I wrote it "with me," grammatically, I should feel as if I were laying claim to my Neighbor's lover.

I never had one of my own. Long ago I knew I never should have, and I settled back in my wheel-chair and knew I must make the most of other people's lovers. But Janet's was such a *short* one—it is no more than fair that I should have my Neighbor's too. I am glad about his eyes, for mine was to have had blue, blue ones—mine would have loved me like that, "on land or sea." There is surely beginning a close tie between my Neighbor and me.

I am certain it is opposite my eye, and all I

should need to do would be to lean forward a little and look. If that is peeping, then I shall peep. If it is undignified, shocking, red-blooded, then I shall be undignified, shocking, red-blooded. For the time is surely near when I shall have to look through the knot-hole at my Neighbor.

It is such a nice, round one—just a fit for an eye! I know it fits mine. And I am lonely. I want to see my Neighbor at her singing. Of course, I know how she looks—sweet and slender and fair, to go with her voice. And her eyes are blue to match his. But the knot-hole is there and I shall look. I feel it coming on.

JULY 14:—The blue, blue-eyed lover is on his way "over the sea" to my Neighbor. He seems to be coming fast to-day, and I must hurry or I shall not get there first! I want to see my Neighbor alone, at her singing, the first time.

Janet is not humming to-day, and it augurs ill. I have more courage always when I can hear Janet hum. I only took one cup of tea at breakfast, and I would not let her put on my shoulder-shawl—Janet takes too much care of me. And when, as to-day, I rebel mildly, she stops humming. I wish she would go on.

What is the matter with my wishes to-day?

I wish my Neighbor would not keep time. The tap-tapping reminds me of the crutches Janet put away long ago, and with them my last, lorn little hopes; since when I sit here heavily in my wheel-chair. No, I shall not look through the knot-hole to-day. The ambition has ebbed out of me. Tomorrow, perhaps—perhaps next week.

AUG. 19:—It is pleasant to be out here in the yard again. I am glad I stood out against Janet and would come to-day. She has come with me and is watching to see that I do not unpin my shawl. A minute ago "Janet," I said, "hark!" For my Neighbor was at her singing. "I hear," Janet nodded, "I used to sing that tune." Then to her knitting again.

I have become quite an imaginative person since I took to walking on four wheels, but it is not easy to imagine Janet singing "Bring back my sweetheart to me." I have a rooted conviction that if anyone were to bring him back to Janet, she would not know what to do with him.

To-day I am certain there is a plaintive note to my Neighbor's singing. I have noticed it ever since I came out. I have missed the jubilant swirl and swing. Why? Is she dreading to have him come? "Janet, do you notice any sadness—anything different?" "Yes," nods Janet, "she's down-spirited," but it sounds to me like dread.

I never knew before that Janet listened to my neighbor. So all this time she has been interested, too? I wonder if she has ever been tempted—no, that is wronging Janet. Janet is above knot-holes. Besides Janet is tall and would have to stoop—she would never stoop. I can conceive of

nothing more without the limit of possibility than Janet at the knot-hole. Perhaps she feels the same way about me, but I cannot help it.

If she is looking she will see me there some time.

Janet is very jealous of my dignity. It is sure to suffer in her eyes. Well, I will do this much for Janet—I will not look through to-day. She has been so out-of-all-reason patient with me these past dreadful weeks, she shall have her reward.

But I wish I knew certainly that it was the right distance up from the ground. I wonder if I dare.

"Janet."

"What say?"

"How high—about how high—should you say—should you say my eyes were above the ground? Just for a guess, Janet?"

She has stopped knitting. She is considering. I am shaking like a guilty child!

"About," says Janet, thoughtfully, "as high up as that knot-hole there."

Aug. 22:—The impossible has happened. It happened yesterday out here. If I had not *seen* it happen do you think I would believe it? Do you think I have not done my best to believe it was a dream? "You were napping," I have reasoned with myself. "You confess you were napping, don't you?"

"Yes," myself concedes.

"Well, you saw it happen before you woke up." But myself is firm.

"My eyes were open wide, I was awake."

"You think you were awake."

"I was awake."

"Do you mean to tell me you saw—her—looking—through?—in the act?"

"Oh, in the act!" groans myself.

"Then," I, too, groan, "it must be true."

I had been asleep. I opened my eyes. Janet was looking through the knot-hole.

She did not have to stoop. Distances are deceptive.

I shut my eyes again at once, so I do not know how long she stayed; but she was there. If the Angel who records things ever asks me I shall have to tell him that Janet was there. I don't know whether or not I shall have the courage to tell him how much I wanted to be.

Janet, there!

I shall never ask her what she saw, but I wish I knew. There are so many questions about my Neighbor that I could ask, if I were not I, and Janet not Janet. And then I need never look through. As it is left now, the Temptation has put on a capital T. It is not that I shall look, but that I shall have to now.

If Janet knew I saw her! But she will never know.

When I openly woke up she was back at her knitting. But she was smiling—she was certainly smiling. And Janet never smiles.

Such an odd un-Janet little smile that I liked so much! It softened Janet's good, hard face in an indefinable, wondrous way. I have thought of it ever since. And it was what Janet saw through the knot-hole that made her smile. I am certain of that.

Then it is well with my Neighbor. She is young, and sweet, and happy, as I knew she was. Or Janet would not have smiled. So the odd little undernote of sadness we thought we de-

tected in her singing was not really there. I am glad of that.

Yes, Janet knows something about my Neighbor that she likes, and I want to know it too. If it can make Janet smile in that odd little tender way—something makes me love Janet a little more than usual when she looks like that. I could almost forget that she is Janet, and I am I, and ask her what it was she saw.

Aug. 26:—I have not heard my Neighbor sing once to-day. She cannot be out there or she would sing. It worries me. But not Janet, for Janet is humming all day to-day. There is something underneath that hum—Janet is thinking of what she saw.

I have made one discovery about my Neighbor. It was wafted over the fence, or through the knot-hole to me on the fragrant whiff of a cigar. My Neighbor's lover has come, and he is her husband! I don't know why I know, but I do. He tramps up and down the paths over there with the tramp of a husband. But why does she not come out and tramp with him?

He is uneasy about something—keeps stopping and listening and then plunging on. It is queer how I can tell by his step that he listens; but I can. He is listening now, this minute—now he is plunging on. What does he listen for?

Does Janet know? She keeps coming out here and tormenting one with that inscrutable little smile. I could almost believe that Janet is listening too. Well, so am I! I sit here holding my breath to hear I know not what. It is a queer little world—Janet's and mine and my Neighbor's.

He has never been out there before and she has always been. They have changed places, only he does not sing jubilant little songs. Occasionally he whistles softly, but he always breaks off suddenly to listen.

What sound is he listening for?—is Janet listening for?—am I?

I have heard it! He—Janet—we have all heard it—a baby's cry! I never heard one like it before, but I know it is the first cry of a little new-born thing. And Janet knows! She is out here. I am looking at Janet's face and Janet is looking at mine. Do I look like that? Something is thrilling me through and through. I feel like getting down on my knees. Janet is not crippled and hampered, why does not she get down on hers?

It was such a little angry cry—a splendid little defiance to life. Think of my Neighbor lying there and hearing it! After—after it all, to hear that splendid little cry!

So that was why she sang all day? The "lover" that was coming over the sea to her was this little, little lover who has come! She sat over there on the other side of the fence and sang and waited for him all day in the sun. I never looked through the knot-hole, but I know now she was singing and waiting, and her face was beautiful.

I know that was what Janet saw. Perhaps, too, little soft clothes in her lap that she was making. So Janet understood and came away from the knot-hole with that little tender smile on her good, hard face. It is all clear now. The little cry has made it clear.

It is a wonderful thing to happen so close to Janet and me—just through a knot-hole over a fence. If Janet's soldier-lover had lived—but

ow we are getting old. Janet's hair is almost white, and I have given up counting my gray ones. I let Janet comb my hair again.

I wish Janet's lover had lived. The little cry might have come closer to me then. I might even have held Janet's baby in my arms! Think of feeling a warm little head in the hollow of my neck! Oh, why was I made a woman, and stranded like this, in this chair on wheels!

Aug. 28:—The bitterness lasted all yesterday. I would not let Janet wheel me out here. I would not let her make me toast or hover round me in her dear, bulky way. Poor Janet! I would like to ask her to forgive me, but she is Janet and I am I.

It has gone again now. I think they are getting to go away a little sooner now—is one day very long to be bitter? I am not bitter to-day. I am out here in the sun thinking of my neighbor. Henceforth my Neighbor is tiny and warm and sweet, with little clinging fists—I have changed neighbors.

Something has happened. Janet came out a few moments ago and told me my Neighbor was a little girl. "It's a girl," she said, and took my breath away. For Janet to tell me like that! But that was not what happened—Janet kissed me! If I live a hundred years I shall still be surprised at that. I did not know Janet could kiss—but of course there was her soldier-lover long ago.

"I couldn't help it," Janet said—I think she was a little ashamed. "Saying it was a girl carried me back so—they said *you* were a girl when they put you into my arms. I wanted you to be a boy, but made the best of you." Poor old Janet, she has been making the best of me ever since.

No mother ever kissed me—no lover. I never kissed a little warm head in the hollow of my neck. But Janet has kissed me. I shall sit a little straighter against my cushions.

I wonder if I wanted my Neighbor to be a boy? I cannot quite make up my mind; but I shall make the best of her as she is! I have learned of Janet. I have begun now to expect them to bring her out in the sun—babies ought to be taken out very early. I wonder how early Janet took me out? If I wait a week, two weeks—can I wait three? Someone ought to tell them that it is good for babies to be taken out of doors.

One thing is certain. When my Neighbor comes out I shall look through that knot-hole! Janet or all the legions of the air shall keep me back. I have not measured the distance—no matter how high or how low it is, I am going to look through and see my little Neighbor!

Sept. 23:—I have looked! I have seen my neighbor! Janet does act as if she saw me looking; but I think she did—well, she will see me again! I want to stay at the knot-hole and look.

Such a little dot of pink in a long white expanse—a little featureless, pink dot! But it sets my pulses thrilling; they are thrilling still. It feels warm in the hollow of my neck. I heard someone crooning a moment ago and it was not

Janet. It is queer how I feel since I looked through the knot-hole.

My Neighbor is so tiny they could put her through the knot-hole to me, and I am here all ready! I never held a baby in my arms, but I should know how, and anyway there would be Janet. Janet has held me. And if my Neighbor cried I could croon and Janet could hum.

The singing on the other side of the fence goes on, but now it is always low, tuned to lullaby pitch, not jubilant and swelling as it used to be. Sometimes I can catch bits about "angels" and "kisses soft as drops of dew," and "mother's arms," and then I weave a lullaby of them. I am getting expert in lullabies.

Sept. 25:—We take turns at the knot-hole, Janet and I, unashamed and openly. Then I tell Janet and Janet tells me—how long the little white dresses are, how pink the little hands and face, how my Neighbor kicks and gurgles and sleeps. They bring the cradle out under a tree, and "she that was" my neighbor sits and jogs it with her foot. Janet used to jog mine—she tells me those things now. Janet and I are a little closer together since my Neighbor came.

Before I die I wish I could feel a little head in the hollow of my neck—just once before I die. And to-day I told Janet. She came over to me, and I thought she was going to kiss me again, but she tucked me in instead. When she lifted her head a spot on my hand was wet—so I took it for a kiss. Janet is dear.

Sept. 26:—I can hardly tell what Janet has done for me. I am still a-quiver with the joy of it. I have felt a little head warm in the hollow of my neck! I shall always feel it now. Nights, days—always. Oh, I knew it would be beautiful, but I did not know it would be like that!

I was dozing here in my wheel-chair, and I think I was dreaming—I was like other women. I think I had a lover and he changed into my husband, and I sat in the sun and sang and waited. Then something warm nestled against me—something soft as a drop of dew. And I opened my eyes and my Neighbor was in my arms! And Janet stood over us smiling—good, tender Janet!

How can I tell how it felt? I sat so still I hardly breathed and my little Neighbor slept in my neck. I never knew before a little heart could beat so fast. If I had had time it would have frightened me, but it took all my time to be happy—oh, I was happy! I could not stop to look at Janet, but I could feel her being happy, too.

Oh, God is good—Janet is good! It was a beautiful thing they did for me.

I am sitting here waiting, for Janet says I shall have the little warm armful another time—and another. Life is full of beautiful to-morrows now—it is good to be alive even on wheels. I wish I had never been bitter.

I have thanked God, but not Janet yet. I am going to do it when she comes in the last thing to-night to see if I am asleep. I am going to kiss Janet all I please—in the dark.

The Humor of Life



Boggs (suddenly awakened): "Hey there, chauffeur? Why in thunder didn't you toot your horn before you'd driven right on to a man?"

—Life.

THE GERMAN FIRST TWELVE

A new monthly paper offered a prize for the best list of the ten most important living Germans. Frau Schultz of Dresden won. Her list was: Emperor William, his wife, his seven children, his two daughters-in-law, and the baby the Crown Princess was expecting.—*Simplicissimus*.

PRAYING FOR A MAN

She's got a brand-new auto cap,
She's got some auto clothes;
She's got a pair of goggles, and
A smell-guard for her nose.
She's got a veil quite big enough
For a mosquito bar;
And now she's praying for a man
Who's got an auto car.

—Yonkers Statesman.

AN UNREASONABLE REQUEST

Mrs. C. was ordering the day's lunch over the telephone.

Brains were on her menu and she had tried a number of butchers without success.

"Is that 266?" anxiously.

"Yes."

"Have you any brains?"

"What?"

"Have you any brains to-day?"

"No, no, no!" came the testy reply. "Mad-am, you have made a mistake, this is Dr. Smith's telephone."—A. C. Eve in *Lippincott's*.

TOO EAGER

HI TRAGEDY: "Did they call for the author?"

—Life.



"Hello! That must be my hitching-post."

VIL AYNE: "Call for him! Why they came up on the stage after him."—*Judge*.

WANTED TO BE OBLIGING

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said:

"What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!"

"You think that's a pretty dimple?" said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

ANOTHER DISEASE

The professors at the Cornell Medical School are puzzled over the case of a patient who changes color whenever the atmospheric conditions alter. It is thought possible that he may have partaken of potted chicken made from chameleons.—*Punch*.

THE THING TO DO

Bishop Goodman was one day addressing a Sunday-school when he said in a most impressive way: "And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday-school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money to do?"

And the class, as one voice, replied in ecstatic union: "Go to Africa."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

MODEST MAN

MR. BRAGG: "Miss Gushington? No; she's not for me. She told me the other day that her husband must be handsome rather than wealthy."

MISS ASCUM: "Well, you're not wealthy, but then—"

MR. BRAGG: "That's just it. She literally threw herself at my head, and I don't like that sort of thing."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

FROM THE GALLERY

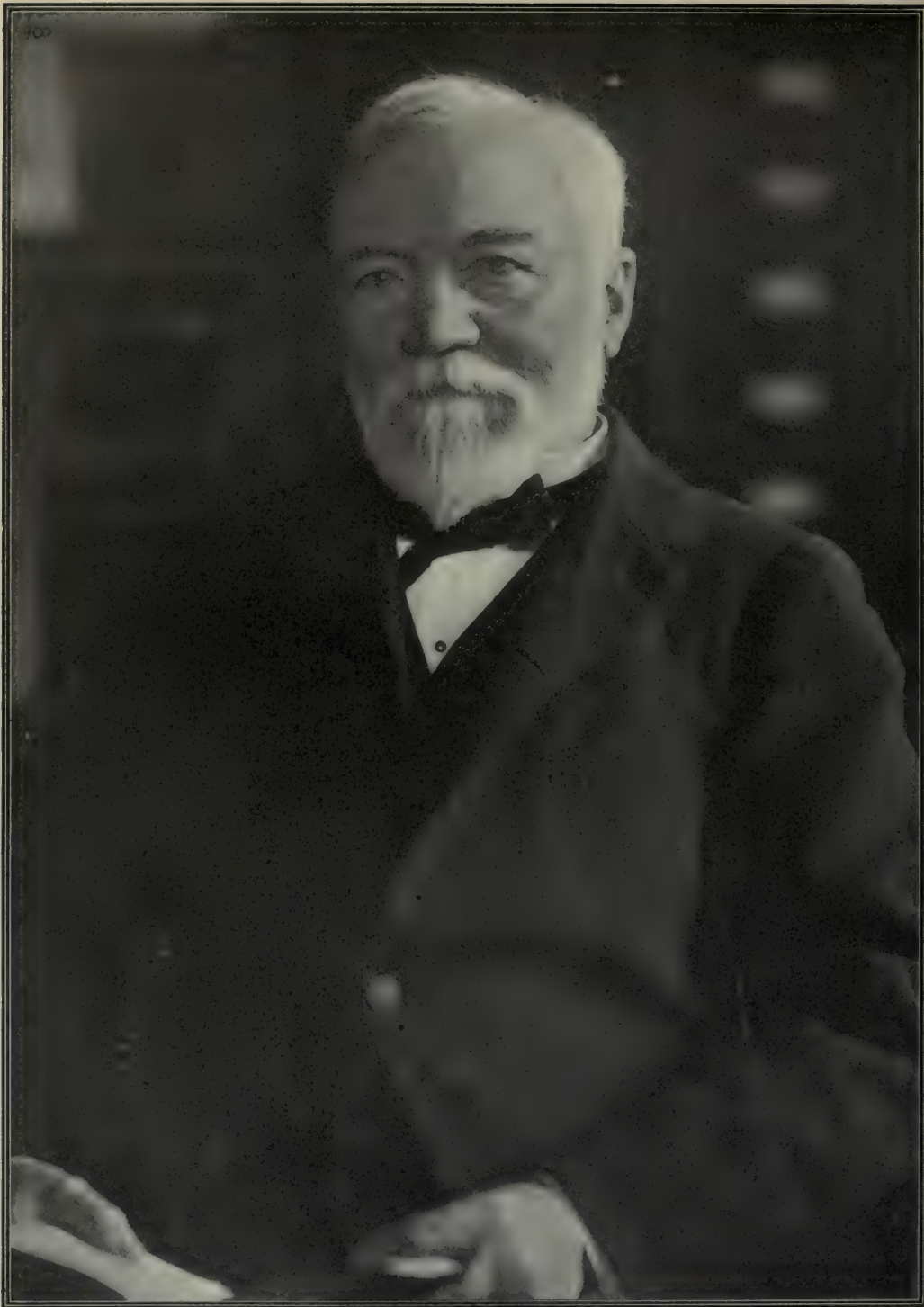
A provincial theater in the east of Scotland is much tormented by a wit, who is a regular attendant, and who insists on keeping up a running commentary on the play. Sometimes his remarks enliven a dull piece, and so the audience do not object to his presence. His latest hit occurred when a thrilling melodrama was being enacted.

The principal actor was laid aside suddenly by illness, and his part had to be taken up by his understudy, who was talented but slender. At a critical moment in the play the princess faints and falls, when the hero, coming to her assistance, lifts her in his arms and carries her out.

The princess on this particular occasion was as heavy as she was lovely, and the slender understudy realized the magnitude of the task that was put upon him. When she fainted, he leaned over her, but hesitated perceptibly.

The hesitation was not lost on the wit, who, from his seat in the gallery, broke the stilled hush by exclaiming, in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Just tak' what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest."—*London Titbits*.



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THE FINANCIER OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Skibo Castle, friend of princes and prime ministers, began his career in America as a resident of Barefoot Square, Slabtown, Allegheny City, with a job as bobbin-boy in a cotton mill at \$1.20 a week.

Current Literature

VOL. XLI, No. 4

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

OCTOBER, 1906

A Review of the World



WHEN the world, a year ago, was acclaiming President Roosevelt's success in effecting peace between Japan and Russia, there was a general feeling that his star had reached its point of culmination, and could do nothing thereafter but decline. In that feeling, it seems, Mr. Roosevelt himself shared. The editor of *The North American Review* reports him as saying at that time that he recognized that he was at his apex of moral authority and personal popularity, and that he could not stay there and could not hope to go higher. Whatever he should attempt to do thereafter to solve the problems that confronted him would, he was certain, engender bitter feelings and leave him less popular at the end of his term than at the beginning. A few months later, during the early sessions of Congress, this feeling seemed to be fully justified. Criticism of the President had become at that time so much the order of the day that he was described by newspaper correspondents as "the most disliked and dreaded executive the capital has ever known," with "hardly a single follower whose loyalty, if he may be said to have any loyalty, is inspired by the common enthusiasm of the two for any political ideal or a political principle." This state of things in Washington was admitted by newspaper correspondents generally, by those friendly as well as by those hostile to the President. The conviction in Washington, at least, was firmer than ever that he had lost his ascendancy and would be unable to regain it.

NOW he has regained that ascendancy so fully that, with a Congressional campaign under full headway, the leaders of the Republican party and the press of the party are practically unanimous in choosing to present as the one issue of the campaign Theodore Roosevelt and his record of things done. In opening

the campaign in Maine, Senator Beveridge called for the re-election of Republican Congressmen because the late Congress had so well sustained the President. Secretary Taft, in what the Democratic *New York Times* calls "one of the best campaign speeches ever made in this country," asserted the same thing. He said:

"It has been suggested at times, as if it were a ground for criticising the Republican party, that they propose to make Mr. Roosevelt the issue in this campaign. They do propose to make Mr. Roosevelt the issue in this campaign, because he is the issue, not in what he has said, but in what he has done.

"The Republican majority in the House and Senate have loyally accepted Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, have approved his recommendations, and have stood by him in formulating into legislation that which should enable him to carry out his policy. Is it wonderful then that the Republican party asks, and the Republican members of the House of Representatives ask, that the electors of the country in determining whether a Republican or Democratic majority shall appear in the next House of Representatives, shall make their decision turn on the question: 'Do we approve the course of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States, or do we disapprove it?'"

Speaker Cannon and Secretary Bonaparte reiterate the same claim. The Republican campaign text-book this year bases its whole argument for the re-election of a Republican House of Representatives upon Roosevelt and prosperity. The Republican rallying cry everywhere seems to be: Give President Roosevelt a party majority in the next House to support him in his great work. Described eight months ago as the most disliked executive Washington has ever known, his popularity is to-day regarded as the mainstay of his party. "Roosevelt is the issue."

NOT the less of a tribute, in its way, is the attitude taken by the Democrats in regard to this claim. They deny promptly and em-

phatically that Roosevelt is the issue. They point to Republican opposition to his plans in the recent Congress and to the failure of many of his purposes and they claim, in turn, that it was Democratic aid that enabled the President to secure the enactment of railway rate legislation and other measures. Mr. Bryan, for instance, is very chary of his criticism of the President; but he insists, instead, that the President's political strength is due to his abandonment of Republican for Democratic doctrines. At St. Louis, for instance, Mr. Bryan said:

"I want to remind you that the most popular act of Mr. Roosevelt's administration was his bringing peace between two nations. He settled the coal strike after a loss of \$99,000,000 to employers, employees, and the public. It was a grand act. I applauded him for it. But where did he get the doctrine—in the Republican platform? No. He got it from the Democratic platform, and I wrote the plank myself. If the President can become the only popular man in the Republican party because he does something spasmodically along Democratic lines, what would be the popularity of the man who does something and has always been a Democrat?"

Again, in Detroit, Mr. Bryan attributed Mr. Roosevelt's whole popularity to the fact that "he has repudiated the platform on which he was elected and adopted a Democratic platform." "I challenge you," continued Mr. Bryan, "to find one element of the President's popularity based on anything otherwise than a Democratic plank in a Democratic platform." This game of "Issue, Issue, who has the Issue?" forms the basis of the whole Congressional campaign, apparently. The *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Times* and other journals print a list of the President's recommendations that failed of enactment into law during the recent session of Congress, and, on the strength of that showing, claim, in the words of *The Times*, "two failures to each achievement, and Democratic assistance in all that was done." In other words, the Congressional fight seems to hinge upon the question: Who is entitled to the glory of the Roosevelt administration—the Republican or the Democratic party? Each claims it and each assures the nation that it alone can be trusted to continue his policy.



POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS WAITING FOR A JOB

—London Standard and St. James Gazette.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S own answer to that question appears in a letter to Congressman Watson of Indiana, which has become to Republican Congressmen seeking reelection what a written character is, or used to be, to a domestic servant seeking a new place. Says Mr. Roosevelt:

"With Mr. Cannon as Speaker, the House has accomplished a literally phenomenal amount of good work. It has shown a courage, good sense and patriotism such that it would be a real and serious misfortune for the country to fail to recognize. To change the leadership and organization of the House at this time means to bring confusion upon those who have been successfully engaged in the steady working out of a great and comprehensive scheme for the betterment of our social, industrial and civic conditions. Such a change would substitute a purposeless confusion, a violent and hurtful oscillation between the positions of the extreme radical and the extreme reactionary, for the present orderly progress along the lines of a carefully thought-out policy.

"The interests of this Nation are as varied as they are vast. Congress must take account, not of one national need, but of many and widely different national needs; and I speak with historic accuracy when I say that not in our time has any other Congress done so well in so many different fields of endeavor as the present Congress has done."

One Congress, he goes on to say, cannot do everything, but he expresses confidence that various other measures which failed in the late Congress will succeed in the next. To which the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) remarks: "To continue a party in power on the basis of what it is going to do, after it has had an opportunity to do it, and has contemptuously refused, is about the acme of political unwisdom."

THE writing of this letter by Mr. Roosevelt to Congressman Watson and its publication are regarded by the Democratic press in general as an exhibition of pernicious activity as a partizan. Says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* for instance:

"The letter which President Roosevelt has addressed to Representative Watson of Indiana is frankly a partizan campaign document, tho justified by him on the ground that his party's success at the polls is essential to national welfare—a plea which no partizan within the memory of man has ever neglected to put forth. In spite of the oft repeated assertion that he is striving to be President of the whole people, the President has shown upon more than one occasion that he can be at the same time the militant head of his party, and his latest pronouncement indicates, first and foremost, that he has assumed personal direction of the coming campaign. It is general order in the field No. 1."

Various other Democratic journals express

the belief that the attempt to make Roosevelt the issue in the Congressional campaign this year is but a preliminary step to making him the candidate again in 1908. "From making Mr. Roosevelt the issue it is but a step," says the *New York Times*, "and an almost inevitable one, to making him the candidate two years hence." The *Hartford Times* remarks in similar vein:

"The declaration of Secretary Taft and Secretary Bonaparte that in the national elections this year 'Mr. Roosevelt is the issue' carries with it clearly the implication that the President must be renominated in 1908. . . . The course of the members of his cabinet who are his most intimate friends is well calculated to bring about a situation which will make it comparatively easy for Mr. Roosevelt in 1908 to ignore whatever assurances he may have given that he will not again be the Republican candidate for the presidency."

THIS discussion of the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt has blazed up afresh on the new fuel furnished not only by Taft and Bonaparte, but by Cannon as well, who, himself a formal candidate for the Presidency, presented as such by the recent convention of his State, yet is reported to have said in a recent speech that "stranger things have happened than Roosevelt being President until 1912." An anonymous writer in *The North American Review* takes up the question of Mr. Roosevelt's moral right to become a candidate for reelection after his famous utterance, on the night of his election two years ago, in which he declared: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination." This writer enters into an elaborate argument to show that Mr. Roosevelt can accept another nomination despite this positive refusal in advance. The argument is based upon the assumption that "in matters of great moment, especially such as concern the State or the welfare of millions of human beings, literal interpretation of an individual utterance of far-reaching import does not necessarily render its actual meaning." Construed with strict precision, the President's pledge would bar him from even accepting another nomination in 1912 or 1916, as well as 1908. Yet nobody pretends that that is the actual meaning. In other words "the spirit is at variance with the letter of the declaration." It cannot be construed literally, therefore, and to determine its actual meaning it must be construed according to its context. From this point the argument proceeds as follows:



"TWO MIGHTY HUNTERS"

—Wilshire's Magazine (Socialist).

"We now proceed a step further and note the equally influential component part of the causes of an important assertion to be found in circumstances, environment, temperament and record, the impelling force of each of which is recognized to a degree in any exegetical process. Of the effect of the enveloping conditions at the time the statement was put forth, it suffices to say that all tended to incite a generous mind and grateful heart to a self-abnegatory act. Others deserved consideration—others who had rendered great personal services, which could be requited only by clearing the way for the gratification of their own ambitions. The opportunity, moreover, to overwhelm with confusion those whose taunts of attempted usurpation had been borne in contemptuous silence during the campaign, was exceptional in that the time of making the avowal could not fail to emphasize the patriotic unselfishness of the act. Enhance the effect of these natural and creditable emotions with the overpowering influence of a temperament impulsive and eager ever not only to do the right but to do it instantaneously, and the irresistibility of the suggestion becomes manifest. To insist that action thus taken should, in contemplation, be wholly deprived of that elasticity of interpretation which has been accorded bearers of great responsibilities since the world began is not only illogical but ignoble."

This writer says, moreover, that "scores of instances in his [Roosevelt's] political life

might be adduced to indicate his determination never to permit a possible accusation of self-stultification to stand in the way of performance of his full duty, as *at the moment* he should perceive it." The fact is recalled that he declared in 1900: "Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Yet, "when the time came and his duty to his country and his party was writ in letters so bright that they could not but illumine his conscience, he reluctantly made what then seemed to be a mighty sacrifice; and, instead of indicating resentment, the wise, broad, tolerant American people subsequently set upon his act the seal of almost unanimous approbation."

The editor of *The North American Review* comments editorially upon his contributor's argument. He does not think the case is proved. While a contingency is conceivable that might make it necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to ignore his pledge for reasons vital to the welfare of the republic, no such contingency is within the range of rational expectation.



ONE month ago, as now seems apparent, Mr. Bryan was returning to this country in a dilemma. His "clothes" had been stolen, so he explained, by President Roosevelt. Most of us have experienced the sensation, in dreams, of finding ourselves in attendance at a social gathering with some of our necessary garments lacking. The situation is very embarrassing even in a dream. So as Mr. Bryan was returning to a very great gathering where he was to be, of necessity, a very conspicuous figure, one can hardly wonder at it that he felt the necessity of using such of his political clothes as Mr. Roosevelt had failed to appropriate. For, as Mr. Bryan also observed, the President had not secured *all* his clothes. In April, 1905, before he had started on his tour of the world, Mr. Bryan had come out for public ownership of railroads. In a speech before the Iroquois Club, of Chicago, on Jefferson Day, he had advocated national ownership of trunk lines and State ownership of local lines. Now, as he was returning to take the post of leadership of his party, with the necessity upon him of furnishing a rallying cry, this particular issue seems to have appealed to him forcibly. It had at the time of his Chicago speech aroused some opposition in Democratic conservative ranks, but nothing like the opposition aroused by his restatement of it last



Photo. by VanderWeyde.

THIS GENTLEMAN HAS HIS EYE ON THE WHITE HOUSE

Leslie M. Shaw, LL.D., is an Iowa man of New England stock. He was a country lawyer and bank president when made governor of Iowa. His record as secretary of the treasury, the office he has held for four years, is favorably regarded, and as a campaigner he is much sought after.



HOME AGAIN!

—Philadelphia North American.

month. In his New York speech, nearly an hour and a half in length, he devoted about four minutes to this issue. But those four min-

utes have practically overshadowed all the rest of an eloquent address, so far as newspaper discussion is concerned.

SOME uneasiness was evident on this subject before the speech was made. A report that Mr. Bryan would launch this issue was noted in the Portland *Oregonian* before his return, and was scouted by Henry Watter-son in his Louisville *Courier-Journal* in the following words:

"The issue of the governmental ownership of the railways would embody a revolution quite as sweeping as was wrought by the abolition of slavery, or as would be involved by a proposal to elect the Chief Magistrate of the nation for life. To inject such an issue into the next presidential campaign would be in advance to sacrifice it. We have no idea that Mr. Bryan meditates anything of the kind. That he should do so would imply a hopeless state of mental obfuscation, and, altho he has shown himself something of a dreamer, it is inconceivable that he should fly wholly in the face both of common sense and the true philosophy of popular government. . . . No, no, Brother Scott; your wish is father to your thought; Mr. Bryan has not gone daft, as he would be if he proposed to turn the world of America downside up."

Senator Bailey, of Texas, according to newspaper reports that seem to be well authenticated, learning in advance of Mr.



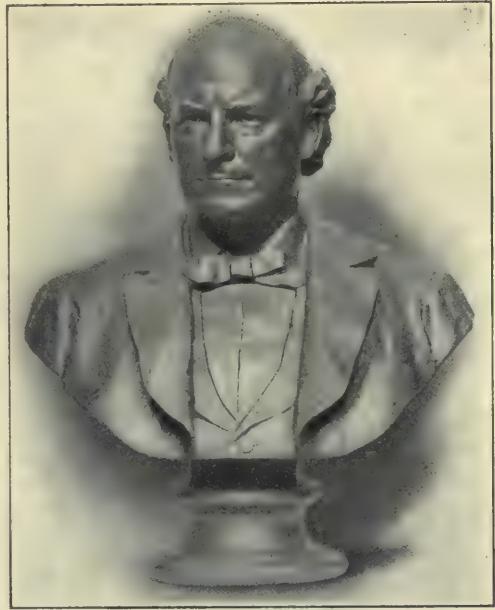
"THERE'S A GLADNESS IN HIS GLADNESS WHEN HE'S GLAD!"

Mr. William Jennings Bryan didn't say "dee-lighted" when he saw his Nebraska friends on his return to America, but he looked it, and only regretted that the English language didn't have as many words for "thank you" as the Arabic has for Camel.

Bryan's intention, labored long and earnestly with him to have that part of his speech left out. Mr. Bryan refused, but he couched his views in words that indicated his desire not to commit the party to this issue. He said:

"I do not know what the sentiment of the people in this country may be; I do not know whether the people have yet reached the point where they are willing to consider government ownership of railroads. I do not know whether a majority of the members of the party to which I have the honor to belong believe in the Government ownership of railroads; but my theory is that no man can call a mass convention to decide what he himself shall think. I have reached the conclusion that there will be no permanent relief on the railroad question from discrimination between individuals and between places and from extortionate rates until the railroads are the property of the Government and operated by the Government in the interests of the people.

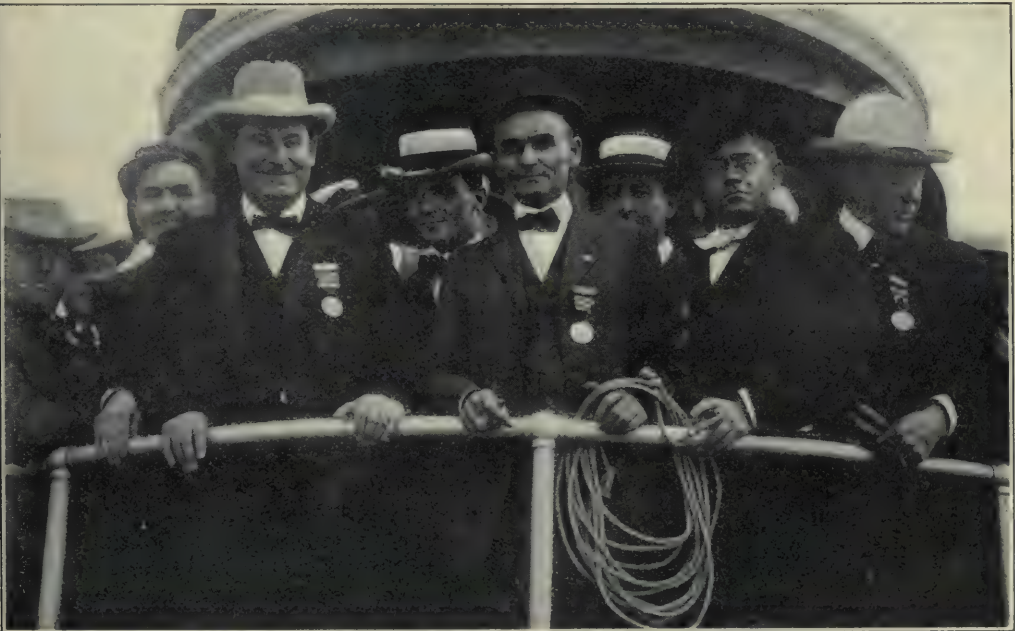
"I believe—I believe that there is a growing belief in all parties that this solution, be it far or near, is the ultimate solution. But, my friends, to me the dangerous centralization is a danger that cannot be brushed aside. The greatest danger of a republic is the consolidation of all power at the capital remote from the people, and because I believe that the ownership of all the railroads by the Federal Government would so centralize power as to virtually obliterate State lines, instead of favoring the Federal ownership of all railroads, I favor the Federal ownership of trunk lines only, and the State ownership of all the rest of the railroads."



BRYAN IN BRONZE

A bust made by an artist of Lincoln, Nebraska, W. W. Manatt, which is spoken of highly by Bryan's friends.

THE revulsion caused in Mr. Bryan's own party was immediate and outspoken. A staff correspondent of the Richmond (Va.)



"THE PEERLESS" IN THE HANDS OF HIS HOME FOLKS

The mayor of Omaha brought his lasso along to be sure to capture Mr. Bryan before Lewis Nixon, Belmont and other dangerous men carried him off to the haunts of plutocracy.

Times-Dispatch (Dem.) reported the next day, in a despatch to his paper, as follows:

"It is a striking fact that New York was far less startled by Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of government ownership of railroads than were the Southern Democrats who came here to hear him speak. I talked with a hundred of these, probably more, without finding a solitary one of them prepared to endorse the sentiments of the Nebraskan on national ownership of trunk lines and State ownership of State lines. Every one considered that the statement of the position occupied by the speaker was uncalled for and untimely in the first place, and, in the second place, they believed it to be contrary to Democratic principles and in violation of the genius of our institutions."

The same correspondent reported a member of Congress from Texas as saying:

"They [the Southern people] are, I am satisfied, opposed to governmental ownership of railroad lines, but not because it would mean the abolition of Jim Crow cars. They base their opposition on more lofty grounds. They think it would violate

published a telegram from John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, saying:

"I am opposed to government ownership of railroads irrevocably, now and forever, in theory and in practise—a question concerning which Mr. Bryan and I agree to disagree. But I see no good to be attained by my rushing into print on the subject. We will simply vote it down if offered as a plank of the Democratic platform."

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, who was a leader of the Bryan forces in the Chicago convention of 1896, said in an interview with a representative of the *Baltimore Sun*:

"I heard every word of the powerful speech, and agreed to 90 per cent. of it. I regretted the declaration in favor of government ownership of trunk-line railways and State ownership of State lines. Our experiences in Virginia in the matter of State participation were so disastrous and so burdensome to our tax-payers that we are just emerged from the financial troubles brought upon us, and our Constitution, by general assent, has



THESE SUMMER FLIRTATIONS ARE NOT ALWAYS SERIOUS

—Jamieson in *Pittsburg Despatch*.

the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. They fought a bloody war for local self-government and against the centralization of power in Washington. They will not deliberately indorse a movement to increase Federal power to such an enormous extent by placing under governmental control all the railroad lines of America, carrying with it patronage more vast in extent than any ever dreamed of in our country."

This, said the correspondent, expressed the attitude of the overwhelming majority of the Southerners with whom he talked.

SINCE then various Southern leaders have, over their own names, expressed dissent, more or less emphatic, from Mr. Bryan's attitude. The same paper quoted above has since



COMMANDER BRYAN: "Wonder if I dare say 'Forward March'?"

—Hager in *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

a clause which forbids county or State subscriptions to railroad building. What may come to pass in the future of the world no man may now read, but I do not believe the people of this country nor the Democratic party are in favor of government ownership of railroads."

Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, who presided at the Bryan reception, was quoted by the *New York Press* as saying he could not subscribe to Mr. Bryan's views. "Let us stick to modified municipal ownership for the present," he said. "Let us acquire railroads only when our laws fail." Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and John P. Poe, ex-attorney-general of Maryland, have also come out in open and emphatic opposition. Senator Bailey, of Texas, and Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, were reported as ex-

pressing themselves privately in very trenchant fashion against Mr. Bryan's position. Governor Folk, of Missouri, made this contribution to the discussion:

"We have facts, not theories, on that subject in our State. The State practically owned all the railroads in it forty years ago, and the people have just finished paying the debt incurred."

"The State at that time issued bonds to aid in the construction of certain roads, including the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Iron Mountain, the Burlington and the Hannibal and St. Joseph. To fortify itself against loss the State took a lien on the railroad lines. All the railroads defaulted in their payments except the Hannibal and St. Joe. The liens were foreclosed and the roads were bought in by the State commissioners appointed and authorized to sell the roads. The result of the transactions was that the State came out about \$25,000,000 behind."

THE expression of opinion by Democratic newspapers has been almost equally one-sided. In New York City the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *New York Times* and *The World* have been

And it concludes: "The Democratic party, with its history, its traditions, and its achievements, cannot surrender to this radical and revolutionist."

Another New York paper, *The Press*, which is Republican and radical, thinks that Mr. Bryan is in accord with general sentiment on this subject, but that the radical element in the Democratic party, for which he speaks, will be forced to follow Hearst and form a new party in order to achieve their purpose. It says:

"Will Bryan tread the path of Hearst and make a new party, since he cannot work with the old party either his will or that of the Democrats of the country? We don't know. Are we faced with what students of political conditions have expected for some time and quietly predicted—the dissolving of old political lines, the formation of new parties? We think so—at least to the extent that there has arrived, to stay permanently, a Radical Party, irrespective of existing Democratic or Republican principles. And when there is a permanent Radical Party as such there



"I WAS ONLY TRYING TO SCARE THOSE FELLOWS!"

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Don't ask me; ask the calf," she said.

—Jamieson in *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

unsparing in their criticism. "His [Bryan's] defeat is accomplished in advance of his nomination," said *The Eagle*. Says *The World*: "Mr. Bryan honestly thinks he is fighting plutocracy. The fact is that his economic fallacies have done more to promote plutocratic government in the United States within the last decade than any other single agency." *The Times* insists that Mr. Bryan in this speech has presented himself "no longer as a Democrat, but as the founder and leader of a new party." His "new doctrine," it asserts, "is distinctly and measurably more dangerous and upsetting than his abandoned issue of 16 to 1."

must come a permanent Conservative Party as such to oppose it. Perhaps Bryan will not lead the Radical Party, with the ruins of his Democratic Party neglected by all save historians. But somebody will. The world will watch with bated breath to see him step forth—the new, perhaps the greatest, force in American politics."

MR. BRYAN has stood by his guns in the face of all this opposition. In a subsequent speech in New Haven, however, he still further emphasized the fact that he was expressing his personal views, which the party is not obliged to endorse. He said:

"What I said at New York about Federal own-

ership of railways you should regard as a counsel of perfection. I don't know whether the country is ripe for it. For the present it is simply my personal opinion. Whether it should be embodied two years hence in the party platform is for you and your delegates to a national convention to determine."

In a still later speech, in Chicago, he said:

"My purpose in presenting the government ownership of railroads as a political proposition at this time is to hold out the fear to the railroad corporations that government ownership will come if they attempt to enter national politics and to capture the government of the United States."

Since Mr. Bryan's speech several events have happened that are interpreted as further indicative of a revulsion of feeling in his party. The Democratic State convention of Connecticut met and adopted a platform in which Mr. Bryan is not mentioned. A Congressional convention in West Virginia refused to endorse him for President. A similar convention in Tennessee endorsed him for President, but refused to endorse his New York utterances. And, still more important, the literary bureau of the Democratic National Committee, in Washington, closed its doors a few days later, the result, accord-

ing to two Democratic papers—the *Washington Star* and the *New York World*—of Mr. Bryan's speech.

* * *



VETERAN politicians of other States have expressed their hopeless inability to understand the politics of New York. It is this year in a more chaotic condition than usual. There is any amount of fighting going on, but it is the fighting of faction against faction, in each party, not of party against party. As the day for the State conventions approaches, each party is in a state of internal turmoil that renders all prognostications perilous. The strife in the Republican ranks between Governor Higgins and ex-Governor Odell, and the more local struggles between Parsons and Quigg in New York county and Woodruff and Dady in Kings County are equal in bitterness to those in the Democratic ranks, but not nearly equal to the latter in general interest. Neither Higgins nor Odell has much of a political future before him, and the country at large is not absorbed in their contest. But the fate of the Democratic contestants, Jerome and Hearst, is big with future possibilities in the field of national politics, as is also that of Mayor McClellan, who has just been worsted in his contest with Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. Jerome, Hearst and McClellan are all young men with certain qualities of leadership that have won for them the notice of the nation.



WESTERN DELEGATE: Let me see. If the government should own the railroads could I get a half rate ticket to New York?
—New York Herald.

ONE year ago, when William Travers Jerome ran on an independent ticket for district attorney, in opposition to regular nominees on the Republican and Democratic tickets and another nominee on the Hearst ticket, his fight had all the appearance of a hopeless effort. "Tim" Sullivan, we are informed, made numerous large bets on the different phases of that election, showing an almost incredible knowledge of the situation in all its aspects but one. On that one, the vote for Jerome, he was all astray, and the vote which the latter secured cost Timothy D. many thousands of dollars. Jerome's campaign may have been equaled elsewhere in the history of politics for its vote-winning power, but if so we do not know when or where. His entrance now into the field of State politics to rescue the Democratic party from Hearst has in it the promise and potency of a thrilling gladiatorial contest. It began with an exchange of opinions that indicates the temper of the combatants. Here is the way in which Mr.



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"FORE!"

Mr. William Travers Jerome is more famous for his political drives than for those in golf. From the political links of Manhattan, where he "beat the bogey" last year, he has now gone to the New York State links. In politics, as in golf, he plays his own game with all his might and with metaphorical shirt sleeves rolled up.



JUST BACK FROM EUROPE

Charles E. Hughes, who refused a mayoralty nomination in New York last year, has been besought by many Republicans to accept the gubernatorial nomination to insure the defeat of Hearst.

Hearst's *Evening Journal* speaks of the district attorney, whom it calls "William Toddy Jerome:"

"This man, with the shaking hands, the uncertain, inflamed mind, the almost lunatic conceit and arrogance, what part does he play in the governing of the country's greatest city? He is the man who has made it safe for the big criminal to rob the millions of small people. He is the man who has refused to indict any criminal with money in his pocket. He is the man who has protected the Ice Trust, who has protected the Insurance thieves, who has not only laughed at the solemn promises that he made, but who has the impudence to ask of the people now another office."

Mr. Jerome's opinion of Mr. Hearst is expressed in a quotation: "intellectually sterile socially vulgar, and morally obtuse." According to a circumstantial story told in the New

York *Herald*, Mr. Jerome was approached last spring by a mutual friend who proffered the support of Hearst for Jerome as governor in return for Jerome's support of Hearst's presidential ambitions. Jerome's reply is said to have been as follows: "You may say to Mr. Hearst that there is not an office big enough in the United States nor is there money enough in the world to induce me to make an alliance with him."

THERE are points of similarity in the careers of the two men. Each was brought up in affluence, but Jerome's family went to smash in Wall street just as he began his career. Each has been almost recklessly independent of political organizations and each has taken as his principal slogan "independence of the bosses." Neither one can say things harsh enough of Murphy and Sullivan. Mr. Hearst declares that the Democratic party organization of the State is in the grip of corruptionists and corporation interests and he has organized his own party, which has held its own convention and nominated its own State ticket, with his name, of course, at the head for governor. Mr. Jerome's opinion of the Democratic organization in this State is given in the following words: "The situation shows the need of a fight, because the mechanism of the party has fallen into the hands of men that nobody can trust and that a decent man cannot deal with on common ground." He will take the Democratic party nomination only on condition that he is bound by nothing but his oath of office. Mr. Hearst, presumably, will accept such a nomination only if it comes with an endorsement of his Independence League platform of principles. Mr. Jerome, tho a Democrat, was first elected to office as district attorney on a fusion ticket for which the Republican party furnished most of the votes. Mr. Hearst, while holding the office of Congressman, which he received from the Democratic party, made his campaign for mayor of New York City in opposition to that party and, as is generally believed, in alliance with the Republican machine in this city. Verily, the outside politicians who say they cannot understand New York politics may be excused.

THE interest in the political destinies of these two men is national. Hearst's ultimate ambition has already been exhibited. He wants to enter the White House. He has wealth and a following and a string of papers that reach something like two million readers

a day. His personal ability is usually spoken of in a scornful way, but one paper opposed to him, the *New York World*, thinks the scorn misplaced and it pays high compliment to his abilities as a politician. It says: "As a matter of truth, Mr. Hearst is probably the cleverest politician in this State to-day, always excepting Theodore Roosevelt. He is extraordinarily able, and those of his opponents who minimize his ability and pooh-pooh his influence, like Mr. Jerome, are only deceiving themselves."

Here is an opinion of the man from the editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, Col. Henry Watterson, whose knowledge of personal characters in politics is unusually good:

"William Randolph Hearst commands a gigantic fortune and presumably is beyond the reach of the grosser and more corrupt forms of money influence. Obviously, he is outside the pale of any party organism. Such a man might be relied on to fulfil the promise, at least of making a clean sweep if not of actually cleansing the stables. His social rating and moral perceptions are unlikely to be critically considered by the mass and body of the voters; because in the matter of rating the standards are not very fixed, or binding, whilst his personal habits, which have never been boisterous, or aggressive, give denial to the accusation of immorality from the standpoint of the popular vision."

The *New York Evening Post*, on the other hand, sees in him simply "a weak, unscrupulous vain and ambitious man, a petted child of great wealth, bred to the notion that his money could buy him anything, and innocently wondering why there was any objection to his



Photo by Van der Weyde.

"SEE IHMSEN!"

Mr. Hearst's political manager, Maximilian Frederick Ihmsen, used to be a Washington correspondent for Hearst's papers. He is thirty-eight years old and has had a varied and successful journalistic career, beginning in Pittsburg, the place of his birth.

buying the Governorship of the greatest State in the Union."



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JEROME'S HOME AND WORKSHOP

From the windows of his summer home in Lakeville, Conn., he looks across Lake Wononscopomic to the Taconic and Berkshire mountains. In his machine shop (on the reader's left) he has lathes and drills driven by a steam engine and in grimy overalls he hammers and pounds at brass and iron and steel.

JEROME'S personal abilities have never been questioned by anybody; but there are many who think his strength with the masses has diminished greatly in the last twelve months, because of his failure to prosecute successfully any of the insurance officials. The *Baltimore Sun* expresses, perhaps, the prevailing view of him as follows:

"A clear-thinking, hard-hitting, fearless man he is when belaboring a political opponent. He has proved his quality time and again in party contests in New York, and even those who are not of his political faith have a wholesome respect for his ability to deal a stunning blow. Jerome's popularity in New York has been founded upon the people's faith in his honesty. If to any extent they have lost faith in him, it is not because he is less honest, but because his ardor has apparently cooled. 'He has,' says our Republican contemporary, the *New York Mail*, 'lost much of his old "foolish popularity," but there is at least one thing that has not been lost—a wholesome fear on the part of his enemies for the man Jerome on the public platform.' Jerome is a rough-and-tumble fighter in debate, but he has also the strength of a thoroughly trained lawyer and the cultivation of a student of books and affairs."

* * *

NO COMPLAINT; everybody satisfied." Joshua Whitcomb's famous epitaph on the death of an old curmudgeon applies beautifully to the elections in Maine year after year. All political parties profess satisfaction after an election there, from sheer force of habit, because of the moral effect which Maine elections are assumed to have upon the general elections later on in the country at large. The "Dirigo" State is accepted as a sort of political guide-board; but what the guide-board says each year is always subject to as many different interpretations as are the Greek words *oinos* and *baptizo* in the New Testament. This year the comment over the national significance of the election is as various as usual; but there is some appearance of agreement as to the bearing upon State issues. The Democrats made an issue, as usual, of the question of resubmission of the prohibition clause in the State constitution. The Republicans, as usual, opposed resubmission. The issue was more sharply defined than usual by reason of the Sturgis law recently enacted for the more rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law, and by reason, also, of the positive declarations of the Republican candidate for governor, William T. Cobb, in favor of that law. The election returns show a victory for the Republican State ticket and for a large majority of the Republican legislative candidates; but the Republican

plurality is cut down from 26,816 in 1904 to about 9,000 this year. Analysis of the figures shows that the Republicans lost but 9 per cent. of their former vote, but the Democrats gained 23 per cent. The expectation is that a less rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law by the Republican officials is likely to ensue. The *New York Sun* even ventures to predict that Maine will speedily follow Vermont's example and substitute a local option law for its prohibitory law. The *Boston Herald* foresees Republican disaster two years hence, unless the Republican legislature resubmits the prohibitory amendment to a popular vote.

IN THE country at large more interest was centered upon the fight made in Maine by the Federation of Labor against the re-election of Congressman Littlefield. That was a fight on national issues, and as President Gompers has announced the intention to make a similar fight in thirty-six other Congressional districts, including that of Speaker Cannon and that of Congressman Sherman, of New York, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, the returns in Littlefield's district were awaited with general interest. The figures are pointed to with pride by all concerned. Mr. Gompers points with pride to the fact that Littlefield's plurality was reduced from 5,391 two years ago to 1,259 this year, and he says that the Federation did it, and would have defeated him altogether, in spite of the aid he received from Cannon, Taft and other national figures, if it had not been for the lavish use of money by the Republicans. Littlefield points with pride to the fact that he ran ahead of all the rest of the ticket in his district, and that his total vote is only a few hundreds less than two years ago, his loss of plurality being due to the large increase in the Democratic vote brought about by the interest in the resubmission issue. He is of opinion that Mr. Gompers actually helped swell his vote, his support being fully as strong in several labor towns where Gompers spoke as it was two years ago, and in some of them stronger. The *Boston Herald's* analysis of the figures shows that Littlefield's opponent, McGillicuddy, received a vote 30 per cent. larger than the Democratic vote two years ago, the general Democratic increase in the State this year being 23 per cent. This difference of 7 per cent. is all it accredits to Mr. Gompers, and even part of this, it thinks, may have been due to local conditions. "The whole story of the Maine election," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), is that "there was

a popular uprising against Governor Cobb's unyielding position on the prohibition question." It sees no national significance in the election figures. The *New York Evening Post* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, however, do not think that this theory "will wash," inasmuch as the Democrats demanded resubmission two years ago and four years ago, as well as this year, and inasmuch as the Republican Congressmen lost as heavily as the State ticket.

THREE other State elections have recently been determined—in Oregon, Vermont and Georgia. Oregon and Vermont have shown no significant change in their Republican pluralities. In Georgia there is never any real contest on election day proper. The contest in that State is simply over the question who shall secure the Democratic nomination, which is equivalent to an election. This question is decided by a peculiar primary system, the plurality in any county determining the candidate for whom the entire county delegation shall vote in the State convention. For a year one of the fiercest newspaper wars even seen in any State has been waged in Georgia. The candidates for the Democratic nomination were Hoke Smith, formerly owner of the *Atlanta Journal*, Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, Colonel J. H. Estill, of the *Savannah News*, and two other candidates whose special distinctions are that one has twelve children and the other has a million dollars. The real fight was between Hoke Smith and Howell, the former favoring a new law to disfranchise negroes and a rigid regulation of railroads. On these issues Hoke Smith made 225 speeches in this campaign and secured a plurality over all four of his competing candidates. "It is from first to last," says the *Atlanta Georgian*, "the record-breaking campaign and the record-breaking victory in Georgia's history." A considerable part in securing this victory is attributed to the assistance of Tom Watson the Populist leader, who remains a Populist, but supported Hoke Smith on the ground that enacting a law that practically eliminates the negro from elections is the only way to divide the white vote.

BY THIS election in Georgia, Hoke Smith becomes again a figure of national interest. The talk of selecting the next Democratic candidate for President from the South—talk which has revived since Mr. Bryan's Madison Square speech—is likely to direct the thought to Hoke Smith now as the most available man

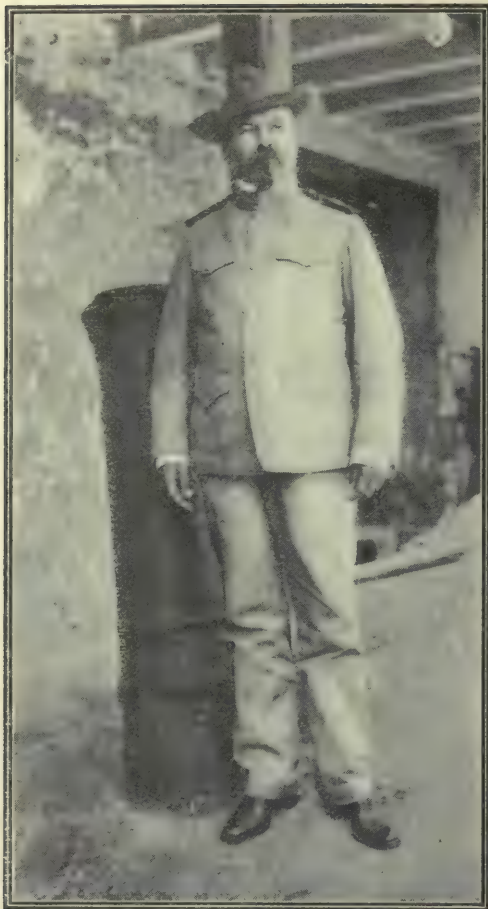


THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VERMONT

The Proctor family, of which F. D. Proctor is a member, has been supreme for years in Vermont politics and the fusion movement formed this year to defeat the Republican ticket with him at its head failed entirely.

south of Mason and Dixon's line. He was Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's administration, and has always been on good personal terms with the ex-President. He resigned from the Cabinet, however, in order to be at liberty to support free silver and Bryan. Not only is he, thus, in a peculiar condition to bring harmony into Democratic ranks, but he has also found favor with the Populists who are still outside the Democratic fold. His record as an administrative official at Washington was good and he has a chance, during the next year or two, to enhance it as governor of "the empire State of the South." His personal qualities arouse interest and seem to secure the esteem and liking of men of widely different temperaments—as different, for instance, as Cleveland and Watson. A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* gives us this picture of him:

"It is not a very different Hoke Smith to-day from the big fellow who received the fervent congratulations of the Southern men who came to New York with him to see what was going to be done for Georgia. He was, as one of his intimate friends then said, 'neither a dude nor a hayseed.' He is more than six feet in height, built on a massive plan, with a smooth full face, which lends itself easily to caricature, a fact of which



THE GEORGE B. McCLELLAN OF CUBA'S CIVIL WAR

This is General A. Rodriguez, who has been taking infinite pains with the "rural guards," in the matter of drill and equipment.

his newspaper opposition was not slow in taking advantage, even to the limits of the grotesque. It was said of him once that 'tho he cannot part his name in the middle, yet he has an unsullied reputation, pays his debts, and is welcome in the best society in the South.' The fact is, however, that his name was once parted in the middle; for he has abbreviated it from the less euphonious Michael Hoke Smith to its present state. As for reputations, there are none left in Georgia, among the candidates who went to the primaries, and it will be long before the remnants can be assembled.

"Certainly Hoke Smith was no hayseed, in spite of the efforts of the press humorists to so convert him. Before the North heard much of him he was the most successful lawyer in Georgia, owned a prosperous newspaper, and had established himself warmly in the hearts of many Georgians by his stand 'agin' the railroads."

He is, we are further told, a powerful speaker and a hard worker, and with the recent bitter controversies in his party he has had nothing to do.

* * *



SMILE curled the lips of Cuba's President as he read aloud to some office-holders in Havana the bulletin announcing that the famous negro leader, General Quentin Bandera, had placed himself at the head of a little force of insurgents and had sworn to overturn the whole Havana Government. In another twenty-four hours President Palma was making light of a second bulletin. Insurgents had attacked and carried the town of San Luis in Pinar del Rio, their leader being that adroit guerrilla fighter and former member of the Cuban Congress, Señor Pino Guerra. "There is positively no cause for alarm," declared

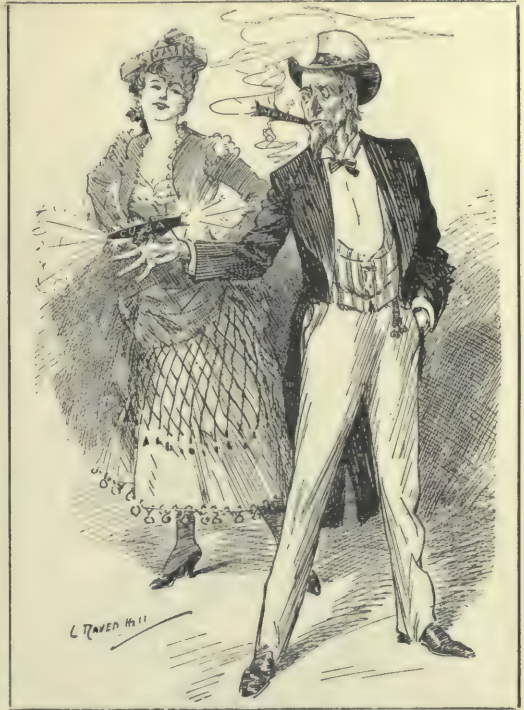


ON THE MARCH

A squad of insurgents on the way to wreck a railroad bridge and bring down upon President Palma international protests.

President Palma to some timid representatives of that new railway which, by connecting Havana and Santiago, opened to exploitation one year ago forests and fields as virgin as Columbus found them. The capitalists had not yet quitted President Palma's library when other despatches announced that General Jose Miguel Gomez, accompanied by a band of suspicious characters, was marching upon a provincial town. "Gomez in arms!" exclaimed President Palma, and his face lost, for the first time, say those who saw Cuba's ruler then, the unconcerned expression he had worn for days. He summoned General Freyre Andrade at once. When things in Cuba must be done thoroly and with speed, the President of the island calls for Andrade—never in vain. Andrade can carry an election, put down a band of insurgents, preside over a turbulent debate in the House at Havana, unwind intricate technicalities of administration and give sound advice when a revolution begins to look serious. His mere participation in President Palma's councils revealed to all Havana that a crisis had come.

WITHIN twenty-four hours General Jose Miguel Gomez was traced to his ranch in Santa Clara province and placed under arrest. He was hurried to Havana and put in a jail. A first encounter with insurgents in Santa Clara had led to their rout and the killing of a mule. Gomez denied that he had conspired to disturb Cuba's peace or against the Palma administration. Had it been otherwise, his pride would have sufficed, he added, to make him admit everything. Certainly the sympathy of Cuba



OLD BRANDS AND NEW SMOKERS

Spain (to Uncle Sam). "Excuse my smiling. I know those cigars!"

—L. Ravenhill in London *Punch*.

went out to Gomez in his cell. Evidence that he was in any plot has yet to be produced. But the mere rumor that he was involved in the rising had made President Palma turn pale, for Gomez has the most compelling personality among all Cuba's sons. His military capacity



AFTER A RAID

Insurgents who have been looting a country store for machetes march back to their camp with cries of defiance to Palma's government.



CRYING FOR ANNEXATION

DAME CUBA: "I think, uncle, he's crying to come to you."

—Dart in *The Minneapolis Journal*.

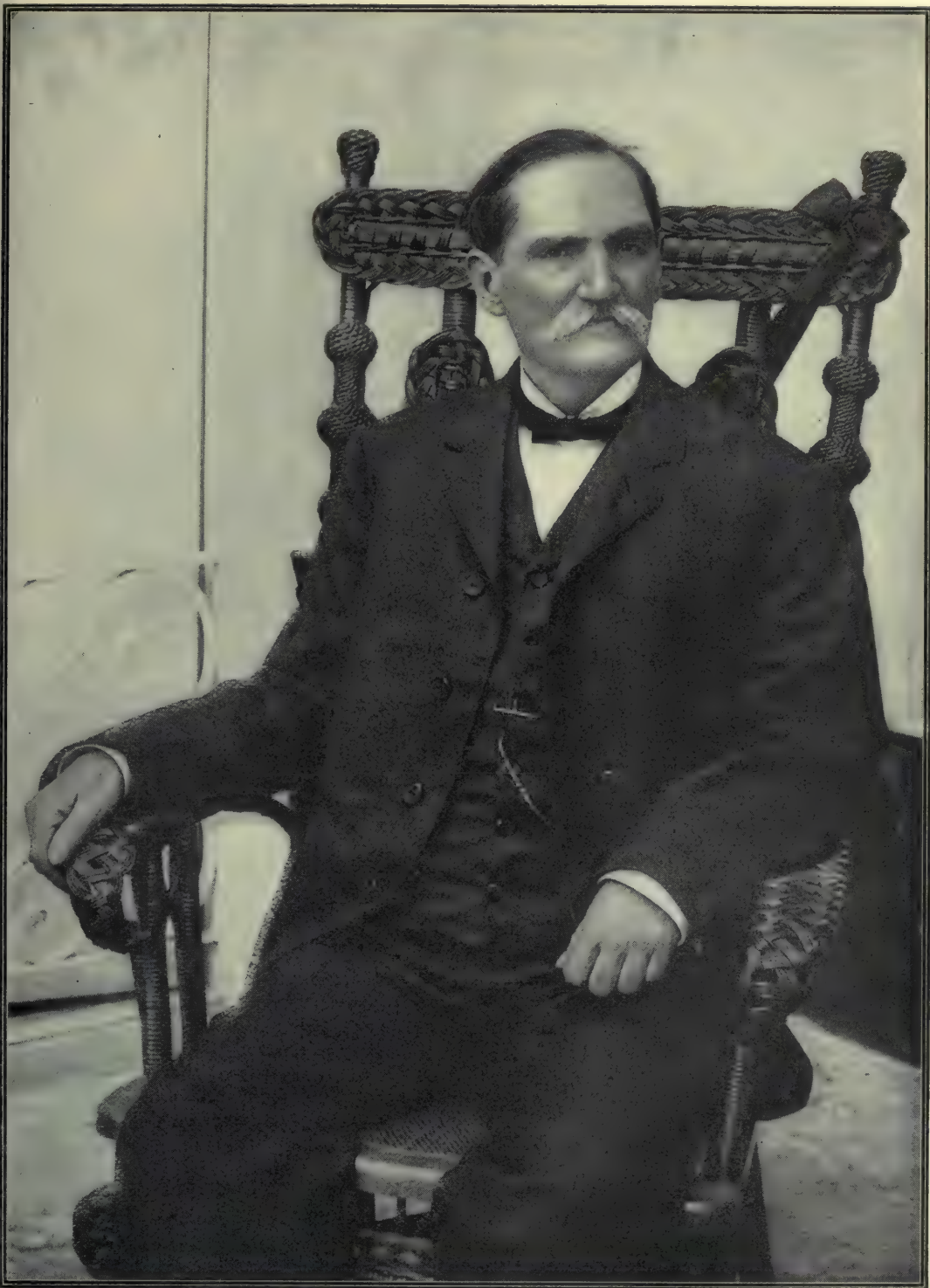
is above the level of mere guerrilla warfare. He can plan a campaign, handle infantry and train a battery of light artillery to enfilade an advancing column. President Palma can rely on no such versatility in his service—even Andrade has limitations. Gomez was accordingly led to the lock-up less for his guilt than his brilliance. The ungraciousness of such measures against the greatest living hero of the war against Spain, in the face of his denial that he is implicated in the rebellion, caused popular demonstrations in his favor. Instead of quelling the revolt the arrest caused greater excitement; and the first thing an excited man in Cuba thinks of is insurrection. This Gomez is not, of course, the illustrious "liberator of Cuba," Maximo Gomez, who died last year. The two were not even related.



THE CZAR: "What! In republics, too?"

WHILE Gomez familiarized himself with the practical workings of penological institutions in the Cuban capital, that sexagenarian hero of all the blacks in the island, General Quentin Bandera, himself almost a full-blooded negro, was marching at the head of a thousand insurgents about twenty miles from Havana. The name of Bandera is beloved in every province, for the general was the Nestor of the ten years' war for independence. His republicanism was eloquent when it dealt with the theme of his own exclusion from office on the day he broke into the Senate, defied the sergeant-at-arms and insisted that he be made chief of police. He was appointed a parliamentary doorkeeper. Last month he was the first to take up arms. In an encounter near Havana he overcame the raw youths forming the backbone of the rural guards and won a base that gave him control of the railway. In twenty-four hours he had been surrounded by Andrade's picked men sent from Havana in a hurry. Bandera, with two followers, was ambushed. He fought until his body seemed riddled with bullets, wielding his machete until the foe had cut him to pieces. Thus perished the commander who, with the late General Calixto Garcia, shared the honors won in the province of Santiago during the years of rebellion against Spain in the late nineties. Bandera had the reputation of being fearless under fire and of being a master of infantry tactics in skirmish fights. He was considered by the "liberator of Cuba," General Maximo Gomez, as second to none of his lieutenants. When, six years ago, Bandera paid his triumphal visit to Havana, he was met at the station by thousands of his race who took the horses from his carriage and led him through the streets for hours. Bandera's death seemed for a time to have broken the back of insurrection in the whole island.

ALL eyes were now turned toward the province of Pinar del Rio, where some five thousand insurgents had quite unaccountably equipped themselves for a campaign with well-mounted cavalry, a regimental organization for infantry and, according to one despatch, a machine-gun as a nucleus of artillery. In command of these troops, said to be not mere hasty levies but, to a great extent, trained veterans of Cuba's wars, was the noted ex-member of Congress, Señor Fustino or Pino Guerra. Guerra fought under General Maximo Gomez, winning the admiration of the liberator, it seems, by his strategy. On the field, Guerra,



CUBA'S FIRST PRESIDENT

Thomas Estrada Palma is about seventy years old. He studied law in Spain, commanded a regiment in one of Cuba's many insurrections, was long a prisoner of war near Madrid, finally went to Honduras, married the daughter of the President of that Republic and became a member of the cabinet. He once kept a school in New York State.

apparently, does not distinguish himself, but in planning a campaign he is inferior to no living Cuban except General Jose Miguel Gomez himself. Guerra scored the first important success of the present rebellion by his capture of the town of San Luis. He had thus, after a pitched battle in which the killed and wounded were on the side of the enemy, secured as a base a well-provisioned town of some 10,000 inhabitants not ten miles from the town of Pinar del Rio, capital of the great province of that name. Guerra at once occupied the neighboring towns, meeting with little opposition and allowing the local officials to administer the municipal governments. He announced his intention of reinforcing his levies from volunteers in the province, after which he would capture Pinar del Rio itself. His policy is to force the Havana Government to annul the last presidential election and hold a fresh one.

WASHINGTON had observed the outbreak of this insurrection with indifference, but it observed the rapidity of Guerra's progress with amazement. The Platt amendment to Cuba's constitution, providing that the United States shall have the right of intervention for the preservation of the island's independence and for the maintenance of an or-

derly government therein, became an urgent topic. Rumors that Palma's government had asked Washington for field batteries and men to put down the rising turned out the merest fabrication. But newspapers all over the land were kindled to intensity of comment by the reflected fervor of the Cuban spirit in arms. The Palma administration had no "status in the form of equity." "Its right to govern is purely technical and is vitiated by wholesale fraud." Such points, made by "not a few impartial onlookers," commended themselves to the New York *Sun* and to many of its contemporaries. On the other hand it is affirmed that Palma is just the kind of President the Cubans need—"sound, sensible, unpretentious, untroubled by inordinate ambition and devoted to the maintenance of a government that will assure to the Cuban people an opportunity for the peaceful development of the resources of their island." Thus the New York *Times* championed the President at Havana stoutly and did not stand alone. Nebulous hypotheses of a five-million-dollar fund created by sugar planters in support of an insurrection that must entail annexation befogged much editorial comment and clarified nothing. At first Mr. Roosevelt on the whole subject of Cuba could have given lessons to the Sphinx in reticence.



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FLOWER OF CUBA'S INFANTRY

These troops have been under American instructors in Havana for weeks, but no amount of drill enables the Cuban private, it is complained, to acquire the art of seeking cover on the firing line until he has seen the soldier nearest him shot through the head.



PRESIDENT PALMA AND HIS ADVISERS

Just behind him is Quesada, Cuba's representative at Washington; to his left is Mendez Capote, the Vice-President, and at his right is Tamajo who has resigned from Palma's Cabinet.

EUROPE commented in a spirit of sarcasm upon this outbreak of revolution in Cuba within five years of the setting up of a president, a vice-president, a Congress, a Supreme Court and all the constitutional beatitudes. "To the people of the United States," says the *London Morning Post*, "it can hardly fail to occasion some misgivings as to their interpretation of the events which led up to the Spanish-American War." The whole affair suggests, it thinks, that the grant of independence—"made as it was with some ostentation and, as it would seem, with overmuch precipitancy"—was, after all, a gift by which the interests of the Cubans have not been promoted. The *London Tribune* hopes Cuba may remain independent, but fears the American people will absorb it without a grin. "To carve out its own destinies unaided," reflects this organ of extreme Liberal opinion, "would promise an incomparably worthier and brighter future than to become the plaything of American trusts and to barter its independence for the blessings of a high protective tariff." The *London Times* has the highest possible admiration for the ingenuity of President Palma's political supporters in stuffing ballot-boxes, but the *London Standard* is uneasy on account of the railway bridges dynamited to the sky. "So much British capital is invested in Cuba," it remarks, "that we cannot look on the latest insurrection simply as one of the scenic entertainments

so often provided by semi-negro republics in the Western Hemisphere." French opinion is already prepared for American annexation. "It is the suicide of Cuba," observes the *Paris Débats*. But the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, with all its suspicion of Washington diplomacy, cannot bring itself to believe that Mr. Roosevelt contemplates annexation. That step, it argues, would awaken too much dread in the entire South American mind.

BY THE end of the first fortnight in September all whistling of Cuba's revolution down the wind had ceased in the official atmosphere of Havana. The United States cruiser *Denver* was anchored in the harbor and Commander John Charles Colwell had encamped over a hundred of his men in front of the presidential palace. Such a display of energy seemed too much like intervention to please the Department of State at Washington, however, and the Commander soon hurried most of his force back to the ship—greatly, it appears, to the discomfiture of President Palma. That harried executive had called the island Congress into special session immediately after Guerra's renewed demand that he resign. Not only was Palma bluntly told by Guerra to go, but restoration of elective officials throughout Cuba—alleged to have been illegally removed everywhere—and a new election at an early date were the sole terms

upon which Guerra professed willingness to lay down his arms. Palma, say his foes, connived at armed invasions of polling booths during the recent presidential election. His minions rode from district to district voting in every one and boasting in their course. "Armed heelers in Havana kept voters from the polls." One week prior to the election, Palma, it is charged, had caused the violent ejection of municipal officials from their places of authority in defiance of a specific mandate in the constitution. To these allegations Palma's spokesman, Andrade, entered a general denial.

VICE-PRESIDENT MENDEZ CAPOTE is said from the outbreak of the insurrection to have been in consultation with Liberal leaders as to the possibility of peace based upon the retirement of Palma. Señor Capote would in that event succeed to the presidential dignity, and he is said to have pledged himself, if that should happen, to confer posts of the highest responsibility upon the insurgent leaders. A secret meeting of major-generals actually took place at Havana, it seems, at which this project was fully discussed. President Palma was either to come to an understanding with Guerra or make way for the more pliant vice-president. These reports gained ready acceptance from the fact that Señor Capote had not been in agreement with President Palma's policy, and had all along urged that the men who are now rebels be given a share of the patronage and even representation in the cabinet. Nevertheless when the insurrection came to a head Capote hurried back from the seashore to the capital and announced himself "first and foremost with the President in everything he undertakes." He believed, he added, in crushing the revolt "at any cost." There could be no temporizing. "We must assert the authority of the law, but as humanely and in as civilized a manner as is possible under the circumstances." To show weakness would be encouraging "disgruntled politicians" to revolt again.

DESPITE his firm stand, Capote's succession to the presidency continued to be urged. A delegation of influential veterans of Cuba's many wars visited the statesman just before the *Denver's* arrival abreast of the foot of O'Reilly street. General Mario Menocal, the one Cuban soldier who has managed to keep in with Guerra and the government simultaneously, seems to have urged Capote along this path of compromise. But the vice-presi-

dent did not see his way clear at all. He pointed out that strict neutrality between the factions was the policy of Washington, and if Palma could not sustain himself in the presidency how could Capote, who also is identified with the ballot-box grievances of the insurgents? General Menocal continued to insist, however, that Capote is the one key to a situation that may otherwise lead to American intervention. Guerra, in his fastness outside Pinar del Rio city, notified General Menocal as recently as two weeks ago that he will yield to a Capote administration, but only in case the elections of last year are annulled. Menocal at once despatched emissaries to the insurgent leader imploring him to come to Havana and facilitate negotiations for peace. Guerra merely blew up two more railway bridges in response, and the ten days' armistice brought about by Menocal's capacity to be everybody's friend was thus concluded. The excitement in the press of this country flamed up again. "This," predicted the *New York Evening Post*, referring to the landing of American marines, "must be regarded as the end of the Palma government." Palma had admitted in effect, by inviting American troops to land, that the rebellion is too strong for him.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S "word of solemn warning" to the Cuban people, as he styled it, was now to usher in a new phase of the war. Writing to the Cuban minister here, Señor de Quesada, with whom, by the way, Theodore Roosevelt's intimacy in the first flush of the glory of San Juan hill was of a most delightful kind, the President officially uttered that strong word, intervention. "I solemnly adjure all Cuban patriots," proceeded the admonition from Oyster Bay, "to band together, to sink all differences and personal ambitions and to remember that the only way that they can preserve the independence of their republic is to prevent the necessity of outside interference." There must be "an immediate cessation of hostilities," for Mr. Roosevelt had received what he considered authentic information of injury to American property. "Life, property and individual liberty are no longer safe." Unless matters mended in all these respects the President would intervene forthwith for the maintenance of an "adequate" government in Cuba. But Mr. Roosevelt did not say that this "adequate" government would be Palma's. He wholly ignored in words the accusation that the President in Havana has no moral right to

the office he holds. But Mr. Roosevelt's acts showed that this factor counted with him. He directed Secretary of War Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to look into everything on the spot. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon went to Havana as "special representatives" of the United States government—the most significant part of their business being to obtain the insurgent's side of what Washington politely terms "the case." Palma's mode of making his calling and reelection sure had to justify itself at last.

* *

BY THE time he reached the Chilean capital, Secretary Root had still to run the gauntlet of so many South American republics that it was impossible for him to remain at Santiago long enough to witness the inauguration of President Montt. The Señor had been the diplomatic representative of his country in Washington at a time when the relations of the two republics were much strained, and he remains the one Chilean statesman who for years resisted a tendency among his countrymen to disparage and even distrust the United States. He took great pains to make Mr. Root's visit memorable, although the ruin wrought by the earthquake eliminated the festive element from the occasion altogether. The natives of Argentina had been somewhat disconcerted by a garbled version of one of Mr. Root's Rio Janeiro speeches which preceded him to Buenos Ayres and from which it was inferred that the Secretary of State wanted an alliance between Brazil and the United States. In Chile Mr. Root took occasion to say—what he had already observed in the capital he had just quitted—that no notion of the kind attributed to him ever entered his head. The satisfaction of the Chilean government at this was genuine. The bigness of Brazil is a sensitive subject in Argentina. It is a still more sensitive subject in Chile. Mr. Root had no difficulty in convincing his hosts that Washington's love for South American republics is of that indiscriminate type which knows no favorites.

EUROPE, without intending it, did very much in the course of the month just ended to promote the success of Mr. Root's mission. South American diplomatists became aware in the closing days of August that an exchange of views was proceeding among the leading powers of the Old World with a view to concerted action at the coming Hague conference against the Drago doctrine. Mr.

Root told the South Americans in every capital he visited that the United States would never collect by force a debt contracted by any of the governments with which it was the object of his vast itinerary to cement the friendliest relations. Europe noted that utterance carefully. It was, said the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, an indorsement of the whole Drago doctrine. Doctor Drago himself, who welcomed Mr. Root to Buenos Ayres, seemed to interpret the utterance in that sense. From what has leaked out in Paris, it appears to be the purpose of continental Europe's representatives at The Hague conference to object to the Drago doctrine. Should the United States uphold the attitude of South America—which is for the first time to be represented in the peace conference when it assembles next year—the Monroe doctrine itself, predicts the London *Standard*, will be made the subject of formal protest. The only result, thinks the Buenos Ayres *Presna*, will be a diplomatic solidarity of the two Americas. Mr. Root returns to his native land, therefore, with an international problem of the utmost intricacy on his hands.

* *

CZAR NICHOLAS II was nowhere to be found in the palace at Peterhof when the lately deceased guardian of his person, General Trepoff, arrived from St. Petersburg on a certain midnight five weeks ago. The captain of the guard explained that his imperial majesty had leaped into his automobile after dinner, turned the machine toward the adjacent wood and forbidden the soldiers to escort him, Trepoff went into the palace and—so runs the circumstantial tale transmitted by the most cautious French newspaper correspondents—gave certain instructions to the general adjutant of the imperial court regarding the disposition to be made of the heir to the throne of Russia—then in his crib upstairs—in case the Czar failed to return to the palace that night. Trepoff warned the telephone operator not to transmit any instructions he might receive over the wire from anyone—not even if they came in Trepoff's name or in Trepoff's voice. The general then mounted a horse and rode off to the woods. Nothing was seen or heard of him or of his imperial master for the next two hours. Yet there was no flurry in the palace. Squads of soldiers displayed impassively their glittering steel on either hand within the palace gate. The breath of conspiracy is diffused so widely in this atmosphere that the grim guards be-



RUSSIA

—Hetten in *New York World*.

trayed no sign of emotion from the time of Trepoff's excited going until he came back with his master long after midnight. The pair retired at once to the study in which the Czar spends hours as sleepless as those of the sentinels beneath his window. Nicholas II suffers still from his old insomnia. On this particular evening the Romanoff's wakefulness was stimulated by Trepoff's tale of a new terrorist plot to seize and hold the ruler of Russia as a hostage until universal amnesty and agrarian reform were irrevocably granted.

of outwitting a bomb-thrower determined to make an end of Nicholas II. But it is firmly believed in official St. Petersburg circles, reports the *London Times*, that the conspiracy to kidnap the Czar is to be taken seriously—was, indeed, barely foiled by Trepoff on the night his imperial majesty escaped from his soldier guardians for a motor ride through the wood. Some contemporary annalists of this feverish reign record that the terrorists do not want the Czar to die. His infirmity of purpose is too valuable an asset. His taking off would



"TO DARE, TO DARE AGAIN AND ALWAYS TO DARE!"

When the former members of Russia's dissolved Duma, assembled in a Finland forest—as shown here—they adopted Danton's famous utterance during the French revolution as the motto of their remonstrance against the Czar's course.



DEAD AND WOUNDED FELL ALL ABOUT HIM, LEAVING HIM UNSCATHED

Peter Acadieitch Stolypin, whom the Czar elevated to the post of Prime Minister weeks ago, had his residence wrecked by a bomb, his two children maimed for life, his scores of visitors killed or wounded, but the Premier never lost his presence of mind or self-control.

mean a long regency for the little two-year-old Alexis. In the event of his imperial majesty dying before the Czarevitch has attained his majority, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch is to become regent. In these circumstances the Czarina would be made guardian of the Czarevitch. Thus provides that manifesto in which Nicholas II himself announced the coming of a baby who, within an hour of his birth, was colonel of six different regiments. A regency under which the imperial power is to be shared by two females of such fiber as the Czar's wife and the Czar's mother—for the Czar's invalid brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, is under the maternal spell completely—might become embarrassing to the many refined and well-educated young ladies who, for the past four weeks, have been throwing bombs at governors, stabbing statesmen in the back and disappearing completely from view among throngs of sympathetic spectators. For the young lady has become a factor of consequence in the recent developments in Russia.

WHETHER fashion dominates the lines of her figure, as in the case of the young lady who threw dynamite at the passing patrol in Warsaw's streets, or whether her rare mental endowments awe the inquisitors into whose presence the police conduct her when arrested, as happened in the case of the young lady who put four bullets into General Minn's back, the feminine terrorist of the month has scored the only triumphs against reaction since the Czar dissolved the Duma. The young women who thus make slaughter itself seem white beside the deep crimson of their deeds are all declared to be coached by what is styled the central committee of the militant section of the socialist revolutionary party. The assassinations of the month belong to a new type of which the killing of General Minn is the norm, with few variants. The slayer, a maiden between the age of eighteen and twenty-five, is always unknown to the police when arrested—unknown, in fact, in the town to which she comes on her revolutionary errand. Her passport is always correct, her purse is always full. She takes her meals in a house near the residence of the official to be bombed. Should she chance to hire a vehicle, her tip to the driver is substantial. She plies police sergeants with liquor, converses with unknown men who are seen to hand her a valise and remains wholly unidentifiable after arrest, to which she submits without even attempting escape. Revolution in all Russia has thus entered, with the attempt upon the life of the Governor of Odessa five weeks ago, upon a stage of perfected organization to which the climax was the sudden taking off of Trepoff himself.



NICHOLAS II: "Why, the more I blow the worse the fire becomes!"

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

ONLY in the attempted assassination of Prime Minister Stölypin did the revolutionary committee's young women play a subordinate part and only in that instance did the intended victim escape without a scratch. The young women, who, of course, were strangers in St. Petersburg, occupying different apartments on fashionable thoroughfares, disappeared before the actual perpetration of



THE RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER'S VILLA AFTER THE BOMB WRECKED IT

The interior of the house on Aptekarsky Island, official residence of Mr. Stolypin, was converted into a heap of rubbish. The furniture of the upper story where the prime minister's children were playing, fell upon the heads of the hundreds of persons assembled down stairs.

the killings. In the carriage that drew up before the official residence of the Prime Minister there sat members of the stern sex only—an ostensible civilian and two seeming soldiers, one a colonel, the other a general. There had been a young lady in the vehicle, but she was set down at the railway station and remains undiscoverable. Two other young ladies, involved in the enticement of one genuine colonel and one genuine general into complications from which the soldiers emerged bereft of decorations, hats, uniforms and swords, remain likewise undiscoverable. The ostensible civilian and the seeming colonel descended from the vehicle that drew up at Stolypin's door. In five minutes more ceilings were coming down upon the Prime Minister's head, the bedroom furniture was dropping upon the marshal of the nobility in the salon below, while the indifferent public paused in the park outside long enough to hear the piercing screams and stifled moans, and to contemplate with idle and unsympathetic curiosity an upheaved agglomeration of wall, balcony, window-sash and broken glass. The three deafening explosions preceding these sounds and sights had apprised the unofficial Russians thereabout of one more assassination. The dull vacancy of mind with which the citizens of Moscow and St. Petersburg contem-

plate this kind of work was never so oddly manifested as on the present occasion. Men went on reading and conversing of everyday events not a hundred feet away, children romped while the dead were carried off on stretchers and women looked on without expressions of sympathy or satisfaction. Russia is so drenched with gore, explains an Octobrist leader, that horror is a commonplace.

NICHOLAS II directed Prime Minister Stolypin to take up his abode in the vast winter palace of the Czar beside the Neva. So great an honor is rarely accorded on such terms to personages not of royal blood. The Prime Minister, his wife and his five uninjured daughters were the members of the Stolypin family physically capable of obeying the imperial summons. Miss Natalie Stolypin, the fifteen-year-old daughter, had had the bones of her limbs shattered from foot to knee. Her three-year-old brother Arcadius sustained a fracture of the thigh and a long and deep wound in the head. The other children were out driving with their mother at the hour of the arrival of the bomb-throwers. Stolypin himself, although one of the few persons in the house at the time who was neither bruised nor maimed, continued in a state of mental torpor for two

days after the accident. It was said at once that he would give up his post as Prime Minister. Witte was to be placed at the head of the ministry. This Witte story is pronounced fanciful by the *Paris Temps*. The careful French organ says Stolypin's removal had been decided upon forty-eight hours prior to the attempt to slay him. It is as difficult to choose between the stories of Stolypin's going and Stolypin's staying as to determine whether this enigmatical Prime Minister is a convinced Liberal stifling in a bureaucratic atmosphere, or a secret reactionary professing a liberalism with which he has no sympathy whatever. The reactionary character of Stolypin's associates in the ministry seems a bad sign to those Western European dailies which maintain reliable and well-informed correspondents at the Czar's capital. Portfolios go only to nominees of the court party. Reaction declares itself openly. Thus the news budgets of the last week in August. The first fortnight of September found Stolypin's associates posing as members of a ministry which, for Russia, is well-nigh radical. Premier Stolypin will not permit the tragic events of the month to swerve him from his liberalism. He is aware, says the *London Times*, that the Czar wished to provide him

with a successor. But he feels that he is needed. He will not go until he must.



OR once President Roosevelt's "pull" with the genius of the weather seemed to fail when, on September 3, he stepped into an open launch in Oyster Bay to proceed to the review of the greatest fleet of fighting ships ever assembled in the Western hemisphere. The wind blew the rain descended in torrents upon the unprotected face of the President, and the little launch danced like the proverbial cockle-shell. But the weather-gods became busy as soon as they saw who it was, and as the President placed his foot upon the reviewing yacht, the *Mayflower*, the rain stopped, and before the rigid pose with which he greeted the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" had relaxed the sunshine was flooding the bay and cheering the hearts of the 15,000 jackies who were out for the greatest function of their lives. Forty-five fighting ships and sixteen other naval vessels were in line—more than one third our entire navy. The fighting force included twelve battleships out of the twenty—we now have in commission and under con-



AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR

For her husband alone the bands played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the 1100 guns in the naval review roared a greeting. This is Mrs. Roosevelt on board the *Mayflower*.



"THE BIG STICK"

The recent naval review in Oyster Bay, as it appeared from the Crow's nest of the President's reviewing yacht, the *Mayflower*.

struction; eight cruisers out of the thirteen we have in all; four monitors, twelve destroyers and torpedo boats, five auxiliary cruisers, three submarines and a troopship. The combined cost of the ships in line is estimated at \$125,000,000, and three-fourths of them have been built since our war with Spain. Our entire navy at the close of last year consisted of 327 ships of all classes, manned by 33,000 officers and men and carrying a marine corps of 6,000. "Speak softly and carry a big stick and you will go far," said Poor Richard. Our "big

stick" is the third largest in the world, and we are speaking in very soft tones indeed. One year ago the softness of those tones ended the war between Japan and Russia. Secretary Root has been carrying those soft tones to the republics of South America. And President Roosevelt's soft tones recently suspended the fighting in Cuba within forty-eight hours.

THE fleet extended for a distance of three miles, being anchored in three lines. The review consisted of the passage of the *May-*



ON THE DECK OF THE MAYFLOWER

To the President's left is Secretary Bonaparte. To his right are Rear Admirals Evans, Davis, and Bronson, in the order named. In the President's rear is Private Secretary Loeb.

flower, bearing the President, through and around these ships, the guns booming out a salute from each ship as he passed, and the bands all playing the one tune that is officially recognized as our national tune. Then the *Mayflower* anchored and the three admirals and the numerous commanders called on the President. Then the President called on the admirals and on the troopship *Yankee*, just back from Dominican waters. Then he returned to the *Mayflower*, and in the evening the ships were brilliantly illuminated. Then the show was over—all but the criticism.

* * *

PIUS X persisted in his attitude of defiance last month amid the hurly-burly of anticlerical preparation throughout France to turn prelates and priests out of presbytery and palace unless they sanction the kind of separation of church and state that becomes legally complete by December. The pontiff's spirit remained serene until he learned that at one of the "secret" conferences concerning which the reliable Paris *Temps* prints full details, the French bishops voted a conditional acceptance of the new system. "They have voted against me!" his Holiness is said to have declared. "They have voted as Frenchmen!" It is possible, observes the London *Standard*, that the sovereign pontiff did make use of such an expression. It is possible that he was overheard. It is possible that some eavesdropper forwarded the information to Paris. "But it is far more likely that the language was put into the Pope's mouth by a controversialist who wished to encourage Frenchmen in the belief that the government of the republic in its quarrel with the Vatican, is fighting the national cause against the domination of an alien power." But the eminent French Roman Catholics who petitioned the Pope to accommodate himself to the new state of things are of opinion that perhaps Pius X did utter the remarkable words attributed to him. If so, France, they assure the Holy Father, was with her bishops on that day, not with him.


MATTERS were made worse for the Vatican by the false position in which the Pope's encyclical seemed to place it. "In spite of what the Pope says in his encyclical," declares the Paris *Siecle*, a daily in the best possible position to know whereof it speaks, and now confirmed by the most responsible newspaper in all France, the *Temps*, "it is absolutely certain that the French bishops voted

in their plenary assembly by a majority of twenty-two in favor of forming public worship associations." Now, prelates, who, while breathing defiance of an already effective separation of church and state, voted in favor of public worship associations simply played the part of that Beatrice who cried aloud that no husband is worth having and then married Benedick. Rigid pledges of secrecy had been exacted from the ecclesiastics. They had been convened by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris on the order of the Pope himself. But they could not keep long concealed from the newspapers of France the sensational language they employed. "Whatever course may be decided upon," ran their report to the unpromising pontiff, "it will be necessary, in view of the risk of exposing Catholic France to a religious anarchy which might have the most disastrous consequences, to consider the founding of an organization which will meet the requirements of the new situation." We might the successor of St. Peter, thinks the Paris *Lanterne*, exclaim that the bishops have voted against him. Nevertheless, the ensuing encyclical of his Holiness professed to confirm the "almost unanimous" deliberations of an assembly which had really rebelled against Vatican policy. What the encyclical actually did was to condemn the very public worship associations which the secret gathering of bishops had professed itself able to make "legal and canonical."

RAMPOLLA'S participation in the Pope's councils has already convinced leaders of opinion in France that the Vatican will not go to extremes when December arrives. One of the great advantages of separation of church and state in France, according to the Cardinal—if his views be not misrepresented—is the freedom left to the Vatican in the nomination of bishops and archbishops. There are other and they were pointed out in the address to the Pope signed by so many of the most prominent Roman Catholics in France—"gratuitous and indefinite surrender to the church of the places of worship, temporary but renewable use of the episcopal palaces, pastoral residences and seminaries, full liberty granted to public worship associations to administer, under merely nominal control by the government, the two hundred million francs (about \$40,000,000) worth of property comprising the present real estate and other assets of the churches of France, and finally the pensions and allowances which, though moderate, assure for the moment the daily bread of the priests

Persons in the Foreground

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE OF SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

MERICA has one classic autobiography—that of Benjamin Franklin. The lively hope that we may soon have a second is aroused by the first few instalments of Mark Twain's autobiography. It is a hope that may prove delusive; but if ever a man had a chance to write an immortal book, Mark Twain has it now. He has a faultless memory for details, a dauntless faculty for telling the truth about himself and others, a style which, when dealing with things that are serious to him, is full of beauty, dignity, and warm heart-interest. And then his life has been one of such varied interest and wide experience in all parts of the world and with so many different kinds of interesting people! If he doesn't give us another real classic, we shall never forgive him.

The editor of *The North American Review*, who has persuaded Mr. Clemens to change his mind and allow parts of this autobiography to be published before his death, and who has turned the *Review* into a fortnightly to carry the autobiography as a serial, tells us that 250,000 words are already in manuscript. Selections from this are made, such as the author is willing to see published at this time; but no part of the work—unless the writer again is persuaded to change his mind—will appear in book form while he lives.

Mark Twain is now seventy-one years young; or, rather, Samuel Clemens is seventy-one and Mark Twain is about forty-three. His ancestry, as he proudly asserts, can be traced back to pirates and slavers of Queen Elizabeth's time, and the line of descent includes a British Ambassador to Spain and one of the judges who sentenced Charles the First to the loss of his head. Mark hasn't looked up the records himself, because he has been "so busy polishing up this end of the line and trying to make it showy"; but he credits the reports because he has himself had such strong desires to be a pirate and has "always felt friendly toward Satan. And he is sure that this comes from his ancestral instincts.

His American ancestry began with the Virginian Clemenses and the Kentucky Lamptons. His father and mother began married life in Jamestown, a remote village in the mountain

solitudes of East Tennessee. Their "first crop of children" was born there, but Sammy was postponed to Missouri, because "Missouri was an unknown State and needed attractions." In Hannibal, Missouri, therefore, November 13, 1835, he first saw the light of the sun.

As this autobiography is written on a purposely systemless plan—that is, he intends to talk about the things that interest him and to cease talking about them as soon as they cease to interest him—he makes a slight digression in his first chapter to tell us who Colonel Mulberry Sellers, in "The Gilded Age," was. He was not a "creation," but a real being, his mother's favorite cousin, James Lampton. Mark merely put him on paper as he was; he could not be exaggerated:

"The real Colonel Sellers, as I knew him in James Lampton, was a pathetic and beautiful spirit, a manly man, a straight and honorable man, a man with a big, foolish, unselfish heart in his bosom, a man born to be loved; and he was loved by all his friends, and by his family worshipped. It is the right word. To them he was but little less than a god. The real Colonel Sellers was never on the stage. Only half of him was there. Raymond could not play the other half of him; it was above his level. That half was made up of qualities of which Raymond was wholly destitute. . . . James Lampton floated, all his days, in a tinted mist of magnificent dreams, and died at last without seeing one of them realized. I saw him last in 1884, when it had been twenty-six years since I ate the basin of raw turnips and washed them down with a bucket of water in his house. He was become old and white-headed, but he entered to me in the same old breezy way of his earlier life, and he was all there, yet—not a detail wanting; the happy light in his eye, the abounding hope in his heart, the persuasive tongue, the miracle-breeding imagination—they were all there; and before I could turn around he was polishing up his Aladdin's lamp and flashing the secret riches of the world before me."

Mark Twain's experiences as an author began in 1867, when he came to New York from San Francisco. He had already told the story of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," which was first published to help out the funeral of a dying literary journal, *The Saturday Press*, of New York. Charles Henry Webb induced Mark to let him, Webb, collect Mark's sketches for publication in book form. Mark took the sketches, a letter of introduction, and a beat-

ing heart to the publisher Coleridge. Says Mark:

"He began to swell, and went on swelling and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said,

"Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me, I don't. Good morning."

Twenty-one years later the two men met again in Switzerland and Coleridge remarked at once:

"I am substantially an obscure person, but I have a couple of such colossal distinctions to my credit that I am entitled to immortality—to wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

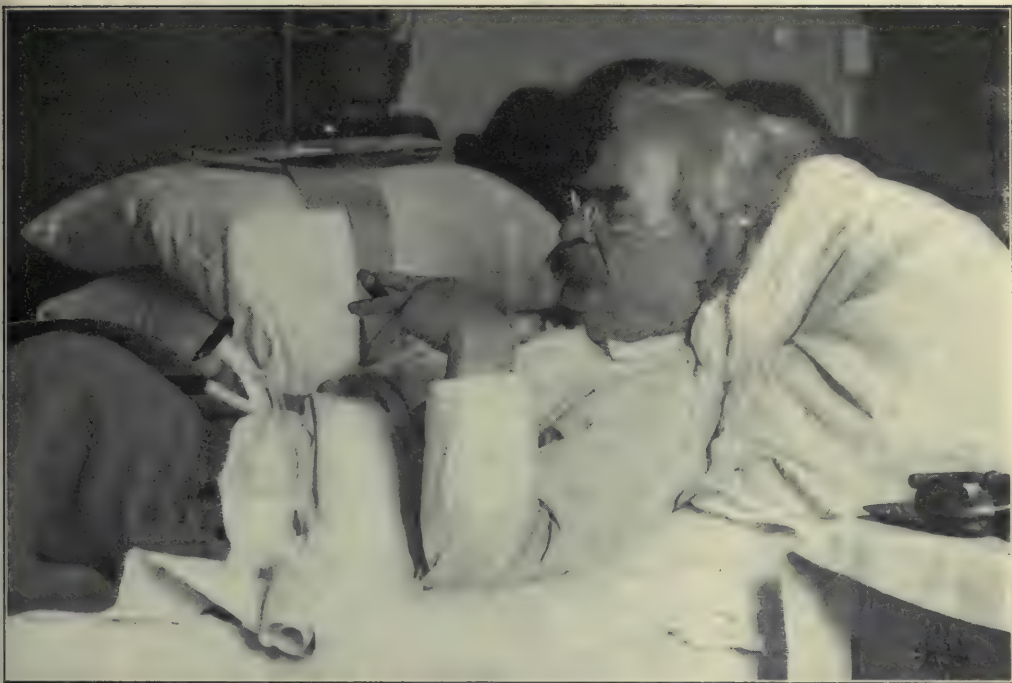
"Innocents Abroad" had also a rocky road to travel. When Mark returned from his excursion tour in the *Quaker City* he found a letter awaiting him from Elisha Bliss, of the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, offering either five per cent. royalty or \$10,000 down for an account of the excursion. He accepted the royalty offer, wrote the book and delivered the manuscript in July, 1868. Some "staid old fossils" who were directors in the publishing company read the manuscript and were startled to learn that "there were places in it of a humorous character." One of them begged Mark to release them from the contract. He refused, and finally threatened a suit of damages if the book was not published. "In nine months the book took the publishing house out of debt, advanced its stock from twenty-five to two hundred, and left \$70,000 profit to the good."

Before this time Mark Twain had served as a pilot on the Mississippi, a schooling that has profited him all his life, he says, for "in that brief, sharp schooling I got personally and familiarly acquainted with about all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography or history." When the Civil War opened he served for a short time as a Confederate soldier; but, so he has explained elsewhere, his plan for ending the rebellion by surrounding Grant and driving him into the ocean was not favorably received by his superior officers, and he left soldiering to go to Nevada as secretary for his brother, who had

received a Government appointment out there. Later on he joined the force of the *Sacramento Union*; still later went to Hawaii and wrote newspaper sketches from there; returned and began to lecture; secured a position as foreign correspondent of the *Alta Californian*, and at the age of 30 was the acknowledged prince of American humorists.

On his return from the *Quaker City* tour he met in New York Miss Olivia L. Langdon of Elmira. They were married, and there is in literature no more beautiful and touching tribute to a wife than that which Mark Twain gives us in this autobiography. He writes:

"I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom, in the steamer *Quaker City*, in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish—and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was *always* frail in body, and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible. Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor, were qualities of her character which were born with her. Her judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers, there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons, and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I may add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invites worship, but commands it. No servant ever left her service who deserved to remain in it. And, as she could choose with a glance of her eye, the servants she selected did in almost all cases deserve to remain, and they *did* remain. She was always cheerful; and she was always able to communicate her cheerfulness to others. During the nine years that we spent in poverty and debt, she was always able to reason me out of my despairs, and find a bright side to the clouds, and make me see it. In all that time, I never knew her to utter a word of regret concerning our altered circumstances, nor did I ever know her children to do the like. For she had taught them, and they drew their fortitude from her. The love which she bestowed upon those whom she loves took the form of worship, and in that form it was returned—returned by relatives, friends and the servants of her household. It was a strange combination which wrought into one individual, so to speak, by marriage—her disposition and character and mine. She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born *reserved* as to endearments of speech and caresses, and hers



From stereograph, copyright 1906 by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Mark Twain at the age of seventy-one, writing his autobiography, which opens with an admission that he was always averse to industry and "always felt friendly toward Satan."

broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar."

Thirty-four years after their marriage Mrs. Clemens died, and the above was penned on the thirty-sixth anniversary of their marriage.

Equal to the above tribute in tenderness and beauty is that which Mark Twain pays to his daughter, who died while Mark was in London, and while his wife was on the high seas hastening home to the child's sick-bed. Here is one of the stories told of Susy at the age of eight:

"For a week, her mother had not been able to go to the nursery, evenings, at the child's prayer hour. She spoke of it—was sorry for it, and said she would come to-night, and hoped she could continue to come every night and hear Susy pray, as before. Noticing that the child wished to respond, but was evidently troubled as to how to word her answer, she asked what the difficulty was. Susy explained that Miss Foote (the governess) had been teaching her about the Indians and their religious beliefs, whereby it appeared that they had not only a God, but several. This had set Susy to thinking. As a result of this thinking, she had stopped praying. She qualified this statement—that is, she modified it—saying she did not now pray 'in the same way' as she had formerly done. Her mother said:

"Tell me about it, dear."

"Well, mama, the Indians believed they knew,

but now we know they were wrong. By and by, it can turn out that we are wrong. So now I only pray that there may be a God and a Heaven—or something better."

"I wrote down this pathetic prayer in its precise wording, at the time, in a record which we kept of the children's sayings, and my reverence for it has grown with the years that have passed over my head since then. Its untaught grace and simplicity are a child's, but the wisdom and the pathos of it are of all the ages that have come and gone since the race of man has lived, and longed, and hoped, and feared, and doubted."

Passages like these, if there are many of them in the succeeding instalments, will go far to justify the opinion of the editor of *The North American Review*, who says editorially: "We have read perhaps a quarter of the million of words which will finally be written, and are convinced that a life story of such surpassing interest was never told before."

Of Mark Twain himself, the editor says, in this same editorial:

"The proverbial irony of fate was never more clearly marked than by the fact that the life of the world's greatest humorist has consisted of a succession of personal tragedies. From the very beginning, when, at the age of three, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, now known to the world as Mark Twain, was forgotten by his parents, and

left alone in a forsaken house, to the fateful day which lost to him, then ripe in years and reputation, the most sympathetic and helpful of companions, each milestone has recorded a bereavement that would have exhausted or embittered an ordinary mind. It was inevitable that intervals of great despondency should enter into a life period so darkly defined, and such, indeed, has been the case, to the regret and sorrow of those who have been blessed with his intimate acquaintanceship. But in his breast there lived a spirit which rose triumphant over all depressing emotions, and still continues, after half a

century, to make joy for more millions of human beings the world over than any other now existing. An attempt, even by one accomplished in the art, to analyze the character of this unique human genius would be futile. Its phases are too multifarious. There is humor preeminent, wit unexcelled, philosophy rare, if uneven; repugnance, often violent, to wrong in any form; instinctive and invariable, though occasionally ill-timed, revolt against oppression of humanity whether by God or man; all supplemented by the reasonableness of a comrade, the kindness of a friend, the devotion of a lover and the sweetness of a child."

HOW ANDREW CARNEGIE CLIMBED UP



REFORM in the spelling of the English language really grows out of the present agitation, the success will be due chiefly to a Scotsman and a Dutchman. The hard work has, of course, been supplied by others. A wealth of lexicographical learning, the best in the world, has been for years enlisted in behalf of simplified spelling. But the announcement that Andrew Carnegie had undertaken to finance the cause for five years brought it first into general popular notice, and the recent action of the present occupant of the White House, whose very name tells of the flowery fields of Holland, whence his ancestors came, has created an agitation that for a time, so far as newspaper discussion goes, almost dwarfed the revolution in Russia and the insurrection in Cuba.

Andrew Carnegie, the financier of simplified spelling, who came into the world by way of Dunfermline, Scotland, seventy-one years ago, was "a child of poverty and discontent." His father, a weaver, was a labor agitator who delivered troublesome street harangues. His uncle was a man of the same sort, only more so, who got into jail for one of his inflammatory talks. There was a streak of poetic justice, therefore, in the trouble which the Carnegie Company sixty years afterward had with the labor unions, which culminated in the Homestead riots. Carnegie himself, however, was at that time on the other side of the Atlantic, and it was his partner, Henry C. Frick, who had that memorable row on his hands. Who knows but some of the walking delegates of Homestead at that time had received their first lessons in agitation from the elder Carnegie?

At the age of ten, Andrew may be said to have begun his financial career by investing

his savings of something less than a dollar in oranges which he and his brother peddled around town and sold at a profit. When he was twelve he quit school and when he was thirteen he quit the Old World, together with his father, mother, and younger brother, Tom. The family took up their residence in Allegheny City, in the aristocratic neighborhood known as Barefoot Square, Slabtown. Andy secured a job at once as a bobbin boy in a cotton mill. His father got a job in the same mill. And Mrs. Carnegie took in washing! In giving these facts, we are depending for our authority upon Herbert N. Casson, whose article in a recent issue of *Munsey's Magazine* furnishes the foundation for this article. Besides taking in washing, Mrs. Carnegie did work for a neighboring shoemaker whose name was Phipps. Harry Phipps, the shoemaker's son, became a chum of Andy's, and in after years they became partners and amassed their millions together.

As a bobbin-boy Andy earned \$1.20 a week. At the end of a year he was promoted lower, so to speak, going down into the cellar as stoker for a furnace at a salary of \$1.80 a week. After a year at that he became a district messenger boy at \$3.00 a week. Three other messenger boys who sat on the same hard bench with him waiting for orders were Robert Pitcairn, David McCargo, and William C. Moreland. The first became one of the high officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the second became superintendent of the Allegheny Railroad and the third became city attorney of Pittsburgh.

Andy lost that job by disobeying orders and being promoted for it! The boys were not allowed to take despatches as they came in on the wire; but one morning, before the operator reached the office, a message was



ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE FORMER BOBBIN-BOY OF SLABTOWN, ALLEGHENY CITY

When the Scotsman in Andrew Carnegie gets the best of the American he goes to Skibo Castle and lives like one of the Lairds of old. It is one of the finest structures in Scotland, and from its crenelated tower flies the American flag.

signaled from Philadelphia and Andy unhesitatingly jumped to the instrument and received with accuracy. He was then made an operator at \$300 a year. Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, took notice of the lad's quickness and zeal and made him a railway operator in his, Scott's, office. Then came an incident that gave Andy his first real grip upon the future. During Colonel Scott's absence from the office, an accident was reported on one of the lines which tied up the road and threatened a costly lockade. Andy promptly acted. He sent out a dozen telegrams, signing the name Thomas A. Scott to each, which set the trains again in motion. That lost him his job again, for he was promptly promoted to be Colonel Scott's private secretary, an influential position, as the recent revelations of graft in the Pennsylvania's management have shown. There is no evidence, so far as we know, that Andrew Carnegie did anything to develop the possibilities of graft which some of his successors have so energetically utilized, but he saw a legitimate opportunity when it came his way and he began to make investments in various companies that became successful. Says Mr. Casson:

"His first thousand dollars was made in an oil speculation, and without the investment of a cent. He gave his note in return for a block of stock, and then paid for the stock out of the dividends. The company bought the Storey Farm, famous among oil men, for forty thousand dollars; and before many years the market value of the shares was five million dollars. In a single year the cash dividends amounted to several times the cost of the farm."

At the age of twenty-eight he succeeded Scott as superintendent. That was in 1865. One year before, he had begun to invest in the iron industry, buying an interest in the Iron City Forge Company, in which two of his boyhood friends, Henry Phipps and Thomas N. Miller, were actively interested. He also organized the Keystone Bridge Company, which speedily became "the most prosperous bridge company in the United States." Carnegie soon resigned his position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, never again holding a salaried position.

It was now that his career as an iron-master began, and the beginning was not propitious. For three years the company had all it could do to keep the sheriff away. Often they had to put a pile of pig-iron in pawn to raise ready money. His partners began to

wrangle and his puddlers began to strike. But Carnegie was no "quitter." He bought out Miller's interest and a few months later the prospects became brighter. A boom began in railroad building, and Carnegie's friendships among railroad officials stood him in good stead. In fact, his capacity for making friends may be said to lie at the foundation of his success. He was never a practical maker of iron and steel. He was an "outside man," who secured the orders. And he did much of the financing, a great deal of which was needed. In 1872, when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company wanted to place \$6,000,000 in bonds abroad, Carnegie was entrusted to sell them, which he did, making on these and a second block which he also disposed of a commission of \$225,000, which enabled him to become the principal stockholder in the iron company.

The rest of the story is found in the annals of the iron and steel industry of America: the adoption of the Bessemer process; the vast development of railroad systems; and finally the organization of the United States Steel Corporation and the purchase of Carnegie's entire interests.

Here is Mr. Casson's description of Mr. Carnegie's business method:

"Carnegie had originated a new business principle in the steel trade—that big men should do big things and small men do small things. 'I never write a letter that anyone else can write for me,' he said. 'Mr. Carnegie was not worth fifteen dollars a week as a clerk,' one of his partners assured me. But Carnegie saw no reason why he should do a clerk's work. He did his own work well because he did not try to do anything else. He initiated such a change in business tactics as had taken place in military tactics. The other steel-makers of the seventies were leading their workmen in person, just as Harold led his Saxons and Leonidas his Spartans. Carnegie, like Wellington or Napoleon, or Oyama, directed the battle from a near-by hill, from which he could survey the whole combat and maneuver his forces to the best advantage. He fought, but not as a private soldier. He was a general of industry—a fact often overlooked by his captains. The steel men of Pittsburgh, as they plodded up and down their dirty, half-paved streets, shrouded in a perpetual sooty fog, growled and scoffed at the 'parlor knight' who won his victories at the banquet or in the Pullman car. But one fact they could not deny or belittle—that he seldom lost a battle.

"Carnegie had from boyhood the faculty of attracting the attention of the great and the rich. It was more than a knack. It was an instinct. And deep down beneath his diplomacy it was based upon the solid worth and forcefulness of his character. He was as great as they. Long before his wealth had made him famous, he was the personal friend of Gladstone, Rosebery, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, John Morley, and James Bryce.

"When the young Prince of Wales visited the country, in 1860, there were scores of telegraph operators and railroad men standing along his line of travel; but Andrew Carnegie was the only one who sprang forward and offered the titled stranger an exciting ride on a locomotive. As the two young men—one a prince by virtue of his birth, and the other by virtue of his competency—clung to the narrow seat in the engineer's cab and were jolted along the crooked track, there began the springtime of a friendship which in its autumn brought business to the Pittsburgh steel-mills.

"It is safe to say that Andrew Carnegie invested less money and gave less time to his business, and made more money out of it, than any other self-made millionaire in the world."

Mr. Casson goes at some length into the fate of Mr. Carnegie's partners, only one of whom, Henry Phipps, stayed with Carnegie to the end. According to Mr. Casson, not one of the partners was ever coerced or voted out. Carnegie had more faith in the business than any of his partners had, and when they were ready to quit he was ready to purchase their interest at terms which were at the time satisfactory to them. The worst that can be said, apparently, of his business methods is that he took rebates from the railroads at a time when rebates were not illegal, and that the success of the business was in large measure due to what many regard as the inordinate degree of protection which is given to the iron and steel interests by the tariff. The total value of the wealth amassed by the canny Scot we do not know, but we know that about five years ago, when he had already made most of his large gifts, he still had on hand \$175,000,000.

Personally, Mr. Carnegie is the most genial and democratic of men. His wealth has made him neither dissolute, nor blasé, nor unapproachable nor ostentatious. He has a boy's zest in living and mixes with all kinds of men easily and unpretentiously. He does not hire attorneys to express his views on public affairs, but has always been ready in interview or magazine article to tell what he thinks of free silver, imperialism or the relations of capital and labor. In 1867, when already on the highway to wealth, he hired tutors and supplemented his meager schooling with a long course of systematic study. He has always been a reader of good books and even when a boy took delight in writing for the papers. His name is on the title-pages of five successful books of which "Triumphant Democracy" is the most notable—a book likely to live.

In 1887, being then fifty years of age, he married Louise Whitfield, and one child, a daughter, has come to bless the union.

PIUS X IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF HIS PONTIFICATE

CARDINAL Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, has returned from his sojourn at the pontifical villa of Castel Gandolfo in a frame of mind described by French and Italian newspapers as "uneasy." The health of "the prisoner of the Vatican," tho somewhat improved since the last of his recurrent attacks of gout, indicates need of rest and relaxation. "Happy you!" his Holiness is quoted as having exclaimed to the Cardinal when that young Eminence fled from the dog-day heats, "who can go where you please. Go, go, and get as well as possible. When you come back you will certainly find me here." The sovereign pontiff has resumed his daily walks afoot through the leafy recesses of the historical domain on the east salubrious of Rome's seven hills. But these walks are less protracted and less solitary than they were wont to be when the personality of this Pope was still new and strange. His Holiness takes more frequent refuge in the little two-horse carriage, whence he alights for a while to converse with the intimates of his suite. He is now never reluctant to return in his conveyance after covering a few hundred yards. Roman correspondents of French allies, studying the Holy Father with the watchfulness of sailors on the lookout for land, report him pale, stooping, more and more inclined to a limping gait. He continues to give audiences, but to fewer at a time, unless some party of pilgrims finds access facilitated for it by previous arrangement with a major domo, otherwise styled "Master of the Chamber" and entitled to be addressed as "Your Excellency."

But the Sunday afternoon receptions of the Catholic faithful of Rome continue with all the informality of yore. Everyone is welcomed in a most personal way unless the Pope be imprisoned in his apartments by the obstinate swelling of his knee. Pius X in white skull-cap, white sash, whiteippers and white robe, making the blue eyes seem bluer and the white hair whiter, merges on a terrace

smiling, benignant, blessing and greeting by name the very humblest. The parish societies sing, the orchestras of young people display their proficiency and the affair is never quite to the Pope's taste if gymnastic exercises be omitted. Old, young, men, youths and little boys from factory and slum show by their demeanor on these Sunday afternoons that they take the Pope for what he is—a pious, simple priest, a peasant by birth, humble from instinct, prone to question his people on the subject of their souls. Pius beams on the assembly, felicitating this one upon some skill with the dumb-bell, questioning that one as to his attendance at mass, and concludes with a little homily on the gospel of the day. For the Pope stuns the curia by the conception he has formed of his position as Bishop of Rome. His predecessors were rarely so personally patriarchal and had quite other modes of sustaining the majesty of the pontifical office.

This first of the sovereign pontiffs to spring from the humblest peasant stock since the reign of the fifth Sixtus shows in other ways how difficult he finds it to accommodate himself to Vatican etiquette. He does not care to receive in the throne-room of the Vatican, as his predecessor nearly always did. He is reluctant to be borne about by attendants in the pagoda of a potentate. He has no suite of exalted ecclesiastics. He puts down pomp with unsparing parsimony. He is after more than three years of experience with the ways of the Vatican a stranger to many of them. He still reveals by his methods that he has never been

a nuncio, never familiarized himself with the work of the Sacred Congregation; has never acquired a taste for any art, unless it be that of Gregorian vocal music; has never learned to appreciate his noble guard and his Swiss guard and his major domo and the retinue that he will not permit to parade the papal palace with him. This pontiff even rises to receive the frequent visitor to his private library, allowing little time for the



WHERE THE EARTHLY CAREER OF THE
"PRISONER OF THE VATICAN"
WAS BEGUN

The upper left-hand window on the spectator's left looks out from the tiny room of the house in Riese, near Treviso, in which the peasant woman who could barely read gave birth to Giuseppe Sarto, now Pius X.



From stereograph, copyright, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE POPE IN HIS EVERY-DAY ATTIRE

The white robe of the Vatican sovereign is a far more familiar sight to the proletariat of Rome than it has been for many years, as his Holiness walks about freely in his domain and permits himself to be seen and approached by all.

three bendings of the knee prescribed by tradition. Pius X gets up from his desk and comes to the door with outstretched hand. He has not abolished etiquette by any

means, but he has simplified it and made it subordinate to the transaction of business. Even in the morning, according to the rules prescribed by the major domo, laymen must wear evening dress at a private pontifical audience. Women have to wear black. There must always be a black veil over the female head and gloves and jewels are doffed. Children and young girls, however, may appear in white. An absolutely private audience is not now so readily obtained, owing, it seems, to the state of the Pope's health. He receives three or four at once, while pilgrimages are welcomed, of course, as a whole. The custom of kissing the Pope's ring survives. The only persons exempted formally from this requirement are non-Catholic sovereigns. King Edward did not kiss the Pope's hand when he was received. Emperor William bends his head over the pontifical ring without kissing it. Pius prefers to grant audiences of a private character between the hours of ten and one in the morning and between three and five in the afternoon. Occasionally, however, he receives people in the evening.

The goutiness and the more or less apoplectic tendency of the Pope are said, in the *French dailies* which record the state of his health so constantly, to be hereditary in the Sarto family—the Pope being a Sarto by name as everyone knows. The two sisters who kept house for him when he was Patriarch of Venice and who were so often seen making their place in the Square of St. Mark and chatting with other women who might have been gondoliers' wives, had twinges of the gout, although the malady is said to be rarer in women than in men. The Pope's two brothers, one a carabineer and the other postmaster of a district in which he served as letter-carrier for twenty years, are likewise gouty, we are told. Pius, however, inherits the family tendency in its acutest form. Just before the supreme pontiff celebrated the second anniversary of his elevation to the throne, his physician, Dr. Laponi, was summoned in haste to the Vatican. Pius was unable to leave his bed, owing to the inflammation in his left knee. Local and general treatment brought quick relief from pain, but, according to the reports of the *London Lancet*, no skill can eradicate the disease. It asserted itself again last summer. The Pope is said to have been unable to sleep for three successive nights because of the pain of cramp in his limb. When these attacks pass away his Holiness is prone to over-exertion. To these indispositions, complicated, according to the *Gazette de Lausanne*—which keeps

touch with Vatican affairs—by growing apopleptic tendencies, are attributed a prevalent belief in Rome that the pontificate of Pius will not be long. Dr. Lapponi is said to have prescribed change of air for his august patient on more than one occasion. This impossible prescription is averred to be the only foundation for the many rumors that Pius X is to make his pontificate memorable by quitting the Vatican for a sojourn at that favorite holiday resort of former Popes, Castel Gandolfo. But no pontiff has set foot there since Pius IX last visited the place in the summer of 1869, altho, like the Vatican itself, it enjoys the privilege of extra-territoriality. "No one can stay at Castel Gandolfo," writes the Roman correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, "without realizing how greatly the health of the Pope would benefit by an annual outing here. The villa has two romantic gardens some distance away, both enjoying the privilege of extra-territoriality by the fifth section of the Law of Guarantees. It has delicious balconies, too, from one of which the Holy Father could gaze upon the tranquil waters of the lake." But all authorities agree that Pius X will never repair to Castel Gandolfo tho every joint in his system swelled with gouty inflammations. He will display the same inflexibility of purpose here, thinks the Roman correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, that makes him the most abstemious of living men in the matter of diet. Animal food and stimulants have in all the Pope's meals been reduced to the smallest possible proportion. The Pope is always an early riser, often appearing in the Vatican gardens at six o'clock in the morning. But he is not quite so regular in the matter of meals as was the case in the first year of his pontificate. Dr. Lapponi has varied the Pope's diet from time to time for the sake of his health. The light wine of the Italian luncheon table was banished altogether for months. The Pope prefers the peculiar spaghetti combinations of Venice, in the preparation of which one of his sisters is skilled. But these seem to be prejudicial to his system and they have been to a great extent given up. The *Débats* says that Dr. Lapponi is just now trying the experiment of depriving the Pope of breakfast altogether. Pius is as fond as ever of his revolutionary liking for a guest at his meals. Former pontiffs have been in the habit of eating in solitude and the sensation of the innovation was very great.

Pius X is what would be called, in another walk of life, a talker. He seems to have very little reserve in the expression of his opinions.



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A SPIRITUAL RULER WITH OVER 200,000,000 SUBJECTS

His Holiness, Pius X, sovereign pontiff of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, wearing his papal crown and robes of state, in the act of bestowing the apostolic benediction.

But it is noticed that he does not select his personal friends from among Vatican officials. The few churchmen who enjoy any intimacy with him, the priests who are most frequently in his company when he moves about the Vatican gardens, do not belong to the curia. They are Venetians. As is well known, the Pope does not speak French with any fluency, altho he knows the language much better, says the

Indépendance Belge correspondent, than many Frenchmen suspect. But it seems that the sovereign pontiff is not wholly at ease in the use of Italian. He employs the dialect of his peasant forbears, modified by the local colloquialisms of Venice. This gives his speech a strange, not to say outlandish, ring to those of the monsignori who were trained in the scholarly precision of his predecessor's court. The Pope's Latinity, too, is not Ciceronian. It has been observed that Pius is no artist. It might be added that he has never been a student in the stricter sense of the word. He has never even attempted to keep in touch with science, while for what used to be called "polite literature" he has no taste at all.

Pius X has "the memory mind," and his great talent is for administration. He gives hours of his time to the details of the diocese of Rome, which, for the first time in many a year, is directed in matters of most trivial detail by a Pope. A great deal of his energy is spent upon finance, a subject not always understood at the Vatican. Pius insists upon elaborate reports at regular intervals. He has made a list of every person connected with the several offices of his government, and he has a reputation for speaking bluntly to ecclesiastics when he thinks they are wasting their time, or his. His Holiness has been accused of some "nearness" in regard to money. But it must be remembered that he has always lived

with great frugality and that the financial affairs of the Vatican have not been flourishing for a long time. Nor can it be said that the present pontiff has endeared himself to the Roman aristocracy by his willingness to be seen and addressed by all, his aversion to ceremonial and his refusal to recognize the college of noble ecclesiastics as the only nursery of talent at the disposal of the Church. They cannot forgive him, observes the Roman correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, for letting one of his sisters become the wife of an innkeeper in her native village. What the Vatican thinks of its sovereign purports to be set forth in the language of a prelate connected with the staff of the pontifical secretary of state, quoted by the Roman correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*:

"With the new Pope great virtues ascended the pontifical throne. Ardent piety, sincere faith and absolute humility are giving a living example to the whole Catholic world. For Pius X is a saint. Cardinal Oreglia described him to you as such and all who approach the Holy Father are at once convinced of it. But you know that pliability and diplomacy are not the qualities of a saint. Pius X possesses neither the one nor the other. Indeed, he despises and hates them both. Hence that anachronism which has given to the Catholic church at the moment when science makes the most formidable assault upon faith, the most simple, the most unsophisticated, the most guilelessly honest Pope it has ever had at its head."

TREPOFF—NO LONGER "THE TERRIBLE"



REPOFF was to his Czar what Friday became to Robinson Cresoe. The man was unthinkable without his master. Nicholas II fled from the plots of Tsarskoe Selo to backstair conclaves at Peterhof. Trepoff went before. Nicholas II resolved to drag an estimable but unwilling country gentleman from bed at dead of night to clothe him with the responsibilities of office. Trepoff bore the summons. Nicholas II took frenzy to his bosom and loathed to look upon the vault of heaven. Trepoff was overwhelmed. Trepoff, in fine incarnated the difference between the Russian revolution of today and the mighty upheaval at Paris in 1789—for Nicholas II had a Trepoff and Louis XVI had none.

Trepoff embraced the profession of arms in his earliest youth, yet his prowess and his strategy have never been distinguished in the field.

In one responsible civic post after another he had indefatigably achieved administrative chaos. His incapacity for council has time and again brought confusion to the policy of those reactionaries who sway his master's mind. Nicholas II himself was no longer weak enough to be influenced by the suggestions of so preposterous an adviser as Trepoff. Yet Trepoff was his master's indispensable man, because he was his master's best instrument. When Nicholas II wanted advice, he sent for advisers innumerable; but when Nicholas II wanted things done, he sent for Trepoff only. Yet so destitute was Trepoff of human capacity in its exalted forms that he could be set but one task at a time and must needs be instructed in it patiently and with detail, like a boy sent to the butcher for a piece of meat. Nothing dare be left to his discretion. His mind was of that wooden military type to

which all life was a state of readiness for tactics and all duty the execution of the next maneuver. The result of all the training he ever had was to fashion him into such an instrument as the commander of an army would appreciate in deploying two corps in front of the enemy. The kind of pettiness above which the Trepoff intellect cannot rise was characteristically manifested when he became chief of police at Moscow some years back. The least infraction of a technicality in some forgotten municipal ordinance made Trepoff furious. He came down heavily upon the hapless keeper of a billiard parlor who had three tables on his premises when he should have had but two. But of the government of Moscow in any large sense Trepoff had no conception. The streets, which had been brought into a semblance of order by his predecessor in office, lapsed into the confusion of an orchestra when the trombonist is too zealous. Trepoff's efforts to control Moscow's traffic resulted in cab-drivers going as they pleased and how they pleased. His discipline of the police made nearly the whole force a body of tipplers and absentees from post. In the outlying and poorer districts of the city burglaries and hold-ups were constant. Amid the tumult provoked by his own incapacity, Trepoff conducted himself with so great a fatuity that the Czar was forced to promote him to the post of Governor-General of St. Petersburg. Thus were the people of Moscow relieved of the spectacle of a Trepoff dashing about town in his carriage at breakneck speed to the imminent hazard of the pedestrian's bones.

Moscow, by the way, supplies the anecdote most illustrative of the salient trait in Trepoff's personality, which was arrogance. His flying cab once knocked a shabbily-dressed Englishman into the gutter, and, according to the reliable Russian correspondent of the *London Times*, Trepoff put his head out of the window and swore volubly in French at the befouled foreigner. The victim was a man of rank so high that the British Ambassador found it quite out of the question to ignore the representations made to him in consequence of the incident. Trepoff had to be communicated with. He threatened to put the Englishman in jail. But he changed that tone completely when ordered from Tsarskoe Selo—where the Czar was then residing—to send a written apology to his victim. Trepoff complied with this behest in terms so subservient, indeed, that his sudden meekness was pronounced by his enemies—they are legion—a piquant commentary upon his character.

Nevertheless, Trepoff illustrated the fallacy of an old notion that a man who is a bully must be a coward, too. He was the man most hated by the bomb-throwing extremists, yet he would, upon occasion, ride freely, with only a coachman for bodyguard, through the St. Petersburg slums. Latterly he had been less reckless and his house at Peterhof was guarded night and day by armed police. Dr. E. J. Dillon, who knew Trepoff as well as he knows Witte—which is very well indeed—says the general was possessed of physical courage and even of a kind of moral courage to an extraordinary degree. He would proceed unarmed to the quarters of a whole company of disaffected troops and threaten to flog them all then and there. His old-time skill in flourishing the knout did not rust in him unused. Some ten years ago, when he was only a colonel in the imperial guards, he led his force of floggers, valiantly. In exacting a penalty of blood from the human back at this stage of his career, Trepoff preached and practised an absolute equality of the sexes. He imbibed at this period, too, that detestation of the Jews which he insisted is part of a true Muscovite's patriotism, and which he displayed at Moscow by hunting out the Jews there and flogging them from town. Trepoff always made himself a prime favorite with such famous floggers as Prince Obolensky, who whipped so many Khar-koff peasants to death, and General Kleighels, the most corrupt police official even Russia has ever produced. Trepoff was the official hero of a Paris *Temps* tale that the back of a certain young Jewess was knouted to a pulp to elicit from her information that she never possessed. The great power of the Jews, according to Trepoff, consists in their control of the press. He pointed out that numbers of Russian papers are owned by Jews, staffed by Jews, inspired by Jews. And Trepoff was devoted to the orthodox faith. His eyes resembled those of the late Grand Duke Sergius—Trepoff's patron—in the curious stare and convergent cast that may come from overmuch contemplation of icons.

Trepoff, says one biographer, was the illegitimate son of a very high personage. Certainly, but for the interest always taken in him by the Jew-baiting Grand Duke Sergius, of assassination memory, Trepoff might never have had a career. But the reference books make Trepoff the son of that General Trepoff whom Vera Zasulich shot years ago. The paternal Trepoff was Prefect of St. Petersburg at the time. These Trepoffs have been in Russia, by the way, for three generations

only. The father of the first General Trepoff was a certain Herr Trepthov who emigrated from a small German village early in the last century and long picked up a precarious livelihood in Moscow by reading the newspapers, with explanatory comment, to a crowd of rustics assembled around a tavern stove.

Trepoff lived in perpetual embarrassment from the escapades of his relatives. His various nephews and nieces persisted in allying themselves with the cause of Russian emancipation, to the impotent fury of their uncle. One circumstantial story in the London *Standard* has it that the general's favorite niece, daughter of his elder brother, tried to shoot him at his own breakfast table. Be that as it may, the young lady did throw herself in front of a railway train on the very day her sister attempted suicide. Their uncle had detected the pair, it seems, revising the proofs of a revolutionary organ in a terrorist printing establishment. This part of the story is denied by the St. Petersburg police, who explain that these young ladies were merely driven to distraction by the discovery that both loved the same young captain in the imperial guard. Another relative of General Trepoff's is a widely-known advocate of the policy of pelting imperial personages with bombs, and she is a very beautiful young lady. Her threatening letters to the Czar have been most disconcerting. She was sent out of Russia to be educated, according to the stream of gossip, because General Trepoff was determined that at least one of his fair relatives should be a credit to him. But when the young lady came home a year or more ago, she went over to the terrorists with the others. Her father had but a short time before been made vice-governor of a province through Trepoff's influence. It is only fair to note that the police provide quite different versions of these several episodes.

General Trepoff was quite a figure in court society. He never shone in conversation, but he looked well in the uniform of his rank. It was characteristic of the general to wear his uniforms and his decorations on all occasions and to look down upon the civilians. It is even said that his wardrobe did not include a single article of civilian attire. The elegant accomplishments were his—he danced well, loved the opera, sang with effect and was an expert fencer. His wealth was said to be enormous, altho figures are not given. His landed property was considerable, however, and the name of Trepoff figured in the financial scan-

dals which form so remarkable a chapter in the history of the present reign. If the palace rumors were not so obscure, one might believe the beard and mustache of Trepoff were false. They were worn, hints one chronicler, to deceive the terrorists who kept a sharp look-out for a bewhiskered Trepoff. The real Trepoff is revealed to the constructive imagination surreptitiously doffing his facial appendage and clambering into bed with chin and cheeks inviting comparison, in the matter of close shaving, with those of the highest church dignitary in Rome. The truth on so personal a point must be known to few except those discreet sharers of secrets, the Russian police.

Upon Trepoff rested a personal responsibility for the safety of Nicholas II, of his consort, of that heir to the Russian throne who is first in the annals of the Romanoff dynasty to be born to the title and estate of Czarevitch, and of the four little grand duchesses whose births preceded that of the two-year-old Alexis. For the protection of this imperial household at Tsarskoe Selo, at Peterhof, at the winter palace or whithersoever it sojourns, Trepoff organized his advance guards and his rear guards. He established his outposts and his patrols. He assumed command at each transfer of his theater of operations, deploying his forces and protecting his flanks with a skill that might have made him famous at the seat of war in Manchuria—whither, by the way, he narrowly missed being despatched after the death of the Grand Duke Sergius. For Trepoff had the ill-luck to be involved in a scandal connected with the supplies of the Russian troops in the field. A famous Russian manufacturer, one of the largest employers of labor in the Czar's dominions, had donated cloth to the value of a million roubles for the uniforming of Kuropatkin's soldiers. These very goods were soon afterward exposed for sale in the shops of Moscow. The name of Trepoff, together with that of his patron, the Grand Duke Sergius, was dragged into the scandal. The general met the emergency by ordering the manufacturer and donator of the cloth to leave Russia forthwith. But as this order resulted in 65,000 persons being thrown out of employment and the collapse of an entire branch of industry, St. Petersburg had to interfere. Trepoff's order was rescinded and he was himself instructed to report to Kuropatkin at the front. But the powerful personal influences which had served the general so well at every stage of his career resulted in the subjection of his military capacity to a very different test.

Literature and Art

A LOUD OUTCRY OVER SILENT LETTERS



ALL President Roosevelt's innovations and reforms since his assumption of office, none, it may safely be said, has aroused such a hubbub of acrimonious comment, on both sides of the Atlantic, as his recent order instructing Public Printer Stillings to use "simplified spelling" in all the publications of the Government Printing Office. The President has been at some pains to explain that "there is not the slightest intention to do anything revolutionary," and that all he has done has been to follow the recommendation of the "Simplified Spelling Board" in omitting "silent" letters and adopting a more rational spelling in the case of three hundred words; but the explanation has had no perceptible effect in quieting his critics. He is bitterly censured both for his advocacy of the reformed spelling and his method of introducing it. "Even the German Emperor," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "never attempted anything like this"; and the Springfield *Republican* says: "While no one can dispute, Mr. Roosevelt's right to spell as he may please in his personal correspondence—just as he has a perfect right to write in French or German—yet it would seem properly to rest in Congress to decide what changes, if any, are to be made in the common tongue of the Nation, when used in official documents." The New York *Tribune* anticipates confusion as a result of the President's order. "Should the next occupant of the White House reverse his predecessor's action," it points out, "and restore, so far as his jurisdiction extended, the familiar and generally accredited forms of English words, there would then be in existence a set of executive documents preserving to future years a variety of orthographical eccentricities which had been officially current only a brief period of time."

Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company, sends to the New York *Times Saturday Review* a publisher's protest against the proposed changes. "To adopt the President's new form of spelling," he says, "would be to jeopardize and even to annihilate that export trade in American literature which we, in common with all of the larger publishers, have been fostering with so much care for a number

of years." And Goldwin Smith, the veteran Toronto scholar, writes in one of his letters to the New York *Sun*:

"English spelling is the product of a very complex history, of which its anomalies show the traces. Phonetic clipping will make it unhistorical, unfamiliar and uncouth. Can anything be more uncouth than 'thru,' commonly tendered as a specimen of the phonetic system? The language eschews endings in 'u' except in the cases of diphthongs and incorporated foreign names.

"The contents of our existing libraries would suffer, especially perhaps our books of poetry. There would be perplexity in our schools. Would a slight saving of type or of handwriting suffice to repay us?

"Such a change at all events would seem to require the consent of the various communities by which English is written. How could this consent be obtained?"

Similarly, President Eliot, of Harvard University, says:

"I suppose that President Roosevelt has a right to write his message in any style of orthography to which he may incline, but I think that it will be a long time before such a style as that proposed becomes very popular or takes a great hold upon the public. I don't myself care for it, and it is my opinion that the same view is held by the majority of leading educators. There are some distinguished men, such as President Butler of Columbia, who have long favored it, but I do not see that their work has brought much of accomplishment. The English will hardly adopt this new system, which would mean not only that the publishers would be obliged to make two sets of plates, but that all the present plates of standard and popular works would be rendered incorrect and without value. It can be seen at a glance that the publishers will object strenuously to any change in the system of spelling, and as our books naturally set the style of orthography, it would certainly be practically impossible, or at least difficult, to bring about any innovation in this direction without the assistance of the publishers."

In England, the President's crusade has been greeted by a veritable tornado of hostile criticism. Andrew Lang prophesies that there will be a "hot time" before uniform simplification can be introduced; and G. K. Chesterton devotes two columns in *The Illustrated London News* to a whimsical expression of his disapproval of the new reform. "I do not believe," he says, "that the men who drew up the Declaration of Independence would take delight in calling it the 'Decklarashun ov Independunce.'"

The criticism of the London papers ranges all the way from the abusive, and in some cases insulting, comment of the irresponsible press to the dignified protests of the weightier organs and the stinging satire of such journals as *The Saturday Review*. "President Roosevelt overrates his powers," declares the *London Standard*; "he may act as peacemaker between Russia and Japan, may flout the United States Senate and stamp on trusts, may sit down at table with a colored citizen, may get a third term after having sworn he would not be a candidate—all these and many other wonderful things he may accomplish, but he will not reform the spelling of the English language." *The Times* comments:

"There are two great dangers, very serious in their outcome, to which the common English tongue may be exposed by the rather headlong leap President Roosevelt has taken into the abyss of spelling reform.

"If the lead of the President is not universally followed by the press of the United States, and there is every indication that it will not be, a great gulf will sooner or later be fixt between the official language of the United States and the common language of the people. Still worse, if the new fashion should be universally adopted in the United States and universally repudiated in this country, a still greater and perhaps in the long run almost impassable gulf would be fixt between the languages, literature, and thoughts of the English-speaking people on either side of the Atlantic and other parts of the world. Surely this would be a calamity worth while taking some trouble, even at the cost of logic, uniformity, and consistency, to avert."

The *London Academy* thinks that President Roosevelt's tactics as a spelling reformer are "clearly foredoomed"; and *The Outlook* says: "The visible result in this country of Mr. Roosevelt's move, or rather dive, in the direction of simpler spelling has been to revive in a powerful form a body of mere conservative prejudice which would in time, if left to slumber, have undergone much modification." *The Saturday Review*, which for years has been notorious for its almost unreasoning hostility toward everything American, pours the vials of its wrath on President Roosevelt's head. It says, in part:

"Search his written and spoken utterances, and you will observe a fine Republican contempt for the King's English. He tramples on it as a galling reminder of the colonial bondage. It is high time, he holds, that a land which is alike the Home of the Free and the Paradise of the Half-educated should be provided with a tongue of its own. He has watched with sympathy, and stimulated by example, the efforts of his countrymen to emancipate themselves from Old-World conventions.

Should anybody dispute the patriotic claim, let him search the files of American newspapers and read, if he can, the twenty or thirty columns of the President's last Message to Congress. . . . Surely, the people of a go-as-you-please country are entitled, in the intellectual domain, to demand a spell-as-you-like charter. This, we think, is a point that Mr. Roosevelt—who is, we believe, sometimes charged with hastiness of judgment—may, perhaps, have overlooked. The severe academic standard which he proposes to establish will, no doubt, have to be revised and relaxed by later authorities. For the present, however, it is an exhilarating prospect that the new democratic language will be determined by the joint counsels of such acknowledged savants as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Andrew Carnegie."

So much for the "opposition voices." In turning from them to consider the arguments of the spelling reformers, we are bound to recognize that the President has much sound logic, as well as influential support, in his favor. The editors of three of our leading dictionaries—"Webster's," the "Century," and the "Standard"—as well as many of our best-known literary men, are members of the Simplified Spelling Board. Mr. Carnegie, the financial backer of the new crusade, has written a letter to the *London Times* suggesting a joint spelling board for the whole English-speaking world, and in it he points out that the British scholars known to be in sympathy with the new spelling already include Dr. Murray and Dr. Bradley, editors of "The Oxford English Dictionary"; Prof. Joseph Wright, editor of "The English Dialect Dictionary"; and Professor Skeat, editor of "The Etymological Dictionary of the English Language." Mr. William Dean Howells has long held, and expresses anew (in *Harper's Magazine*, September), the conviction that our dictionary spelling is "the greatest monument of human folly held sacred by any people." He says further:

"The actual English spelling does not spell anything, really; it is a kind of picture-writing, in which certain groups of letters symbolize certain sounds without representing them. The difference between our spelling and our speech is such that the lexicographer finds his burden divided between orthography and orthoepy, and yet doubled in the failure to show how the printed word shall be spoken. For the literary artist, who wishes to indicate dialect variations, the system is worse than useless; he must frame a convention and trust the reader's intelligence for its acceptance before he can hope to suggest the accents he has in mind. Nothing worse could be said of our spelling than that it does not spell; that is quite enough to condemn it. If it fulfilled its office, one might not repine at its manifold difficulties; but it breaks down at the first step and at every step. It is a failure which nothing

but the immense powers of the race which suffers it could repair."

Prof. Brander Matthews has supplemented this argument by a plain statement of the aims and character of the "Simplified Spelling Board." In a letter to the *London Times*, he says:

"The board is not a collection of 'cranks' or of irresponsible faddists. It is a representative body of American citizens, selected from all parts of the United States. It accepted the fact that what has been known as 'fonetic reform' was practically impossible. It determined to act upon the wise saying of Saint-Beuve, that 'orthography is like society; it will never be entirely reformed but we can at least make it less vicious.' It resolved to concentrate its effort upon the acceleration of the process of casting out useless letters which merely cumber our spelling and which exert no influence upon pronunciation. This process has been evident in English for centuries, and it has resulted in giving us 'music' instead of 'musicke,' 'economic' instead of 'oeconomick,' etc. It has been at work even in the nineteenth century, since we find 'phaenomenon' in the very early editions of Macaulay and 'engulphed' in the early editions of Parkman. It is in accord with the genius of the language, and if it could be accelerated it would relieve us of many of the most flagrant absurdities of our orthography.

"As it happens, the omission of silent letters would often restore an older spelling, which has been ignorantly changed for the worse, as in 'rime,' 'controller,' 'harbor,' 'iland,' 'agast,' and 'gild.' The process of omission had been carried a little further in the United States than it had in Great Britain, since we adopted long ago 'wagon' and 'almanac,' and since 'tho' and 'program' and 'catalog,' if not widely accepted, were at least familiar to most American readers. . . .

"The large majority of the new spellings find a place in the latest American dictionaries, and a large minority are sustained by the authority of the chief English poets, from Spenser to Tennyson."

Many of our papers and magazines look favorably on the proposed changes, and some have adopted them. The *Washington Star* remarks that "when a committee of the distinction of that headed by Brander Matthews offers a list of changes, it can no longer be said that there is a menace of linguistic chaos"; and the *Chicago Post* declares: "Phonetic spelling is, in the majority of cases, more acceptable to the etymologist than the present senseless and uncouth forms." The *New York Independent*, a pioneer in spelling reform and the first journal of any prominence in the country to adopt the more radical words proposed, comments:

"Not a few who knew better will say that the President has undertaken a task too great for him, that he cannot reform the spelling of the English language. But he can do his part. He can do what every one of us can do, control his own spelling. That is all he has attempted to

do. He has authority over one printing-house, and that he uses. That job is not beyond his competence, and those may follow who please. The opposition will depend on ridicule, on quoting Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, for it has not one argument except the stupid word which is lacking in the bright lexicon of youth, and makes the task impossible."

The full list of three hundred words indorsed by the President is as follows:

Abridgment, accouter, accurst, acknowledgment, address, adz, affix, altho, anapest, anemia, anesthesia, anesthetic, antipyrin, antitoxin, apothem, apprise, arbor, archeology, ardor, armor, artizan, assize, ax.

Bans (not banns), bark (not barque), behavior, blest, blusht, brazen, brazier, bun, bur.

Caliber, caliper, candor, chapt, check, checkers, chimera, civilize, clamor, clangor, clapt, claspt, clipt, clue, coeval, color, colter, commixt, compress, comprize, confest, controller, coquet, criticize, crept, crost, crusht, cue, curst, cutlas, cyclopedia, carest (not caressed), catalog, catechize, center.

Dactyl, dasht, decalog, defense, demagog, de-meanor, deposit, deprest, develop, dieresis, dike, dipt, discust, dispatch, distil, distrest, dolor, domicil, draft, dram, drest, dript, droopt, dropt, dulness.

Ecumenical, edile, egis, enamor, encyclopedia, endeavor, envelop, Eolian, eon, epaulet, eponym, era, esophagus, esthetic, esthetics, estivate, ether, etiology, exorcize, exprest.

Fagot, fantasm, fantasy, fantom, favor, favorite, fervor, fiber, fixt, flavor, fulfil, fulness.

Gage, gazel, gelatin, gild (not guild), gipsy, gloze, glycerin, good-by, gram, gript.

Harbor, harken, heapt, hematin, hiccup, hock (not hough), homeopathy, homonym, honor, humor, husht, hypoteneuse.

Idolize, imprest, instil.

Jail, judgment.

Kist.

Labor, lacrimal, lapt, lasht, leapt, legalize, license, licorice, liter, lodgment, lookt, lopt, luster.

Mama, maneuver, materialize, meager, medieval, meter, mist (not missed), miter, mixt, mold, mold-er, molding, moldy, molt, mullen.

Naturalize, neighbor, niter, nipt.

Ocher, odor, offense, omelet, opprest, orthopedic.

Paleography, paleolithic, paleontology, paleozoic, paraffin, parlor, partizan, past (not passed), patronize, pedagog, pedobaptist, phenix, phenomenon, pigmy, plow, polyp, posset, practise, prefix, prenomem, prest, pretense, preterit, pretermitt, primeval, profest, program, prolog, propt, pur.

Quartet, questor, quintet.

Rancor, rapt (not rapped), raze, recognize, reconnoiter, rigor, rime, ript, rumor.

Saber, saltpeter, savior, savor, sceptor, septet, sepulcher, sextet, silvan, simitar, sipt, sithe, skilful, skipt, slipt, smolder, snapt, somber, specter, splendor, stedfast, stept, stopt, strest, stript, sub-pena, succor, suffixt, sulfate, sulfur, sumac, supprest, surprize, synonym.

Tabor, tapt, teazel, tenor, theater, tho, thoro, thorofare, thoroly, thru, thruout, tipt, topt, tost, transgrest, trapt, tript, tumor.

Valor, vapor, vext, vigor, vizor.

Wagon, -washt, whipt, whisky, wilful, winkt, wisht, wo, woful, woolen, wrapt.

AN AMERICAN WRITER WHO JUST MISSED ENDURING GREATNESS



WHEN the London *Tribune* summed up Mrs. Craigie's career by saying that, tho she had written many noteworthy novels, plays and essays, "her style and outlook on life were still unfixed, and the development of her genius seemed to show much greater possibilities," it voiced a sentiment that is reinforced by almost all the critical estimates of her work that have appeared since her death. "Those who knew her best," remarks the London *Standard*, "were waiting, as she herself was waiting, for that work done in the maturity of her powers, for which all her published novels and plays were little more than a preparation"—but the work was never written. "An exceptionally brilliant mind," says the London *Academy*, "has left no worthy memorial behind it." Similarly, the London *Times Literary Supplement* comments:

"Her work is largely experimental; she tried to use other people's methods, and wrote other people's books instead of her own. These books give the fatal impression of being born not of an impulse, but of a theory, of being not the books the author felt impelled to write, but the books she wished to feel impelled to write. This process may produce a *tour de force*, it cannot in the end produce genuine living work; and it is to be feared that all Mrs. Craigie's more ambitious novels will prove to lack the essential spark."

The same note is found in much of the American comment on Mrs. Craigie. The New York *Outlook* says:

"The fact is that, with brilliant powers as a writer of epigram and paradox, with astonishing keenness in probing the insincerities of modern society, and with views of the philosophy of life which were always expressed in an original and

sometimes a startling way, Mrs. Craigie was quite deficient in constructive force, and her characters, although subjectively well conceived, did not have that semblance of actuality which only the born fiction-writer can give. 'The School for Saints' is generally considered her strongest work; yet those of us who read it and were impressed with it ten years ago or so might find it difficult to recall individual characters and principal situations, altho the impression made by the style (some one has said that her writing was a compromise between her style and her sex) and the extremely clever give-and-take of the dialog remain in memory."

And yet a purely negative estimate of Mrs. Craigie's powers would be in the highest degree misleading. She was a great writer, and if she failed to achieve enduring greatness, she failed, so to speak, by a hair's breadth. In estimating her career in *The Book News Monthly* (Philadelphia, October), Mr. Charles Houston Goussiss writes:

"The first impression Mrs. Craigie leaves upon her reader is that of vehement earnestness. She is serious with her work, with her views of life, and with her own personal temperament. She is eager to be just to her reader, to the truth, and to herself."

"Her style is brilliant, witty and epigrammatic. In her earlier works she indulged in a cynicism that was almost pessimistic. She knew society

with its small talk and pettiness, its luxury and selfishness, and she presented it to her readers with most biting sarcasm. Her touch has been described as masculine, and her mannerisms have been compared to those of George Sand and George Eliot.

"Another quality of her work is its indefinable air of having been written by a mental aristocrat—a genuine lady. No one has ever laid bare with more skill the motives of the better classes of England. Her men and women never for a moment forget their breeding; they never do or



PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE

("John Oliver Hobbes.")

Who died recently in London. "Her place in literature," says a writer in *The Book News Monthly*, "was unique. She is the only American woman of letters whose stories are acceptable to the people of her adopted country, but whose position in America was never affected by her foreign residence."

think anything vulgar. This was the woman's personality embodied in her work.

"Her place in literature was unique. She lived away from her native land, and wrote principally of English life. She is the only American woman of letters whose stories are acceptable to the people of her adopted country, but whose position in America was never affected by her foreign residence."

Mrs. Craigie was the granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. James Richards, founder of the first theological seminary in New York. Her father, John Morgan Richards, now a prosperous London merchant, was a resident of Boston at the time of her birth in 1867. She was educated in Boston, London and Paris, and at the age of nineteen married Reginald Walpole Craigie, of the Bank of England. The marriage proved unhappy, and three years later she was divorced from her husband, retaining the custody of their only child. Her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," was published by her in 1891 under a pseudonym which she used from that time on—"John Oliver Hobbes." The book showed a brilliant epigrammatic power and "the keen satirical observation of contrasting energies" that was destined to characterize

all of her works. Her most famous novels are, undoubtedly, "The School for Saints," and its sequel, "Robert Orange." Her last novel, "The Dream and the Business," is being published posthumously in England and America.

During late years she turned to the drama and achieved some success in this field. "The Ambassador" and "The Bishop's Move," says a writer in the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, "will long be remembered by American playgoers. The good qualities, the intellectual graces and subtleties that adorned these compositions existed in a rare abundance, making the plays unique in spite of their uniform deficiencies." Mrs. Craigie was also a well-known as a lecturer, and on the occasion of her last visit to New York, a few months ago, delivered an address on "The Artist's Life, as Interpreted by the Lives of Balzac, Brahms and Turner."

Mrs. Craigie became a Roman Catholic in 1892, when she added the names Mary Teresa to her Christian name. On the morning of her sudden death, "a Rosary was found in her lifeless fingers and on her cold breast lay a Crucifix."

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF "CELTIC POETRY"



F, as Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q") has lately said, the Celtic spirit is "the most considerable force in English poetry at this time," it is of the highest importance that we should know just what it signifies. Havelock Ellis, reviewing (in a recent issue of *The Contemporary Review*) the development of Celtic literature, from the Welsh tales of a thousand years ago down to the stories and novels of Nathaniel Hawthorne (than whom, he thinks, there is no purer example of the Celt), has defined the Celtic note as precisely this: "The description of the remote as remote, the minutely realized and decorative detail, the atmosphere of twilight, of a life that is lived in a strange and delicate dream." In religious, rather than esthetic terms, Mr. Quiller-Couch, himself a Celt, declares his conviction that the first and chiefest token of the Celtic spirit is "its insistence upon man's brotherhood with bird and beast, star and flower, everything, in short, which we loosely call 'nature,' his brotherhood even with spirits and angels, as one of an infinite number of microcosms reflecting a common image of God."

The "Celtic" note, then, is a matter of feeling, rather than of nationality; and this fact has not generally been realized. But the popular misuse of the word "Celtic" is not so serious an abuse of ethnical terms as one might at first suppose; for altho many of the names connected with the so-called "Celtic Revival"—such as Yeats, Trench, Hyde, Stokes—are Teutonic, yet, as "Q" reminds us in one of his newly published *causeries**, the Celtic stock has been at the root of the whole movement. Mr. Yeats's mother, for example, was of Cornish extraction, even tho the Irish author's father was not Irish. And "Q" proceeds to explain:

"I have followed the multitude to call it Celtic, because in practise when we come upon this note we are pretty safe to discover that the poet who utters it has Celtic blood in him (Blake's poetry, for instance, told me that he must be an Irishman before ever I reflected that his name was Irish, or thought of looking up his descent)."

As illuminative examples of the Teutonic (or Nordic) and Celtic notes in English poetry, "Q" contrasts the divine "matter-of-factness"

*FROM A CORNISH WINDOW. By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"). E. P. Dutton & Company.



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

The well-known novelist declares that the first and chiefest token of the Celtic spirit is its "insistence upon man's brotherhood with bird and beast, star and flower . . . even with spirits and angels."

of certain passages from Shakespeare with the imaginative lyrics of William Blake. To quote again:

"So great is Shakespeare that he tempts us to think him capable of any flight of wing; but set down a line or two of Blake's—

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage . . .
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

—and, simple as the thought is, at once you feel it to lie outside the range of Shakespeare's philosophy. Shakespeare's men are fine, brave, companionable fellows, full of passionate love, jealousy, ambition; of humor, gravity, strength of mind; of laughter and rage, of the joy and stress of living. But self-sacrifice scarcely enters into their notion of the scheme of things, and they are by no means men to go to death for an idea. We remember what figure Shakespeare made of Sir John Oldcastle, and I wish we could forget what figure he made of Joan of Arc. Within the bounds of his philosophy—the philosophy, gloriously stated, of ordinary brave, full-blooded men—he is a great encourager of virtue; and so such lines as—

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action

are thoroughly Shakespearean, while such lines as—

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage

are as little Shakespearean in thought as in phrasing. He can tell us that

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

He can muse on that sleep to come. . . . But that even in this life we may be more truly ourselves when dreaming than when waking—that what we dream may perchance turn out to be more real and more important than what we do—such a thought overpasses his imaginative range; or, since to dogmatize on his imaginative range is highly dangerous, let us be content with saying that it lies outside his temperament, and that he would have hit on such a thought only to dismiss it with contempt. So when we open a book of poems and come upon a monarch crying out that

A wild and foolish laborer is a king,
To do and do and do and never dream,

we know that we are harkening to a note which is not Shakespearean at all, not practical, not English. And we want a name for that note."

The commonly accepted name, unsatisfactory and misleading tho it be, is "Celtic," and its real significance, the writer insists, is essentially religious. Poetry committed to a creed of universal brotherhood, he observes will "hardly be subservient to societies and governments and legalized doctrines and conventions," and "will hold to them by a long and loose chain, if at all." He continues:

"It flies high enough, at any rate, to take a bird's-eye view of all manner of things which in the temple, the palace, or the market-place, have come to be taken as axiomatic. It eyes them with an extraordinary 'dissoluteness'—if you will give that word its literal meaning. It sees that some accepted virtues carry no reflection of heaven; it sees that heaven, on the other hand—so infinite is its care—may shake with anger from bound to bound at the sight of a caged bird. It sees that the souls of living things, even of the least conspicuous, reach up by chains and are anchored in heaven, while 'great' events slide by on the surface of this skimming planet with empires and their ordinances."

Hence, according to Mr. Quiller-Couch, the Celtic spirit is not to be found in the poetry of imperialism. The Celtic poets have no "imperial ideals." While Rudyard Kipling was singing of "absent-minded beggars" and "muddled oafs," while Swinburne and Henley were saluting the Boer War "in verse of much truculence, but no quality," while Thomas Hardy was contributing a few "mournfully memorable lines on the seamy side of war" and Mr. Alfred Austin, "like the man at the piano, kept on doing his best," the Celtic poets were all "Anti-Jingos." As a striking minor example, while a popular magazine was print-

g Kiplingite verses in glorification of Henry II, which ended with:

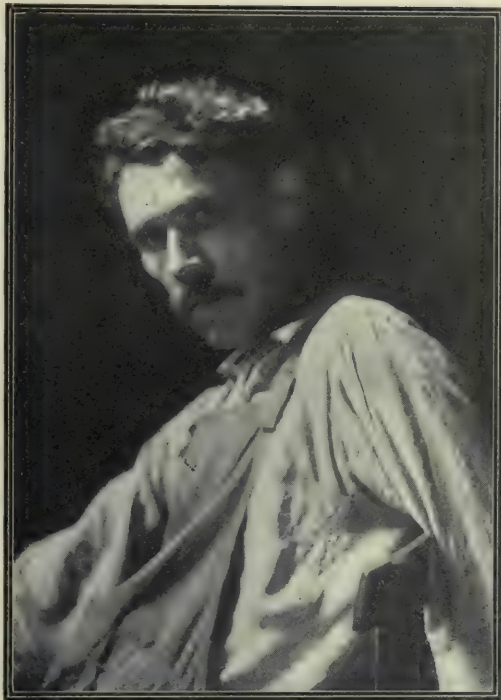
We boasted not our righteousness—
We took on us our sin,
For Bluff Hal was just an Englishman
Who played the game to win.

young Celtic poet, Mr. Herbert Trench, was basking all Jingoism in a grave and noble poem named "A Charge," the final verse of which is especially memorable:

Last, if upon the cold, green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,
Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey.

"If a man cannot see the difference at once," says "Q," "I almost despair of making him perceive why poetry refuses just now, even more obstinately than trade (if that be possible), to 'follow the flag.' It will not follow, because you are waving the flag over self-deception. You may be as blithe as Plato in casting out the poets from your commonwealth for other reasons than his. You may be as blithe as Dogberry in determining, of reading and writing, that they may appear whenever there is no need of such vanity. But you are certainly driving them forth to say, in place of 'beloved city of Cecrops!' 'O beloved city of old!'" And in conclusion, this Celt of the West addresses the following characteristic warning to imperial England:

"Even as we drum these poets out we know that they are the only ones worth reckoning with, and that man cannot support himself upon assurances that he is the strongest fellow in the world, and the richest, and owns the biggest house, and pays the biggest rates, and wins whatever game he plays at, and stands so high in his position that while the Southern Cross rises over



Photography by W. A. Cooper

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VAN DEARING PERRINE

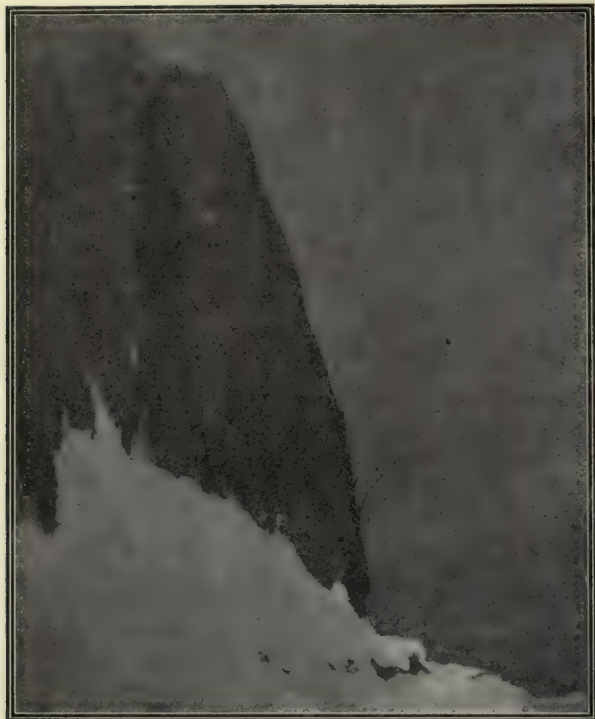
In Richard Watson Gilder's judgment, "the most original figure in American landscape art to-day."

his hat-brim it is already broad day on the seat of his breeches. For that is what it all comes to: and the sentence upon the man who neglects the warning of these poets, while he heaps up great possessions, is still 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' And where is the national soul you would choose, at that hasty summons, to present for inspection, having to stand your trial upon it? Try Park Lane, or run and knock up the Laureate, and then come and report your success!"

A PAINTER OF THE PALISADES

IN a little stone house above the Hudson, not more than ten miles from City Hall, New York, yet standing in a solitary reservation and overtopped by the frowning cliffs of the Palisades, has lived, for several winters past, a painter of unique individuality. His name is Van Dearing Perrine, and his peculiar achievement consists in having transferred to canvas the ritual grandeur of the Palisades. Not a man of externals, but an interpreter of the spirit, says Charles M. Skinner, art-critic of

the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is this simple figure, who "finds in the Palisades a mood of nature that has hardly a human counterpart or symbol, unless it might be the verse of Dante, the romance of Poe, or the adagio in Tschaikowsky's 'Symphonie Pathetique.'" Several American literary men have paid Mr. Perrine high tributes. William Vaughn Moody recognizes in him a "painter of elemental phenomena," and Richard Watson Gilder regards him as "the most original figure in American landscape art to-day." He has a new grip on the dynamics of



Owned by the White House

"THE PALISADES"

(By Van Dearing Perrine.)

the elements and the mechanics of the atmosphere, and is a painter rather of the Weather than of the countryside in static form. President Roosevelt has lately accepted one of his paintings for the White House. It was during his governorship of New York that the bill was signed that saved the Palisades from devastation.

Mr. Perrine comes out of the West, and his early years of struggle have been vividly portrayed by the art-critic of the *New York Commercial*:

"Born in Kansas thirty-seven years ago, he was soon left entirely alone in the world. He early became a rambler in a country pretty new and sometimes without teachers—but dreaming always. He dodged adversity and hunger in several states and says he went to school to both of these. Finally he learned a trade to provide himself with bread, and following it—but dreaming always—he worked his way to Texas and from there sailed for New York—to study art. Without direction or friends, and blindly led to believe in the schools, he went to one or two for short periods, but feeling their restrictions and that they were not for him—and dreaming always—he wandered from Canal Street to the country, over in New Jersey, where, with some interruptions, he has since lived, always painting when and as he could. He has had no

teachers, nor sought Europe for material, but has painted all his pictures between Sandy Hook and the Cliffs of Hudson opposite Spuyten Duyvil. He says the only picture that ever influenced him was a cheap chromo he saw in a window in Dallas, and that all other inspiration has come from Life.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, President of the Armour Institute in Chicago, has called Van Dearing Perrine as "the biggest landscape painter in this country," and declares that he has inaugurated a new school in American art in which he will have many followers. Mr. Dowd of the *Boston Transcript*, has stated

"His work is distinctly unconventional and it has elements of much power, individuality and poetic sentiment. Unusual directness and naturalness set apart from ordinary work of the academic kind. Its color is especially original and beautiful. The artist has evidently an uncommon capacity for getting into close and intimate contact with nature, and his impressions are characterized by much spontaneity and force."

The intention, which counts so much in painting, is remarkably firm and true, manifesting a personality of much distinction. "The Robbers," a night scene, with two stooping and furtive figures in the foreground, and a broad expanse of blue water in the distance is a romantic conception in which the tone and color of the nocturnal landscape are exceptionally fine. In this, as in several of the pictures, we feel the presence of a strong first-hand impression from nature, devoid of traditional and extrinsic influence. Imaginative, romantic and poetic in its quality, lifts the work above the commonplace plane; its embodiment of that of choice and original color."

In terms scarcely less enthusiastic, Mr. Skinner offers this characterization: "He is one of the strongest Americans that we have; Inness over whose head night skies are hurled or who stands alone in storm." Mr. Skinner continues (in the *Brooklyn Eagle*):

"His painting is grand, gloomy and peculiar. Sharp critics may observe that his drawing of figures is not impeccable, that he lacks vivacity and inclines to darks too much, that human interest is tenuous. True, but these matters are overbalanced by the largeness, the dramatic impetus and the individuality which are disclosed in these pictorial self-communings; individuality so assertive as to threaten anarcho-academic methods and smug complacency. The basal note is a joy in nature, a wild, direct joy it may be, such as the savage and the giant feel, but sincere and temperamental. This assured, what follows will be matter of technique, mostly, and the painter has acquired that. He paints with a big brush, and from the shoulder. It may be that his circle of admirers will never

be a large one, for his art is stern, and most people have a delight in sunshine, flowers and prettiness; but it is certain that the circle to which he does appeal will always admire him greatly, and will find in his work suggestions that cannot be extracted from the meadows of Dupré and the orchards of Daubigny."

Five of Mr. Perrine's paintings are reproduced in the September *Century* in connection with an article in which Mr. Skinner gives us still further insight into the painter's spirit. "If his art is sad," we are told, "it is not morbid: it is of Beethoven, not Chopin." Moreover:

"His color chills his canvas now and again, but he can light it with a blaze of sun, when he chooses. He lives with his subject, close to the ground, in an abandoned school-house, and paints in a cabin, with a vertical wall at the door and a vertical drop under the window. So he knows his Palisades as Thoreau knew his Walden. Indeed, with direction, Thoreau would have been an artist, and Perrine is Thoreau directed and plus sentiment. Technically his style is large, nervous, his color sober, his composition simple, but forcible, and there is nothing of the spectacular in him; rather he is reserved and mystic. He takes us to the top of an obelisk at midnight and there leaves us, poised under the cold stars and above the river, with its floes shining eerily, its shore line an emblem of repose, the staggering uprush of rock-forms proclaiming creative force; and in the snowy silence we stand at the confine of eternity, and cry the old human questions of Whence and Why. It is the vast intimation of these pictures, passing the range of the commoner sympathies and engaging with the epic, in which their value is discovered. Their strange, commanding individuality is in part a tokening of a recluse spirit, yet one that remains aloof from humanity not because of attenuate sympathies, but rather because it is under daily command of nature in forms and phases to excite wonder and aspiration. These pictures are dark and solemn, yet creation stirs in them; that never ceases, for the dead feed life and matter aspires.

"The sudden building of these Palisades expressed the demand for and the exaction of liberty, and they stand as monuments to the force that makes it, for the rock, like the tree and the man, gains its attitude through striving; and it is this drama that Perrine sees in and above the castle-front no less than the sculpturesque and deific drama that he sometimes expresses through human attributes as in 'The Robbers,' with its figures peering into the gulf, and in the glow of the city hovering phosphorescent above the water. It is also told in the frost circling as light above the moon, in explosions of storm, in autumn wreckage blown afar, in white heavens rising beyond vistas of rain. Here he suggests Poe, Dante, Goya, while Angelo's architectural qualities are more betokened in canvases that describe the stabilities.



Owned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears

"THE BELATED RETURN"

(By Van Dearing Perrine.)

Perrine elects to live and work among these rocks in winter. In the summer he scratches the soil a little on Long Island, that he may go back to the cliffs with a fresher eye, a keener zest and the sharper consciousness of a continuing love. In a day when painters avoid great things, when they compose idyls, when they paint atmospheres, when they follow the pleasant conventions of schools and studios, it is reassuring to come upon a man who thinks largely and seriously on themes that deserve the thought, and whose prosperity in the unfolding of his sentiment, in the form we know as art, is due to a frank unurged affection for nature, which such as he must always regard as the mask or symbol of spirit."

Autobiographical utterance generally furnishes the truest key to a man's nature, and some of Mr. Perrine's own sentences, inscribed by a friend, may fittingly conclude this brief review of his art:

"Why do I work? Because I suffer,—because I am dizzy at the thought of the immensities beyond our little lives,—because the world of creation is to me one vast miracle whose commonest thing tires my brain with wonder,—because of the much I feel and cannot understand,—and because I know that perfect song remains unsung."

"It seems to me that Expression and Imitation



Owned by the New Gallery, New York.

"COASTING FIREWOOD"

(By Van Dearing Perrine.)

Showing a familiar scene on the Palisades during winter-time. Fallen timber belongs to the finder, and is "coasted" down hill from the heights, to be used for log-fires.

are two wholly different things. Expression is the result of the absorption of Nature's laws by a mind which discards accidents and reveals Nature's tendencies. It presupposes the beholder's imagination, which Imitation does not."

"Nor does the mere painting of what one sees include all that is necessary for the creation of a work of art. It must be the registering of some universal principle to which the mere work is but the foreground over which we may be led to behold some new relation in Nature."

"Nature is not a corpse but a live thing. She is always on the threshold of a new performance. See her quivering there, holding ever a past from which evolves a coming-in. Watch this action, this eternal shifting and changing. You can't imitate it or take a death-mask of it, but by deep seeing and great thinking you will come to a more perfect digestion and a greater expression."

"After all it is the thing behind the surface of Nature which shapes it, and that thing is your own affection. The breadth and depth and height of all we can know of her is confined to it. A love of Nature is the only knowledge in Art."

"Singleness of idea is the first principle in art. Your thought must be organic. Shakespeare's

witches and ghosts are as real to us as his men and women because his men are no more real than his ghosts and his ghosts no less real than his men. The intensity of Shakespeare's mind—its white heat—dissolved alike the real and the unreal into one common base and with this he painted. It is this order in your own mind which will make you the artist, and no amount of dexterity will replace it. Ability is but the window through which you show us either something or nothing. Shakespeare shows us the whole world and his window is perfect. There is no virtue in a clean window through which you look against a brick wall."

"There is nothing in my work which I consider the best I can ever do. That part of my work which is best requires no education nor cult for its understanding—because I have solved nothing. It rather requires one who feels the presence of the great unsolved—who has gazed out at life in hungry wonderment."

"Life is great. Art in itself is nothing. It is but the wake of a great soul,—the means whereby we may trace the flight of a great mind through our sky and watch its trail long after it has passed beyond our horizon."

THE TORTURED YOUTH OF GOETHE

THO Goethe is conceded to be one of the greatest poets of the world, those who knew him best thought the man greater than the poet. Albert Bielschowsky, the author of a new and monumental biography of Goethe, pronounces his life "the most wonderful of all his works," and declares that, in elucidating the poet's career, he has been guided by a sentiment once expressed by Goethe himself: "All the pragmatic characterizations of biographers are of little value, compared with the naive details of a great life." Goethe's life and art, indeed, were so indissolubly connected that they can hardly be separated. The one was the reflex of the other. And in the degree that the life of Goethe, like that of every man of genius, is

but the intensified life of other men, it becomes the type and symbol of universal human experience.

Bielschowsky's "Life" embraces the results of all previous study of Goethe, and is hailed in Germany as a standard work. It occupied its author, an invalid Silesian schoolmaster, for ten years previous to his death, and is being translated into English by Prof. William A. Cooper, of Stanford University. The first translated volume* has already appeared, and deals with the glowing and magnificent, but restless and tortured, youth of Goethe.

We are accustomed to think of Goethe as a

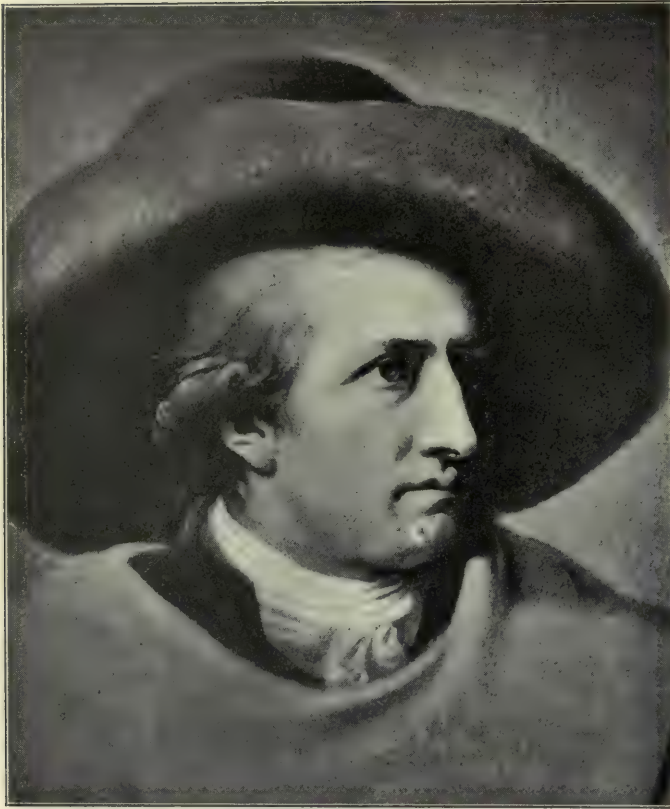
*THE LIFE OF GOETHE. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Translated by William A. Cooper, Assistant Professor of German in Stanford University. Volume 1, 1749-1788. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Owned by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg

"THE ROBBERS"

One of Mr. Perrine's most characteristic pictures. In this night scene, with its two stooping and furtive figures in the foreground, and a broad expanse of blue water in the distance, one feels, says the art-critic of the *Boston Transcript*, "the presence of a strong first-hand impression from nature, devoid of all traditional and extrinsic influence."



GOETHE IN ITALY

"No one event in Goethe's life," says his latest biographer, Albert Bielschowsky, "was a greater determining factor than his Italian journey. It made him a new man, ridding him of all nervousness and disease."

figure of Olympian poise and serenity. Such he became in his later years. But the days of his early manhood were days of suffering and torment, of "storm and stress." "It may be said that half of Goethe's life was gone," observes Bielschowsky, "before he succeeded in adjusting an equilibrium between his body and spirit and establishing a just balance among his various mental faculties, so as to avoid serious disturbances in his inner and outer life." The biographer continues:

"There is no great gift in this world which is not at the same time a burden to its possessor. Goethe's life was eminently rich in this experience; he suffered sorely under the burden of his great natural gifts. Because of his excessive sensitiveness, his straightforwardness, and his goodness and purity of heart, he was deeply offended by any form of perversity, impurity, or misery, his glowing imagination even picturing to him enmity and evil where none existed, and, furthered by his passionate energy, magnifying every unpleasant circumstance until it became unbearable. At such times he raged at himself and others, but a moment later, when he became conscious of his error, he was painfully grieved over

the wrong he had done. He even went to further extremes. Grateful as he was to the gods that his quick and versatile genius could 'split a day into a million parts and transform it into a miniature eternity,' still it was no small affliction for him to harbor in his mind this pandemonium of invisible spirits without being able to cultivate each of them as he ought. . . .

"His happiness was never more than half complete because of his longing for something different, something higher, in the very moment when his former desires were being realized. He shared this feeling with all other men whose minds transcend the dullness of the common Philistine. But in his peculiar mental makeup this feeling was especially keen and annoying, producing an example of Faust's ideal of a great life:

In the marching onwards, bliss and torment find,

Tho, every moment, with unsated mind."

Much of the emotion of Goethe's youth was consumed in love-affairs. They undoubtedly enriched his life for a while, and incidentally they helped to enrich romantic literature permanently; but without exception they ended unhappily. Men of Goethe's type

are often pictured as thoughtless cavaliers, seeking only their own happiness and trampling the hearts of women under foot. Bielschowsky shows us a man of essentially noble impulses who was led into ardent friendships that he could not sustain. The famous love-affair with Friederike Brion is typical. Goethe met Friederike in 1770, when he was twenty-two years old, and loved her from the first meeting. She was a very beautiful girl of nineteen, the daughter of a pastor in a little German village. For six months the companionship between the two was idyllic. Goethe wrote poems to her. She lived only for him. But then came the awakening, as from a dream, and the recognition, on Goethe's part, that they must separate. Goethe could not marry this village girl. He was spreading his wings for a wider flight. Like the hero of his own story, "Die neue Melusine," who loved a dwarf but could only marry her on condition that he became as small as she was, Goethe snapt the chain that bound

him. In doing so he suffered intensely. According to Bielschowsky:

"Goethe had formed an ideal for himself, which it seemed to him would be destroyed by a union with Friederike. The giant had no desire to lead the life of a dwarf. Hence the inward unrest, the vacillation of his soul, and the feeling that he was grasping after shadows, when he began to think of the consequences of his love. In what a terrible state of mind I found myself, when I heard them speak of marriage! His ideals tormented him, they drove him irresistibly to plunge into the flood of fate, to try there his titanic powers and live up to his capabilities.

"In the presence of such a demonic impulse toward life and freedom, which asserts itself as a natural necessity, it is out of place to speak of right and wrong. Great geniuses, less masters of themselves than other men are, must, like the mighty forces of nature, follow the laws inherent in themselves. They are sent to redeem humanity, while in the fulfilment of their mission they become entangled in guilt. So also Goethe. And for his trespasses, even for those into which he fell with a pure heart, as with Friederike, he had to pay dearly."

This episode left indelible impress upon Goethe's career. His first great drama, "*Gotz von Berlichingen*," was in one sense an atonement for his treatment of Friederike. In it he depicts a maiden, pure and unselfish, who extends her hand to a man who has deserted her, in order to lighten the burden of his guilty soul. Goethe sent a copy of the play to his friend Salzmann, requesting him to give it to Friederike. "She will feel to some extent consoled," he wrote, "when the faithless man is poisoned."

Of all Goethe's unhappy love-affairs perhaps the most remarkable was that with Charlotte Buff. Charlotte was betrothed to another, but this fact seems only to have stimulated Goethe's affection for her. She was but a child; yet he idolized her. He suffered all the pangs of unrequited love, and when he was compelled to give her up he fell into utter despair. He thought of self-destruction; a friend of his, at this juncture, tormented by hopeless love for another man's wife, actually committed suicide; and at last Goethe poured out the pent-up agony of his heart in a story that was destined to carry his name around the world—"Werther." It was the bitterest cry of his life, and "the most perfect expression," says Bielschowsky, "of the world-wo which for years had reigned in Germany." "What Goethe had suffered," he adds, "thousands of others had suffered, less intensely, it may be, and under fewer forms. But he alone had known how to give divine expression to these sufferings."

More poignant, at times, than even the sor-


rows of his unhappy affections were those occasioned by the unsettled problems of his genius and his career. "It was not until middle life," we learn, "that he was sure even of his chief aim." He dabbled in art, in science, in administrative affairs at Weimar, but, strange as it must now seem to us, could not be persuaded for long years that his vocation lay along the lines of pure literature. At the age of twenty-five we find him bemoaning his life of "spiritless humdrum," and dreading that a petty office in the service of his native city may be his destiny. Twelve years later he was still disposed to regard his life as a failure. His health had been dangerously undermined by his administrative labors. His scientific work had not advanced beyond the embryonic stage. His greatest literary works—"Faust," "Tasso," "Wilhelm Meister"—lay about him in fragments, and he did not seem to have the strength to complete them.

Finally, in sheer desperation, he broke away from the Weimar routine and went to Italy. "The chief aim of my journey," he said afterward, "was to cure myself of the evils, both physical and moral in nature, which annoyed me in Germany, and to satisfy my burning thirst for art." He was successful in both purposes. Says Bielschowsky:

"No one event in Goethe's life was a greater determining factor than his Italian journey. It made him a new man, ridding him of all nervousness and disease. Melancholy expectation of an early death, which seemed preferable to the life he had been leading, gave way to an admirable cheerfulness and enjoyment of life. The deeply serious, silent man, whose grave thoughts never left him, even in society, had become as merry as a child. It is refreshing to hear him laugh in the popular theaters of Venice and Naples, refreshing to see with what delight he eats his figs on Lago di Garda, or his grapes in the market-place of Vicenza. All his senses have been aroused to new life. With the same degree of sensuous pleasure with which he eats the fruit of the southland, he listens to the soft melodies of the night, gazes on the splendor of the clear sky, basks in the soft winds, feasts his eyes on the endless wealth of form and color which nature and art have lavished upon the Italian landscape, and revels in the charms of the happiness of love.

"In Rome he was able to round out his life and expand. His world-spirit found for the first time in the world-capital a congenial atmosphere and environment. He arrived at a clear understanding of himself and the ways he must pursue: above all else he recognized that his peculiar, first, and most important calling was not that of a statesman, nor of a painter or scientist, but that of a poet, and this clear understanding led to harmony of character, resoluteness and happiness. To use one of his own words, he became 'complete' and sufficient unto himself."

ALFRED DE MUSSET: SPOILED CHILD OF THE MUSÈS

S long as there is a France and French poetry, so long the flames of Musset will live, just as the flames of Sappho are still alive."

Thusspoke Sainte-Beuve, many years ago, when Victor Hugo was still among the living. He also asked himself doubtfully which of the great poets of France then living would have the last word in times to come. "Now," says Stoddard Dewey, in the New York *Evening Post*, "posterity has fairly made up its mind." Hugo is taken at his own Olympian valuation; but he leaves us cold. Lamartine is unread. Musset, however, still stirs our hearts. He has sung of the primal passion of love and its sadness more intensely than his greater contemporaries. Nor is this all. As Jules Lemaitre remarks, his melancholy is not always of love—"it has the *surgit amari aliquid* of ancient Lucretius, desire eternally unsatisfied, illusions eternally reborn; it is but a step on the way toward the intellectual melancholy of his age." This, Mr. Dewey assures us, is the true importance of Alfred de Musset in the history of thought: "he neither schoolmastered nor doctored his age—he was its articulate voice."

Alfred de Musset has been called the lyrical Heine of France and nicknamed "Mademoiselle Byron." He may not have been a faultless artist, and his compass was narrow, but he was at least genuine. As Rochefort somewhere observes, "he has sung, even in ill-rhymed verses, his own sadness and despair as a lover betrayed and forsaken." Therefore, his appeal is universal, for "every man has suffered from some woman, and dug his nails into his breast as he saw her pass on the arms of another." This explains Musset's instant success. It also explains why, a few weeks ago, fifty years after his death, his statue was unveiled at Paris. Right in the heart of Paris it is, at the corner of the Théâtre-Français. Mercié made it, and it is one of the sculptor's happiest inspirations. It represents the poet half reclining on a pedestal, refined, melancholy, aristocratic. The Muse standing on one foot bends over him with an expression that is described as "enthusiastic." The unallegorical multitude, Mr. Dewey tells us, asks, "Who is this woman?" "Why, of course, George Sand!" This he denies; "the families of both are still too much alive to allow an art so real."

"A man's work is his self"—this axiom, a writer in *The Edinburgh Review* tells us, may

be applied, without reserve, to Musset. In the greatest artists, it is true, there would seem to be, besides, the reflected image of the author's individuality, an overplus of genius, the gift of spiritual divination. "The shadow transcends the stature of the artist; he penetrates into regions his feet have never trodden, he finds access to hidden treasures beyond the utmost reach of his outstretched hands; he becomes thereby the spokesman not only of the individual soul, but of the aggregate soul of human kind." Alfred de Musset, we are told, can lay no claim to a place amongst the arch-prophets and priests of art. "With him the limits of the man correspond exactly to the limits of the artist." This was not without compensation:

"He reaped the full benefit of his restrictions. Revolving within their orbit, his emotions reached the extreme degree of incisive strength, of accentuated sensitiveness, possible to the greatest of artists. They imparted their pulsations to every nerve of the poet's being. Every vibration of his feverishly brilliant intellectuality responded to their call, and every sensation passed through their refining fire before it mirrored itself upon his imagination. The poems which won for him the adulation of young France were the exact thermometer of his ephemeral passions—

Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse;
Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer . . .

[That book is my whole youth,
I wrote it almost without thought.]

the inscription prefixed to his earliest volume must be taken literally. From first to last his art was an example not only of the spontaneous transcription of mood, emotion, and sentiment, but it was, so far as art may be, the absolute counterpart of his complete personality. The transcription of emotion passed continually into an autobiographical registration of episodes and experiences. "De ton cœur ou de toi, lequel est le poète?" [Your heart or you—who is the poet?] is the question in one of the 'Nuits'—the answer should have been 'both.' His 'Contes' are pages from a diary, his plays read as dialogue drawn from memory, his verses serve as a journal. Writing his life, biographers must have recourse to his prose and poetic fiction; in the analysis of his works, critics, to make criticism intelligible, must trace chapter by chapter the story of the poet whom, in Heine's phrase, comedy had kissed on the lips and tragedy on the heart; a poet whose paramount aim was to love and be loved, a veritable Prince d'Amour, of the days of *Trouvères* and *Minnesänger*, but a prince disinherited, seeking in passenger loves and ignoble byways a lost kingdom."

Life, this critic continues, had proved to Musset, soul and body, almost from the start, a malady of fever and weariness, of brief de-

lirium and long lassitudes, a malady of emotional insomnia. "Even his childhood's vignettes are of checkered sunshine. Fretted, supersensitive nerves, over-impressionable affections, access of ungovernable irritation succeeded by fits of ungoverned repentance, gave danger signals—only too fatally prophetic—of physical and mental trouble to come." His college days fell in the time of disillusionment after the fall of the great Napoleon. His tastes underwent many vicissitudes, and flitted from R gnier, Delavigne and Ch nien, to Hugo and Byron, with a sprinkling of Voltaire. Yet the originality of his genius and his faculty of critical judgment remained unimpaired. "He listened, copied, learnt, mocked,—and went his own way."

By the time he met George Sand, the famous novelist, who was destined to exert a dominating influence on his life and career, he was already Musset, the *enfant perdu*, and withal, in spite of himself, an idealist of idealists. The *Edinburgh Review* writer says:

"Under the surface scepticisms of his youth a seemingly inviolate childhood of the heart survived; he kept intact an innermost sanctuary where faith and illusion held rendezvous, salved their many wounds or reaffirmed in dying the creed of an innate ideality. In the days of his first aspirations as well as in his later, sadder years, the lax moral standard of what Sainte-Beuve characterized as 'une  poque blas e et libertine' never affected the beliefs—such as they were—that he professed."

Passion without love was, in his eyes, a demoralization; insincerity in love, an inconceivable sin. He was the first to portray Don Juan as a spiritual type, a seeker after impossible goals. Thus he formulated love into a religion and pursued his ideas in strange regions, exacting from the grisette of the street, the opera house, or the Paris salon, the scrupulous fidelity of a wife.

Musset stood in the zenith of his fame when George Sand scored her first great successes. It was inevitable that they should meet. George Sand feared such a meeting; she knew that their natures were too unlike. Yet it happened. Both were smitten with love. A few days later we find the poet addressing enthusiastic verses to her:

"He worshipped her with a boy's light-hearted gaiety and a poet's adoration. . . . Over her, too, lay a spell of enchantment, her talent for self-deception reached its apogee, she saw herself with the wings of an angel guardian. . . . She had released a weak, capricious, dissipated lad from the corrupting influences of his past, and raised him for the hour to the level of a true passion, and be it said that, altho with her no reciprocal passion wakened for many a long day,



A STATUE OF DE MUSSET

Recently unveiled in Paris. The poet is shown half-reclining on a pedestal, refined, melancholy, aristocratic, while the Muse bends over him.

she gave him, so far as it was in her power to give, of her best."

The history of their love marks clearly the impotence of passion to bridge the gulf between two essentially incompatible temperaments. Both loved; both suffered; both, like true literary artists, turned their suffering into copy. Her masculine nature outlived this romance; to Musset, delicate feminine soul, love was fate. All his subsequent books in prose and verse relate but different aspects of his passion for George Sand. He runs through love's whole gamut, but cannot sing his heart free. Thus Musset's life singularly illustrates the little foolish-wise nursery rhyme which the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* calls the poet's creed:

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde,   la ronde.
C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde,   son tour."

Music and the Drama

NEW LIGHT ON IBSEN'S CHARACTER

THE peculiarities of Ibsen's personality and methods of work; the contrast between his nature and that of his most distinguished fellow-countryman, Björnson; the enduring influence of a romantic friendship with a young girl, upon which he entered at the age of sixty—such are the main points emphasized and illumined in a book on Ibsen just published in Berlin by George Brandes, the Danish critic.

Brandes knew Ibsen during the best part of thirty-five years, and the view that he gives us of the great Norwegian is personal and intimate. "I will try," he says, "to describe the man as he was in daily life—in his younger days alert, lively, eager—cordial, and, at the same time, sharp, never 'good-hearted,' even when he was cordial; in dialog a good listener, cheerful, communicative, frank; averse to any other mode of life than that of a recluse, and in large gatherings taciturn, easily embarrassed and offended. Never did he forget the unfriendly reception with which his early works had met in Norway, nor ever cease being grateful to the outside world. It took little to displease him or to arouse his mistrust. The least suggestion of forwardness in a stranger at once made him shy and unsocial."

It has been well said that men of genius, broadly speaking, fall under two categories. One kind achieve distinction as the supreme embodiment of prevailing ideas and aspirations; the other triumph by reason of their

very antagonism to ruling standards. Björnson represented the former type, Ibsen the latter. At a time when Björnson, naive, confident, well pleased with himself, and adored by the people, was being elevated to the pinnacles of success, Ibsen had scarcely a friend in all Scandinavia. Says Brandes:

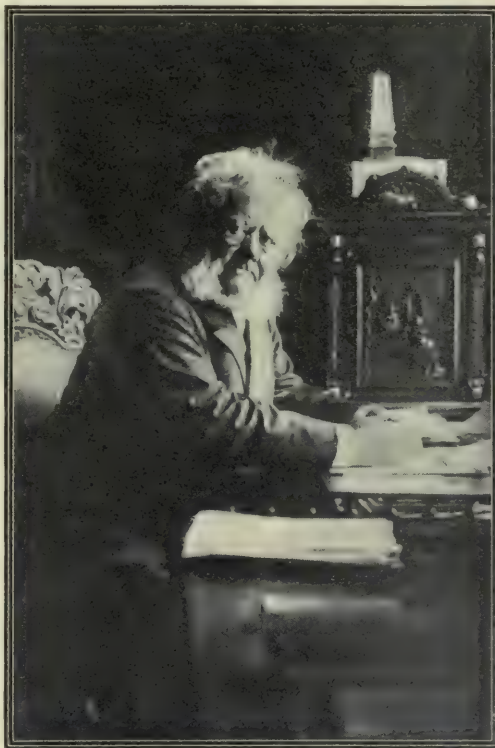
"There is no doubt that the very antithesis existing between the two men served to develop the peculiarities of Ibsen. Björnson, sanguine, sunny-

tempered, talkative, affable, if not altogether without guile, made Ibsen doubly reserved, doubly silent. Björnson, who always said *we*, always spoke with the authority of an organ, always felt himself a patriot and party-man, made Ibsen more solitary, more distinguished. He became, instead of a patriot, a cosmopolitan; instead of a party-man, an individualist. Björnson's nature tended to spread out broad and wide, Ibsen penetrated into the depths. . . .

"Björnson is a plain moralist. He makes of his heart no robber's cave. Ibsen is always struggling to harmonize his calling as judge with his deterministic belief in necessity. Björnson preaches against kingship or against extremes (superstition, anarchy, etc.), and advocates moral purity or toleration. Ibsen does not preach at all; he merely questions and makes us think."

Ibsen's essential greatness, according to

Brandes, lies in the universality of his appeal. In Norway he was first greeted as a conservative, later as a radical; in Germany he was praised as naturalist, individualist and Socialist; in France he was treated as symbolist and anarchist. "In each country," remarks Brandes, "they saw one side of his nature—which shows through how many facets it



IBSEN AT HIS DESK

A portrait that has been widely circulated in Norway since his death.

phone." Ibsen's characters were all suggested by people that he met, and their problems are the problems not of a race, or a nationality, but of all humanity. The character of Brand, for instance, was based on the life, death, and doctrines of the Danish philosopher, Kierkegaard. Peer Gynt had as his principal model a young Dane with whom Ibsen became acquainted in Italy—an affected swaggerer and solemn fantast who could not distinguish his own lies from reality. The character of Nora was suggested by a young woman who had committed forgery, not for the lofty purpose of saving her husband's life, but of buying new furniture! Eilert Lövborg, in "Hedda Gabler," has many traits in common with a student whom Ibsen knew in Munich.

How much symbolism Ibsen really meant to put into his dramas is a question that has interested every critic who has tried to discuss his melancholy, will-less men, his elemental, half-wild women, his spectral white horses, his weird dream calls. With the many more or less ingenious theories that have been put forth on the subject Brandes has little patience, for "Ibsen's writing," he declares, "was always quite personal and psychological, never abstractly allegorical." On this point he says:

"If 'An Enemy of the People' was a self-defense, 'The Master-BUILDER' is a confession. In this drama, so simple and yet so deeply significant, extraordinary symbols have been sought for. A student fraternity asked me to decide whether Hilda represented Catholicism or Protestantism, while Erich Holm's recent book, 'Ibsen's Political Legacy,' otherwise very clever, reads in the character of Solness the body politic, in Ragnar Socialism, in the burning of the home the French Revolution, in Hilda liberty. It is possible to see in the history of Napoleon a sun-myth. He was born on one island and died on another; that is, he rose out of the sea and sank into the sea; his mother's name was Letitia, which signifies joy; he had twelve marshals, that is, twelve heavenly signs. Everything fits in a remarkable way. Only, Ibsen's writing was always quite personal and psychological, never abstractly allegorical. If the burning of the home symbolized anything, then it was surely some circumstance in his own personal experience, perhaps his flight from home, and not some event in the world's history. And Hilda represents liberty as little as she does Protestantism.

The relation between Solness and Hilda suggests a friendship which Ibsen formed in the year 1889, when he was sixty, with a certain Fräulein Emilie Bardach, who was then eighteen years old. Like Hilda she was the "May sun of a September life." Twelve letters written to her by Ibsen are published for the first time in the Brandes volume. They refer constantly to a summer spent near her in the Tyrol—the



EMILIE BARDACH

Like Hilda, in "The Master-BUILDER," she was the "May sun" of Ibsen's "September life."

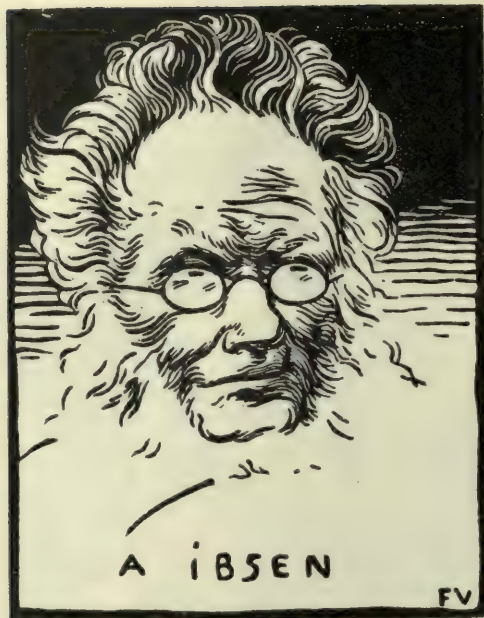
"happiest of his life." He discusses his work with her, sends her his plays and his portraits, and calls her his "princess." In a mood of dejection occasioned by her departure in October, 1889, he writes:

"The country looked very dreary during the last week—at least it seemed so to me. There was no sun. Everything gone—vanished. The few remaining guests could, of course, offer me no solace for the beautiful brief autumn life.

"I went walking every day in the Pfäferschthal. Beside the path, you remember, there is a bench, where it might be very pleasant to chat with friends. But the bench was empty and I passed by without stopping.

"The great hall, too, was lonely and comfortable less.

"Do you remember the big, deep window niche on the right of the veranda entrance? It was a beautiful niche. The flowers and plants, intoxicatingly fragrant, still stood there. But otherwise—how empty—how lonely—how forsaken! . . .



A CARICATURE OF IBSEN
(By Felix Vallotton.)

"A new drama is beginning to dawn within me. I will elaborate it this winter and try to work into it my happy summer mood. But it

will end in sorrow. That I feel. It is my way. . . ."

In December of the same year, he writes:

"This evening I must go to the theater to attend a performance of 'An Enemy of the People.' It is absolute torment to me only to think of it. . . . For the present, then, I must give up looking for your photograph. But it is better so better to wait than to have an unsatisfactory picture. And besides, how vividly I see your lovely, noble self in my memory! You see I still believe in a mysterious princess hidden somewhere. But the mystery? Well, one may dream what one will about it and dream great beauty into it. And that's what I do. It is at least a little compensation for the unattainable and unfathomable reality. In my fancy I always see you adorned with pearls. And you do love pearls. There is something deeper—something mystical in this fondness you have for them. But what is it? I often ponder on the question. Now and then I believe I have found the connection. Then again not. Some of your questions I shall perhaps try to answer next time. But I have so many questions of my own to ask you. I do it—inwardly—unceasingly. . . ."

Finally, on the back of a photograph which he sends her nearly ten years later, he sets the inscription: "The summer in Gossensass was the happiest, the most beautiful, in my whole life. I hardly dare think of it. And yet I *must*, always,—always."

MR. WINTER'S APPRECIATION OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

RICHARD MANSFIELD has announced his purpose of presently retiring from the stage, and this fact lends special timeliness to an appreciation of his life and character appearing, from the pen of William Winter, in *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia). The veteran critic, who pronounces Mr. Mansfield "still in the prime of life" and regards him as "the most vital force now operant upon the American theater," refuses to take the announcement of his retirement seriously. "The true workers," he remarks, "—the persons who really do the important work of this world in their various lines and capacities—often feel that their task is finished and that their day is over, and they often long for their release. It was so with the great novelist Thackeray, who spoke of his work as finished even before he had written 'The Newcomes.' It was so with the great actress Charlotte Cushman, who often took leave of the stage, and as often returned to it. Mansfield's orig-

inality of mind and poetry of temperament, combined with his affluent, restless vitality, could always hold him in the realm of art."

Turning back to recall the days of Mansfield's early triumphs, Mr. Winter remarks that the actor first appeared, "as genius always appears," suddenly, and as a surprise. He continues:

"It was my good fortune to be present on the night when Mansfield made his first great success on the American stage. It was the night of January 10, 1883, at the Union Square Theater, New York. The play was 'A Parisian Romance'—one of the many literal, and therefore necessarily vulgar, pictures of semi-fast life in Paris so common in our theater within the last twenty-five years. The part was that of Baron Chevalier, a wealthy banker, who lives for sensual pleasure; who avows the doctrines of extreme materialism; who is radically selfish, rapacious, licentious, epicurean and cruel; whose employment, in the dramatic fiction, is the crafty pursuit of a discontented wife, whom he is the means of driving to dishonor and death, and of a ballet-girl, by whom he is foiled, and in whose presence, and the presence of other vacuous vulgarians, he dies horri-

ly—stricken with apoplexy. It would be difficult to conceive of a character more hateful than that of Baron Chevalier, or of circumstances more bathosome than those in which he is implicated. Nothing was expected of the actor. He took the town completely by surprise. His make-up for the rickety sinner was seen to be a marvel of fidelity—suggesting, in a hundred careful details, the premature decrepitude of an almost senile profligate. His horrid, cheerful, cynical exultation in sensuality and in vicious enterprise seemed to exert a sort of infernal charm, attracting even while it repelled; and his defiant audacity and tremendous fortitude of will, at the crisis of the banquet and in the death-scene, made the part splendid, even in its odious ignominy. The audience was astonished; the theater trembled with tumult of applause; and from that hour the eminence of the actor was assured."

Thus began a career that was destined to end in the leadership of the American stage. Mansfield knew not only how to grasp his opportunity, but to improve it, and, throughout his professional life, observes Mr. Winter, "has conspicuously displayed the faculty of choosing new subjects and making new applications of old ideas." To quote further:

"He went back to Warren's once famous novel of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and made Titmouse a practical stage figure. He encouraged Mr. G. B. Shaw as a dramatic writer, and produced the really effective plays ever made by that odd, erratic, sophistical, mischievous satirist—'Arms and the Man' and 'The Devil's Disciple.' He prompted the making of a play on 'The First Violin'—that delicate, romantic novel, so highly esteemed by the judicious, conservative critic, George William Curtis, that he was inclined to place it at the head of contemporary fiction. He caused the dramatization of Stevenson's strange story of dual life, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' and he was the first to put those characters on the stage. He transformed 'Prince Karl' from a poor melodrama into an excellent farce, and, by a performance of exquisite charm, he made that rife a source of much innocent pleasure. He imparted a fascinating bodily form to the airy, fanciful, felicitous, romantic conception of 'Beaucaire.' He vitalized the quaint, half-merry, half-somber play of 'Old Heidelberg.' He succeeded with 'The Scarlet Letter,' which nobody else ever made effective before. He added to the stage anthem the grim figure and the tremendous character of the Russian despot, Ivan the Terrible. He revived Molière, in English—setting an example that bids fair to enrich the American stage with a long series of the classics of the literature of France. He reanimated Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' a once famous tragedy, long dead to the theater; and, in his elaborate productions of 'Richard III.,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Henry V.' and 'Julius Caesar,' he taught the younger generation of actors that splendid results can be obtained from conscientious revival of the massive works of Shakespeare."

Proceeding to a consideration of Mansfield's personal characteristics, Mr. Winter registers the conviction that "few men have been more

sedulously and foolishly vilified than Richard Mansfield." Moreover, "since people generally are always more ready to believe ill than good of any distinguished person, all manner of idle yarns about him have been widely credited." The truth in the matter, as Mr. Winter sees it, is set forth as follows:

"Nervous and impetuous he may have been, and impatient of dullness, cut-and-dried formality, and stupid, tedious convention. The poet Heine declared that even the clouds, when they happened to drift over Hamburg, the moment they looked down at its soulless, deadly regularity of huckstering commonplace and routine, made haste to fly from it. Byron noticed that 'quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.'"

"I have known Richard Mansfield for many years, and I have never known a man of kinder heart, gentler disposition or simpler taste, nor one more easily led by sympathy and kindness. In fighting—sometimes through poverty and sickness—the hard fight that genius always has to wage with a purse-proud society, entrenched within its ramparts of wealth and privilege, he has developed a sporadic tendency to harsh, imperious manners and to ebullitions of cynical sarcasm, and sometimes he has been belligerent, splenetic, irrational and unkind. Furthermore, when dubious as to his due recognition, and, therefore, unsure of himself, he has sometimes become distrustful of everybody. Ajax, in Sophocles (and that is very ancient history), intimates that few persons reach the port of friendship and therein find rest. At all times Mansfield has been of a mercurial temper, and in some moods he has fallen into the deepest dejection—under-valued himself and his achievements; firmly persuaded himself that he had done no sort of justice to his profession or his opportunity; and lapsed into a lethargy of morose resentment of all praise and a bitter unbelief in all human affection."

"But now Mansfield's complete victory has been gained. Time and experience have taught him magnanimity and serene self-poise; and all his later acting, writing and living have shown a splendid concentration of intellect and a fine repose of conscious power. No man was ever more richly blest with a saving sense of humor, and few men have had more reason to be thankful for that blessing."

It is no slight victory, says Mr. Winter, in concluding, that Mansfield has won. "The epoch is one of materialism and pagan luxury. Triumph in the doing of great artistic deeds is not as easy as it was fifty years ago." Moreover:

"The genius and intellect that conquer now must be—like those of Richard Mansfield—fortified by indomitable will, by adamantine endurance, by unyielding power, by tireless industry and by resistless charm. He has accomplished much good. He can accomplish much more. The time needs him, and the word of encouragement and cheer should not be left unspoken:

To him the laurels and the lyre belong:

He won them well, and may he wear them long!"

JACOB GORDIN AND "THE KREUTZER SONATA"

THE first Yiddish drama to be presented on the stage in English, "The Kreutzer Sonata" of Jacob Gordin, has become an object of several kinds of interest besides that pertaining to its literary value. It is reported to have been performed three hundred times at the Thalia Theater, on the New York Bowery. Gordin wrote it for Madame Kalich, who played it first of all in Yiddish, but has this year appeared in an English version, under Mr. Fiske's management. Another version of the play has been produced at the Manhattan Theater, New York, by Blanche Walsh.

The appearance of Miss Walsh in "The Kreutzer Sonata" may be said to have marked the opening of the present dramatic season in New York. The play is notable chiefly as the work of a singularly gifted playwright, and as a type of a school of drama with which, as yet, the American public is almost totally unacquainted. It has only an indirect connection with Tolstoy's novel of the same name. It is a distinctively Jewish study, dealing with the marital troubles of Russian immigrants in America. The plot may be briefly summarized as follows:

Raphael Friedlander, a well-to-do Russian con-

tractor in Kremenchug, wishes to protect the reputation of his family in the community, by marrying his daughter Hattie to a man who will save her, conventionally at least, from impending humiliation. The girl has confessed to a secret love affair with a Gentile officer which is about to have issue. Her lover, disappointed over the impossibility of marriage with her, has killed himself, without knowing of her plight, and in order to cover up her disgrace she consents to marry Gregoire, a degenerate musician. The couple emigrate to New York on Friedlander's money, and are later followed by their families. Gregoire becomes infatuated with Hattie's wayward sister, Celia, and an unendurable situation develops. The breaking up of old family traditions in a new and disturbing atmosphere is skilfully and poignantly depicted. At last the wife, receiving proof of her husband's perfidy and her sister's disloyalty, shoots them both and falls screaming into her father's arms.

This harrowing story is far from finding favor with the critics of the metropolitan press. *The Evening Post* declares that "rarely has there been seen upon the New York stage more unrelieved procession of depressing scenes," and *The Times* brands the play as "raw and revolting, rather than realistic." *The Press*, however, thinks that there are "germs of vital power" in the work, while *The Dramatic Mirror* comments: "With all its crudities and *gaucheries* as represented, and lacking in some of the most vital of its characterizations as it did, the play in its essentials proved to be unusually effective, and in one really interested in the theater must have inspired a keen desire to witness it in better circumstances."

Of more interest than the play itself is the author and the part which he has taken in it. He is taking in the development of a new phase of the American drama. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is but one of seventy plays written by Jacob Gordin since his arrival in this country from Odessa, Russia, thirteen years ago. The first great Yiddish playwright was Jacob Goldfaden, who started the Russian-Jewish stage in Bucharest and is now an old man in New York. Gordin has worthily followed in his footsteps.

In Russia Gordin wrote newspaper articles and fiction. When he came here he had never written a play. Most of his dramas have been produced at the Thalia Theater, of which, for a number of years, he was the lessee. Many of the plays were written for actors whom he has started and developed. Several contain favorite rôles for Madame Kalich, who was



BLANCHE WALSH

As Hattie in "The Kreutzer Sonata."



JACOB GORDIN

Whose Yiddish drama, "The Kreutzer Sonata," has been given three hundred times on the New York Bowery, and is now being presented in two English versions.

Mr. Gordin's leading woman for a while, and for Jacob Adler, of the Grand Theater, who is now playing in Gordin's "Metoneff" in London. Quite recently Adler has appeared in another of Gordin's plays, lately written for him, and based on the theme of Enoch Arden. Some of the plays were written for Mrs. Lipzin, a charming woman resembling Mrs. Fiske in personality, and much beloved on the "East Side." Mr. Gordin at one time organized a stock company of Thalia actors, the players being of almost uniform excellence and skill. Nowhere else in New York at that period was the stage so altruistic in the creation and assignment of parts. No one could complain of being subordinated and the result was especially good responsive acting and ensemble playing.

Jacob Gordin is now over fifty years of age, active and stalwart. He reminds one of the characters in the Bible, and is majestic and immovable in manner. But he has the gift of energy, humor, and a "hustling" ability that is truly modern. This journalist and theater manager, who looks as if he were a reincarnation of an ancient prophet, is one of the most bizarre figures of our cosmopolitan metropolis. An American dramatic critic recently dubbed him "St. Peter." He might pose for an Assyrian

king, with his statuesque features, heavy neck, beard seemingly carved of ebony, and massive head.

Two main themes are prominent in nearly all Gordin's plays. One is the large conflict between the old and the new, Israel and the modern spirit, progress and stern conservatism. The other is bound up in what he regards as the supreme duty of the day—the preservation of the family. He also aims to reveal the love of culture and the intellectual feeling innate and inherent in the Russian Jew. These themes are curiously intermingled with broadly humorous comedy, simple pathos, almost melodramatically shown emotions, and, sometimes, with long talks on philosophy, thought, art and ethical problems. Gordin's dramas have famous names, such as "Sapho," "Medea," "King Lear," "Enoch Arden," but do not resemble their namesakes, even to the extent of imitation in detail. They are totally different in workmanship and spirit, being a translation into Yiddish terms of certain situations common to life and literature. Everywhere in Gordin's work is to be found sincerity, albeit sometimes crude, and truth to life in general, as well as to the racial character in particular.



HELEN WARE

As Celia in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

THE MODERNITY OF EURIPIDES

EURIPIDES, accorded by common consent the third place among the Greek masters of tragedy, is, in modernity of spirit, undoubtedly the first. His plays were born out of the "immediate soul" of his own time, and yet they appeal directly and specially to the age in which we live. For, as Mr. George Hellman, a writer in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, points out, our age, like that of Euripides, is an age pre-eminently skeptical; an age of inquiry and doubt, of advancing science and hesitant religion. "The philosophers and sophists of the day of Euripides," he tells us, "weakened by means of rational and scientific analysis the foundations of the Greek faith in the ancient myths, much as the post-Kantian and post-Darwinian thinkers have disturbed those religious beliefs whose invulnerability in the days of Milton made possible a 'Paradise Lost,' and whose weakening gave rise in our own days to 'In Memoriam.'"

This train of thought, suggested to Mr. Hellman by a newly published study* of Euripides, from the pen of Prof. Paul Decharme, of Paris, is strongly reinforced by a perusal of the book itself. So pronounced, indeed, is the "modernity" of Euripides, as here revealed, that reviewers have unhesitatingly compared the Greek playwright with Ibsen and Bernard Shaw.

Like so many of the great intellectual figures in our own day, Euripides was early attracted by the study of philosophy. Professor Decharme says on this point:

"Our poet was a philosopher whom philosophy had so enthralled that he could never escape from it. While he was still young his eyes were attracted by the first glimmerings of science on the horizon of Asia. He proceeds in the direction of this new light which enchants him, suffers himself to be dazzled by the brilliant fancies of the Ionians, dreams with them of an explanation of all things, of a conception of life. These splendid speculations draw him away from the common beliefs, upon which he looks with pity. Naively absurd or immoral legends of current mythology, popular gods who often resemble the worst of men, and like them are malevolent and depraved—to all these fancies his powerful imagination grants a momentary life; but, as he gives us discreetly to understand, his reason is never duped into belief in their actual existence. Even the name of Zeus has no longer for him the same meaning that it has for the people at large, and in the world stripped of its demons he sees naught but the continuous play of an irresistible Force."

Yet his world-view was not well-rounded. Like Ibsen, he saw that his time was "out of joint," but was not strong enough to set it right. He attacked prejudice, boldly wielding the weapon of epigram and paradox of which in our time Mr. Shaw makes such an extensive use. Again, like Ibsen, he had no definite ideals to give his time in exchange for the old; he was a social Moses who pointed the way to a Promised Land which he himself saw only dimly from afar. Thence sprang his many misgivings and contradictions. For, as Professor Decharme tells us:

"Life did not appear to him good. Dissatisfied with his time, aggravated by the evil about him, he sometimes poured out his bitterness in satire which he purposely instilled into his tragedies. He criticizes with harshness; he would like also, if he could, to effect reforms. At the very moment he is calling back to life the men of the past, he is thinking of those of the present, to whom he speaks in the hope that they will listen to him and carry away from the performance of his plays, if not moral improvement, at least doubts, scruples, awakened reflection."

It follows from this that many of his plays must have been distinctly "unpleasant" to the Athenians of his day. The realities of life had a strong grip on him; he was in a sense the precursor of Zola and the realists, for Euripides, Professor Decharme says, "painted men as they are."

His bold portrayal of men and manners, we are told, cost him public favor and friends. He had the special misfortune to make an enemy of Aristophanes, whose sneers are still voiced by many critics. Also, many of his plays have been lost in the course of time, which makes it difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of his genius. But the plays that we still possess are so extraordinarily vital that they furnish convincing evidence of the "marvelous and truly sovereign power of his genius." "Aristotle," Professor Decharme concludes, "knew no tragic poet who had so deeply moved the hearts of men." And what was true in Aristotle's day still holds true in our own. This is due not alone to the fact that we confront largely the same issues as this ancient Greek, but to all that is universally human in his work. It is this which makes him a perennial "modern" and, to quote Mr. Hellman once more, testifies to "that oneness of human nature which, transcending the ages, remains the basis of all art."

*EURIPIDES AND THE SPIRIT OF HIS DRAMAS. By Paul Decharme. Translated by James Loeb. The Macmillan Company.

WHY WOMEN ARE GREATER ACTORS THAN MEN



VERY seasoned theatergoer," says Alan Dale, the dramatic critic of the *New York American*, "is bound to feel some time that acting is a woman's rather than a man's pursuit; that the art of simulation is distinctly feminine, rather than masculine; that while men may write plays and produce them, the finest actors are, always have been, and always will be—women." Sensible managers, the critic goes on to assert, are already aware of these facts. They know that the best-paying stars are women, and that the most promising stage attractions are feminine. "Ask any 'speculator' which he would sooner manage, a masculine or a feminine star, and he will unhesitatingly select the latter."

Before giving the reasons for his belief that women make better actors than men, Alan Dale fortresses his position by the statement that "no man-actor has ever equaled, or nearly approached, the magnificence and verisimilitude of Sarah Bernhardt." There has never been a male Bernhardt, he avers, "nor is it at all likely that there ever will be one." The names of Mrs. Siddons and of Rachel may also be recalled in this connection. We have Eleonora Duse, "whom no masculine player can approach"; we have Mrs. Leslie Carter, "whose genius was evolved by Belasco—a preceptor keen enough to teach men"; and we have "the clever, intellectual, winning little lady known as Minnie Maddern Fiske." Continuing the argument (in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, September), the writer says:

"It would be absurd to evade the fact that the splendid career of the late Sir Henry Irving was perhaps made possible by his association with the once charming Ellen Terry. Irving was a great producer, he had a wonderful set of theater brains, but as an actor he very frequently left one out in the cold. It was Ellen Terry that we loved in the Irving productions. It was her Beatrice, her Olivia, that we went to see. She shed a glamor around the acting of Irving; it was her dramatic art that flavored and gave 'reason of being' to Irving's gigantic and unsurpassed dramatic productions.

"In London, where the actor is actor-manager and produces only the plays that he thinks will give the man the chance, this condition is particularly noticeable. At the St. James's Theater, where Mr. George Alexander is playing in Pinero's 'His House in Order,' it is Miss Irene Vanbrugh who carries off the laurels. Such women as Lena Ashwell, Violet Vanbrugh, Evelyn Millard, and others, who nearly always support masculine stars, invariably prove my contention. It is the woman who is the actor;

it is the woman who makes the he-star possible and endurable. That many actors know this, and dread it, and curse it, is plain when one looks at our own masculine stars and surveys the list of heavy women engaged as their leading ladies. The actor knows that a woman of talent will absolutely swamp him. Our star to-day carefully selects a lady who will not do damage to his reputation. Nor need we necessarily blame him. It is purely a business proposition. We should probably do the same thing ourselves. Imagine a clever actress being engaged to support the Hacketts and the Favershams of to-day!"

Of course there have been great actors, as well as great actresses. "I am not fatuous or biased enough," observes Alan Dale, "to deny the fact that we have had fine actors and may have them again (I don't know where they are at present; perhaps awaiting a reincarnation), but I contend that, however fine they may have been, they would have been finer had they been women." It is woman in whom the instinct of acting is innate. And naturally so, for her career on this globe has been "a long series of simulations." She "has been the under-dog for centuries," and "has simulated, and pretended, and rused and acted before she was allowed a chance to breathe." Woman's function as a mother, it seems, has also contributed to her superior fitness as an actor. On this point we read:

"For some reason or other the great actress is nearly always a woman who has borne children. The anguish of the mother has some connection—inexplicable perhaps—with tragic intensity and dramatic power. Possibly Maurice Bernhardt, whose advent could not have been desired, has had a great deal more to do with his mother's greatness than he could possibly know. Undoubtedly Sarah realizes this, for is there not something of gratitude in her blind, unswerving devotion to this not particularly admirable son? Duse, whose pathos and force are as remarkable as anything on the stage to-day, is a mother. So is Mrs. Leslie Carter. I do not say that this is an unvarying rule, but I merely note this as something more than a coincidence. There have been great actresses who have never had children, but I firmly believe that the woman who has known maternity has greatly enhanced her natural and instinctive dramatic powers."

In all that goes to make the realities of life, man is supreme, and "no woman," says Alan Dale, "can ever hope to get near his summit." Man is the painter and sculptor, the novelist and playwright, the builder and architect, the lawyer and journalist. But the unreal art, the art of mimicry and simulation, falls in woman's domain. "Acting is woman. Pretense, simu-



A SKETCH OF IRVING BY OLIVER BATH

lation, pose, tragedy, comedy and tragi-comedy are woman." The writer concludes:

"Woman has had to 'get along' with man for

so many centuries, to pursue him, to cajole him to please him, to rule him, to 'diplomitize' him that her education in the art of acting (if an art has been complete. She could scarcely avoid being other than she is. She is the born actor, and when she 'takes to the stage' as a means of livelihood she comes into her own.

"If you ever have affronted your intelligence by sitting through those dreadful performances of 'pupils' that occur so frequently in New York city, you must have noted the aptitude of the girls as compared with that of the boys. Often I have felt inclined to beg those misguided boys to cease their foolish dalliance and spend their money on something that would bring them in better results. But the girls are rarely bad. They take to it so naturally that they really need these schools only as a means of quickly acquiring technique—whatever that may be, and I assure I don't know for certain. The failures among the woman-actors are those who are not wholly womanly, those who are just a trifle 'emancipated.' Once let the woman poach on the man's preserves and her ability as an actress is seen to be nothing more than his ability as an actor.

"The real woman, a pulpy weakness of nerve, non-reason, and impulse, will make the fine actress. In her there is no suggestion of the man. The man acts from intellectual, artistic and speculative reasons. The woman acts because she has to; it is her nature, and she has acquired it after eons of struggle."

SIR HENRY IRVING'S BLACKEST FAULT

DESPITE his tricks and mannerisms, it is generally conceded that Sir Henry Irving was the greatest actor of his day. As a stage-manager, he also led his generation. But for the art of the modern drama he did next to nothing. His stage qualities, observes Haldane MacFall, in a new biographical and critical study,* were "his chiefest glory"; his neglect of the contemporary playwright was "his blackest fault." He did a mighty service to the drama of the past, and especially to Shakespearean drama. He was unable to create a living and present drama. Mr. MacFall continues:

"Irving's theater gathered about it no group of original writers, as did the Elizabethan theater—as must any theater that is fully alive.

"Irving did not even seek the play of his own time. The few men that he employed wrote a lifeless drama, in the dead form of blank verse, in a dead atmosphere, in dead phrasing. Tennyson and Wills yielded still-born drama—just as the Middle Ages wrote dog-Latin, just as Pater

wrote English prose. Irving turned a deaf ear to the serious drama that was being born in his day, that was influencing the world's life and thought."



IRVING AS DON QUIXOTE

A poster by the Beggarstaff Brothers.

*SIR HENRY IRVING. By Haldane MacFall. With Illustrations by Gordon Craig. John W. Luce & Company, Boston.

The fact is, asserts Mr. MacFall, that Irving was not concerned with the written drama; he was only concerned with acting. "High scholarship, such as it is, was not for him; indeed, he laid no claim to it." To quote further:

"No honest man of profound scholarship could have put Wills's 'Charles the First' upon the stage—the play is a snob's lie, and a vulgar one, that was not fit to gull even the ignorant who hawled the strident fool's chorus in a music-hall. No man who has the taste for good literature could have played the illiterate lines of his Macaire," when so fine a literary masterpiece as the one that Stevenson and Henley wrote was on the nation's bookshelf. A man of scholarship and a lover of literature must have known that two of the greatest geniuses in literature had written 'Faust.' Irving took the plays that gave the actor the finest range for his artistry, and he let literature and scholarship go to the winds if these things stood in his way, or balked his powers. He was an actor above all—and for the acting he sacrificed everything without scruple. And it must be confessed that his Charles the First and his Macaire justified him in raising him to fine achievement in the player's art, which, after all, was his chief significance.

"He had a vivid and fervent imagination to notice into the highways and make visible the spell of the romance that was in him, so that it transmuted into gold all that he touched—and he touched some of the basest metal of England's literature."

What Irving did know, as no man of his day knew it, concludes Mr. MacFall, was the stage, and what he could do and could not do on that stage.

"The rest of his knowledge was the veriest



IRVING AS BADGER

Drawn by Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry.

dilettanteism—and he played the dilettante's part, as he played most parts, in consummate fashion. Behind the enigma of his wondrous smile lurked a grave disregard for all that was superfluous to the art of acting; and he hid himself whimsically and grimly behind it as behind his deafness hid Sir Joshua, who 'when they talked of their Raphaels, Coreggios and stuff, shifted his trumpet and simply took snuff.'

A POSTHUMOUS OPERETTA BY THE COMPOSER OF "THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE"

A BRILLIANT score, opulent, sonorous, picturesque, fertile in captivating rhythms and nimble themes; a piece without pretension, but coherent in spite of its bouffe character—this is the verdict of the critic of *Le Figaro*, Robert de Fless, on an operetta found among the papers of the late popular composer "The Bells of Corneville," Robert Planquette. The operetta, entitled "Paradis de Marmet," has just received its first presentation at a Parisian theater. The audience received it with much delight, and it is recalled by journalists, apropos of this, that "The Bells" had at first, a very different reception. The public did not like it and after a forced short run the

manager was about to withdraw it, when, suddenly, it "made a hit" and became the musical sensation of the day.

The libretto is amusing and nonsensical. The scene is laid in Turkey, a fact upon which M. de Fless comments thus:

"An entertaining essay might be written on the Turks in the theater. Dramatic authors have always had a singular predilection for that people, which has fed in turn the most diverse and opposite genres of art. After having enriched tragedy by Racine's 'Bajazet' and Voltaire's 'Zaire,' they fell into farce and bouffe."

The author of the "book" is one Henri Blondeau, and this, in outline, is the plot he invented for Planquette's music:

"Bengaline, the 'pearl of Trebizond,' is be-

trothed to the gentle Baskir. The wedding is to take place at once. But the Prince Bredindin has not remained indifferent to the charms of the Oriental beauty and is determined to prevent the marriage. He calls upon his ingenious chamberlain, Radabaum, to find a way.

"But they are too tardy to succeed. The lovers, with Bengaline's uncle and aunt, have already started to the house of the ulema, who is to perform the ceremony. The prince does not despair. He pours a sleeping potion into the *raki* which the wedded pair are to drink before retiring, and all plans are made to kidnap the bride and carry her off to the prince's yacht.

"The scheme is carried out, and in the second act we find Bengaline in the beautiful, luxuriant gardens of the prince. The spectacle is so magnificent and wonderful that Bengaline is made to believe that she is in paradise—that she died of the potion and is in heaven. By the order of Allah, she is to become the eternal companion of him who was her first husband on earth—naturally the prince.

"But various amusing complications follow, and after joyous adventures and clever stratagems, Bengaline becomes the prince's earthly wife, and Baskir is consoled by another beauty named Fathmé."

To quote further from the critic's remarks

on the music which accompanies and illustrates this "Turkish" story:

"The lamented Planquette has written a scintillating score, full of verve and inspiration. The composition comprises not fewer than twenty-eight numbers, all successful, all pleasing and airy. . . . Planquette was not an Offenbach or Lecoque, but he was a man of the theater of the first order. The operetta is marvelously picturesque. Everything is in its place—chorus duets, arias, ensembles, and the finales of the first and second acts may be classed among the best things in modern operetta. The orchestration is careful, delicate, yet sonorous where necessary, and full of fine effects."

The work was left in a somewhat rough form, and Louis Gaune, the musician and conductor, completed it and added two or three numbers in keeping with the spirit of the entire score. It is predicted that "Paradis Mahomet" will speedily make its way to European operetta theaters, as did "The Beauty of Corneville," which is still in the repertoire of light opera companies everywhere.

SOUSA'S PROTEST AGAINST "CANNED MUSIC"

SOUSA, the "March King," has temporarily abandoned the conductor's baton to wield the pen in a vigorous protest against what he calls "the menace of mechanical music." In this connection he is willing to be reckoned an alarmist, and admits that he is swayed by personal interest, as well as by the impending harm to American musical art. "I foresee a marked deterioration in American music and musical taste," he says, "an interruption in the musical development of the country, and a host of other injuries to music in its artistic manifestations, by virtue—or rather by vice—of the multiplication of the various music-reproducing machines." He continues (in *Appleton's Magazine*, September):

"It cannot be denied that the owners and inventors have shown wonderful aggressiveness and ingenuity in developing and exploiting these remarkable devices. Their mechanism has been steadily and marvelously improved, and they have come into very extensive use. And it must be admitted that where families lack time or inclination to acquire musical technic, and to hear public performances, the best of these machines supply a certain amount of satisfaction and pleasure.

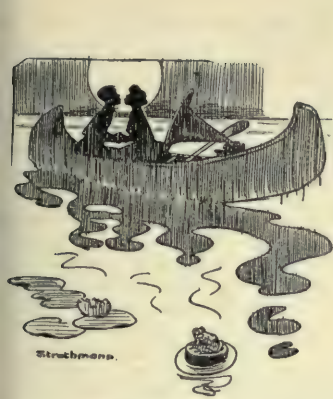
"But heretofore the whole course of music, from its first day to this, has been along the line

of making it the expression of soul states; other words, of pouring into it soul. Wagner representing the climax of this movement, declared again and again, 'I will not write even one measure of music that is not thoroughly sincere.'

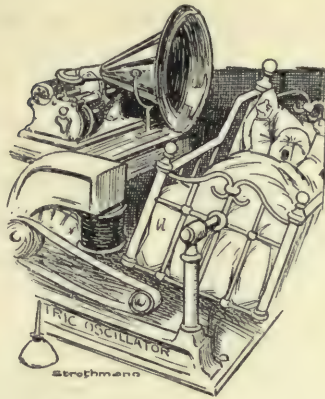
"From the days when the mathematical and mechanical were paramount in music, the struggle has been bitter and incessant for the sway of the emotional and the soulful. And now, in the twentieth century, come these talking and playing machines, and offer again to reduce the expression of music to a mathematical system of megaphones, wheels, cogs, disks, cylinders and all manner of revolving things, which are as like real art as the marble statue of Eve is like her beautiful, living, breathing daughters.

Away back in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as Mr. Sousa points out, the rebellion against musical automatics began; "Palestrina proving in his compositions that music is life, not mathematics; and Luther showing, in his sublime hymns for congregational use and in his adaptations of secular melody for the church, that music could be made the pouring out of the souls of the many in one grand eternal song." It has been ever the living, breathing example that has inspired the student and set into motion his creative and performing abilities. To quote further:

"Step by step through the centuries, working



"With a gramophone caroling love songs from amidships."



"Will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?"



"The Spanish cavalier must abandon his guitar."

WHEN MACHINE-MADE MUSIC TRIUMPHS

—From Appleton's Magazine.

an atmosphere almost wholly monopolized by commercial pursuit, America has advanced art to such a degree that to-day she is the Mecca toward which journey the artists of all nations. Musical enterprises are given financial support here as nowhere else in the universe, while our appreciation of music is bounded only by our geographical limits.

"This wide love for the art springs from the singing school, secular or sacred; from the village band, and from the study of those instruments that are nearest the people. There are more pianos, violins, guitars, mandolins, and banjos among the working classes of America than in the rest of the world, and the presence of these instruments in the homes has given employment to enormous numbers of teachers who have patiently taught the children and inculcated a love for music throughout the various communities.

"Right here is the menace in machine-made music! The first rift in the lute has appeared. The cheaper of these instruments of the home are no longer being purchased as formerly, and because the automatic music devices are usurping their places.

"And what is the result? The child becomes different to practise, for when music can be heard in the homes without the labor of study and close application, and without the slow process of acquiring a technic, it will be simply a question of time when the amateur disappears entirely, and with him a host of vocal and instrumental teachers, who will be without field or calling."

Nor is this the worst. Under the new conditions it may happen that the tide of amateurism will recede until only the mechanical device and the professional executant remain. Singing will no longer be a fine accomplishment; vocal exercises, so important a factor in the curriculum of physical culture, will be out of vogue!" Then, what of the national throat? asks Mr. Sousa. Will it not weaken? and what of the national chest? Will it not

shrink? The very traditions of babyhood are threatened. "When a mother can turn on the phonograph with the same ease that she applies to the electric light, will she croon her baby to slumber with sweet lullabys, or will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?" Children are naturally imitative, proceeds the eminent band-master, and if, in their infancy, they hear only phonographs, will they not themselves be in danger of becoming simply human phonographs—playing and singing without soul or expression? Congregational singing will suffer also, and the whole social life of communities may be dislocated. To quote again:

"Just so far as a spirit of emulation once inspired proud parent or aspiring daughter to send for the music teacher when the neighbor child across the way began to take lessons, the emulation is turning to the purchase of a rival piano player in each house, and the hope of developing the local musical personality is eliminated.

"The country dance orchestra of violin, guitar, and melodeon had to rest at times, and the resultant interruption afforded the opportunity for general sociability and rest among the entire company. Now a tireless mechanism can keep everlastingly at it, and much of what made the dance a wholesome recreation is eliminated.

"The country band, with its energetic renditions, its loyal support by local merchants, its benefit concerts, band wagon, gay uniforms, State tournaments, and the attendant pride and gaiety, is apparently doomed to vanish in the general assault on personality in music."

Even the most romantic and stirring of life's associations are menaced by the incursions of "canned music."

"There was a time when the pine woods of the north were sacred to summer simplicity, when around the camp fire at night the stories were told and the songs were sung with a charm all

their own. But even now the invasion of the north has begun, and the ingenious purveyor of canned music is urging the sportsman, on his way to the silent places with gun and rod, tent and canoe, to take with him some disks, cranks, and cogs to sing to him as he sits by the fire-light, a thought as unhappy and incongruous as canned salmon by a trout brook.

"In the prospective scheme of mechanical music, we shall see man and maiden in a light canoe under the summer moon upon an Adirondack lake with a gramophone caroling love songs from amidsthips. The Spanish cavalier must abandon his guitar and serenade his beloved with a phonograph under his arm.

"Shall we not expect that when the nation once more sounds its call to arms and the gallant regiment marches forth, there will be no majestic drum major, no serried ranks of sonorous trombones, no glittering array of brass, no rolling of drums? In their stead will be a huge phonograph, mounted on a 100 H. P. automobile, grinding out 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' 'Dixie,' and 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

Music teaches all that is beautiful in this world, concludes Mr. Sousa; and therefore "let us not hamper it with a machine that tells the

story day by day, without variation, without soul, barren of the joy, the passion, the ardor, that is the inheritance of man alone."

The Musical Courier (New York) admits that Sousa's argument "strikes a vital issue and should be well heeded." It continues:

"Possibly Sousa is something of a prophet, and while at present the cause of music proper does not seem to have been damaged very seriously, there is no telling what the future conceals along those lines. There are some forms of music which we would gladly like to see supplanted by the mechanical devices, but, alas! the prospect of relief seems slim indeed. We refer to boys who fill the streets with harmonica music on summer nights, hurdy-gurdys which play silly tunes under our editorial windows, parlor tenors with violet voices, children who practise scales on cold winter mornings before breakfast, the soprano soloist in the next flat, ferryboat music, and German singing societies which give concerts with programs of fifty-two numbers. But no doubt we are selfish in our desire, for these things would not exist if they were not enjoyed by at least some of the people some of the time."

"AND PIPPA DANCES"—HAUPTMANN'S NEW SYMBOLIC PLAY



HAUPTMANN'S latest play is a curious mixture of slang and symbolism. We find in it many little prettinesses and much that may be deep, but also peculiarities of style degenerating into mannerisms, and a love of mystery that ends in the reader's complete mystification. It has been said of the new Hauptmann play that, compared with it, the second part of "Faust" is a mere child's primer. The author himself, it was added, did not know what he meant when he wrote it. This called forth an answer from Hauptmann explaining the symbolism of the whole. We reproduced his explanation at the time (see *CURRENT LITERATURE* for April), tho we must confess that it made the play not much more intelligible to us. It seems as if both Sudermann and Hauptmann are leaving the path of common sense for fear of being regarded as old-fashioned in the madhouse of modern literary Germany. Yet the *London Times* reviews the book favorably because it "restores to us the Hauptmann of 'The Sunken Bell'"; and a writer in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, in a eulogistic account of the play, tells us that it was received with "wild enthusiasm" on its first presentation at the Lessing Theater at Berlin.

"And Pippa Dances" is a fairy play of the glass-works. The first act shows us an inn

where Pippa's father, Taglioni, an Italian glass-blower, is gambling with some of the native glass-blowers. Michel Hellriegel, a wandering apprentice, appears; also old Huhn, a villainous ex-glass-blower. Hellriegel, the "wise fool" of the fairy-tale, symbolically represents the ideal craving in the German folk-soul (*Volksseele*). He is a youth who, in Hauptmann's own words, "with humor gives himself up to a tragic fate, but does not lose his illusions." Huhn represents the coarse, brutal strength of the mob. When Pippa dances before them, they both are enamored of her. She is the embodiment of beauty, of which Huhn loves the material manifestation, whereas Hellriegel is attracted by its spiritual aspect. The dance is rudely interrupted by a brawl caused by Taglioni's cheating at cards. The quarrel is continued in the woods outside, where the Italian is killed. In the general confusion that follows, old Huhn carries Pippa off to his hut. By a strange prank of fate, Hellriegel, lost in his wanderings, reaches this same old hut and plays before the door on the Italian's okarina, which he had picked up in the tavern. Huhn goes out to find who it is, while Hellriegel slips in unobserved. On seeing Pippa, he cannot at first believe in her reality. When the girl first hears the well-known instrument that was her father's, she thinks that it is her

father calling her; and the following scene takes place:

Pippa: Yes, father, I am coming. Here I am. *Michel Hellriegel (permits the okarina to glide to the floor and stares at her open-mouthed, dumfounded with surprise.)*

Hellriegel (to himself): There you have it, Michel. That's what you get out of this business. You're cracked!

Pippa (lifting up her eyes, as if awaking from sleep): Is anyone here?

Hellriegel: No, by your permission; no one besides myself.

Pippa: Who is speaking there? And where am I?

Hellriegel: In my fagged brain!

Pippa (remembering Hellriegel from the tavern in the forest and flying into his arms): Help! Help me! Save me!

Hellriegel (stares at the magnificent Titian-blond hair of her little head, that she rests upon his shoulder. He does not move his arms, which she has tightly enclasped.)

Hellriegel: If—if—for example, let us presume my arms were free! I would now, altho mother would look askance upon it, at once make a memorandum in my little book, possibly even in verse. But I cannot free my hands! The devil! Fancy has tied me up in a deucedly curious way, so that my heart thumps within me; and in front she has made a golden knot.

Pippa: Help! Help! Liberate me! Save me from that old monster, that beast!

Hellriegel: What is your name?

Pippa: Pippa!

Hellriegel: That is so. I heard the fellow with the riding-boots call you by that name. Then he disappeared; he stole away. When they massacred that Welsh dog he got cold feet. And you, too, were gone when I returned—or rather, when we returned—with the dying Italian. At least I did not find you. And I did not go with him to his sleeping quarters. I should have liked to ask him for you, but he had forgotten his Italian.

Pippa: Come away from here! Ah, do not leave me!

Hellriegel: Be at rest. We two shall leave each other no more. If a man has a little bird in his head [German equivalent for "being a little off"—Translator] he does not let it fly away. Therefore, Pippa, sit down, compose yourself, and we shall give our serious consideration to the matter, as if a screw wasn't loose somewhere! *(He gently frees himself, takes Pippa's little finger with knightly affectation and modesty between his forefinger and his thumb, and conducts her to a little stool within the space illuminated by the fireside. She sits down.)*

Hellriegel (standing before Pippa, with fantastic gesture): A dragon carried you off—in fact, such was my impression in the tavern. He has snatched you away from the Welsh wizard. And because I am a wandering artist, it was a matter of course for me to liberate you, and I at once ran off aimlessly into the woods.

Pippa: Where do you come from? Who are you?

Hellriegel: I am the son of the widowed apple-woman Hellriegel.

Pippa: And whither have you come?

Hellriegel: From the great frying-pan of the Lord.

Pippa (laughs heartily): How strangely you speak!

Hellriegel: I have always excelled in that.

Pippa: But do you not see that I am a creature of flesh and blood? And that mad old Huhn is only a glass-blower out of employment? That accounts for his goiter and his balloon cheeks. There are no fiery dragons nowadays.

Hellriegel: God forbid! Why not?

Pippa: Quickly, bring me to Mother Wende! Come with me; I know the road to the Rotwasser tavern. I shall lead you. We shall not go astray. *(She notices that Hellriegel shakes his head.)* Or will you really leave me alone?

Hellriegel (makes a strong gesture of denial): I will not sell my okarina.

Pippa (laughs, sulks and nestles close to him in her fear): What do you want with that okarina? Why can't you be sensible for a minute? You always talk so foolishly. You are so stupid, Signore Hellriegel! *(Kissing him tenderly, half whimpering)* I can't say how stupid you are!

Hellriegel: Hold! I have an idea. *(He takes her head, looks deeply into her eyes and presses his lips with quiet resolution long and fervently upon hers.)* Stupid I am not!

(Without relaxing their hold they look into each other's eyes perplexed and a little uncertain.)

Hellriegel: A curious change is going on in me, little Pippa!

Pippa: My dear —

Hellriegel (helping her out): Michel.

Pippa: Michel, what are you doing?

Hellriegel: I am myself quite confused. Pray, do not insist on an explanation. Are you angry with me?

Pippa: No.

Hellriegel: In that case may we not perhaps repeat the experiment?

Pippa: And why?

Hellriegel: Because it is so simple and so crazy and so—very, very pretty, yes, and so maddening.

Pippa: I think you are mad already, Michel.

Hellriegel (scratching himself behind the ear): If one could only trust the testimony of one's senses. I always said that there is nothing in the world on which one can rely. Do you know, I have another idea! Let us take time! Let us go to the bottom of this matter. Come, sit down here at my side. Now, in the first place, is that here a hand? Permit me, let us at once come to the most important point, namely, whether the clockwork has a spring. *(He puts his ear to her breast like a physician.)* Why, you are alive! You have a heart, Pippa!

Pippa: But have you doubted that, Michel?

Hellriegel: No, Pippa; but if you are real I must first try to get my breath: *(He actually steps back, striving to master his emotion.)*

Pippa: Michel, we have no time! Do you hear the wheezing outside? Listen! How he walks around the hut! Three times already he has passed the window. He will kill you if he finds you, Michel. There he is staring again through the window.

Hellriegel: Oh, you poor little Princess

Pigeonheart! You don't know my mother's son. I shall not permit that old gorilla to harm you, and, if you wish it, I shall fling this boot at his head.

Pippa: No, Michel, do not do that.

Hellriegel: Nevertheless, I shall. Yet, after all, as far as I am concerned, we may start our new life differently. Let us establish ourselves peacefully and soberly in the world. Let us cling to the realities, Pippa! Does not that attitude meet with your approval? I cling to you, and you to me! But no, I hardly dare utter it, because you are like a blossom upon a pliant stem, so delicate and so fragile. Enough, child, no more fantasies. (*He takes off his knapsack and unties it.*) In this knapsack I have a little case. Now mark me, Michel Hellriegel has at least received one real heirloom, a portion of mother wit to serve him when the occasion arrives. (*He places a little box before her.*) Now, in the first place, this is an enchanted toothpick. Everything I have is practical. You see that it is fashioned like a sword. With it you can slay dragons and giants. Here in the little flask I have an elixir. Of this we shall give the beastly fellow a few drops. It's an indispensable sleeping potion for giants and wizards. And you couldn't tell, if you saw this little spool, that, if you just fasten it to the ground, it will at once begin to roll and always trip before you like a little white mouse, and that, if you always follow the thread, it will lead you straightway to the promised land. I have also a little doll's table; but that is less important; it is simply a wonder table that is always spread. What do you say now? Am I not a fellow of some importance, and have you no confidence in me?

Pippa: But I do not see those things, Michel.

Hellriegel: Then we shall have to open your eyes.

Pippa: I believe you. Hide now; the old fellow is coming.

Hellriegel: Say, Pippa, where were you born?

Pippa: In a city by the sea, I believe.

Hellriegel: That was just my impression. And was it there as windy as here? And was the sky cloudy most of the time?

Pippa: Never, Michel. I have never seen a cloud in that region. The sun shines there every day.

Hellriegel: Indeed! And do you think my mother would believe that? But tell me, do you believe in me?

Pippa: A thousandfold, in all things.

Hellriegel: Very well, then let us cross the mountains. It's a small affair. I know every road here. And over there, why, the land of the spring-tide lies there!

Pippa: Oh, no, no, no! I cannot go with you! *Mio padre è tanto cattivo.* He will lock me up for three days and give me only water and bread for diet.

Hellriegel: Well, Pippa, your father is very affable now. His deportment is quite sedate. In fact, he is wonderfully submissive. I was surprised to see how meek he was—quite cold-blooded—not at all like an Italian; and very gentle. He won't hurt a fly in the future. Do you understand what I want to say, little Pippa? He has played and won so long until he—lost. In the end we all lose, Pippa. Namely, that is to say, your father is dead.

Pippa (*clinging to his neck, more laughing than weeping*): Then I have no one left in the world but you!

Hellriegel and Pippa flee from the hut and are lost in the woods. An old magician, Wann, a mystical personage representing Science, spirits them to his home, whither, unseen by anyone, old Huhn has also followed them. Wann calls up in Hellriegel's and Pippa's minds visions of Venice, the city of her birth, and a palace of water that is to be theirs. He shows them a little gondola of glass in which they are to sail to the goal of their heart's desire. At this moment old Huhn is discovered and Wann strikes him a terrific blow. He then gives him a glass of wine, and goes out in search of someone, probably Death, charging Pippa not to dance for Huhn. The latter, however, moves Hellriegel to compassion, and by some magic forces the girl to dance to his dying heart-beats. At the moment when Wann is about to re-enter, Huhn breaks in his hands a wine-glass, the symbol of Pippa's soul. She falls dead. Huhn also dies. But Hellriegel, struck blind by some mysterious power, does not realize that she is dead. The dumb servant, Jonathan, conducts him out of the house, into his "fool's paradise," as one critic suggests. Hauptmann, however, takes a different view. And between a poet and his critics it seems proper to accept the interpretation of the former. "Altho," says Hauptmann, "brutal strength conquers in 'Pippa Dances,' as it does so often in life, Michel lives a true exponent of our nation. He will follow the ideals of beauty as of yore, but beauty, just as Pippa does before the mob, must dance and dance."

The scene that follows begins with the dying Huhn's request to Pippa to dance for him. Pippa's hand is resting on his heart.

Huhn: We stood around our glass-stove and from out the starless night fear stole upon us. (*A rattling sound proceeds from his throat.*) Mice, dogs, beasts and birds crept into the fire. The flame became smaller and smaller as if it wanted to go out. We peered into each other's faces, and kept looking into the fire. God, how afraid we were! Then it flickered out. We shrieked. And again a little blue flame appeared. We shrieked again. And then all was over. I sat alone over the extinct fire. I saw nothing. But as I stirred the embers, suddenly there rose one last spark, a single little spark. Shall we dance again, little spark?

Pippa (*fleeing into Michel's arms*): Michel, are you still here?

Hellriegel: Why, of course! Do you think that Michel Hellriegel is a coward? But this old man, God knows, is more than a glass-blower out of a job! Notice the tortuous convulsion that is spreading over his countenance!

Pippa: And how his heart pants and beats!

Hellriegel: Like a smith's anvil under the
ow of a hammer!

Pippa: And at each blow something stirs and
rns in my heart.

Hellriegel: In mine, too. It thrills my bones
nd drags me as if it would compel me to join
s beat.

Pippa: Listen, Michel! It seems as if the
me blow sounded deep underground and rapped
gainst the rim of the earth.

Hellriegel: Surely, deep below, the same ter-
ble hammer-blow resounds.

Huhn: Shall I dance with you, little spirit?
(*A rumbling as of thunder rises from under
e ground.*)

Pippa: Michel, have you heard that under-
round rumbling?

Hellriegel: No! Come! I think it would be
est for you to take your hand from his
eart. When everything sways and the earth
akes and we shoot, God knows whither,
ke an involuntary meteor into space, then it
ere better that we should join soul and body
one inextricable knot. I am only joking.

Pippa: Do not joke now, Michel.

Hellriegel: To-morrow we shall both joke
ver it.

Pippa: Do you know, I feel as if all that is
ft of me is a little solitary spark floating lone-
ome and lost, in an infinite void.

Hellriegel: A dancing star on the heavens,
ippa! Why not?

Pippa (*whispering*): Michel, Michel, dance
ith me! Michel, hold me fast! I will not
ance. Michel, Michel, dance with me!

Hellriegel: I shall dance with you, so God
elp me, as soon as we're out of our present fix.
hink of something magnificent. I have made up
y mind that when this night is over you shall
alk only on carpets and roses. . . . We
hall laugh when we have reached our water
alace, and we shall reach it, I assure you. . . .
hen I shall lay you in a bed of silk, and bring
ou sweets all the time, and tell you gruesome
ories as of old, and then you will laugh, full-
roated and so sweetly that your laughter will
ain me by its very music. And then you will
leep, and I shall play softly, softly, all night
ng upon a harp of glass.

Pippa: Michel!

Hellriegel: Pippa!

Pippa: Where on earth are you?

Hellriegel: Here with you. I am holding you
losely in my arms.

Huhn: Will you dance with me, little spirit?

Pippa: Michel, hold me! Do not let go! He
rags me . . . it . . . something drags me
. . . hold me or I must dance! I must dance
r I shall die! Let go!

Hellriegel: Indeed! I think that in this world
f nightmares I had better bethink me of brave
ld Suabian blood. When one feels a twitching
n all one's limbs, why shouldn't one play to a
oor old fellow's last dance? Surely there can
e no harm in that? Why, have not jolly good
ellows stolen Satan's firebrands from under his
ery nose and lit their pipes with them? Why
ould I not play for him? (*He takes his oka-
ina.*) Rumpumpum, rumpumpum! Let me see,
ow does the tune go? I have no objection to
our dancing, dear Pippa, if it must be. What

matter the hour? We cannot be too squeamish
in this world. (*He begins to play on the oka-
rina.*) Dance, dance your fill. This is not the
worst a man might do, to be happy with those
who are sad unto death.

Pippa (*dances slowly, painfully, to the sound
of the okarina. Her movements have something
convulsive. By and by the dance becomes wilder
and more bacchantic. A rhythmic tremor passes
through the body of old Huhn. At the same time
he drums with his fists, like a madman, the rhythm
of Pippa's dance. His body shakes with a tre-
mendous sensation of cold, as the body of a man
who comes from the biting cold without into a
heated room. From the depth of the earth issue
muffled sounds. Then rumbling of thunder, beats
of triangles, cymbals and drums. Finally old
Wann appears at the door.*)

Huhn: I make glass. I make it. (*Staring at
Wann with a look of hate.*) I make and unmake
glass and break it in twain. Come with me
into the night, little spark. (*He crushes the
wine-glass that he still holds in his hand. The
shards clink.*)

(*Pippa's frame quivers. A sudden rigidity as
of death takes hold of her.*)

Pippa: Michel!

(*She sways and Wann catches her in his arms.
She is dead.*)

Wann: So you have had your will, old cory-
bant?

Hellriegel (*interrupts his playing on the okarina
for a moment*): All right. Let's stop a while till
you have recovered your breath, Pippa.

Huhn (*stares convulsively and with powerful
triumph into Wann's eyes. Then painfully, but
with tremendous might he breaks into the cry*):
Jumalai! (*Thereupon he sinks back and dies.*)

Hellriegel (*who is about to play again on the
okarina*): What is that? Ah, yes! I heard the
same cry yesterday morning. What do you have
to say about it, old wizard? I am really glad
that you came, for without you we might have
continued galloping over knives and shards into
the unknown! Have you found him at last?

Wann: I have found him.

Hellriegel: Where have you found him?

Wann: I found him behind a snow-drift. He
was tired. He said that his burden of work is
excessive. It took me long to persuade him.
(*Looking at Pippa*) And now it seems that he
misunderstood me.

Hellriegel (*after playing a trill*): And is he
coming now at last?

Wann: Did you not see him? He entered
the room before me.

Hellriegel: I saw nothing, but I felt some-
thing when the old man called out his crazy, out-
landish word, that still vibrates in my bones.

Wann: Do you still hear the echo grumbling
outside?

Hellriegel (*approaches Huhn with a look of
curiosity*): Indeed! The old horse-hoof has
ceased to stamp. I must confess that it takes a
weight from my soul to see the old hippopotamus
where he can do no harm. Say, you have
most likely injured his back-bone. As a matter
of fact, that was hardly necessary, though it
may have saved our life.

Wann: Yes, Michel, if you are saved, that
consummation could hardly have been achieved
differently.

Hellriegel: Yes, thank God, we're out of a bad fix. Therefore I'm not going to mope because old Huhn died from the fire of St. John in his breast and because he couldn't get what was mine. He ought to have been beyond the follies of youth. Each man for himself and God for us all. What is the whole affair, after all, to me? Pippa, why is it that you carry two lights on your shoulders, one to the left and one to the right?

Wann (holding Pippa in his arms): Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi!

Hellriegel: I do not understand that! (With head bent forward he looks searchingly for a few minutes at Pippa lying in Wann's arms.) Ah! I feel a stirring in my breast. My body thrills with impatience. So painfully sweet it is as if I must be at once on this spot and a million years beyond. All around me shimmers a rosy light. (He plays, interrupts himself, and says) Dance, child! Joy! Be happy, for by virtue of the eternal light in my heart we have found the way out of this somber labyrinth; and as soon as you have danced and your mind is calm in the security of bliss, we'll slide (turning to Wann), with your permission, straightway over the clear snow, by special post-chaise, directly into the vernal abyss down there.

Wann: Yes, if you see a vernal abyss, good Michel, certainly!

Hellriegel (standing at a dark window, with the gestures of a blind man whose vision is inward only): Ho, I see it well, that vernal abyss! I am not blind. A child can see it. One can survey from your hut, ancient innkeeper, all the land in a circumference of fifty miles. I am no longer as the ghost in the bottle, lying prisoned at the bottom of the sea. That was once upon a time. But now give us the golden key and let us start on our journey.

Wann: When the winter suddenly flares into a man's face, it may easily blind him!

Hellriegel: Or give him the eye that sees all. One might almost think one was dreaming, so strangely the white radiance of the mountains flames in the light of the morning, and the enticing fragrance of peninsulas, bays and gardens of the deep appear to one. I feel as if I were transferred to a different star.

Wann: Thus it is when the mountains have bated in the great Pan's fire of St. Elmus.

Hellriegel: Pippa!

Wann: She is already a good ways from us, wandering upon her own quest! And he, the old restless, unwieldy giant, again behind her. (He lets Pippa's form glide down upon the bench. Then he calls): Jonathan! Again the invisible hand that reaches through walls and roofs has crossed my plans and caught its prey. Jonathan! It is already cold; the glowing crater is dead. What is the huntsman hunting? It is not the beast that he slays. What is the huntsman hunting? Who can tell?

Hellriegel (at the black window): Pippa, behold! The promontories are covered with golden domes. . . . And do you see, there is our water palace and golden staircase that leads up to it!

Wann: You should be happy, happy because of what you see and because of what is hidden from your view.

Hellriegel: The sea! Ah, yet another sea unfolds before me. The other returns to the lower

sea millions of quivering stars! O Pippa! . . . and lo, a third sea opens before me! It's an endless bathing and glowing of light in light. We float through it all. From ocean to ocean our golden galley sweeps.

Wann: Then you no longer need my little ship. Open the blinds, Jonathan!

Jonathan (who had been peeping into the room, opens the house door through which enters the first flush of dawn.)

Hellriegel: Pippa!

Wann: Here she is; join hands! (He approaches Michel, whose face bears the expression of a blind seer, and makes a gesture as if he was laying Michel's hand in hers.) Now I marry you to one another. I marry you to a shade! One married to the shadow conjoins you and him!

Hellriegel: Not bad, Pippa; you are a shade!

Wann: Go forth, go forth with her into the world. Or rather to your water palace, for which you possess the key! The monster cannot prevent you from entering it! Already a sleigh with two wreathed horns stands ready for you at the door.

Hellriegel (with two great tears upon his cheeks): And there I shall form water into little globes!

Wann: You are already doing it with your eyes! Now go! Do not forget your okarina.

Hellriegel: Oh, no, I shall not forget my dear little trusted wife!

Wann: It might happen that you will have to play at times before people's doors. But do not lose courage on that account. In the first place, you have the key to the palace, but when it is dark it will be transformed into a torch that Pippa shall carry before you; and then you will surely reach the goal where pleasure and joy await you. Only sing and play bravely, never doubt!

Hellriegel: Huzza! I sing the song of the blind.

Wann: What do you mean by that?

Hellriegel: I sing the song of the blind who do not see the great golden stair!

Wann: You will ascend the Scala d'Oro, the Scala de Giganti all the higher for this!

Hellriegel: I shall also sing the song of the deaf.

Wann: Those who cannot hear the murmur of the river of the world?

Hellriegel: Yes!

Wann: Surely you must not fail of that. But when this suffices not to soften their hearts and they threaten you with harsh words and stones, which may happen, then tell them how rich you are—a traveling prince with his princess! Speak to them of your water palace and implore them for the sake of God to conduct you yet another mile of the road!

Hellriegel (giggles): And Pippa shall dance!

Wann: And Pippa dances!

(It is now full daylight. Wann gives to Michel, who is blind and helpless, stick and hat and conducts him to the door. Michel gropes his way, giggling low and gleefully. He places the okarina to his mouth, playing a sad and heart-breaking tune. In the hall Jonathan takes Michel by the hand and Wann returns. He listens to the strains of the okarina, that are dying away in an ever-increasing distance, then takes the little gondola from the table, regards it for a while and says in the tone of painful resignation): Fare hence, little gondola, fare hence!

Religion and Ethics

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN IDEALISM

GREGORY MAXIME, the Russian revolutionist, when leaving our shores the other day, remarked that he had found Americans "lacking in idealism"; and a French journalist, whose conversations with Tolstoy have lately been published, expresses his conviction that the people of this country are "terribly practical, avid of pleasure, and systematically hostile to all idealism."

Can this charge of lack of idealism, as directed against our national character, be sustained? Prof. Brander Matthews, who has lately taken up the question, answers it with an emphatic negative. In an address delivered recently before the Phi Beta Kappa, of Columbia University, and now printed in book form,* he says:

"Our idealism may be of a practical sort, but it is idealism none the less. Emerson was an idealist, altho he was also a thrifty Yankee. Lincoln was an idealist, even if he was also a practical politician, an opportunist, knowing where he wanted to go, but never crossing a bridge before he came to it. Emerson and Lincoln had ever a firm grip on the facts of life; each of them kept his gaze fixed on the stars—and he also kept his feet firm on the soil.

"There is a sham idealism, boastful and shabby, which stares at the moon and stumbles in the mud, as Shelley did and Poe also. But the basis of the highest genius is always a broad common sense. Shakspeare and Molière were held in esteem by their comrades for their understanding of affairs; and they each of them had money out at interest. Sophocles was entrusted with command in battle; and Goethe was the shrewdest of the Grand Duke's counselors. The idealism of Shakspeare and of Molière, of Sophocles and of Goethe, is like that of Emerson and of Lincoln; it is unfaillingly practical. And thereby it is sharply set apart from the aristocratic idealism of Plato and of Renan, of Ruskin and of Nietzsche, which is founded on obvious self-esteem and which is sustained by arrogant and inexhaustible egotism. True idealism is not practical, it is also liberal and tolerant."

The foundations of our commonwealth, continues Professor Matthews, were laid by the sturdy Elizabethans who bore across the ocean with them their share of that imagination which flamed up in rugged prose and in superb

and soaring verse. This spiritual heritage is with us yet.

"There was imagination at the core of the little war for the freeing of Cuba—the very attack on Spain, which the Parisian journalist cited to Tolstoy as a proof of our predatory aggressiveness. We said that we were going to war for the sake of the ill-used people in the suffering island close to our shores; we said that we would not annex Cuba; we did the fighting that was needful;—and we kept our word. It is hard to see how even the most bitter of critics can discover in this anything selfish.

"There was imagination also in the sudden stopping of all the steamcraft, of all the railroads, of all the street-cars, of all the incessant traffic of the whole nation, at the moment when the body of a murdered chief magistrate was lowered into the grave. This pause in the work of the world was not only touching, it had a large significance to anyone seeking to understand the people of these United States. It was a testimony that the Greeks would have appreciated; it had the bold simplicity of an Attic inscription. And we would thrill again in sympathetic response if it was in the pages of Plutarch that we read the record of another instance: When the time arrived for Admiral Sampson to surrender the command of the fleet he had brought back to Hampton Roads, he came on deck to meet there only those officers whose prescribed duty required them to take part in the farewell ceremonies as set forth in the regulations. But when he went over the side of the flagship he found that the boat which was to bear him ashore was manned by the rest of the officers ready to row him themselves and eager to render this last personal service; and then from every other ship of the fleet there put out a boat also manned by officers, to escort for the last time the commander whom they loved and honored."

As another illustration of American regard for the finer and loftier aspects of life, Professor Matthews calls attention to our parks, set apart for the use of the people by the city, the state and the nation. "Europe has little or nothing to show," he declares, "similar either to the reservations of certain states, like the steadily enlarging preserves in the Catskills and the Adirondacks, or to the ampler national parks: the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, some of them far larger in area than one at least of the original thirteen states." Then there are our battlefields, reverentially preserved:

"Many of the battlefields whereon the nation

*AMERICAN CHARACTER. By Brander Matthews, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

spent its blood that it might be what it is and what it hopes to be—these have been taken over by the nation itself and set apart and kept as holy places of pilgrimage. They are free from the despoiling hand of any individual owner. They are adorned with monuments recording the brave deeds of the men who fought there. They serve as constant reminders of the duty we owe to our country and of the debt we owe to those who made it and who saved it for us. And the loyal veneration with which these fields of blood have been cherished here in the United States finds no counterpart in any country in Europe, no matter how glorious may be its annals of military prowess. Even Waterloo is in private hands;

and its broad acres, enriched by the bones of thousands, are tilled every year by the industrious Belgian farmers. Yet it was a Frenchman, Renan, who told us that what welds men into a nation, is 'the memory of great deeds done in common and the will to accomplish yet more.'"

We Americans have our faults, says Professor Matthews, and they are abundant enough; but "our ethical standard—however imperfectly we may attain to it—is higher than that of the Greeks, under Pericles; of the Romans, under Caesar; of the English, under Elizabeth."

TOLSTOY'S STRUGGLE WITH HIS LOWER NATURE



WHEN approached by his friend Paul Birukoff, several years ago, with the request that he furnish the material for a biography, Count Tolstoy was at first unwilling to lend his aid. He explained that, in describing the events of his life and the inner struggles through which he had passed, he did not see how he could avoid "the Charybdis of self-praise (by keeping silence about all that is bad) and the Scylla of cynical frankness about all the abominations of one's life." But later he changed his mind. "I decided that I might write my biography," he said to Birukoff, "because I can understand that it may be interesting and possibly useful to men were I to show all the abomination of the life I led before my awakening, and—speaking without false modesty—what was good in it (were it only in intentions, which, owing to my weakness, were not being always realized) after the awakening." In accordance with this decision, he put at the disposal of his friend memoirs, letters and papers that have never before been printed and that lend unique value to Birukoff's biographical volume.* He also consented to revise the work, and suggested a division of his life into four periods: his innocent childhood, his dissolute and sensuous youth, his honest family life, and his last twenty years of moral and literary activity. With grave sincerity he added: "Such a history of my life during these four periods I should like to write quite truthfully, if God will give me the power and time. I think that such an autobiography, even though very defective, would be more profitable to men than

all that artistic prattle with which the twelve volumes of my works are filled, and to which men of our time attribute an undeserved significance." The present volume deals with the first two periods named.

The soul of Tolstoy, as here revealed, was a battle-ground on which the forces of good and evil met in violent combat. As a boy his instincts were exceptionally fine, and his association with his brother Dmitri led him to what he afterward called "an ecstatic worship of the ideal of virtue," and "the conviction that a man's destiny is continually to perfect himself." But during the trying period of adolescence his moral nature went to pieces. "He was tossed to and fro on divers blasts," says Birukoff; "the wings of vision lifted him to unattainable heights, from which he plunged downward, carried away by the lower impulses of a powerful animal nature." Tolstoy has told the story himself in his "Confession":

"I honestly desired to make myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young, I had passions, and I stood alone, altogether alone, in my search after virtue. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life, I was met with contempt and derisive laughter; but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions, I was praised and encouraged. I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, lechery, pride, anger, vengeance, held in high esteem. I gave way to these passions, and, becoming like my elders, felt that the place which I filled in the world satisfied those around me. My kind-hearted aunt, a really good woman, used to say to me that there was one thing above all others which she wished for me—an intrigue with a married woman: 'Rien ne forme un jeune homme, comme un liaison avec une femme comme il faut.' Another of her wishes for my happiness was that I should become an adjutant, and, if possible, to the Emperor. The greatest happiness of all for me

*LEO TOLSTOY, HIS LIFE AND WORK. Autobiographical Memoirs, Letters, and Biographical Material. Compiled by Paul Birukoff and revised by Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian. Volume I, Childhood and Early Manhood. Charles Scribner's Sons.

she thought would be that I should find a wealthy bride who would bring me as her dowry an enormous number of serfs.

"I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing.

"I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted the substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence and murder, all were committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was none the less considered by my equals to be a comparatively moral man. Such was my life for ten years."

Tolstoy seems to have been keenly conscious of the humiliation of his position. Like many another who has struggled with temptation, he *knew* the higher, even though he chose the lower. "Please God," he wrote to his brother Sergey in 1848, "I will some day amend myself and become a respectable man." For whole months he would live steadily and soberly, and then a wave of unrestrained passion would conquer him. In his stronger moods he was restrained by a sense of self-respect. "Men whom I consider morally beneath me can do wicked things better than I do," he wrote in his diary; whereupon the wicked things would lose their charm and he would turn from them. Often, after he had lost his self-control, he would have fits of depression, and then recover himself and write his own condemnation: "I am living a completely brutish life, altho not an utterly disorderly one. I have abandoned almost all my occupations and have greatly fallen in spirit." He realized that three passions were preventing him from living a moral life, and he defined them as follows:

"(1) The passion for gambling; a greedy passion which gradually develops a craving for strong excitement. But it is possible to resist it.

"(2) The indulgence of sensual passions. This is a physical need, a need of the body excited by the imagination; abstinence increases the desire and makes it very difficult to contend with. The best method is labor and occupation.

"(3) Vanity: this passion is the one by which we do least injury to others and the most to ourselves."

Thus the conflict between the higher and lower self went on. Tolstoy fell only to rise again. As persistent as the lusts of the flesh were the moral enthusiasms that constantly flooded his life. Journeying with his brother Nicholas through the Caucasus, in an effort to escape from the dissipations and temptations of St. Petersburg, he experienced, in 1851, a sense of religious ecstasy which for a while transfigured his whole being. "How dreadful it was for me," he wrote, "to look at all the

trivial and vicious side of my life! I could not comprehend how it was this had attracted me. How I prayed God from a pure heart to accept me into His bosom!" As a soldier at Sebastopol, four years later, he was preoccupied by religious ideals. In his diary of March 5, 1855, he made the entry:

"A conversation about divinity and faith suggested to me a great, a stupendous idea, to the realization of which I feel myself capable of devoting my life. The idea is the foundation of a new religion corresponding to the present state of mankind—the religion of Jesus, but purified from dogma and mysticism, a practical religion, not promising future bliss, but giving bliss upon earth. I feel that this idea can be realized only by generations consciously looking toward it as a goal. One generation will hand on the idea to the next, and, some day, enthusiasm or reason will bring it into being. To act with a deliberate view to the religious union of mankind, this is the leading principle of the idea which I hope will command my enthusiasm."

Tolstoy's greatest novel, "*Anna Karenina*," contains a character, Levin, obviously autobiographical; and almost all the stories written by Tolstoy during his youthful period mirror his moral struggle. The "*Recollections of a Billiard-Marker*," for instance, is the portrayal of an innocent soul corrupted by town debauchery, and "*The Two Hussars*" contrasts two generations: the older, unsophisticated and sincere; the younger, vicious and hypocritical. Tolstoy married in 1862. He did not "find" himself until long years after. But he continued to subject his character and his work to relentless analysis and criticism. The germ of his future self was already plainly discernible. Of the traits which were to lead on to moral triumph and to bring him finally world-wide fame, his friend Birukoff writes:

"One of these traits is his extraordinary capacity for being carried away by anything brought within his sphere. This passionate ardor he carried into his search for truth, for the meaning of human life, and with the same power of genius he transformed and gave to the world the results of his work.

"Another striking trait of his character is its truthfulness; a sincerity which feared nothing, which often caused disagreeable encounters, but more often, and finally, brought him to the God of Truth, whom he always served, however unconsciously overshadowed by varying temporary attractions.

"The third and final trait of his character is the love of goodness; the enjoyment of it, and the incessant labor upon himself in view of widening the domain of goodness, the winning others over to the power of goodness, the striving to show to others all its beauty.

"It is evident that these three traits, combined with his natural gifts, were sufficient to win for him the world-wide influence he now possesses."

IS THIS THE AGE OF PRETENSE?



OUR generation has been indicted on the ground of its idleness, money-worship, extravagance, love of luxury, gambling and immorality; but, in the opinion of Basil Tozer, a London writer, the period in which we live ought to be called "the age of pretense." "We have had within the last six hundred years," he says, "an age of religious intolerance, an age of bigotry and religious persecution, an age of cruelty, an age of lust and luxury, quite as great as we are having now, and an age of prudery. During each and all of those periods 'the snobbery of pretense,' as Thackeray called it, was more or less in evidence, tho at no time was it in evidence to a degree in any way approaching that which marks the opening of this twentieth century." Mr. Tozer continues (in *The Monthly Review*, August):

"There never has been a time, if history is to be trusted, when so many persons—men as well as women—wished it to be supposed that they not merely move among the set that has come to be spoken of as 'the best people,' but that they were and are upon very intimate terms with the more prominent members of that alleged exclusive coterie. In hotels, at foreign watering-places, in railway carriages, in some country houses even, you come across these pretenders and sycophants. It is almost impossible not to notice them, for they insist upon revealing their identity in one way or another, perhaps more particularly by their conversation. They talk for effect and to impress all who may be within hearing; and yet, if they but knew, they generally fail to impress any but the more obtuse among their listeners."

A different class of pretenders that, according to Mr. Tozer, has multiplied very rapidly in recent years, and is multiplying still, is the collector and "connoisseur" of antiques, who poses as an authority on antique silver, antique furniture, antique china, antique pictures, etc. Such a one assumes knowledge and sympathies that he does not possess because "collecting" is the vogue of the hour, and the Earl of So-and-So, or an American millionaire, has set the fashion. Then there is the pretense of the philanthropist. Of this form of hypocrisy Mr. Tozer writes:

"Statistics show that there are more warm-hearted, broad-minded, in a word, genuine philanthropists in our midst to-day than there have been during any previous period in history; but similar statistics, combined with a general knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes, reveals indisputable truths that are far from pleasant to contemplate. Plenty of our musical and dramatic artists could give interesting details of the way

in which their services have been deliberately exploited by 'philanthropists' whose 'philanthropy' was an inordinate desire to acquire a reputation for liberality in the cause of charity, tho without themselves expending even a small sum."

Many clergymen have come to much the same conclusions as Mr. Tozer, and a venerable canon, during the course of conversation with him, cited from an American novel a striking illustration of the prevailing temper of our times. He observed:

"Ten years ago the modern wealthy, well-dressed woman—I speak, of course, of 'woman' in the concrete—either went to church or did not go to church; she had, at least, the courage of her convictions, tho I must in justice add that she went to church a great deal oftener than she goes now. To-day she 'patronizes' church—that is the only word that exactly sums up her attitude towards the Almighty—in town or country, if her hostess or those among her friends whose good opinion she values are addicted to church-going; if they are not addicted to it, she pretends that she too never prays, and by many a significant little smile and meaning glance transfers to those friends the impression that she looks upon church-going people with but thinly-veiled contempt. Indeed, the habit of church-going is degenerating into a sort of farce among the wealthy class of this country; in the big towns it is degenerating quickly, in the provincial towns less quickly. In a clever book called 'The House of Mirth,' that I read the other day, I came upon this sentence: 'The (So-and-So's) circle of acquaintance was so large that God was included in their visiting list.' Perhaps you think that profane. I am a clergyman—a clergyman of the old school and not abreast of the times, they call me—yet I do not deem it profane. In my opinion, that observation exactly reveals the attitude in which a vast proportion of our present-day population regard their Maker."

Mr. Tozer goes on to speak of the pretenses of dress (which, he admits, has been largely abolished in America); of the pretense of musical knowledge on the part of those who hardly know one note from another; of the pretense of sporting and agricultural knowledge among people who have no first-hand knowledge of these subjects. "There would seem to be but one topic," he concludes, semi-humorously, "upon which these modern pretenders at present dare not tread, namely, the subject of the mechanism of automobiles. They no doubt feel instinctively that to endeavor to talk learnedly about the inside of a Daimler when they don't know the difference between a cotter-pin and a sparking-plug might entangle them in controversy from which they would emerge with a reputation for either insobriety or attacks of temporary insanity."

MR. BRYAN AS A DEFENDER OF CHRISTIANITY

DURING the course of his journey around the world, the attention of William Jennings Bryan was called to a brilliant little book published in England three years ago under the title, "Letters from a Chinese Official." It purported to be "an Eastern view of Western civilization," and was issued anonymously. Later it was found to have been written by G. Lowes Dickinson, with the help of material furnished by a Chinaman. The book is a quaint and at times almost convincing argument, aiming to show the superiority of Chinese ideals and customs over those prevailing in England and America. It even sets Confucianism above Christianity, and refers to Christ as "a mild, Oriental enthusiast, unlettered, untraveled, inexperienced," whose ideal was one of "contemplation in heaven," rather than of labor on earth. If He had been a truly great teacher, argues this critic, He would have inculcated a practical code of ethics, as Confucius did, rather than an impossible idealism utterly beyond the reach of average men and women.

Mr. Bryan was so much interested in the book, and at the same time so thoroly convinced of its error, that he took the trouble to write a reply,* in which he meets and endeavors to overthrow the main positions taken by the supposititious Chinaman. Perhaps the most interesting part of his rejoinder is that relating to Christianity and Confucianism. Taking up, first of all, the argument that Christianity presents an impossible ideal, Mr. Bryan says:

"Let me admit, without qualification, that the Christian ideal is not lived up to anywhere in the world; let me admit that the best of Christians everywhere fall below the conception of life presented by the life and teachings of the Man of Galilee, and still I will contend that one who follows Christ afar off, even with limping step and many a fall, may live a nobler life than the perfect disciple of Confucius. No ideal is high that is fully realized. The man who claims for his ideal that instead of being above him, it is perfectly embodied in his life, confesses that he has no aspirations for improvement. It is the glory of the Christian ideal that while it is within sight of the weakest and the lowliest, it is still high enough to keep the best and the purest with their faces turned ever upward."

Passing on to a consideration of the charge that Christ concerned himself with heavenly contemplation rather than with earthly condi-

tions, Mr. Bryan tries to convict the "Chinese Official" of fundamental ignorance of New Testament doctrine. "If you think," he says, "that Christ occupied the time of His disciples in discussing the beauties of heaven to the neglect of things connected with the present life, you should reread the Scriptures; you will discover that the Master seldom referred to the future life, but continually emphasized the relations which exist between man and man. He pointed out the dangers which beset life and the temptations to which all are liable, and He fortified the individual at every point for his combat with the evil in the world. No other teacher has evinced such a perfect knowledge of human nature or so analyzed it." When it comes to an analysis and practical application of the respective teachings of Confucius and Christ, Mr. Bryan feels that the Oriental doctrine will always occupy a subordinate place.

"Confucius dealt with rules and formulas; Christ dealt with substance and with unchanging truth. Confucius spoke frequently of manners and ceremonies; Christ purified the heart, out of which are the issues of life. Proprieties formed a conspicuous theme in the conversations of Confucius—how to behave toward the father, how to act toward the elder brother, how to approach the king and his ministers—these subjects are minutely treated; the purpose weighed with Christ, and the uprightness of intention more than outward form. Confucius sought to show kings how they could become popular with their ministers and subjects, and individuals how they might become 'superior men'; Christ made service the measure of greatness and established a standard which can be adapted with profit by prince and peasant alike. For the noisy scramble for gain and selfish advantage, he substituted a peaceful rivalry in doing good, estimating life, not by its accumulations, but by its contribution to the sum of human happiness."

There are two fundamental and vital points, continues Mr. Bryan, at which the teachings of Confucius and Christ conflict. The first is connected with the interpretation of the Golden Rule:

"Tsze-Kung asked, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practise for all one's life?' Confucius replied: 'Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.' Christ taught, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' These two precepts have sometimes been confused, and Confucius has even been credited with forestalling the Golden Rule. But there is a world of difference between the two doctrines. 'Do not' states the negative side and is good as far as it goes. The man who obeys

*LETTERS TO A CHINESE OFFICIAL: BEING A WESTERN VIEW OF EASTERN CIVILIZATION. By William Jennings Bryan. McClure, Phillips & Company.

Confucius will do no harm, and that is something; the harmless man stands upon a higher plane than the man who injures others. But 'Do' is the positive form of the rule, and the man who does good is vastly superior to the merely harmless man. One can stand on the bank of a stream and watch another drown without lifting a hand to aid and yet not violate the 'do not' of Confucius, but he will violate the 'do' of Christ. Life in China illustrates this very difference. There is apparently lacking that cohesion which sympathy produces, that active interest in others which our Gospels enjoin; verily, one can live up to the Confucian ideal and yet be almost as useless to his neighborhood and his nation as the insensate stone."

The second great difference between Confucius and Christ is found in their teachings bearing on the treatment of evil-doers:

"Someone asked Confucius, 'What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?' He replied: 'With what then will you recompense kindness?' 'Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.' Christ dealt with that identical question, and in that most wonderful of all discourses, the Sermon on the Mount, said: 'Ye have heard that it has been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy, but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"Do you discern any difference between these two doctrines? And can you be so blind as not to recognize the infinite superiority of the Christian creed? Recompense evil with justice? Who can correctly define the word justice when his heart is full of hatred and his bosom swells with angry passions? Man's eyesight is poor enough at best; it cannot be relied upon when he looks through a mist of resentment. Christ goes to the root of the matter; He would remove the retaliatory spirit which blurs the vision. How this philosophy transcends the codes and creeds of earth's sages! How it stretches forth in its world-wide reach! How it glows with life and vigor!"

"If I were asked," continues Mr. Bryan, "to name the sentence in Christ's gospel which gives most inherent and conclusive proof of His knowledge, I would point to the Beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God'; if I were asked to point out words which more clearly than any other differentiate the teachings of Christ from the utterances that have fallen from uninspired lips, I would quote from His simple but incomparable prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'" He proceeds, addressing himself directly to the "Chinese Official":

"Experience is the test of truth, and experience shows that there is no corner of the earth where the truth of Christianity has not been recognized and its principles applied. The story of Him to whom you refer as 'a mild Oriental enthusiast,

unlettered, untraveled and inexperienced,' has been translated into every tongue, and that simple story has kindled everywhere an enthusiasm that dimly, at least, reflects the earnestness of Him who 'spake as never man spake.' In your own country there is abundant evidence of the gradual substitution of the Christian for the Confucian code, and during the Boxer trouble thousands of Chinamen suffered death rather than surrender the faith which the life and teaching of Christ had implanted in them, and there were among your people examples of courage and consecration that recalled the martyrdom of the early days of the Christian church.

"As a fountain of water issuing from a hillside clothes a barren plain with verdure, so Christianity has scattered oases throughout China and is to-day exerting an influence far greater than that actual church membership would indicate. Schools have followed the Christian teachers and hospitals have sprung up in the wake of the medical missionary."

In closing his defense of Christianity, Mr. Bryan quotes these eloquent paragraphs from a recent book of sermons by the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson, of New York:


"Christ in history! There is a fact—face in history. According to the New Testament, Jesus walked along the shores of a little sea known as the Sea of Galilee. And there He called Peter and Andrew and James and John and several others to be his followers, and they left all and followed Him. After they had followed Him they revered Him, and later on adored and worshiped Him. He left them on their faces, each man saying, 'My Lord and my God!' All that is in the New Testament.

"But put the New Testament away. Time passes; history widens; an unseen Presence walks up and down the shores of a larger sea—the sea called the Mediterranean—and this unseen Presence calls men to follow him. Tertullian, Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas, Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Kempis, Savonarola, John Huss, Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Ulrich Zwingli, John Calvin—another twelve—and these all followed Him and cast themselves at his feet, saying in the words of the earlier twelve, 'My Lord and my God!'

"Time passes; history advances; humanity lives its life around the circle of a larger sea—the Atlantic Ocean. An unseen Presence walks up and down the shores calling men to follow Him. He calls John Knox, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Charles Spurgeon, Henry Parry Liddon, Joseph Parker, Jonathan Edwards, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, Richard Saltus Storrs, Phillips Brooks, Dwight L. Moody—another twelve—and these leave all and follow Him. We find them on their faces, each one saying, 'My Lord and my God!'

"Time passes; history is widening; humanity is building its civilization round a still wider sea—we call it the Pacific Ocean. An unknown Presence moves up and down the shores calling men to follow Him, and they are doing it. Another company of twelve is forming. And what tool place in Palestine nineteen centuries ago is taking place again in our own day and under our own eyes."

A RELIGION FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

AKING as his keynote the famous saying of Lessing's, "The Christian religion has been tried for eighteen centuries; the religion of Christ remains to be tried," an author whose name is withheld, but who writes in a most engaging style and shows the evidence of profound scholarship, has published a book* in which he endeavors to differentiate between the essential and non-essential elements in Christianity, and to suggest the religious development of the immediate future. He aims to speak not from the point of view of the student, but from that of the average thinking man and woman, and is encouraged in this attempt by the reflection that "after all, it is by average experience and average intelligence that the practical value of any point of view must ultimately be tested."

There is a sense, observes this writer, in which every age is a middle age, and every time a time of transition. But there are special reasons why we who live in these early years of the twentieth century must regard our time as in an unusual degree a time of transition. The intellectual world is penetrated by a spirit of restlessness, and our religious conceptions are in a state of flux. Less than a hundred years ago, the "left wing" of the Christian church cast out Theodore Parker for his assertion that the value of the gospel of Jesus Christ does not stand or fall with the credibility of its miraculous elements. To-day, a Dean of a Protestant Faculty in the University of Paris, Auguste Sabatier, can refer with impunity to the fact that "miracle has lost its evidential force"; and Adolf Harnack's place as a Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin is not felt to be endangered by his frank statement that "the question of miracles is of relative indifference in comparison with everything else which is to be found in the Gospel."

And what has become of the once familiar conflict between religion and science? The ranks of the combatants "are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale," and the old watchwords have almost disappeared. "We turn from Professor Harnack's 'What is Christianity?' or Sabatier's 'Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit,' to Kidd's 'Social Evolution,' or James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' and wonder where the conflict is. If we want the old uncompromising

defense of religion *against* science, we must look—heaven save the mark!—to W. H. Mallock,—to some such book as his 'Religion as a Credible Doctrine.' " Verily, the face of our times is altered, and "the walls of the theological Jericho sway beneath the stress of the new voices."

The plain truth, as this writer sees it, is that the old positions are no longer tenable; the leaders of thought have moved on, and the rest of us have had to follow. "It would seem as if Christianity were losing the protection of dogmatic metaphysics and must live, if it live at all, by the help of no extraneous supports, but by its own inherent vitality; must endure, if it endure at all, as a religion not proved true by theological argument, but proving itself true in the lives of individuals and of nations." To quote further:

"The Christianity that we know is composed of many and diverse elements, and certain of these elements, important in the past, are apparently passing away; does it contain other elements which are enduring, and which are destined to reassert themselves, with greater power than ever before, in a religion of practical value to struggling, suffering, hoping humanity? It is a question for the coming years to decide, but we may take heart in one thought: that, whatever ethical and religious changes this century holds in its dim reaches, any possible revival of Christianity will not be obliged to formulate its creed, as earlier creeds were formulated, to protect a nascent church struggling to maintain a foothold against the assaults of alien metaphysics without and unruly sectaries within,—intellectual compromises demanded as the very price of existence. A new creed must meet demands no less insistent, but demands of the soul rather than of the intellect. It must be a creed not to reason about in councils, but to live by in the home; a creed to be justified, not by logic, but by life; not by argument, but by experience.

"The authority of self-evidencing truth—that is what the twentieth century wants."

It is in this spirit that the writer turns from the controversies of our day to Lessing's paradox, "The Christian Religion has been tried for eighteen centuries; the Religion of Christ remains to be tried," suggesting that *here* is to be found the message that our age needs. But before we can grasp this message, we shall have to learn how to distinguish between that "Christian Religion," which has come down to us through the centuries, and the "Religion of Christ" from which it grew.

When we speak of the "Christian Religion," says the writer, the phrase suggests three main ideas: the idea of a body of doctrine and that

*THE RELIGION OF CHRIST IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of an ecclesiastical organization, and, as an adjunct to these, the idea of a way of life.

Proceeding to trace the origin and growth of Christian dogma, the writer calls attention to the unique conditions under which Christianity took form. Never, he thinks, has history recorded a "stranger mental admixture" than that existing in the first three or four centuries of the Christian era. There was a Roman state religion, "tolerating, with the toleration of indifference, rationalism on the one hand, and, on the other, a host of fantastic cults crowding into the Empire from the mysterious East." The whole was "lighted by the glory—though a fading glory—of Greek philosophy." Scattered through the mighty Empire—so solidly organized in material things, so chaotic in spirit—was the so-called Jewish Dispersion; groups of men and women of intense religious conviction, propagandists of a new Christian faith. When Christianity triumphed, its victory was far from meaning a real domination of the religion of Jesus over the pagan world. What actually resulted was the establishment of a church "Roman in body, Greek in spirit, but a living church, because at its heart endured the spiritual principle which gave life to the first community at Jerusalem." The writer continues:

"The Christian way of life was one, the Christian ways of thought were many. One after another these ways were advanced and debated until, by the pressure of heresy after heresy, that way of thought was molded which was finally pronounced orthodox, and 'the church no longer disputed with heretics; she condemned them.'

"Then there befell what always befalls under like circumstances. As soon as the church had attained a position of authority, she met with the support always accorded to such authority by what Harnack calls 'that old and almost ineradicable tendency of mankind to rid itself of its freedom and responsibility in higher things, and to subject itself to a law.' That direct personal relation to God and His truth which is the birth-right of every human soul, this human soul again and again exchanges, and exchanges gladly, for the comforting portage of mental quiet and freedom from responsibility."

Next came the crystallization into church organization:

"The history of the first three centuries A.D., shows us the rapid development of the external side of the Christian Religion, and the history of all the centuries since shows us that this outward bond of observance is far more to be counted upon for the maintenance of a firm ecclesiasticism than is the inward bond of personal conviction. The church which gradually established itself in those first centuries and which, throwing an increasing emphasis on ritual, finally declared that salvation lay in its sacraments, and,

by placing the administration of these sacraments in the hands of a consecrated order, drew a hard and fast line between clergy and laity and constituted itself 'the instrument of salvation,' is still, in spite of the serious schisms of the ninth and sixteenth centuries, one church, consistent and powerful, holding in its communion some two hundred and forty million souls, nearly half the Christians in the world.

"Plainly, observance is always cohesive in it, effect, whereas conviction is quite as likely to be disintegrating; plainly, too, it is far easier for ecclesiastical authority to control outward conformity than inward opinion; but I am inclined to think that the chief reason why ecclesiasticism finds in *observance* its best support is the simple one that average humanity takes very kindly to *observance*."

Thus the "Christian Religion," following the line of least resistance, entrenched itself behind the firm bulwarks of dogma and ecclesiasticism. In doing so, it did not, of course, repudiate the Gospel teaching, but the effect was to make the "Religion of Christ" subsidiary. Christ, it is certain, was not concerned either with dogma or ecclesiasticism, and constantly assumed an attitude of opposition to both. On this point the writer says:

"The religion of Jesus seems in truth to have been no more dogmatic than the religion of the prophets; seems to have been indeed like theirs,—'mere theism.' At least he certainly declares that obedience from the heart to the familiar commandments of his ancestors, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and soul and mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' is sufficient to secure the inheritance of eternal life; wherein he differs from the Athanasian Creed. And the religion of Jesus seems also to have been quite indifferent to many of the observances, which his countrymen had 'received to hold.' Brought to book again and again for breaking the Sabbath, he defends himself by the quiet assertion, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'; an assertion which lays its axe to the root of all sacramentalism. And the act by which he introduced his preaching in Jerusalem [the driving of the money-changers from the temple], can hardly be construed favorably to Jewish ecclesiasticism.

"No; neither dogmatism nor ecclesiasticism may prudently look to Jesus of Nazareth for direct support. For dogmatism and ecclesiasticism are born, not of spiritual strength, but of spiritual weakness; and that Christianity has in the past placed its main reliance upon dogma and ritual testifies, not to spiritual strength, but to spiritual weakness."

Since He cared so little about doctrines and ecclesiastical forms, what, then, was Christ's essential and fundamental interest? The present writer answers: "A way of life." That is to say, Christ was chiefly interested not in what men believe, nor in how they are organized, but in the way they *live*. He taught:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

"Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"How familiar the words are!" exclaims the writer, "—so familiar that it requires a distinct effort of the mind to realize them as the expression of a definite point of view as to the values of life, as the definite opinion of this teacher as to what makes for human happiness." Equally familiar are those other precepts here summarized:

"Beware of all externalism, of all hypocrisy. Bear in mind that anger and lust are sins as truly as are murder and adultery; that defilement is from within and not without.

"Be not anxious about the life of the body, eager to accumulate possessions, for a man's real life consisteth not in the abundance of these things. It is the life of the soul that matters, and no man can truly serve two masters. He must choose between them, and peace comes of faithfulness to the right choice, of single-mindedness. Seek first that kingdom of heaven which is within you; and verily, if ye seek ye shall find, if ye ask ye shall receive.

"But take heed that ye do not your righteousness that men may see it. Let your alms and your prayers and your fastings be known only to the Father which seeth in secret. Beware of pride, of self-satisfaction, of all hardness of spirit; judge not; consider the beam in thine own eye, not the mote in thy brother's. Be humble, glad to serve,—it is he that loseth his life, that spends it freely, that shall save it. Remember that evil cannot be overcome by evil; that it can be overcome only by good. Therefore resist it not; never be resentful, but forgive, if it be necessary, even to seventy times seven times—nay, love those who wrong you, since ye are the sons of that Father who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good. For what is it to love them that love you? All men do this. But ye are to do more than others; ye shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

This is not a new religion, says the writer, in concluding; but it is the best religion the world has ever known. Returning to the keynote of the book, he adds:

"The Christian Religion has been tried for eighteen centuries; the Religion of Christ remains to be tried.' It may seem rather 'extravagant,' this saying, but is it not true that it does express the spirit in which any new movement for the improvement of theology must be carried on? And is it not also true that the twentieth century is, in reality, seeking, as no century has ever sought before, to try the 'Religion of Christ'—to prove it and test it; that it is laying a steadily decreasing emphasis upon dogma and ritual, a steadily increasing emphasis upon a way of life? Such, at least, is the unmistakable signification of many of the new voices. And mingling with these new voices, strengthening and sustaining them, come many older voices out of the centuries that have gone, from the far past, from the very dawn of Christianity."

A THEOLOGIAN'S RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it, but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves, 'Here it is!' like the chest of gold that treasure-seekers find." Thus spoke Nathaniel Hawthorne in one of his most pessimistic moods. But where the poet has failed the priest may point the way. The Rev. Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, at Cambridge, Mass., thinks that he has found the secret recipe for true human happiness. It has six ingredients, of which religion itself is the most important.

The first help to happiness, he says in a newly published booklet,* is the Determination to be happy. This does not mean that we should be happy under all circumstances. "When ill, conditions may be changed; it is the business of all good people to be persistently discontented until they change them." But there are ill-conditions which are beyond change, at least for the moment, such as sickness. Here it becomes us to deal with pain as Jacob dealt with the angel—that is to wrestle with it. "Determination," says Dean Hodges, "wrests a blessing, as from sickness, so from every other ill of life. Thus it deals with disappointment, with disaster, even with bereavement." It is thus only that we may

*THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. By George Hodges. Doubleday, Page & Company.

hope to find perfect joy and to be at peace in the midst of tribulation.

The second mile-stone on the way to happiness is Regulation, or "determination brought to an immediate effect." A general resolution is like a general invitation to dinner. It means nothing. It is "a mere drift of moral mist blown by the vagrant wind." The chief enemies to regulation in our American life are hurry and worry. Hurry is an un-resting demon who goes out and brings in seven spirits worse than himself. We must learn to avoid both hurry and worry, and yet to regulate our lives, mindful of the requirements of external circumstance. This demands, in the author's phrase, "a clear understanding between the clock and the conscience."

The third quality essential to the outfit of the seeker for happiness is a true perspective; a sense of Proportion. "Diamonds of shining joy," exclaims Dean Hodges, "lie glittering in every common highway, but most of the passers-by only stub their toes against them. To perceive the true value of things, to see the difference between a cobblestone and a Kohinoor, is a great part of the secret of satisfaction." This sense of proportion will save us from the pitfalls of pessimism, the easiest of fallacies. We shall realize that the suicides, murders and divorces that fill the first page of the morning papers do not fairly represent the human day, but are the infrequent exception. "Life," says Dean Hodges, "for the most part, goes on clear and peaceful."

The fourth corner on the Highway of Happiness, we learn, is the gift of Vision. Vision, we are told, denotes imagination, rescued from the devil and become the handmaid of felicity. Thoughtful people have always refused to be happy with the world as it is, but have dreamed of a beyond. "That which satisfies and exceeds the body cramps the soul." Books will enlarge our field of vision, but books are not enough. What we need is to transform the world by vision. "For vision," the author observes, "means interpretation. It helps us to be happy, because by it it enables us to look through the visible into the invisible. It brings us into the society of the mystics whose poet is Wordsworth, and whose apostle is St. John, who see that this world of brown and green and blue, embroidered with flowers and painted with sunsets, is of a truth the garment of God."

Yet nobody can be happy in any large way unless to these gifts he adds the habit of Ministration. Happiness, Dean Hodges insists, is a social matter. "People have sometimes car-

ried it away for their own private delight, but they have never succeeded in keeping it. It has always behaved, as in the fairy tales, where the gold and gems of selfishness are changed into brown stones and withered leaves." To set about definitely the betterment of any community or of any individual is to enter into the company of all saints and statesmen, and to sit in the senate of philosophers. Thoreau said that he had traveled extensively—in Concord. And, in sooth, the smallest village offers room for adventure and discovery; in a sense the whole human race inhabits it.

Ministration is not so much an expedient for the increase of happiness as a quality of life on which happiness depends. To it must be added Religion. Religion, Dean Hodges strongly urges, is not inimical to happiness. We are right when we put the emphasis of life on the side of pleasure. The pursuit of happiness is a Christian occupation. He says:

"I know that religion has sometimes seemed to hinder happiness. It has taught the terror of the Lord, and has gone about with a stern face, frowning on the jubilation of youth. But even this has been for the sake of sincere felicity. It has been a debate between the Epicurean and the Stoic, each of whom has his own idea of satisfaction. Morton, of Merry-mount, and Winthrop, of Boston, had each his own way of enjoying life. And the honest truth is that the Puritan got more solid happiness out of his sober life than his hilarious neighbor. It is the business of religion to consider what kind of happiness is of an enduring quality and to distinguish it sharply from the delusive happiness which leads only to a headache or a heartache. This may sometimes have been done without just discrimination, but it is better to have done it bunglingly than not at all."

While Dean Hodges has no patience with a narrow Puritanism, he by no means denies the all-importance of religion in life. On the contrary, he believes that without religion complete happiness is not possible. "Religion," he says, "ministers to happiness, because it means revelation."

"It answers our imperative questions. One may, indeed, go on a long way in a serene life without the interposition of importunate questions. But sooner or later they stop every traveler, like the sphinx in the old story, and the reply, or even the lack of a reply, means light or darkness, success or failure, joy or sorrow. Is this world governed by God? Is God our Father, or our enemy, or is He indifferent to us? And after death what then? These are imperative questions. When they arise in the soul, they must be answered."

Nature has no clear reply; human experience fails to elucidate the mystery, and even the words of spiritual masters carry convic-

tion only to those who are convinced already. The Dean concludes:

"'Lord,' said the disciples, 'to whom shall we go?' And they solved their own problem, turning to the Master, saying, 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.' That is, they found the imperative questions answered in the words of Him of whom the Unitarians say that He was a man filled with God, and of whom the Trinitarians say that He was God filling a man, and of whom all agree that He brought life and immortality to light. There He stands, in the midst of all the creeds and the churches, and the confusion of old controversies, assuring us, with the serene confidence of one who knows, that God is, and is good, and intends good hereafter. That is the substantial basis of both faith and joy.

"Religion ministers to happiness because it means redemption.

"It delivers us from our besetting sins. The sting of life is sin. The cloud which drifts be-

tween us and the sun, darkening the shining, is the cloud of our own transgressions. And from this religion delivers us. It is a fact which both eludes understanding and defies denial, like the cures which are effected by the physician. It is an evident phenomenon enacted within our own observation, if not within our own experience. By religion, sinners have been changed to saints, and plain people have been rescued out of selfishness and over-mastering temptation into newness of life. Thus religion brings with it a joy of its own. It has its own characteristic felicity, like books and art and music and achievement. This felicity passes definition, but they who have entered into it know how precious it is. They are poor who lack it. They who possess it are rich beyond the accounting of the imagination.

"For the supreme joy is to be in free and congenial relationship with life. And religion is the completion of it. Here the circle of satisfaction comes round. Here the pursuit of happiness ends in perfect possession."

THE NECESSITY OF EVIL

ROBINSON CRUSOE was asked by his man Friday, "Why God no kill the Devil?" and down through the centuries thousands of other men have been asking the same question. It has taken humanity a long while to come to a conclusion which is now held by an increasing number of thinkers, namely, that "the Devil" is actually a necessary part of the equipment of this universe. Sir Oliver Lodge, writing recently in the London *Clarion* on "The Problem of Evil," expresses his conviction that a world without sin or evil would be a very unsatisfactory place. Life without mistakes, accidents, or failures might realize "the perfection of mechanism," he observes, but it would be "rather dull." He continues:

"If there is evolution, growth, development, we must be on the way towards perfection; we cannot have attained to it; and if we have not attained to perfection there must be a certain amount of imperfection. How much must depend on circumstances, on the stage reached, and also on our standard of reckoning, especially perhaps on that; but some imperfection there must be, and imperfection is only a milder name for evil."

Sir Oliver proceeds to offer an analogy that vividly illustrates his point of view:

"Darkness and Light, Ugliness and Beauty, Disease and Health, have all been used as analogues to evil and good; but I am inclined to think that one of the best and most helpful pair of analogues is Cold and Heat. For extreme cold, from one point of view, is a deadly damag-

ing thing, fatal to high organisms, and a thing to be excluded at all costs. Cold—the cold of a Polar night—the cold of liquid air—will inflict loss of limbs by frost bite, will hurt and pain and kill. No one can afford to despise cold if it be sufficiently intense. Yet what is cold? Is it anything? Was it a thing that had to be created and brought into being? No, it is simply the absence of heat. The absence of all heat whatever would be absolute zero; and down to such a temperature as that (460 degrees below zero Fahrenheit) no experimenter has yet descended even in the laboratory. In such cold as that all activity would cease, and the material Universe would stagnate into oblivion.

"Why, then, if cold is only the absence of heat, is it so deadly and destructive? Why is it so intense an evil to human beings? The answer plainly is, because they have attained so high a standard of development, because of their high organization, because of the high temperature at which they normally exist. Cold will not necessarily kill the lowly seed, tho it will keep it in suspended animation; but any higher organism it will destroy.

"If we ask, why was cold brought into existence? we are really asking nonsense; what we really mean and must mean is, why was heat brought into existence? You cannot have heat, and degrees of heat, without having degrees also of cold; one implies the other. You might have a dead level of temperature where everything would be dull and stagnant and inactive, but in a live and active Universe the degree of heat must vary, and so must the degree of cold."

Very much the same view of the subject is taken by Dr. Alexander Wilder, a writer in *The Metaphysical Magazine* (New York, September). He holds, with Socrates, that the bad cannot be extirpated, "for it is necessary

that there should always be something opposed to the good." He says further:

"We cannot suppose that Evil is the counterpart of the Supreme Right. From its peculiar nature as a non-enduring and destructive agency, it is not an end, and so of necessity it can only be a means. It must accordingly be simply a medium by which ulterior good is effected. As a servant it may have no alternative except to accomplish the will of the master. Whether the obedience is rendered willingly is a matter of less importance; the necessity to render it is the superior law. It is nevertheless ill to do evil in order that good may be the outcome, for all wrong-doing reacts perniciously upon the doer. Evil must be regarded accordingly as being of the transitory, the temporizing, and evanescent. It must always in the end give place to the Right, which alone is self-sustaining and perennial."

Sin, in its proper generic meaning, adds the same writer, denotes a "missing of the aim," a "failure to reach the desired end," rather than any profound turpitude or wickedness; and each such failure, he maintains, is a needed experience and lesson.

"In order to know ourselves more fully and

rightly, and in order to know more perfectly what is right and just and what is to be discarded, we require a course of training and exercise indefinitely long, which it is the office of evil to afford. It is accordingly a necessary part of our education. Without this experience many of our faculties and qualities would remain dormant and in abeyance. Many advantages are thus presented which otherwise would not have existed for us. Because of untoward adventures and unfortunate experiences in various forms and particulars, we each of us have become what we are. An agency which is necessary for these results cannot belong outside the pale of the Divine Goodness. Its place is clearly within the number of instrumentalities by means of which the world runs its course. There is injury in one direction but benefit in another which is resultant from it. It may seem to be malignant impulse, sometimes from angry Providence, sometimes from human malice, and in the latter case may even be from design to do harm, yet benefit is certain to be the ulterior result which it produces and promotes."

Evil, Dr. Wilder concludes, is therefore simply "the reverse side of the world-picture, the opposing pole, and its office is to incite the human soul to activity and thereby eliminate its defects and impurities."

THE REASONABLENESS OF BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY



HE latest of the Ingersoll lecturers on immortality at Harvard University, the Rev. Charles F. Dole, is much more hopeful than some of his predecessors in his attitude toward the question of life after death. Dr. Osler and Professor Ostwald voiced a faith in immortality so tenuous that their hearers are said to have gone away chilled, "as if they had heard the death sentence pronounced." Mr. Dole must have produced just the opposite effect upon his audience. He is a Unitarian clergyman in Jamaica Plains, Mass., and his lecture, now published in book form,* presents a closely woven argument in behalf of what may appropriately be called the *reasonableness* of belief in immortality.

There are doubtless more people to-day than ever before, says Mr. Dole, at the outset of his address, who are in doubt whether they have any right to hope for immortality. The idea is prevalent that belief in immortality is "a matter of sentiment or blind faith, but not quite respectable in the realm of intelligence"; and "even high-minded men seem to feel that a

duty to truth may compel them to smother a natural longing in their hearts to believe in immortality." Yet in spite of all these misgivings, "hosts of people, both the unlettered and the thoughtful, have believed and still believe, that death is not the end of man."

It has often been argued that one tremendous event in human history—the resurrection of Jesus—ought to settle once and for all the question of immortality. But Mr. Dole feels that this is an argument that can never appeal strongly to the modern mind. Even an evangelical leader of the type of Dr. George A. Gordon, he points out, takes pains, in his book, "The Witness to Immortality," to establish the theistic faith by philosophy before he adduces his reasons for believing in the resurrection of Jesus. In our day men are "convinced that the only sure ground for the hope of immortality must be in the fact that we are in some true sense immortal by nature"; for "unless we thus possess immortality, no miracle could demonstrate this fact."

Immortality, let it be frankly admitted, is but a hope. "This is what it has usually been," says Mr. Dole, "and this, it is quite possible, it must always remain." The questions we

*THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY. By Charles Fletcher Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

have to ask ourselves are: Why does this hope endure? What are the reasons that forever impel the mind to a belief in immortality? The speaker continues:

"First, I am impressed with the fact that man's life not only belongs to the realm of the senses and what we call material things, but it belongs essentially, in respect to all that most concerns us as human, to the invisible realm of thought or spirit. Whatever we name this realm of being, even if we shy at such a makeshift word as spirit' to describe it, the fact faces us that we are men, not merely by virtue of the circulation of blood in our veins, but by virtue of feelings, ideas, aspirations, convictions, states of consciousness, which cannot be weighed or measured, but which are at least as real as anything that we can see or touch. We play with numbers, we poetize, we behold visions of beauty, we love and we forgive, we dream of human welfare to be worked out centuries beyond our time; we philosophize over vast schemes of optimism or pessimism. This is simply to say that we inhabit an ideal or spiritual realm.

"We need not now enter into the question of what this realm of spirit is. We need not insist that there is any division between it and the realm where visible 'things' appear and animals breathe and move. Grant, if you choose, that some profound underlying substance makes the realm of spirit one with the realm of matter. We only say that the realm of thought and spirit exists. You cannot live a human life and ignore it. Its facts are at least as real as any facts are. That they cannot be measured by the instruments of the laboratory does not touch their validity. We know that we love our children, when we cannot even see their faces, much less see the motion of our love. The idea or hope of immortality obviously belongs in this realm of man's life. Whatever you think of it, it is on this range and not on the range of food values that we have to discuss it."

Next, it occurs to Mr. Dole that the very fact of the presence and prevalence of the idea of immortality in such a world as this is in itself a wonderful thing:

"It is wonderful if the spiritual interpretation of the universe is true. But it is also wonderful, if this is only a material world and the idea of immortality has not a shred of reality behind it. I am aware of the nature of the hints and suggestions through which students of the childhood of the race tell us that this idea may have grown up. Grant all that they say. The idea in itself is none the less magnificent and wonderful. Suppose it to have been born on the side of man's senses and out of material environment. The wonder is that it found a sort of soil in man's mind to grow in and to become what it is now at its highest,—a majestic and daring hope, free of selfishness, noble and ennobling, setting aside all bounds of space and time. This is a most extraordinary product to come out of the mere play of animal tissue! You can no more explain it in this blundering way than you can explain your conviction of a proposition in geometry or any other profound fact of consciousness by the

motion of particles in your brain. The movement of the particles, whatever it may be, is subordinate to the spiritual reality which they only serve to image or register."

We are bound to recognize, declares Mr. Dole, that the world in which we live is a world of values, and that these values have all sorts of gradations upward. Further:

"The more we investigate and ponder, the more clearly these values emerge and indeed become necessary to thought. It is a workable theory of the world that its chief use, and happiness, and aim, so far as man is concerned, consists in learning values and knowing how to direct them. The child or the savage plays with counters and beads. Presently he learns the uses of all sorts of tools and building materials. Why does he build and learn to toil? His eyes are now toward the meaning of home and citizenship, of friendship and love, of justice, mercy and humanity. The happiness of a Franklin, for instance, rises from indulgence in sensual things to a quite new value of happiness; namely, the desire to do good, that sets all sensual things under his feet. There is a limit to the lower kind of values. You can buy them off with other values of their own kind, or you can exhaust them. There is really no limit to the values that appear in the realm of the spirit. You cannot buy a mother's love or a patriot's devotion. You cannot exhaust the justice in a community by overdrafts. There is doubtless what must be called, for want of any better term, an 'infinite' element in the higher ranges of values, as if gold and jewels were but figures and images to set these nobler values forth. It is the mark of manhood or intelligence, not to doubt this, but rather to recognize it.

"The idea of immortality is an assertion of the indestructible worth of the values that characterize humanity at its best."

As intelligent beings, we are also bound to conceive of the world in terms of intelligence. A purposeless universe seems to us contemptible. "Now, the idea of immortality," says Mr. Dole, "is almost the only means of expressing our thought of a purposeful universe." Moreover:

"To believe in a purposeful universe is to believe in the integrity of the universe; namely, that it is one, that it is orderly, and that it can be depended upon. All science really proceeds upon this faith. It is 'faith,' for tho it grows out of our own experience and observation, we cannot absolutely demonstrate it. All philosophy is the attempt to think the facts of the world and of life into some harmony and unity. The very word 'universe,' that we use so glibly, is the expression of a conviction or faith in the integrity of the world. It would be strange and unreasonable to use this word to sum up the result of our impressions of visible or material things, and then, just where the interpretations of visible things touch the life of man, to stop saying 'the universe,' and to reduce the realm of human or spiritual facts to chaos. We are possessed by the intellectual necessity, if we think of a universe

at all, to think of it so throughout. The profound facts of human personality must belong to the integrity of the universe and must be safeguarded and not brought to confusion by its laws. This is just what we mean when we utter our hope of immortality. There is that in the universe which does not merely play with man's life, which does not create its offspring,—Isaiah, Jesus, Dante, Lincoln,—and then blindly dash them to pieces, like foam on the beach. Such is our instinctive idea of the integrity of the world, without the faith in which both science and philosophy lose their way."

The factor of hope, we are reminded, is specially bound up with our social and moral activity. It serves as a stimulus to right conduct. Without it the world would be immeasurably poorer. This leads on to the argument:

"Granted the hope of immortality, we have a different kind of world from that world from which hope is closed. It is as different as a voyage to a port on a splendid ship is different from floating on a loose raft in mid ocean. This is not to deny that heroism might be shown on the raft, for example, by dropping off the raft to give more room and food for the survivors. But no one would exert himself very much to propel the hopeless raft, unless a ship appeared on the horizon. So while we might and would maintain the kind of negative morality which consists in doing no injury to our neighbors, unless in an atmosphere of hope we should lack the virile and positive moral earnestness which urges men to arduous and costly efforts for liberty, for democracy, for new standards of humanity. We do not need to say 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' If we are noble, we can never say this. But the very word 'noble' appeals to the thought of the sacredness and significance of human life, to the idea of spiritual values, to the hope of human progress. To deny immortality is to deny the very values to the sense of which all heroism appeals. Who could feel the slightest enthusiasm in efforts to crowd the land with millions of people, all furnished with model houses and a living wage, but believing

nothing and hoping nothing beyond their brief span of years, more than the comfortable cattle on which they fed? Better, we say, to have been thrown to the lions in the Coliseum, better to have marched to death with Joan of Arc, better to have been mobbed with Garrison or Lovejoy, than to live in a world where the eternal visions had perished. But when we say this, we go over to that side where hope springs immortal again and will not die."

Finally, Mr. Dole asks us to remember that, in our highest moments, we already partake of the immortal spirit:

"Golden hours of vision come to us in this present life, when we are at our best, and our faculties work together in harmony. There are times when intelligence is full and quick, our feelings are healthy, matching great thoughts, and good will possesses us. In these best hours the mere limits of space and time seem small; we appear to belong to a divine universe, we are admitted to share in the universal thought, we feel the unity of all things, we are at one through sympathy with all who live, toil, suffer, and aspire. We follow one purpose of beneficence. This is the sanest, as well as the highest, of human experiences. It purifies us, it both rests and inspires us for better work, more conscientious, wiser, more accurate, more disinterested, more effectual. We are in such hours most truly ourselves as individuals, or persons, while we seem to belong to the Universal Life—the one Person that constitutes the world. Is it not this which Wordsworth writes?—

that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened,—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

WHEREIN MAN CAN LEARN FROM THE ANIMALS



ALT WHITMAN, the Camden poet, once paid the following tribute to the animals:

I think I could turn and live with
the animals, they are so placid and self-
contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their con-
dition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for
their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty
to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with
the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that
lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole
earth.

It has remained for a later thinker, Mr. J. Howard Moore, of Chicago, to express these sentiments in serious ethical terms. Writing in "The Universal Kinship,"* a work which is hailed in humanitarian circles as "the most important vindication of humanitarian principles that has appeared for many years," Mr. Moore says:

*THE UNIVERSAL KINSHIP. By J. Howard Moore. Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

"Let us be candid. Men are not all gentle men and humane, and not-men are not all inhuman. There are reptiles in broadcloth, and there are warm and generous hearts among those peoples who have so long suffered from human prejudice and ferocity. Let us label beings by what they are—by the souls that are in them and the deeds they do—not by their color, which is pigment, nor by their composition, which is clay. There are philanthropists in feathers and patricians in fur, just as there are cannibals in the pulpit and saurians among the money-changers. The golden rule may sometimes be more religiously observed in the hearts and homes of outcast quadrupeds than in the palatial lairs of bipeds. The horse, who suffers and serves and starves in silence, who endures daily wrongs of scanty and irregular meals, excessive burdens and mangled flanks, who forgets cruelty and ingratitude, and does good to them that spitefully use him, and submits to crime without resistance, misunderstanding without murmur, and insult without resentment, is a better Christian, a better exemplar of the Sermon on the Mount, than many church-goers, in spite of the creeds and interdictions of men."

There are many lessons, continues Mr. Moore, that humanity may learn from the uncorrupted children of nature—lessons in simplicity of life, straightforwardness, humility, art, economy, brotherly love and cheerfulness. He illustrates:

"Would you learn forgiveness? Go to the dog. The dog can stand more abuse and forgive greater accumulations of wrong than any other animal, not even excepting a wife. Would you learn wisdom and industry? Go to the ant, that tireless toiler of the dust. The ant can do that which no man can do—keep grain in a warm, moist atmosphere without sprouting. Would you learn art? Go to the bee or to the wild bird's lodge. The art of the honeycomb and of the hang-bird's nest surpasses that of the cranny of the savage as the Cathedral of St. Peter exceeds the cottage. Would you learn Socialism, that dream of poets and the hope and expectation of wise men? It is actualized around you in thousands of insect communities. The social and economic relations existing in the most highly wrought societies of bees and wasps are fundamentally the ideal relations of living beings to each other, but it will require millenniums of struggle and bloodshed for men to come up to them. Would you learn curiosity—not the curiosity that gossips and back-bites, but the curiosity of the explorer and searcher after knowledge? Go to the monkey. The monkey has been known to work two hours, without pause, utterly unconscious of everything but its purposes, trying to open a fettered trunk lock. Would you learn sobriety? Go not to the gilded hells of cities, where men die like flies in gin's vile miasma. Go to the spring where the antelope drinks. Would you learn chastity? Go not to the foul dens and fiery chambers of men. Go to the boudoir of the bower-bird, or to the subterranean hollow where the wild wolf rears her litter."

Man is not, it seems, the surpassingly pre-

eminent individual he so often believes himself to be. He is excelled, and excelled seriously, in constitution, perception, and morals, by those whom he calls "lower." To quote further:

"The locomotion of the bird is far superior in ease and expedition to the shuffling locomotion of man. The horse has a sense which guides it through darkness in which human eyes are blind; and the manner in which a cat, who has been carried in a bag and put down miles away, will turn up at the back-door of the old home next morning dumfounds science. The eye of the vulture is a telescope. The hound will track his master along a frequented street an hour behind his footsteps, by the imponderable odor of his soles. The catbird, without atlas or geographic manuals, will find her way back over hundreds of trackless leagues, season after season, to the same old nesting-place in the thicket. Birds, thousands of them, journey from Mexico to Arctic America, from Algiers and Italy to Spitzbergen, from Egypt to Siberia, and from Australia and the Polynesian Islands to New Zealand, and build their nests and rear their young, year after year, in the same vale, grove, or tundra. The nightingale, who pours out his incomparable lovesong in the twilight of English lanes during May and June, winters in the heart of Africa; and some birds nest within the Arctic Circle and winter in Argentina. . . . Man has not the sweetness of the song-sparrow, the innocence of the fawn, nor the high relative brain capacity of the tomtit and the fice."

From Mr. Moore's point of view, man, instead of being the highest, is, in some respects, the lowest, of the animal kingdom. He says, in concluding his argument:

"Man is the most unchaste, the most drunken, the most selfish and conceited, the most miserly, the most hypocritical, and the most bloodthirsty of terrestrial creatures. Almost no animals, except man, kill for the mere sake of killing. For one being to take the life of another for purposes of selfish utility is bad enough. But the indiscriminate massacre of defenseless innocents by armed and organized packs, *just for pastime*, is beyond characterization. The human species is the only species of animals that plunges to such depths of atrocity. Even vipers and hyenas do not exterminate for recreation. No animal, except man, habitually seeks wealth purely out of an insane impulse to accumulate. And no animal, except man, gloats over accumulations that are of no possible use to him, that are an injury and an abomination, and in whose acquisition he may have committed irreparable crimes upon others. There are no millionaires—no professional, legalized, lifelong kleptomaniacs—among the birds and quadrupeds. No animal, except man, spends so large a part of his energies striving for superiority—not superiority in usefulness, but that superiority which consists in simply getting on the heads of one's fellows. And no animal practises common, ordinary morality to the other beings of the world in which he lives so little, compared with the amount he preaches it, as man."

VOLTAIRE'S SERVICE TO RELIGION



ANY Anglo-Saxons think of Voltaire only as a very profane scoffer. This impression is corrected in Mr. S. G. Tallentyre's recent *Life** of the French poet-philosopher. Even Catholic France, our author tells us, owes this "dwarf, with a giant's mind" a veritable debt of gratitude. "Is not," he asks, "the enemy who shows a nation her weak points, forces her to look to her ships and her armaments, to remedy abuses in her organization, and feebleness, viciousness and incompetence in her servants, something very like a friend in disguise?" In this sense, he continues, Voltaire virtually benefited the very institutions and creeds against which he aimed all the shafts of his wit. For instance:

"It may be truly said that Voltaire did good to Roman Catholicism by attacking much that degraded it; by hooting out of it the superstition and tyranny which have made some of the noblest souls on earth decline it; and by forcing its children to give a reason for the faith that was in them.

"Then, too, if the Church of Rome could withstand that deadly, breathless and brilliant onslaught called Voltairism, she may well point triumphantly to the fulfilment of that ancient prophecy and consolation: 'The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' To the Church in France it may be acknowledged that Voltaire was not wholly an evil, while to her country he was a great glory."

Voltaire has often been called an atheist, yet he repeatedly proclaimed himself a deist. His creed, Mr. Tallentyre observes, had only one article: "I believe in God." In this belief, Voltaire once said, there are difficulties; in the belief that there is no God, absurdities. "The wise man," he declared, "attributes to God no human affections. He recognizes a power, necessary, eternal, which animates all nature, and is resigned." But he could not bring himself to believe in the immortality of the soul. "Your soul, sir—your soul? What idea have you of it? From whence does it come? Where is it? What is it? What does it do? How does it act? Where does it go? I know nothing about it, and I have never seen it. For sixty years I have tried to discover what the soul is, and I still know nothing."

In our own day of religious tolerance, Voltaire would perhaps be reckoned a Christian. For it was not the essence of the teachings of Christ that he attacked, but its perversion in

the mouths of illogical thinkers and hypocrites. To quote Mr. Tallentyre:

"The stumbling blocks he found in the road to Christianity, that is, to Roman Catholicism—the only form of Christianity to which he addressed himself—were twofold. The mental stumbling block was miracle; and the moral, the lives of the believers. He considered the second to be the natural fruit of the first; that the Christian belief must be destroyed to destroy the wickedness, darkness, cruelty and tyranny he found in Christian lives; that 'men will not cease to be persecutors till they have ceased to be absurd.'

"It should be remembered—it is not often remembered—that, in the words of Morley, 'there is no case of Voltaire mocking at any set of men who lived good lives;' that 'the Christianity he assailed was not that of the Sermon on the Mount.'"

Voltaire's real claim to eternal remembrance, continues the writer, lies far less in how he thought or what he wrote, than in what his writings *did*.

"Some of them are obsolete to-day because they so perfectly accomplished their aim. Who wants to read now passionate arguments against torture, and scathing satires on a jurisdiction which openly accepted hearsay as evidence?"

"In his own day those writings produced many practical reforms, and paved the way to many more. . . . Through them, he saved innocent lives and restored stolen honor.

"He found the earth overspread with hideous undergrowths of oppression and privilege, intolerance and cruelty; and he destroyed them."

Finally, if we compare conditions now and then, we must, indeed, acknowledge that Voltaire, by clearing the path of Christianity from superstition and prejudice, rendered to religion an incalculable service:

"He found the good land covered with abuses in Church and State and every social order; abuses political, personal; of the rights of the living, and the decent respect owed to the dead—and he uprooted them. With a laugh and blasphemy on his lips, but with eyes and soul afire and the nervous tireless hands trembling with eagerness, the most dauntless, passionate, dogged little worker in all human history, hewed and hacked at the monstrous tyrannies of centuries, and flung them, dead, from the fair and beautiful soil they had usurped.

"At last, after sixty years of superhuman effort, he had cleared the place and made it ready for the planting of the Tree of Liberty.

"Whoso sits under that tree to-day in any country, free to worship his God as he will, to think, to learn, and to do all that does not intrench on the freedom of his fellow-men—free to progress to heights of light and knowledge as yet unseen and undreamt—should in gratitude remember Voltaire."

*THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Science and Discovery

DR. RAY LANKESTER'S REINTERPRETATION OF RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

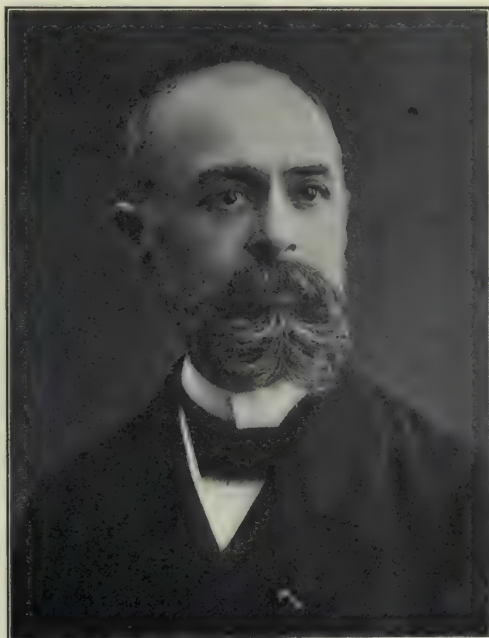
THE prevalent notion that recent sensational discoveries in what is called "radio-activity" prove the physical sciences to have been heretofore "on the wrong path" is disputed by Dr. E. Ray Lankester. Nothing has been brought out by radium research, he says, that is really revolutionary. Nothing is entailed beyond a modification of previous conceptions. The point is so important to Dr. Lankester's way of thinking that he devoted some weeks ago the best part of his presidential address before the British Association. The lay public, he fears, has lost all sense of proportion in estimating the relative importance of the kind of conceptions to which the latest discoveries have led. The new conception of the character of that supposed unbreakable body—the chemical atom—leads us to inferences that are truly astounding. "But," adds Dr. Lankester, "I would have you notice that they are not destructive of our previous conceptions, but rather elaborations and developments of the simpler views, introducing the notion of structure and mechanism, agitated and whirling with tremendous force, into what we formerly conceived of as homogeneous or simply built-up particles." The earlier conception of the atom was not so much a positive assertion of simplicity as a non-committal formula awaiting the progress of knowledge.

How, then, has it happened that the non-scientific public has been induced to form its sensational ideas of the consequences of recent discoveries? The reply seems to be, says Dr. Lankester, in effect, that radium has been viewed apart from its relations to the newly discovered chemical elements. The lay mind is concentrated exclusively upon the subject of radium. How many laymen are aware that in connection with radium should be considered

the discovery of argon and the relation of neon, krypton and xenon to both argon and radium? There is a beautiful simplicity in the relation of all these gases or gaseous elements to the discoveries that seem so sensational. Dr. Lankester reminds us that the discoveries, even if misinterpreted or vaguely understood, are nevertheless, epoch making. In his own impressive words:

"There can be no doubt that the past quarter of a century will stand out forever in human history as that in which new chemical elements, not of an ordinary type, but possessed of truly astounding properties, were made known with extraordinary rapidity and sureness of demonstration. Interesting as the others are, it is the discovery of radio-activity and of the element radium which so

far exceeds all others in importance that we may well account it a supreme privilege that it has fallen to our lot to live in the days of this discovery. Before saying more of radio-activity, which is apt to eclipse in interest every other topic of discourse, I must recall to you the discovery of the five inert gaseous elements by Rayleigh and Ramsay, which belongs to the period on



THE REAL HERO OF THE RADIUM DISCOVERIES

This is Professor Henri Becquerel, the most illustrious of French physicists. He made the discoveries which enabled the Curies to extract radium from pitchblende, thus shedding an entirely new light on all theories of the physical universe. The father and the grandfather of Henri Becquerel were distinguished men of science.

which we are looking back. It was found that nitrogen obtained from the atmosphere invariably differed in weight from nitrogen obtained from one of its chemical combinations; and thus the conclusion was arrived at by Rayleigh that a distinct gas is present in the atmosphere, to the extent of 1 per cent., which had hitherto passed for nitrogen. This gas was separated, and to it the name argon (the lazy one) was given, on account of its incapacity to combine with any other element. Subsequently this argon was found by Ramsay to be itself impure, and from it he obtained three other gaseous elements equally inert—namely, neon, krypton, and xenon. These were all distinguished from one another by the spectrum, the sign-manual of an element given by the light emitted in each case by the gas when in an incandescent condition. A fifth inert gaseous element was discovered by Ramsay as a constituent of certain minerals which was proved by its spectrum to be identical with an element discovered twenty-five years ago by Sir Norman Lockyer in the atmosphere of the sun, where it exists in enormous quantities. Lockyer had given the name (helium) to this new solar element, and Ramsay thus found it locked up in certain rare minerals in the crust of the earth. But by helium we are led back to radium, for it has been found only two years ago by Ramsay and Soddy that helium is actually formed by a gaseous emanation from radium."

What the layman does not quite grasp is the fact that the "wonder of wonders," radium, was discovered owing to the study of the remarkable phosphorescence, as it is called—"the glowing without heat"—of glass vacuum tubes through which electric currents are made to pass. Radium was not, therefore, an abrupt breaking with the past of physics. Crookes, Lenard and Roentgen each played an important part in this discovery, showing that peculiar rays or linear streams of at least three distinct kinds are set up in such tubes—rays which are themselves invisible but have the property of making glass or other bodies which they strike glow with phosphorescent light. The celebrated Roentgen rays make ordinary glass give out a bright-green light. But they pass through it and cause phosphorescence outside in various substances. They also act on a photographic plate, but their most remarkable feature, of course, is their well-known capacity to penetrate substances opaque to ordinary light.

It occurred to Henri Becquerel to inquire whether other phosphorescent bodies besides the glowing vacuum tubes of the electrician's laboratory can emit penetrating rays like the Roentgen or X-rays. Henri Becquerel is a professor in the famous Jardin des Plantes at Paris. His laboratory is described by Dr. Ray Lankester as "a delightful old-fashioned building which had for me special interest and sanctity when, a few years ago, I visited him there,

for, a hundred years before, it was the dwelling-place of the great Cuvier." Here Henri Becquerel's father and grandfather—"men renowned throughout the world for their discoveries in mineralogy, electricity and light"—had worked. Here Henri Becquerel himself had gone almost daily from his earliest childhood. Dr. Lankester retells the story of the discovery:

"Many an experiment bringing new knowledge on the relations of light and electricity had Henri Becquerel carried out in that quiet, old-world place before the day on which, about twelve years ago, he made the experimental inquiry,—Does uranium give off penetrating rays like Roentgen's rays? He wrapt a photographic plate in black paper, and on it placed and left lying there for twenty-four hours some uranium salt. He had placed a cross, cut out in thin metallic copper, under the uranium powder, so as to give some shape to the photographic print should one be produced. It was produced. Penetrating rays were given off by the uranium; the black paper was penetrated, and the form of the copper cross was printed on a dark ground. The copper was also penetrated to some extent by the rays from the uranium, so that its image was not left actually white. Only one step more remained before Becquerel made his great discovery. It was known, as I stated just now, that sulphide of calcium and similar substances become phosphorescent when exposed to sunlight, and lose this phosphorescence after a few hours. Becquerel thought at first that perhaps the uranium acquired its power similarly by exposure to light; but very soon, by experimenting with uranium long kept in the dark, he found that the emission of penetrating rays, giving photographic effects, was produced spontaneously. The emission of rays by this particular fragment of uranium has shown no sign of diminution since this discovery. The emission of penetrating rays by uranium was soon found to be independent of its phosphorescence. The emission of these rays discovered by Becquerel is a new property of matter. It is called 'radio-activity,' and the rays are called Becquerel rays."

From this discovery by Becquerel to the detection and separation of the new element radium is an easy step, but the lay mind has not appreciated the fact. The whole world has heard of the persistence and the success with which Pierre Curie and his wife examined the ore pitchblende. But it has not been realized that the labor here was subsidiary to the great discoveries that had gone before. The Curie researches filled in the details of an outline sketched for them in advance. Not that the work they did was of minor importance. It was a triumph of science. Yet the Curies did not discover the strangest of all the proceedings of radium, a proceeding not understood at all by the layman, for it has never been explained for his especial benefit in a manner



THE MOST PROMINENT ENGLISH SCIENTIST TO-DAY

Dr. E. Ray Lankester has just undertaken to correct what he considers a general misconception in the lay mind of the true significance of recent discoveries in the physical sciences. Radium, he assures us, is a mere incident in the long series of developments which have modified man's ideas on the subject of matter, the elements, the solar system and the relation of atoms to corpuscles.

really authoritative. The discovery of the "strangest proceeding" of radium was wholly the discovery of the brilliant young scientist, Ernest Rutherford, Professor of Physics at McGill University, in Montreal. The name of Rutherford must, therefore, be always associated with the most revolutionary theory of physics to which the future of radium research may lead:

"Radium (he discovered) is continually giving off, apart from and in addition to the rectilinear darting rays of Becquerel—an 'emanation'—a gaseous 'emanation.' This 'emanation' is radio-active—that is, gives off Becquerel rays—and deposits 'something' upon bodies brought near the radium, so that they become radio-active and remain so for a time after the radium is itself removed. This emanation is always being formed by a radium salt and may be most easily collected by dissolving the salt in water, when it comes away with a rush, as a gas. Sixty milligrams of bromide of radium yielded to Ramsay and Soddy .124 (or about one-eighth) of a cubic millimeter of this gaseous emanation. What is it? It cannot be destroyed or altered by heat or by chemical agents; it is a heavy gas, having a molecular density of 100, and it can be condensed to a liquid by exposing it to the great cold of liquid air. It gives a peculiar spectrum of its own, and is probably a hitherto unknown inert gas—a new element similar to argon. But this by no means completes its history, even so far as experiments have as yet gone. The radium emanation decays, changes its character altogether, and loses half its radio-activity every four days. Precisely at the same rate as it decays the specimen of radium salt from which it was removed forms a new quantity of emanation, having just the amount of radio-activity which has been lost by the old emanation. All is not known about the decay of the emanation, but one thing is absolutely certain, having first been discovered by Ramsay and Soddy and subsequently confirmed by independent experiment by Madame Curie. It is this: After being kept three or four days the emanation becomes, in part at least, converted into helium—the light gas (second only in the list of elements to hydrogen), the gas found twenty-five years ago by Lockyer in the sun, and since obtained in some quantities from rare radio-active minerals by Ramsay!"

The proof of the formation of helium from the radium emanation is obtained by the helioscope, and its evidence, says Dr. Lankester, notwithstanding the skeptics, is "beyond assail!" Here, then, he insists, is the partial decay of one element, radium, through an intermediate stage into another. "It must be obvious from the foregoing that radium is very slowly, but none the less surely, destroying itself." There is a definite loss of particles which, in course of time, must lead to the destruction of the radium:

"It would seem that the large new credit on the bank of time given to biologists in conse-

quence of its discovery has a definite, if remote, limit. With the quantities of radium at present available for experiment, the amount of loss of particles is so small, and the rate so slow, that it cannot be weighed by the most delicate balance. Nevertheless it has been calculated that radium will transform half of itself in about fifteen hundred years, and unless it were being produced in some way all of the radium now in existence would disappear much too soon to make it an important geological factor in the maintenance of the earth's temperature. As a reply to this depreciatory statement we have the discovery by Rutherford and others that radium is continually being formed afresh, and from that particular element in connection with which it was discovered—namely, uranium. Becquerel showed early in his study of the rays emitted by radium that some of them could be bent out of their straight path by making them pass between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. In this way have finally been distinguished three classes of rays given off by radium: the *alpha* rays, which are only slightly bent, and have little penetrative power; (2) the *beta* rays, easily bent in a direction opposite to that in which the *alpha* rays bend, and of considerable penetrative power; (3) the *gamma* rays, which are absolutely unbendable by the strongest magnetic force, and have an extraordinary penetrative power, producing a photographic effect through a foot thickness of solid iron."

This, to go back to what was said in the beginning, is the feature of the radium discoveries which makes them so astounding. And in spite of all the objections of skeptics, Dr. Lankester says that the proof they afford of the transmutation of elements is, thanks to the helioscope, overwhelming. Such, then, is the change in the aspect of the physical sciences since, in the early years of the last century, Dalton revived a theory, originally due to Democritus, that matter was not infinitely divisible. Dalton held that it consisted of an aggregate of atoms which were incapable of being broken up or subdivided by any chemical method. The first indication of the existence of particles smaller than ordinary atoms was obtained by Sir William Crookes, who was led to believe that in vacuum tubes the discharge was carried by something much less gross than all the atoms, and this he called radiant matter. His views, however, met with little acceptance; but a few years ago Pro. J. J. Thomson, by an extraordinarily ingenious series of experiments, succeeded in actually weighing the particles carrying the discharge, and found them to have a mass of about one one-thousandth that of hydrogen. The layman may not understand the processes by which the results are reached, but the results themselves are conclusive and the evidence in support of them is overwhelming.

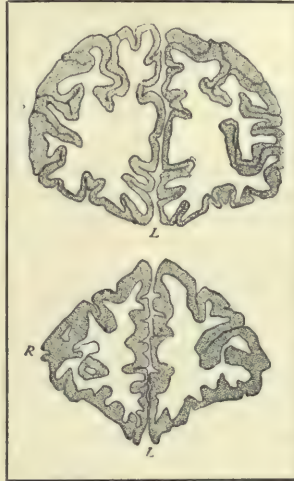
ANATOMICAL CONTRAST BETWEEN THE NEGRO BRAIN AND THE CAUCASIAN BRAIN

THE negro brain is smaller than the Caucasian brain. The difference in size relates to the gray matter or nerve cells and the white matter or nerve fibers. Hence the possibility of uplifting the negro is limited unless the whole race be crossed with others. To such conclusions does Dr. Robert Bennett Bean come in a recent *Century* article. Dr. Bean's observations on thousands of negroes throughout the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States extend through many years. He has critically examined more than one hundred brains from a representative element of the negro population. Brain cells, explains the doctor, are the basis of brain power or intellectual capacity. The number of the brain cells remains constant throughout life. Hence, there seems never to be possible a level of intellectual development higher than that of the multiplied potentiality of all the brain cells. "Development of mental activity by experience, education, etc., is considered to be correlated with the development of sheaths around the nerve fibers as they become active in the transmission of impulses." The efficiency of a telephone system is not more dependent upon the number of its connections than depends the efficiency of the brain upon the number and the position of these nerve fibers. Hence the tremendous significance of the fewer nerve cells and nerve fibers in the negro brain.

Altho the brain of the negro male is demonstrably smaller than the brain of the Caucasian male—the brains of the females of both races being virtually alike in size—it is established that the American negro's brain weighs more than the brain of the African negro. This is due

to the white blood in the veins of our own negroes. The size and weight of the brain are not the only differences to be found, however. The brains of the two races differ in shape. The brain of the negro is by contrast the more angular. Finally, the front end of the brain and the front end of the *corpus callosum*—the great band of fibers connecting the two hemispheres of the brain and associating the functions of the two sides of the brain—are larger in the Caucasian than in the negro.

In interpreting the significance of these circumstances, Dr. Bean uses the words "subjective" and "objective." "Subjective" he uses in the sense of rational, related to judgment and reason or the abstract qualities. By "objective" he means perception or the processes of reflex phenomena, or of association, meaning perception in the concrete. He writes:



VERTICAL CROSS-SECTION THROUGH THE BRAIN OF A NEGRO (BELOW), AND A CAUCASIAN (ABOVE), IN THE REGION OF THE ANTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA. R—RIGHT SIDE. L—LOWER SURFACE

"The anterior association area in the front end of the brain represents the 'ego,' the subjective self, the personality, orientation," writes Dr. Robert Bennett Bean in *The Century Magazine*, from which the illustration is copied. "Here probably reside the highest developed faculties of man, the motor speech-center for the command of language; will power, the power of self-control, the power of inhibition and perseverance; the ethical and esthetic faculties; and the power of thought in the abstract. The posterior association area in the hind part of the brain, on the other hand, represents the special senses—the appetites of man, sensuality, the passions. Here probably reside the artistic sense, the musical sense, the objective faculties, and the power of perception in the concrete. The anterior association area probably controls or directs the powers of the posterior association area. In the Caucasian the anterior association area is larger and better developed than in the negro. The posterior association area is about the same size in the two races."

"The Caucasian has the subjective faculties well developed; the negro, the objective. The Caucasian, and more particularly the Anglo-Saxon, is dominant and domineering, and possessed primarily with determination, will power, self-control, self-government, and all the attributes of the subjective self, with a high development of the ethical and esthetic faculties and great reasoning powers. The negro is in direct contrast by reason of certain lack of these powers, and a great development of the objective qualities. The negro is primarily affectionate, immensely emotional, then sensual, and, under provocation, passionate. There is love of outward show, of ostentation, of approbation. He loves melody and a rude kind of poetry and sonorous language. There is undeveloped artistic power and taste—negroes make good artisans and handicraftsmen. They are deficient in judgment, in the formation of new ideas from existing facts, in devising hypotheses, and in making deductions in general. They are imitative rather than original, inventive, or constructive. There

is instability of character incident to lack of self-control, especially in connection with the sexual relation, and there is a lack of orientation, or recognition of position and condition of self and environment, evidence in various ways, but by a peculiar 'bumptiousness,' so called by Professor Blackshear, of Texas, this is particularly noticeable.

"The white and the black races are antipodal, then, in cardinal points. The one has a large frontal region of the brain, the other a larger region behind; the one is subjective, the other objective; the one a great reasoner, the other pre-eminently emotional; the one domineering, but having great self-control, the other meek

and submissive, but violent and lacking self-control when the passions are aroused; the one very advanced race, the other a very backward one. The Caucasian and the negro are fundamentally opposite extremes in evolution.

"Having demonstrated that the negro and the Caucasian are widely different in characteristics due to a deficiency of gray matter and connecting fibers in the negro brain, especially in the frontal lobes, a deficiency that is hereditary and can be altered only by intermarriage, we are forced to conclude that it is useless to try to elevate the negro by education or otherwise, except in the direction of his natural endowments."

DEADLINESS OF AUTOMOBILE EMANATIONS



F the only inconvenience occasioned by the presence of automobiles and motor vehicles in the streets of cities were the prospect of losing life and limb, the consequences would not, declares Sir James Dewar, the famous Professor of Chemistry, be of more interest to the scientist than to the remainder of the population. Unfortunately, contends this authority, the tendency of the automobile, the motor truck and vehicles of the kind is to transform all thoroughfares into mediums of circulation for the most noxious exhalations. The ensuing tendency is to subject the pedestrian to deterioration of the red coloring matter of the blood, to lesions of the bronchioles and to a whole series of predispositions to organic disease.

Sir James, in a paper to which *The British Medical Journal* draws attention, lays emphasis on that product of motor combustion known popularly as carbonic oxide, although he himself calls it carbonic monoxide. This is a deadly gas. In comparison with it the dioxide, or carbonic acid, is comparatively harmless. The monoxide is given off by burning charcoal, and a small amount of it produces insensibility. In France this form of combustion often results in fatal accidents, and is frequently employed in cases of suicide. Unlike carbonic acid, it is not a regular constituent of the atmosphere. In normal air there should be none of it present. Air containing something less than one part in a hundred of carbonic oxide would be fatal if breathed for many minutes. The reason of this poisonous tendency of carbonic oxide is that the gas, when inhaled, forms a stable compound with hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of the blood, and this cannot be displaced by atmospheric oxygen. Professor

Dewar does not commit himself to any estimate of the amount given off by many of the huger automobile constructions and motor omnibuses, but it is unquestionable, he says, that with every cough of many of these great machines some quota of this deadly gas is poured into the atmosphere, to be inhaled by those who pass in the street. If the so-called petrol gases were thoroly burned in this process, and if they gave off only carbonic acid, matters would be bad enough; but the gases are imperfectly burned.

Products of imperfect combustion may be imperceptible to the senses and yet highly injurious and debilitating. Gases that exist in millionths only—in one atmosphere as compared with another—produce marked effects when breathed thousands of times a day. No must we make light of the insidious nervous effects of atmospheres regularly charged in this chemical laboratory fashion. It passes the wit of automobilists, Professor Dewar says, to effect anything like adequate combustion of chemicals in their motors. This is especially true of the larger trucks and touring cars. The machinery is empyreumatic. It exhales the odors of organic substances imperfectly burned in close vessels. At present, because of the ubiquity of the motor, we do not know how many noxious gases and chemicals are ejected into the atmosphere of streets. The serious chemical fact is that some of these vapors are heavier than the air. Their consequent tendency is to accumulate in layers along the thoroughfares. The case is bad enough with persons over five feet tall, but the effect upon a little child, who perambulates into one of these deleterious atmospheres, may baffle the skill of the best physician.

A BIOLOGICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF WOMAN'S "ADVENTITIOUS CHARACTER"

MORE than one bit of evidence may be adduced for the belief that Nature changed her plan with reference to some organisms at the very last moment, introducing a feature she never contemplated at the outset. Thus contends a writer in *The American Journal of Sociology*, Prof. W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, at the very beginning of what we are to regard, as a study of "the adventitious character of woman" from the standpoint of biology and sociology. The change of plan on Nature's part is carried out through the specialization of some organ, sense or habit, to such a degree as to make practically a new type of the organism. In the human species, for example, the atrophied organs distributed through the body are evidence that the physical make-up of the species was well-nigh definitely fixed before the advantage of free hands led to an erect posture. Certain sets of muscles were in consequence thrown out of use. The specialization of the voice as a means of thought was, similarly, a device for relieving the hands of the burden of communication. It was not introduced systematically until a gesture language had been so well established that even now we fall back into it unconsciously, especially in moments of excitement, and attempt to talk with our hands and bodies.

Perhaps the most interesting modification or reversal of plan to be noted in mankind, proceeds the writer we are quoting, is connected with the relation subsisting between the male portion of humanity on the one hand and the female portion of our race on the other. For a fuller comprehension we must, however, charge our minds with certain important points. Says Professor Thomas:

"As will presently be indicated, life itself was at the beginning female, so far as sex could be postulated of it at all, and the life-process was primarily a female process, assisted by the male. In humankind as well, nature obviously started out on the plan of having woman the dominant force, with man as an aid; but after a certain time there was a reversal of plan, and man became dominant, and woman dropped back into a somewhat unstable and adventitious relation to the social process. Up to a certain point, in fact, in his physical and social evolution man shows an interesting structural and mental adaptation to woman, or to the reproductive process which she represents; while the later stages of history show, on the other hand, that the mental attitude of woman, and consequently her forms

of behavior, have been profoundly modified, and even her physical life deeply affected by her effort to adjust to man.

"The only attitude which nature can be said to show toward life is the design that the individual shall sustain its own life and at death leave others of its kind—that it shall get food, avoid destruction and reproduce. In pursuance of this policy it naturally turns out that those types showing greater morphological and functional complexity, along with freer movement and more mental ingenuity, come into the more perfect control and use of their environment and consequently have greater likelihood of survival. Failing of this greater complexity, their chance of life lies in occupying so obscure a position, so to speak, that they do not come into collision with more dominant forms, or in reproducing at such a rate as to survive in spite of this. The number of devices in the way of modification of form and habit to secure advantage is practically infinite, but all progressive species have utilized the principle of sex as an accessory of success. By this principle greater variability is secured, and among the larger number of variations there is always the chance of the appearance of one of superior fitness. The male in many of the lower forms is very insignificant in size, economically useless (as among the bees), often a parasite on the female, and, as many biologists hold, merely a secondary device or afterthought of nature designed to secure greater variation than can be had by the asexual mode of reproduction. In other words, he is of use to the species by assisting the female to reproduce progressively fitter forms."

In course of time, we read next, there eventuated the mammalian type. There was greater intimacy between mother and offspring. There was a greater period of dependence of offspring on the mother. The function of the male in assisting the female became social as well as biological. This was pre-eminently so in the case of man, because of the pre-eminent helplessness of the human child. The characteristic helplessness of the human child, which at first thought appears to be a disadvantage, is, in fact, the source of human superiority. The design of nature in providing this condition of helplessness is to afford a lapse of time sufficient for the growth of the very complex mechanism known as the human brain. The brain, along with free hands, is the medium through which man begins that reaction on his environment—inventing, experimenting, cultivating, domesticating, organizing—which ends in his supremacy:

"It is plain, therefore, that species in which growth is slow are at an advantage, if to the care and nourishment of the female are added the

providence and protection of the male; and this is especially true in mankind, where growth is not completed for a long period of years. In this connection we have an explanation of the alleged greater variability of the male. Instead of an insignificant addendum to the reproductive process, he becomes larger than the female, masterful, jealous, a fighting specialization—still an attaché of the female, but now a defender and provider. This is the general condition among mammals; and among mankind the longer dependence of children results in a correspondingly lengthened and intimate association of the parents, which we denominate marriage. For Westermarck is quite right in his view that children are not the result of marriage, but marriage is the result of children. From this point of view marriage is a union favored by the scheme of nature because it is favorable to the rearing and training of children, and the groups practising marriage, or its animal analog, have the best chance of survival.

"But the evolution of a courageous and offensive disposition had naturally not resulted in an eminently domestic disposition. Man did the hunting and fighting. He was attached to the woman, but he was not steady. He did not stay at home. The woman and the child were the core of society, the fixed point, the point to which man came back. There consequently grew up a sort of dual society and dual activity. Man represented the more violent and spasmodic activities, involving motion and skilful co-ordinations, as well as organization for hunting and fighting; while woman carried on the steady, settled life. She was not able to wander readily from a fixed point, on account of her children; and, indeed, her physical organization fitted her for endurance rather than movement."

Woman's attention, as a result, was turned to industries, since these were compatible with settled and stationary habits. Agriculture, pottery, weaving, tanning and all the industrial processes involved in working up the by-products of the chase, were developed by woman. She seems to have been the first to domesticate animals—beginning, perhaps, with man. She built her house and it was hers. She did not go to her husband's group after marriage. The child was hers and it remained a member of her group. The germ of social organization was, indeed, the woman and her children and her children's children. The old women were the heads of civil society, though the men had developed a fighting organization and technique which eventually swallowed them up. From the standpoint of physical force, man was the master and was often brutal enough.

Woman, however, led an independent life, to some extent. She was, if not economically independent, at least economically creative, and she enjoyed the great advantage of being less definitely interested in man than he was in her. For while woman is more deeply involved phys-

ologically in the reproductive life than man, she is apparently less involved from the standpoint of immediate stimulus or her interest in less acute in consciousness. The excess activity which characterizes man in his relation to the general environment holds also for his attitude toward woman. Not only does the man among the higher animals and among man himself woo, but he has developed all the accessories for attracting attention—in the animal, plumage, color, voice and graceful and surprising forms of motion; and in man, ornament and courageous action. For primitive man, like the male animal, was distinguished by ornament. To quote further:

"Up to this time the relation of man to woman was the natural development of a relation calculated to secure the best results for the species. His predacious disposition had been, in part at least, developed in the services of woman and her child, and he was emotionally dependent on her to such a degree that he used all the arts of attraction at his command to secure a relation with her. In the course of time, however, an important change took place in environmental conditions. While woman had been doing the general work and had developed the beginning of many industries, man had become a specialist along another line. His occupation had been almost exclusively the pursuit of animals or conflict with his neighbors, and in this connection he had become an inventor of weapons and traps and in addition had learned the value of action in concert with his companions. But a hunting life cannot last forever; and when large game began to be exhausted, man found himself forced to abandon his destructive and predacious activities, and adopt the settled occupations of woman. To these he brought all the inventive technique and capacity for organized action which he had developed in his hunting and fighting life, with the result that he became the master of woman in a new sense. Not suddenly, but in the course of time, he usurped her primacy in the industrial pursuits, and through his organization of industry and the application of invention to the industrial processes became a creator of wealth on a scale before unknown. Gradually also he began to rely not altogether on ornament, exploits and trophies to get the attention and favor of woman. When she was reduced to a condition of dependency on his activity, wooing became a less formidable matter, and he even began to negotiate for her and purchase her from her kindred. In unadvanced stages of society, when machinery and the division of labor and a high degree of organization in industry have not been introduced, and even among our own lower classes, woman still retains a relation to industrial activities and has a relatively independent status. Among the Indians of this country it was recognized that a man could not become wealthy except through the possession of a sufficient number of wives to work up for trade the products of the chase; and to-day the West African youth does not seek a young woman for marriage but an old one, preferably a widow who knows all about the arts of preparing a

dulterating rubber. Among peasants, also, and plain people, the proverb recognizes that the gray mare is the better horse.' The heavy, strong, enduring, patient, often dominant type frequently seen among the lower classes, where alone woman is still economically functional, is probably a good representative of what the women of our race were before they were reduced by man to a condition of parasitism which in our middle and so-called higher classes, has profoundly affected their physical, mental and moral life."

It is more especially on the moral side that man's disposition to bend the situation to his pleasure placed woman in a hard position and resulted in the distortion of her nature, or rather in bringing to the front elemental traits which under our moral code are not reckoned the best. In the animal world the female is noted for her indirection. On account of the necessity of protecting her young she is cautious and cunning, and in contrast with the open and pugnacious methods of the more unarmamented male, she relies on sober colors, concealment, evasion and deception of the senses. This quality of cunning is, of course, not immoral in its origin, being merely a protective instinct developed along with the maternal feeling. In woman, also, this tendency to prevail by passive means rather than by assault is natural; and especially under a system of male control, where self-realization is secured either through the manipulation of man or not at all, a resort to trickery, indirection and hypocrisy is not to be wondered at.

Man has, however, always insisted that woman shall be better than himself, and her immoralities are in general such as man never greatly disapproves of. There has, in fact, been developed a peculiar code of morals to cover the peculiar case of woman. This may be called a morality of the person and of the bodily habits, as contrasted with the commercial and public morality of man. Purity, constancy and reserve, with devotion superadded, are the qualities in woman which please and attract the jealous male. Woman has responded to these demands both really and seemingly. Without any consciousness of what she was doing—for all moral traditions fall in the general psychological region of habit—she acts in the manner which makes her most pleasing to men. And—always with the rather definite realization before her of what a dreadful thing it is to be an old maid—she has naively insisted that her sisters shall play well within the game and she has become herself the most strict censor of that morality which has become traditionally associated with woman. Fearing the obloquy which the world attaches to a bad

woman, she throws the first stone at any woman who bids for the favor of men by overstepping the modesty of nature:

"Morality, in the most general sense, represents the code under which activities are best carried on, and is worked out in the school of experience. It is pre-eminently an adult and a male system, and men are intelligent enough to recognize that neither women nor children have passed through this school. It is on this account that, while man is merciless to woman from the standpoint of personal behavior, he exempts her from anything in the way of contractual morality, or views her defections in this regard with allowance and even with amusement.

"In the absence of any participation in commercial activity, and with no capital but her personal charms and her wits, and with the possibility of realizing on these only through a successful appeal to man, woman naturally puts her best foot first. It was, of course, always one of the functions of the female to charm the male; but so long as woman maintained her position of economic usefulness and her quasi-independence she had no great problem, for there was never a chance in primitive society, any more than in animal society, that a woman would go unmated. But when through man's economic and social organization, and the male initiative, she became dependent, and when in consequence he began to pick and choose with a degree of fastidiousness, and when the less charming women were not married—especially when invidious distinctions arose between the wed and unwed, and the desirably wed and the undesirably wed, woman had to charm for her life; and she not only employed the passive arts innate with her sex, but flashed forth in all the glitter which had been one of man's accessories in courtship, but which he had dispensed with when the superiority acquired through occupational pursuits enabled him to do so. Under a new stimulation to be attractive, and with the addition of ornament to the repertory of her charms, woman has assumed an almost aggressive attitude toward courtship. The means of attraction she employs are so highly elaborated, and her technique is so finished, that she is really more active in courtship than man. We speak of man as the wooer, but falling in love is really mediated by the woman. By dress, behavior, coquetry, modesty, reserve and occasional boldness she gains the attention of man and infatuates him. He does the courting but she controls the process."

The condition of limited stimulation, also, in which woman finds herself as a result of the control by man of wealth, of affairs, of the substantial interests of society and even of her own personality, leads woman to devote herself to display as an interest in itself, regardless of its effect on man. In doing this she is really falling back on an instinct. One of the most powerful stimulations to either sex is glitter, in the most general sense, and the interest in showing off begins in the coloration and plumage of animals and continues as ornament in the human species. It is true that

the wooing ideas associated with ornament were originally the most important ideas associated with it and that ornament was characteristic of man in particular. But woman has generalized ornament as an interest and as a means of self-realization. She seeks it as a means of charming men, of outdoing other women and as an artistic interest; and her attention often takes that direction to such a degree that its acquisition means satisfaction and its lack discontent. Sometimes, indeed, when a woman is married and knows that she is "sped," she drops the display pose altogether, tends to lose herself in household interests and to become a slattern. On the other hand, she often makes marriage the occasion of display on a more elaborate scale, and is pitiless in her demands for the means of doing this. A glance at the windows of our great shops shows that men have organized their business in full appreciation of these facts. Dressing, indeed, becomes a competitive game with women, and since their opponents and severest critics are women, it turns out curiously enough that they dress even more with reference to the opinion of women than of men. Moreover:

"It would be absurd to censure woman too greatly for these frailties and it would be very unjust to imply that all women share them. Some women, in adapting themselves to the situation, follow, apparently, a bent acquired in connection with the maternal instinct, and become true and devoted and grand to a degree hardly known by man. Others, following a bent gotten along with coquetry in connection with the wooing instinct, and having no activity through which their behavior is standardized, become diffident, unreal, inefficient, exacting, unsatisfied, absurd. And we have also the paradox that the same woman can be the two things at different times. There is therefore a basis of truth in Pope's hard saying that 'Women have no characters at all.' Because their problem is not to accommodate to the solid realities of the world of experience and sense, but to adjust themselves to the personality of man, it is not surprising that they should assume protean shapes.

"Moreover, man is so affected by the charms of woman, and offers so easy a mark for her machinations, as to invite exploitation. Having been evolved largely through the stimulus of the female presence, he continues to be more profoundly affected by her presence and behavior than by any other stimulus whatever, unless it be the various forms of combat. From Samson and Odysseus down, history and story recognizes the ease and frequency with which a woman makes a fool of a man. The male protective and sentimental attitude is indeed incompatible with resistance. To charm, pursue, court and possess the female involve a train of memories which color all after-relations with the whole sex. In both animals and men there is an instinctive disposition to endure a great deal from the female. The male animal takes the assaults of the fe-

male complacently and shamefacedly, 'just like folks.' Peasants laugh at the hysterical outbursts of their women, and the 'bold bad man' as likely to be henpecked as any other. Woman is a disturbing element in business and in school to a degree not usually apprehended. In the presence a man instinctively assumes a different attitude. He is, in fact, so susceptible as seemingly, almost, to want to be victimized, and Locke expressed the matter, 'It is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.'

This disposition of men and the detached condition of woman have much to do with the emergence of the adventuress and the spoiled woman. Human nature was made for action, and perhaps the most distressing and disconcerting situation which confronts it is to be played on by stimulations without the ability to function. The mere superinducing of passivity, as in the extreme case of solitary confinement, is sufficient to produce insanity; and the emotion of dread or passive fear is said to be the most painful of emotions because there is no possibility of relief by action. Modern woman is in a similar condition of restraint and unrest, which produces organic ravages to which no luxury can compensate. The general ill-health of girls of the better classes, and the equally general post-matrimonial breakdown, are probably due largely to the fact that the nervous organization demands more normal stimulations and reactions than are supplied. The American woman of the better classes has superior rights and no duties as yet she is worrying herself to death—not on specific troubles, but because she has lost connection with reality. Many women, more intelligent and energetic than their husbands, have no more serious occupations than to pet the house cat, with or without ornament. It is a wonder that more of them do not lose their minds; and that more of them do not break down entirely is due solely to the inhibitive effects of early habit and suggestion. But now we come to a vitally important conclusion:

"As long as woman is comfortably cared for by the men of her group or by marriage, she is not likely to do anything rash, especially if the moral standards in her family and community are severe. But an unattached woman has a tendency to become an adventuress—not so much on economic as on psychological grounds. It is rarely so hard that a young woman can earn her bread; but she cannot always live without the stimulations she craves. As long, however, as she remains with her people and known to the whole community, she realizes that any infraction of the habits of the group, any immodesty or immorality, will ruin her standing and her chances of marriage and bring her into shame and confusion. Consequen-

good behavior is a protective measure—instinctive, of course; for it is not true that the ordinary girl has imagination enough to think out a general attitude toward life other than that which is habitual in her group. But when she becomes detached from home and group, and is removed not only from surveillance, but from the ordinary stimulation and interest afforded by social life and acquaintanceship, her inhibitions are likely to be relaxed. The girl coming alone from the country to the city affords one of the clearest cases of detachment. Assuming that she comes to the city to earn her living, she is not only handicapped on the economic side to a degree which makes it impossible to obtain those accessories to her personality in the way of finery which would be sufficient to satisfy her and hold her attention if they were to be had in plenty, but she is lost from the sight of everyone whose opinion has any meaning to her, while the separation from her home community renders her

condition peculiarly flat and lonely, and prepares her to accept any opportunity for stimulation. To be completely lost sight of by all who have previously known her may, under these circumstances, become an object—the only means by which she can without confusion accept more intense stimulations than are legitimate in the humdrum life of a poor home. And to pass from a regular to an irregular life for a season and back again, before the fact has been noted, is a course much more usual than is ordinarily suspected. The theory which accounts for the short career of the fast woman on the score of an early death is well-nigh groundless. Society simply cannot keep track of these women; and the world is so large that they reappear in the ordinary walks of life, marry and are given in marriage—and the world is no wiser. There are thousands of girls leading irregular lives in our large cities whose parents think they are in factories, stores, and business positions."

HOW A MUSHROOM BROKE THROUGH ASPHALT

It is an established fact that a mushroom can make its way through a layer of asphalt, for the phenomenon has been studied and the resistance thus overcome has been calculated in mathematical terms. This resistance is great enough, apparently, to crush the mushroom completely. How, then, is it possible for the fungus to overcome it?

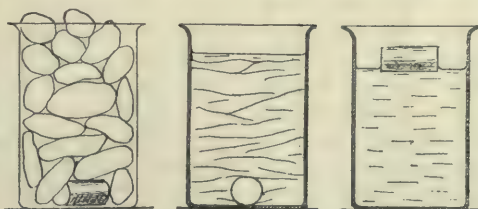
The explanation, according to the *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, may probably be found in the conditions which make it possible for a trivial quantity of energy to determine the course of the mighty mountain glacier. The thickest mass of ice will yield to a force operating continually, if gently, and in time the hugest glaciers are observed to follow the direction of a very slight pressure. It goes as water goes, only very much slower. The principle seemingly at work in the case of the glacier and the mushroom may be understood by a simple experiment with a cork, a glass vessel and some lumps of beeswax.

Place a common wine or beer cork inside an ordinary glass which is empty. Take some lumps of cobbler's wax, each the size of a walnut or thereabouts, and drop them in the glass on top of the cork. In a few days it will be observed that the pieces of wax

have changed their contours and are in a state of more or less cohesion. The height of the mass in the glass is lowered. This process continues—a movement analogous to that observable in the case of the glacier—and after some time (this experiment requires a little patience) the lumps of wax are welded together, and the space beneath the cork at the bottom of the glass is now taken up by the wax. The surface of the wax at the top of the glass presents a horizontal surface.

The glass and contents are once more laid aside for an interval. In due time it will be noted that the cork has disappeared from sight. In its place the cobbler's wax will alone be visible at the bottom of the glass. But in another due period of time the rim of the cork will emerge at the surface and only a little more time will be required for the cork to be floating on the top of the wax. The difference between the weight of the cork and the weight of the amount of wax it displaced sufficed to bring about this surprising result. The

force exerted was of the slightest, but it sufficed. In the case of the mushroom the pressure was exerted by the growth of the fungus. It was extremely slight, but, as in the case of cork and beeswax, it was persistent, and therefore it achieved the seemingly physical



THE CORK AND THE COBBLER'S WAX
An experiment illustrating the power of the mushroom as a breaker of asphalt.

impossibility of overcoming a weight that would seem literally to overwhelm it. But in experiments with cork, glass and cobbler's

wax, the nicest patience is essential if a true demonstration of a little-known physical law is to be obtained in a convincing way.

IS THE THEORY OF THE EARTH'S COOLING AND CONTRACTION EXPLODED?



EVERY educated person has been taught to believe that the earth is a fiery mass surrounded by a crust. This crust, it is further assumed, was formed by the gradual cooling of our planet. The cooling process continues still and results in a contraction of the earth. In time, accordingly, our planet must become as cold, if not quite as small, as the moon now seems.

All this, however, turns out to be a caricature of reality in the light of the views recently advanced in London *Nature* on the authority of those eminent scientists, Hon. R. J. Strutt, F.R.S., and Dr. W. J. Gregory, Professor of Geology at the University of Glasgow. Professor Strutt asserts that it is highly unscientific to regard the heat of the earth as merely a remnant of the heat generated by contraction of a primeval nebula. This notion did appear until very lately to be the only possible one. It is open, however, to the objection that in such an event the time which could have elapsed since the earth was red hot became very short—much shorter, in fact, than the requirements of geology could easily admit. Some kind of basis of agreement between geology and physics must be reached on this subject if two branches of science are not to seem at variance as to facts.

About two years ago it was suggested in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) that there might be enough radium in the earth to account for the planet's internal heat. Professor Strutt says, however, that he and his associates have recently examined a large number of rocks, both igneous and sedimentary, and have been led to the conclusion that there is very much more radium in all of them than would be needed to maintain the earth's internal heat if the earth were constituted of rock throughout. From this Professor Strutt concludes that the interior of the earth does not contain radium. Its composition is probably quite different in all respects from that of the surface materials of the globe. His data for the quantity of radium in rock point to a thickness of terrestrial

crust of at least forty-five miles. Such a thickness of rocky crust would contain amply sufficient radium to maintain the earth's effective temperature. Calculation on these premises, on the assumption that the capacity of rock to conduct heat was not much affected by changes of temperature, proved that the internal temperature at the bottom of the terrestrial crust would be about 1,500 degrees centigrade.

The real question in dispute, however, according to Professor Gregory, is geological. The chemistry of radium emanations is incidental. As it presents itself to the geological mind, the problem is whether the high density of the earth's interior is due to compression or to segregation. If the compression theory—the idea of contraction through cooling—be accepted, the interior of the earth necessarily consists of the same material as the surface. If the segregation theory—which may be represented objectively by a huge cannon-ball coinciding with the earth's interior, surrounded by a lighter coating of matter—be adopted it does not necessarily follow that the earth cools and contracts. The suggestion that the earth is contracting by cooling is often erroneously attributed to geology. We derive it in reality from astronomy, and if the theory be exploded it is the outlook of the astronomers. As a geologist, Professor Gregory says he inclines to abandon the belief that the earth is contracting by cooling. The general observations on displacements of rocks do not favor the theory of a contracting earth. It is true that observation of some rock forms points to contraction, but it is not clear even then that such contraction is the result of cooling. So much has called for explanation in the light of discovery in recent years that the cooling hypothesis has become inadequate. What hypothesis should take its place Professor Gregory would not venture to say, but it is at all events manifest to him that a fundamental proposition of the astronomers on the subject of the earth is now exploded.

Recent Poetry

THERE are several kinds of pathos associated with the poem "The Rosary," by Robert Cameron Rogers. The poem itself is superbly fine. There are but few in the English language, of equal length, that excel it. The music which Nevin has wedded to the words is in every way fitting, and the sad death of the composer has added a mellowing touch to the union. The name of the writer of the song is less well known than that of the composer and deserves to be better known than it is. A volume of his poems has just been published ("The Rosary," John Lane), and while there is nothing else equal to the initial poem, there is much that indicates skill and poetic fervor. We reprint the well-known title poem.

THE ROSARY

By ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,—
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

Anything else in Mr. Rogers's book that strikes the same note would shine but feebly after reading the above. Here, however, is a poem that is entirely dissimilar in character, but which rather appeals to us:

THE OLD BLACK FYCE

By ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

I

His mother was a nameless tyke,
His sire a mongrel, too—
Short pedigree on either side—
And no one ever knew

How he came by the deep-set eye,
The trick of nose to ground,
A fyce in shape, in color,
In heart and scent a hound.

Ten seasons he has followed
Wherever antlers led,

From Saranac to Little Moose,
Each swamp, each streamlet's bed;

He knows the runways, one and all,
He knows the slaty licks—
No stag in all the woods can teach
The old black fyce new tricks.

II

This morning let the young dogs quest,
Bruce, Reveille and Turk,
Three clean-run hounds of family,
But puppies still,—at work.

Away they bolt, as youngsters will,
Wide range and noisy tongue;
The black fyce does not tug his chain—
He once himself was young!

He knows that last week's cover holds
A clue that leads to naught;
He knows a day-old deer-track means
But scanty food for thought;

He knows that puppies must be duped
Before they learn to know.
Ha! Bruce has picked a fresh trail up—
Now let the black fyce go.

III

He shakes his rusty doublet,
His old tail raps my knee,
The chain from off his collar
Clinks down, and he is free.

Slowly he goes, old age and he
Are coupled in the hunt,
But slowpace, running straight, will show
The soonest at the front.

Away they go—through sugar snow;
Down slippery swales they yell,
And urging on the flying buck
The deep-mouthed echoes bell.

Speed, White-tail! There is call for speed;
Swim the cold pond-holes through:
The old black fyce has found thy trail—
And Death and Life run too!

The vindication of Dreyfus has inspired a number of poets, but nothing finer has been written than Robert Underwood Johnson's lines in *Harper's Weekly*. But we wish he had omitted the Envoi. It is a superfluous touch. It usually is superfluous in a serious poem.

TO DREYFUS VINDICATED

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Soldier of Justice,—fighting with her sword
Since thine was broken! Who need now despair
To lead a hope forlorn against the throng!
For what did David dare

Before Goliath worthy this compare—
 Thou in the darkness fronting leaguèd wrong?
 What true and fainting cause shall not be heir
 Of all thy courage—more than miser's hoard!
 In times remote, when some preposterous Ill
 Man has not yet imagined shall be King,
 While comfortable Freedom nods,—
 And Three shall meet to slay the usurping thing,
 Thy name recalled shall clinch their potent will,
 And as they cry, "He won—what greater odds!"
 They shall become as gods.

Oh, what a star is one man's stedfastness,
 To reckon from, to follow, and to bless!
 Thou that didst late belong
 To every land but France—the unribboned Knight
 To whom her honor and thine own were one:
 Now, on the morrow of thy faithful fight
 When once more shines the sun
 And all the weak are strong,—
 No less we call thee ours
 That thou art doubly hers, the while she showers
 On thine unhumblèd head
 Her penitential laurels and her flowers,
 As might we on one risen from the dead:—
 France, generous at last,
 Impassioned nobly to retrieve her passion over-
 past.

Ours, too, thy champions! Who shall dare to say
 The sordid time doth lack of chivalry,
 When men thus all renounce, all cast away,
 To walk with martyrs through a flaming sea!
 Picquart!—how jealously will Life patrol
 The paths of peril whither he is sent.
 Zola!—too early gone!

Whose taking even Death might well repent,
 Tho 'twas to enrich that greater Pantheon
 Where dwell the spirits of the brave of soul.
 Yet doth thy triumph find its better part,
 Soldier of Mercy, in thine own great heart,
 That, in the vision of thy loneliest time,
 Learned, like the poet, "All revenge is crime."

But tho thine enemies may never feel
 The gyves that with injustice mangled thee,
 Pierced shall their souls be by a sharper steel—
 The blade of conscience—faultless weaponry!
 Tho, free from Law's reprisal,
 They lie within no dank and sheathing cell
 Where horror doth approximate to hell;—
 Tho they may never, near the brink of death,
 Accuse with proud, pure hands the God of Light;—
 Yet is the day their night;
 Yet is the world their prison, and their breath
 But the slow poison of the world's despal,
 Leave them—so deaf to pity—unto Him
 Who taught thee pity in thine exile caged and dim.

ENVOI

Oh, tremble, all oppressors, where ye be—
 Throne, senate, mansion, mart, or factory;
 One against many, many against few;
 Ye poor, once crushed, that crush your own anew;
 Ye vulgar rich, new risen from the mud,
 Despoilers of the flower in the bud;
 For justice is the orbit of God's day,
 And He hath promised that He will repay.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—as Mrs. Ward still
 signs herself in her literary work—has made a

deft and effective use of a well-known story about
 Florence Nightingale in the poem below, which
 we take from *The Atlantic Monthly*.

HER SHADOW

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Old is the body of the tale; but, told anew,
 Its fair elusive spirit floats from me to you;
 Sandaled with silence, moving swift as spirits do
 And faint as that dead wind which woke, and
 slept, and blew
 Our lives together, but to lash them straight
 apart—
 My heart aware and torn, from your unconscious
 heart.

CRIMEA

Never a scarlet cross then
 Protected the torment of men
 (Shattered and bleeding, and rent),
 Shots that had sped, and were spent,
 Mowed them to curse and to cry;
 Heaped them to writhe and to die.
 Sweetest of women was she,
 First of the mild ministry
 Mercy of Heaven has sent
 Into the hospital tent.
 One, and a woman!—and when
 There they groaned—thousands of men!
 Hands that could, clutched at her dress.
 Lips that could, parted to bless.
 Dim eyes—all left that could stir—
 Worshipping, called after her.

Gashed by the sight of that hell,
 As flesh by the shot and the shell,
 Spendthrift of mercy, she gave.
 Men in the grip of the grave
 Battled back death for a while,
 To carry away but her smile.
 He went through a motherly land
 Who passed with a hand in her hand.
 His face was the peaceablest there
 Who died in the arms of her prayer.

But slaughtered and tortured they lie.
 By hundreds she passes them by,—
 Gentle, and simple, and rough.
 Of tenderness who has enough
 When life converges to death?
 Paling, and broken of breath,
 They whom she never might reach—
 Touch of her, sign of her, speech,
 Aught of her—what did they then—
 They, the denied of the men?

Oh, dying lips have living power;
 And all the world had missed
 The echoing cry of that red hour:—
 "Upon our pillows then we kissed
 Her shadow as it fell.
 She passed us by, and so we kissed
 Her shadow where it fell."

Dearest and lost! Of every dream the eidolon;
 Of every memory sweetest that I think upon;
 Monarch uncrowned upon my soul's high, vacant
 throne;
 Forever Queen of royal joys to me unknown!
 One day I clasped your shadow as it passed me
 by.

And now, a warrior wounded and unhealed I lie;
Upon the empty pillow of my life I press
The shadow of a kiss. Trust in its sacredness.

Last month we published in another department Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's eloquent plea for a more passionate poetry in America. In *The Pathfinder*, a little magazinelet published by The University Press, of Sewanee, Tenn., we find a specimen of Mr. Lewisohn's own poetry. We fail to find anything passionate in it, but it is winsome and melodious:

IN SICILY

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Since those kind years it is not long,
When, for a sweetly laughing day,
I from all care could fly away
Into a land of summer song;
And lie on lawns more soft than sleep
Beneath some green arbutus tree,
Beside the azure midland deep,
In Sicily, in Sicily!

For there it was where woodlands list,
The resonant woods and echo song,
That I, the flowery meads along,
With Amaryllis kept my tryst.
I gave her dewy apples, gave
Her dewier roses—oh, to be
Forever by the midland wave,
In Sicily, in Sicily!

Sicilian lyrics languorous
She sang me, ditties dreamy-old,
Heard through deep summer noons of gold
By Vergil and Theocritus.
That voice, I may not hear it more;
Those eyes, those lips, I may not see;
Lost unto me that midland shore,
And all my dreams of Sicily.

Now, for real downright passionate poetry—not of the erotic kind, however—commend us to the writer of the following stanzas, which come from the Philippines. A story comes with them. One of the United States marines was buried not long ago and the Filipino band that played the funeral march knew—so the officer in command of the proceedings says—but one tune—"You're Always in the Way." The band was ordered to play that, and such a row was raised afterward over the incident that the officer was court-martialed, but acquitted. But A. L. Price, a private of the United States Army Hospital Corps, published his sentiments in verse in the *Manila Cable News*, and for this he was arrested and a court-martial ordered. Subsequently, however, the trial was discontinued and the matter dropped. For vigor of expression, the poem of Private Price is equal to one of Kipling's barracks-room ballads.

"YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE WAY"

By A. L. PRICE

We don't object to hikin' through a hundred miles
of sun,
We don't object to chargin' up a mountain on the
run;
We don't object to livin' on a soldier's ration
straight,
We don't object to dyin'; but to reach the Golden
Gate
With ragtime funeral marches when the band is
made to play—
It does sound a little awkward—"You're Always
in the Way."

We don't ask no favors from ye, ye may do the
worst you can,
For Congress can't make gentlemen where God
has failed on man.
To 'ell with all this sick'ning rot—it's bad air, dry
and warm,
These rotten gags about respect that's due the
uniform—
When shoulder straps can make a man lose half
his little head
And make him joke the holiness that wraps the
country's dead.

Yes, damn ye, we'll salute ye, and we'll all say
"Yes, sir," too,
But we salute the shoulder straps, we wouldn't
speak to you;
You're further down beneath us than a dog a
nigger owns,
Ye're dirtier'n a buzzard pickin' flesh from dead
men's bones,
When the flag is on our coffins ye'll tell the band
to play
That good old ragtime hymnal, "You're Always
in the Way."

You've stolen from a dead man the last solemn
fun'ral rite,
You've put a daub of mud upon the flag for
which we fight;
Ye ain't disgraced the service, but ye know ye
have at least
Showed how little man was in ye an' how near
ye are the beast.
Few men that hold commissions now would tell
the band to play
The ragtime dance-hall music when a soldier's
laid away.

The yearning of a mother for the child that has
passed out of sight has seldom been put into
sweeter verse than the following in the London
Spectator:

THE LITTLE GARDENS

By MAY BYRON

Within the secret gates of Paradise,
That stand between the sunset and the dawn,
In visions I have passed, not once nor twice,
And seen the happy souls, from earth with-
drawn,
Quiescent there,
In the pure languor of the expectant air.

The place is all a garden, as you know,
Greenness and graciousness and color and scent;
Blossoming trees of gold and fire and snow,
To blossoming earth with their dear burden bent;

And filmy spray
Of fountains chiming in the shadows gray;
And flowers whose very splendor cries aloud,
And flowers in dark recesses burning deep,—
And lesser loveliness in starry crowd,
Head laid to head like little ones asleep,—
And vistas dim,
Of branches penciled on the horizon's rim.

But in a region by the westward wall,
In sunny ways and less-frequented lands,
There I have found some gardens, very small,
Tended, for sure, by small and artless hands;
Quaint plots that lie
All disarranged in sweet asymmetry.

There weeds and seeds are held in equal worth,
The tall herbs and the groundlings grow together,

Rising, like Ilium, to such music-mirth
As brooklets babble in the blue May weather;
And round each border
Are pebbles set in careless careful order.

For they that do each childish garden till,
With serious eyes waiting an outcome fit,
The little exquisite folk, they have no skill
To dig and sow, to prune and water it.
They do their best,
With toil pathetic: chance supplies the rest.

And none there is to hinder or to aid:
Birds of a feather, all these doves take flight,
Through the still sunshine or the tranquil shade,
Fluttering around their gardens of delight;
They kneel, they bend,
They labor gaily till the day's rose-end.

And I have heard the baby footsteps run,—
Along the pathways they have pattered by,—
That sound which whoso hears, henceforth has done
With all that earth can proffer or deny,—
Whose echo veers
Down the void loneliness of silent years.

And I have seen your tiny fingers touch,
Heart of my heart! each slim and dainty stem;
Those puny flowers whereof you make so much,
O God, how I have looked and envied them!
Watching your smile,
That only they have known, this long, long while.

Now when the friendly gates for me unfold,
I shall forget the boughs of snow and fire;
For recompense of all mine anguish old,
Give me the gladness of fulfilled desire,—
Let me but go,
Good Father! where the Little Gardens grow.

THE SPARROW

By I. HENRY WALLIS

Among the carven images
On God's great house of prayer,
A statue of the Virgin is,
And our dear Lord is there.
Close to His Mother does he lie,
And answers her caress
With loving little hands that try
Against her cheek to press.

A circling aureole has He,
To tell His name to all;
A circling aureole has She
Round Her brows virginal;
And on this circlet that She has
A sparrow's nest is made
Of hay and straw and stalks of grass
From street and close conveyed.

It seems as tho that nest were there
That He might look on it,
For always is He gazing where
The mother-bird does sit.
And should her little fledglings fall,
Most surely will He know;
And of His love which blesseth all
Some comfort will bestow.

The mystic Dove broods over them;
And Angel-faces shine
Around the Star of Bethlehem
Above the Babe divine.
About are fiends with mouths awry
And twisted faces wild;
But safe from them the nest is by
The Mother and her Child.

The sparrows fly into the street
Mid turmoil, sin and shame;
Unheeded by the crowds they meet,
Who care not whence they came;
Who know not of the nest that is
In the Angel-land above,
Beside the Holy Presences,
Beneath the brooding Dove.

But it may be that unto some
Who love each living thing,
And smile to see the sparrows come,
A happy thought they bring.
And as to their high home they go,
A child with upward glance
May see their nest, and her face glow
With Heavenly radiance.

Still "the call of the wild" appeals to our American and Canadian poets and to none more than to the Roberts family, who are both American and Canadian, and all of whom go in strongly for literature, nature and athletic sports. This is from a son of the novelist, Charles G. D. Roberts. We find it in *The Outing Magazine*:

THERE'S MUSIC IN MY HEART TO-DAY

By LLOYD ROBERTS

There's music in my heart to-day;
The Master-hand is on the keys,
Calling me up to the windy hills
And down to the purple seas.

Of the poem which we quote next, a reviewer in *The Dial* says: "The happiest inspirations of Coleridge and of Blake are fairly matched by these tender and lovely verses." They are taken from a collection of the author's poems just published (John Lane Company) under the title "The Cloud Kingdom":

Let Time draw back when I hear that tune—
Old to the soul when the stars were new—
And swing the doors to the four great winds,
That my feet may wander through.

North or South, and East or West;
Over the rim with the bellied sails,
From the mountains' feet to the empty plains,
Or down the silent trails—

It matters not which door you choose;
The same clear tune blows through them all,
Tho one heart leaps to the grind of seas,
And one to the rain-bird's call.

However you hide in the city's din
And drown your ears with its siren songs,
Some day steal in those thin, wild notes,
And you leave the foolish throngs.

God grant that the day will find me not
When the tune shall mellow and thrill in vain—
So long as the plains are red with sun,
And the woods are black with rain.

Everybody's has a poem by another of the Roberts family, a brother of the novelist. It has the same outdoor flavor as that found in the poem above.

VOICELESS

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

The poet sinned, and God said—"This be his hell"
The rivers sang him their lyrics. The forests
waved him their spell.
He followed the Spring and Summer, knowing the
winds by name.
He saw the riddle of Life when the maples were
touched to flame.
The crowded spruces loved him, and taught him
their ancient lore,
And the wonders that kings would learn stole
close to his humble door.
Then he rose in his joy—and then he tasted his
hell
With the knowledge of things in his heart and
never the word to tell.

The poet lived, with never a song to sing.
He heard the wind in the grass and the wild, free
birds take wing.
He felt the snow on his face, like tears from an
angel's eyes,
And he heard the whisper of silence out of the
silent skies.
"Peace," he said to his heart. "Why should you
tear me so?
Would the world be a jot the wiser, knowing the
things we know?
Peace," he cried to his soul, "for this is the will
of the Lord!"
Then the music tore at his heart, slow rending it
cord by cord.

There are so many lyrics nowadays and so
few dramatic poems. We find one of the latter,

however, in the London *Outlook*, and we hasten
to impress it into our service:

THE SCARLET LILIES

BY VIOLET JACOB

I see her as tho she were standing yet
In her tower at the end of the town,
When the hot sun mounts and when dusk comes
down,
With her two hands laid on the parapet.
The curve of her throat as she turn this way,
The bend of her body—I see it all,
And the watching eyes that look day by day
O'er the flood that runs by the city wall.

The winds by the river would come and go
On the flame-red gown she was wont to wear
And the scarlet lilies that crowned her hair
And the scarlet lilies that grew below.
I used to lie like a wolf in his lair,
With a burning heart and a soul in thrall,
Gazing across in the fume of despair
O'er the flood that runs by the river wall.

I saw when he came with his tiger's eyes
That held you still in the grip of their glance
And the cat-smooth air he had learned in
France.
The light on his sword from the evening skies.
When the heron stood at the water's edge
And the sun went down in a crimson ball,
I crouched in a thicket of rush and sedge
By the flood that runs by the river wall.

He knew where the stone lay loose in its place,
Where a foot might hold in the chink between,
The carven niche where the arms had been
And the iron rings in the tower's face;
For the scarlet lilies lay broken round
Snapped through at the place where his tread
would fall
As he slipped at dawn to the yielding ground
Near the flood that runs by the river wall.


I gave the warning, I ambushed the band
In the alder clump—he was one to ten—
Shall I fight for my soul as he fought then,
Lord God, in the grasp of the devil's hand?
As the cock crew up in the morning chill
And the city waked to the watchman's call,
There were four left lying to sleep their fill
At the flood that runs by the river wall.

Had I owned this world to its furthest part,
I had bartered all to have had his share,
Yet he died that night in the city square
With a scarlet lily above his heart.
And she? Where the torrent goes by the slope
There rose in the river a stifled call
And two white hands strove with a knotted rope
In the flood that runs by the river wall.

Christ! I had thought I should die like a man,
And that death, grim death, might himself be
sweet
When the red sod rocked to the horse's feet
And the knights went down as they led the van.
—But the end that waits like a trap for me
Will come when I fight for my latest breath,
With a white face drowned between God and me,
In the flood that runs by the banks of Death.

The Tiger

The author of this story, Georg Hirschfeld, is a German writer who, as Heine would say, has a brilliant future behind him. His first play, "The Mothers," made a tremendous stir and won for him instant recognition. All his further dramatic efforts, however, have been under the shadow of ill success. "The Closed Garden" ("Der verschlossene Garten"), a slim collection of short stories, of which "The Tiger" is one, reveal strength and originality with a strong streak of mysticism. Possibly the author may regain on this field the laurels that he lost on another. (Translation made for CURRENT LITERATURE.)

OW far is it to Hardwar, father?"
"Do you wish to reach Hardwar to-day, my son?"
"Yes, father?"

"One day's journey. When the moon pales you will be in Hardwar. Who are you?"

"You see it, father. I am what you are—a poor Nat [beggar]. But I can play with daggers, too."

"With daggers? Indeed? With poisoned daggers?"

"That makes no difference to the crowd."

"Assuredly it does, my friend. If, for instance, in catching it you should pierce your skin and roll on the ground with the snake venom slowly trickling through your veins, the crowds would stream to you. Real death agony is rarely exhibited. They gape at you and gladly give you their copper coins, and when you are dead they walk away. But daggers, common daggers? No, that does not draw them."

"And what is your trick, father?"

"I have no trick. I have made a vow."

"A vow? To whom?"

"To the bloody Kali."

"And wherein does your vow consist?"

"Fool, don't you see? As long as I live, until my next reincarnation, I shall keep my left eye tightly shut."

"I thought that the sun was blinding you."

"Why, that is nothing, to keep one's eye shut when the sun shines. No, when it doesn't shine, ever and eternally, to keep one's eye shut, that is something. And that I have accomplished through seventeen years in pain and self-denial. Ask the people."

"And that is how you make your living?"

"It is true, they pay me for my strength of will. The poor from the villages come to look at me, especially now when the *petmadi* [cholera] is breaking out again."

"Farewell, father."

"Stay, I like you, my son. You shall fare well with me. If you will go to the villages and tell the people of my sanctity, and bring them to me that they may look at me, I will

give you a little bag of rice and one silver rupee a month."

"Farewell, father."

In the outskirts of the woods the young beggar met a little girl carrying *mhovah* fruits in a little basket upon her head.

"Dear child, how far is Hardwar from here?"

"One day's journey. Do you intend to walk it?"

"Yes, my child."

"Beware of the tiger."

"Is a tiger in the woods?"

"Yes, Nat, a big, terrible tiger. He devoured our best cow. Her name was Nala and she belonged to the county judge."

"In the daytime tigers sleep."

"But not when they are hungry. Do you really want to walk?"

"I must, child. To-morrow is the Holy Feast of Ganges. Then many thousands flock to Hardwar. I can play with daggers. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

"Take this," and she offered her basket to him. "Do take it, my father will not be angry."

"Dear, pure child, I may not. No, no, I am still unpurified."

"Why did you not wash in the river?"

"We beggars may not do this."

"Surely our Brahmin would have given you permission."

"That is exactly what he did not. He had me whipped."

"Whipped!"

"Yes, look at my back!"

"Poor, poor Nat. I am so sorry for you."

"Do you know the daughter of the Brahmin?"

"Mandanika? She is ugly."

"Ugly? Oh, no; I found her beautiful. I sat upon the steps of the temple of Siwa, and she passed me, a goddess and a child. She did not notice me. Then she took two oranges from the folds of her purple garment and played with them prettily by throwing the fruits into the air and deftly catching them each time. But at one time one of the golden balls slipped from her hand. She looked crossly at the ground and then half shyly at me. I rose courteously, picked

up the fruit, breathed upon it, so that no particle of dust was left upon the smooth surface, and handed it to her meekly. But she struck the fruit from my hand and me with her foot and cried: 'You beast, how do you dare touch me?'

"And then?"

"And then the Brahmin, coming from the temple with all the people who were worshiping within, had me seized and whipped without listening to my defense. And the girl looked on and laughed."

"Our Brahmin did that?"

"Yes, child, the Brahmin of Lunda."

"Lunda? The name of our village is Rentshi."

"Rentshi! Not Lunda?"

"No, and when did all this you say occur?"

"When? In the time of the new moon."

"The new moon? That was a week ago. And where is Lunda?"

"Near Benares. No, I think I am mistaken. I should never have dared to enter the towns."

"And you tell me that it was our Brahmin, in our village? Our good old priest? Fie on you, you liar. Impudent slanderer!"

"Child I have fire in my head, I am confused. I am so tired. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

"No, you are a liar! I will have nothing to do with you. Go! You are unclean! Go!"

The beggar went into the forest. The heavy, moist atmosphere of the immense swamp which divides the heaven-scaling heights of the Himalaya Mountains from the plain of the Ganges enveloped him. This most fertile realm, shunned of man, deserted by him because it saps his vitality and takes away his strength, has become the home of all that is inhuman or hostile to man. Life itself, with its instinctive desire of growth, flourishes here in unbridled fulness. The chaos and the divine whims of creation may here be found unobserved in the joy of their activity. It is a paradise left to itself through thousands and thousands of years after its fall.

The "Terai" has a climate which in the space of a few minutes fills a man's heart as with lead, dries up his veins and makes his movements mechanical and doll-like. The European's health fails him at once on entering this wilderness. Malaria is inevitable, but the Hindu, in whose blood has circled for a thousand generations that sweet poison of corrupted beauty that calls the lotus flower from out the slime and lends to murderous tigers a garb of black and fire—the Hindu survives.

Shadow-like the Nat wandered through this beautiful hell. Scorching heat, poisonous breaths

from the creeping flowers and the dark-colored orchids and the hissing tongues of serpents—these were familiar to him. His lungs hardly heeded the corrosive air and the sharp-pointed cactus scarcely grazed his naked feet. The snakes never noticed him; perhaps they took him for an ape walking upright. He was a part of nature, and if, in the end, he should succumb, it was the humanity in him that would bring about his ruin. A ringed snake or a black scorpion upon which he trod in his reverie might revenge upon him the desecration of the desert.

The beggar knew this, and yet he was glad to be outside the pale of humanity. He was happy—a despised animal in the midst of animals. Thus he felt his way over the slippery ground, his poor bundle being caught again and again in the outstretched tendrils of creeping plants. It mattered little to him, if only he reached Hardwar. There he was known, there—oh, sweet, foolish hope of the hopeless—someone looked forward to his arrival. The high-priest permitted him every year to exhibit his play with daggers in honor of the god in the vestibule of the temple, and at times even to take part in the washing of the idols. That was worth a day's journey, even at the risk of running into the very jaws of a tiger. After all, it was a matter of chance, and his turn might still be far. At least, it would not come to-day. And at Hardwar there was waiting for him the greatest boon that the world has to give—honor, yes, honor; not gold—of what value was that? Even the viceroy of India might die of the pest. Ah, but honor! Balsam laid once a year upon the wounds that never closed, the ancient ever-renewed heirloom of his accursed caste.

Mechanically the beggar felt for the rags that covered him. For under them, upon his naked skin, rested his fetich. Thank God, it was still there! He had not lost it. It was a large unmounted pearl of great beauty. And it had that peculiar yellow radiance of antiquity. It had been in his family for a long time. His mother had given it to him before she mounted the funeral pile upon which the body of his father was slowly turning into ashes. The sanctified smoke still floated before his vision. He remembered how his mother had unbound her heavy hair. A strange exultation was in her eyes, and with a far-away look she stared down upon the child whose heart was bursting with terror and woe. Yet he dared not save her and drive away the murderers in priests' robes. The ancient rite was celebrated, and his mother disappeared in the flames. He was even compelled to join in the chant of the ancient Slokas (proverbs). The crowds went away satisfied. No

one thought of the orphan. At that moment an English looker-on who had concealed himself from the fanaticism of the Hindus appeared from behind the bushes and asked him suavely for the pearl, for he had noticed how the doomed woman had handed it to her boy and his expert eye led him to think that it was of immense value. When he saw it his eyes almost started from their sockets, and unthinkingly he offered a gold rupee for it. The Nat would have been a rich man had he taken the coin. A rich man, to think of it! But what was the gold rupee to him, after all? It might be stolen from him at nightfall and then he would be cast into prison. But the pearl he must keep; it had been his mother's. No power was strong enough to wrest it from his hand without striking off his arm first. So he hid it on his breast and leapt away like a hunted ape.

He had attached the pearl to a little chain, and no one knew. His chaste and secret treasure brought cooling and solace to him now. And no one knew.

The night was falling. He entered a grove of banian-trees whose aerial roots formed a high interlacing colonnade. It was magnificent, but confusing. He lost his way. He was unable to examine the road closely. His yearning went out to Hardwar; that was sufficient. He never noticed, despite his hunger, the fig-trees bending above him under the weight of their fruit, nor in his thirst saw the untroubled spring whose crystal water trickled over the mossy stone. He only saw the far glade and the city radiant in the evening sun. High into the air soared the marble towers of the temple. The crowds surrounded him. They bore flowers and gold and silks and precious stones, and the air was laden with odor. Suddenly their eyes fell upon him. The high-priest, a rugged old man, rose from his argent throne, beckoning him to approach. "Art thou returned, faithful one?" he said, and all listened, and all were silent. "Art bringing again thy poor tribute to Father Ganges? Sri Ganges, reward him! He needs not our gold who has traversed a hundred miles to celebrate thy birth. He needs the gratitude of the god-head and honor among men. Honor him, ye faithful. Take pleasure in his art." Thus spake the high priest, and he heard it, every word. The crowd receded, clapping their hands, so that a free space was formed where he stood all alone in the glimmering light of the setting sun. With lightning-like rapidity his daggers danced through the air in fantastic rings as never before. None as much as grazed his fingers. And after each performance he could show his unhurt hands to the gazing spectators.

And they honored him, all honored him. And his mother, too, appeared walking hand in hand with a goddess. From high heaven she came upon a rose-colored cloud. His burnt mother, more beautiful than ever, because she had died for her love. She embraced him tenderly with one arm, with the other she imperatively waived aside a suppliant crawling in the dust. Who was it? Gradually he began to recognize her. Why, it was the beautiful daughter of the Brahmin of Lunda, she who had rewarded his humility with a kick and brought upon him the lash of her father and the jeers of the gaping populace. She wept. He could not endure the sight and he implored his immaculate mother for what, yes, for what? He had already forgotten. The scene had changed. He lay upon the beach of Gutsherat, where hard metal-like shells glowed in the sand. The endless wastes of the sky were bathed in green and silver. He was a tiny boy, leaning against the knees of his blind father, who was playing on a flute. The daughters of the English field-marshal passed and brought little gifts to him. They caressed the boy, who stared at them wildly with his big child eyes. And Mabel cried—this he could hear quite distinctly—"Why, you have eyes like black diamonds!" And the wind played in her disheveled hair. She fastened her hat, laughed and went on.

But he? Was he not going to Hardwar? He was a child no more. No one caressed him nowadays because of his eyes. And then, half realizing where he was, he came to a stop, stumbling over the roots of a tree. He rubbed his eyes. What time was it? Where was he? Was this the right way?

No!

Yes! yet—

He did not know this region. It was not the road to which he was used. O Siwa, Siwa! And the moon was already in the sky!

Perhaps he had deviated but a little from the right road. Perhaps it was only the little bamboo grove that was unfamiliar to him. If he could find some way around it, he would find the road again. With new courage he walked on. He looked only straight ahead, and it so happened that his feet were suddenly sinking into the morass of a swamp. He could only maintain himself by clinging to the smooth stems of the lotus that were like the bodies of snakes with pink girls' heads. Panting he reached a safer spot whence he could seek a path through the clattering bamboo-trees. No outlet anywhere! He had lost his way. The water under his feet made gurgling noises, quivering salamanders brushed against his naked legs and

the pestilential odor of putrescent plants almost paralyzed him.

But it was all impossible! The god could not have deserted him wholly. He, who honestly fought, who victoriously carried what was human in him through peril and shame, he could not die on the road, a soon-forgotten victim to the hunger of beasts of prey. "Sri Ganges!" he whispered, "thou who seest me approach to embellish thy feast, lead thou my steps! Give me some sign upon earth or in the heavens to solace and comfort me! Father, dost hear my prayer?"

But no sound broke the silence. He only heard the rustling of dead bamboo leaves and the gurgling voice of the swamp. Half out of his senses, he staggered on. The moon grew white. This was the hour when he should have been in Hardwar, and the high-priest waited for him in vain. His bed of straw in the vestibule of the temple remained empty. Who would tell him the way? The way! Oh, loneliness of man! His own feet carried him away from the happiness he craved. Each step forward which he made in his feverish desire was a step backward. Unwittingly he fled from his goal into the jaws of ruin.

At last, at last, the ground grew firm underfoot. He could climb upward. He seemed to have reached rocky land, perhaps a height from which he might gain a view of the glade, a ray of hope. And indeed the forest grew lighter. The bamboo-trees that maddened him by their eternal sameness decreased in number. Already he saw rough hills without a vestige of vegetation before him. Ascending, he peered into the blue of the sky, growing deeper and deeper as the night fell. The soft moaning wind encircled him, and in the heavens palpitated somber stars. He saw at the end of the horizon the towers of the city greeting him in the crimson glow of the dying sun. Oh, his wearied limbs, malicious enemies of an untiring will! He must overcome his weakness and gain this last prominence, that seemed like a staircase hewn out of the rock—seize it with his hands and by a final effort raise himself aloft.

At last it was accomplished. He had reached the height. But he stood there paralyzed, resembling more a stone than a man.

For he was not alone on that height. In hushed silence the sky lay above him. Nothing stirred at his feet; but before him, on an eminence, enthroned like a cruel king, the tiger stood. Immobile in the knowledge of its strength, certain of the approaching prey, it awaited him. On the heavens, high above the head of the beast, stood a constellation of stars, and the moonlight lent to its eyes a peculiar silver glow.

"Now I am lost!" Quietly the young beggar uttered these words. He never moved from where he was standing. His bundle and his staff slipped from his hand. He opened his arms. The tiger crouched; but, as if wishing to play with the fear of its victim, it did not leap upon him at once. Cat-like it stretched its limbs and tossed its head in terrible loveliness. The hair of its beard stood bristling on end and was drawn over its hungry mouth like the beard of a glutton as he takes his seat at the table. The powerful shoulders, with their black bands against a flaming background, were symbolic of the beast's terrific power. Its satanic grimace was expressive of cowardice and the lust for blood. The great cat eyes were like opals, and spake of stony indifference to human agony.

"Judgment day," murmured the beggar. "Ultimate hell! Such is the break of doom! This is the end of our best endeavor! A prey for tigers! Tigers live!"

Suddenly he laughed out, piercingly and loud. His cry was like a flash of lightning in the silence. Could it be—was the beast afraid? It had taken a step backward—that at least was certain. An inaudible, cautious, feline step. It snarled.

"Have I passed through seven hells for this? Was it for this I believed in a heaven? Mahadewa, art thou only a dream of man? Can we see thee only when we have had enough to eat? Do we not believe in gods at other times?"

He laughed again. Opening his arms, he walked in a wild mocking madness directly up to the tiger. The beast showed its teeth; but it did not spring upon him.

"Here I am, devil! Take me! I am disinherited because I am full of the god. Do you not want me? Why this delay? Why do you draw your tail between your legs snarling and look at me crossly as if your appetite were gone? Am I too poor a prey?"

And he laughed anew. In his frenzied madness he stood in front of the beast. The tiger spat, not like an executioner, but like an enraged slave. Suddenly it raised one paw and struck him right across the thigh. The warm blood trickled down. Now he was lost.

"Mother" cried the Nat in penetrating accents, wringing his hands. "Mother—let—let me believe that I shall be united with you! For if not then our lives are indeed in vain!"

The cry of the doomed man had died away. Silence! Mute eternities of silence. The Nat had closed his eyes so as to suffer the death penalty without seeing the executioner. But the executioner came not. Minute by minute passed.

Only a hollow dissatisfied grumbling was heard coming from an ever-increasing distance. The beggar opened his eyes. He saw, saw clearly, unmistakably, that the tiger was fleeing, its tail between its legs, like a cat after a thrashing. Half afraid, it looked back once more upon the human being before it disappeared in the thicket, distrustful of the eloquent madman whose frenzy it disliked. It preferred to track a little gazel, a silly little warm-blooded gazel, pleasant to the palate, not a creature that

was repugnant to its taste because it seemed to resemble neither a god nor an ape. So it shook its head and disappeared.

The beggar was left alone. His mind lost its grasp on things. Balked by the last certainty that life had seemed to offer, all power of resistance gone, a prey to hunger and self-laceration, with weakened limbs, without claws, without teeth to tear—thus he grinned at his god. But at least he no longer knew, even until he died, that he was a human being.

Au Clair de la Lune

We are indebted to *The Broadway Magazine* for the following humorous little tale by Huntley Murray. What we like about it, aside from its irresistibly funny situation, is the literary touch shown in the telling.

"Ouvre moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu."



MR. DINWIDDIE was a very nice, innocuous little man. Indeed, there was something almost obtrusive about his harmlessness. He shrank from a strange child with looks of pathetic appeal to the bystanders. He always said, "No, thank you," to clamorous newsboys, and it is a miracle that his respect for Mrs. Dinwiddie had ever relaxed enough to allow him to marry her. She was a large, gusty woman. When she spoke to you it seemed that she was perpetually about to shake her fist in your face, while in conversation with Mr. Dinwiddie, one never got rid of the uneasy sensation that he was keeping his fingers crossed behind his back.

It was out of regard for his Better Two-Thirds that Mr. Dinwiddie came to the university town just before Commencement time. Mrs. Dinwiddie had been a prom. girl in her lighter days, and wished to behold those scenes again. The first evening of their visit, Mr. Dinwiddie was packed off to the Club to meet people, with strict orders not to come home too early. Mrs. Dinwiddie went with Lucy and the girls to a musicale.

At seven minutes past one the next morning Mr. Dinwiddie picked his way daintily across Alden Street and turned down Glen Street to his temporary home. The left side of Glen Street is lined by dry, little, late-Colonial houses; on the right rise, cliff-like, the long, red, many-windowed walls of a University Dormitory. Mrs. Dinwiddie's sister's husband's house was the fifth—a thin, ashamed house, with concrete urns in the front yard. Let it be understood past question that, in spite of the hour, Mr. Dinwiddie was

profoundly sober. He was not feeling very well, because he had been drinking horse's necks while the other men drank Black-and-White highballs; and he had conscientiously kept even—and five bottles of ginger ale at a sitting is a strain.

Mr. Dinwiddie found the fifth house, verified the number, looked at his silver watch, went through the gate sidewise, and with a sigh of relief rang the bell. He glanced across at the dormitory and a vague thought sniffed at the skirts of his mind—a thought which, had Mr. Dinwiddie been Wordsworth, would have resulted in the sonnet on Westminster Bridge. He sighed and pushed the button again. An aching stillness followed. A cab clacked down Alden Street and lumbered out of hearing. Mr. Dinwiddie's face hardened. He leaned long against the button, until he could faintly hear the querulous voice of the bell. He listened until his own pulses were as the tread of multitudes hurrying to open the door. Still held the hollow hush. Had Mr. Dinwiddie been a scholar he might have reflected that the Greeks and primitive people generally have been quite correct in locating the seat of the emotions. Instead of philosophizing, he groaned gently and alternated his bell-ringing with such tentative batterings at the door as it seemed must arouse the neighborhood. But Glen Street is inured to nocturnal noises, and all its mighty heart continued to lie still. Mr. Dinwiddie desisted, listened at the keyhole—then delicacy abdicated. He retreated to the sidewalk and called his wife's name aloud in the public street. "Mary," wailed Mr. Dinwiddie, "oh, Mary! Let me in!"

Across the way a restless Sophomore with a headache heard that wail, and rose. Leaning half-

way out of his window, he contemplated the serenader.

"Mary! Mary! Open the door!"

The Sophomore reached for the water-bottle on his window-sill, uncorked it, and slowly drank one pint. Then he wetted his head. Then he leaned out again. Then he chuckled. Other students awoke and roused their roommates. The invocations in the street gained volume. The psychic sense of something doing pervaded the dormitory. Presently every window held one or two mist-white wraiths, observant, grinning. A handful of matches spattered on the sidewalk, raising little pale flames. A voice cried, "Fi-er!" and the multitudinous amusement became audible. Mr. Dinwiddie started and grew hot. His hair itched. He was desperate.

"Mary! Mary! Let me in! It's I—it's Arthur!" The Sophomore nearly threw himself past his balance. "Now, then, fellows, all together!" Three hundred pairs of sturdy lungs filled at the word. "Are you ready? One, two"

"OH, MARY! STICK-YOUR-HEAD-OUT-OF-THE-WINDOW!"

Mr. Dinwiddie nearly fainted with shame and rage. His heart was alternate flame and ice. He shook his thin fists overhead and remonstrated passionately. But by this time a foghorn would have been inaudible. The strains of "Don't You See I'm Lonely?" at one end of the building contended with a hastily extemporized version of "Everybody Sleeps but Arthur" at the other. The splatter of matches was incessant. All the more noisy domestic animals were imitated at

once. One man was firing blank cartridges, another was displaying his ignorance of the bugle; flaming newspapers, floating earthward or sticking among the telephone wires, cast a gruesome light over the scene. And from an upper window a stentorian wretch with a megaphone was conjuring Mary by all known gods of classic and modern times to cut out pounding her ear and produce poor Arthur's nightie.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" shrieked Mr. Dinwiddie in a momentary lull, "consider! How can you——"

"Bottle night!" roared a senior. And immediately every man in the building hurled his water-bottle crashing into the street, and followed it with his washbowl and pitcher. Broken glass slithered over the stones, bottles rang and clashed, pitchers popped, washbowls boomed. And amid the scattering fire of the last ammunition the Dormitory chanted with one organ-voice:

"Ain't dat a shame—
A measly shame—
To keep your honey
Out in the rain?"

A carriage with frightened horses drove crunching through the fragmentary potsherds. Therefrom descended Mary, indignant, and the family of her sister. Mr. Dinwiddie tucked himself under her arm, with a squeak of joy. And as the door of the house with the concrete urns in the yard banged after the company, the Sophomore, weak with laughter, sent forth with his last remaining breath the immemorial amen of midnight carousals:

"All O-o-ver!"

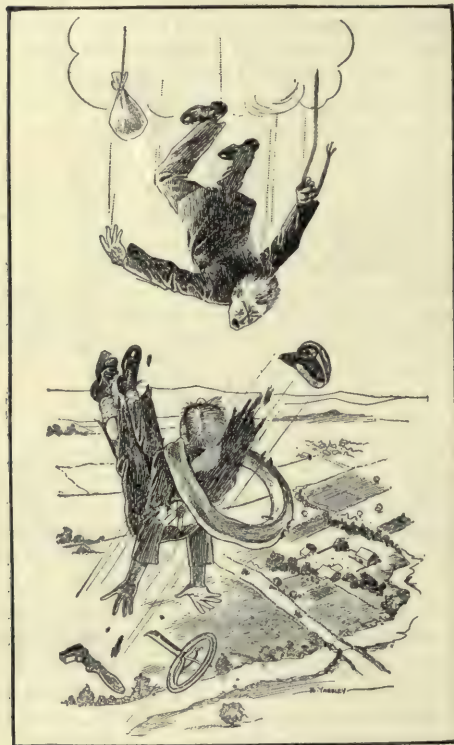
The Dead City—By Rudyard Kipling



WHAT do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw, green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-colored sands? There are forty dead kings there, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces and streets and shops and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee, gray squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the market-place, and a jeweled peacock struts out of a carved doorway and spreads its tail against a marble screen as fine-pierced as point lace. Then a monkey—a little black monkey—walks through the main square to get a drink from a tank forty feet deep. He slides down the

creepers to the water's edge, and a friend holds him by the tail in case he should fall in. When evening comes and the lights change, it is as though you stood in the heart of a king-opal. A little before sundown, as punctually as clockwork, a big, bristly wild boar, with all his family following, trots through the city gate, churning the foam at his tusks. You climb on the shoulder of a blind, black, stone god and watch that pig choose himself a palace for the night and stump in wagging his tail. Then the night-wind gets up, and the sands move, and you hear the desert outside the city singing: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and everything is dark till the moon rises.—From "The Light That Failed."

The Humor of Life



HAZARDS OF MODERN PASTIME
AUTOIST AND BALLOONIST: Hey! Keep to the right.
—Life.

THE WILY TAXIDERMIST

The old lady entered the taxidermist's shop in a blaze of wrath, carrying a defunct cockatoo in a glass case.

"You can see for yourself, sir. You only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

"Lor' bless ye'm, that's the triumph of the art! We stuff 'em that natural that they moult in their proper season."—*Tit Bits*.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

A clergyman was about to leave his church one evening when he encountered an old lady examining the carving on the font.

Finding her desirous of seeing the beauties of the church, he volunteered to show her over, and the flustered old lady, much gratified at this unexpected offer of a personally-conducted tour, shyly accepted it.

By-and-by they came to a handsome tablet on the right of the pulpit. "This," explained the good man, "is a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late vicar."

"There, now! Ain't it beautiful?" exclaimed the admiring old lady, still flustered and anxious

to please. "And I'm sure, sir, I 'ope it won't be long afore we see one erected to you on t'other side."—*Tit Bits*.

TOO CROWDED

An officer of a certain regiment was one morning inspecting his company on parade when he came to an Irishman who had evidently not shaved for some days. Halting in front of the man, he said: "Doyle, how is it you have not shaved this morning?" "Oi have, sor," was the reply. "How dare you tell me that," said the officer, "with a beard on you like that?" "Well, sor," said Paddy, "it's loike this. There's only one shaving glass in our room, and there was nine of us shaving at the same time, and maybe Oi shaved some other chap's face."

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

SYMPATHETIC WOMAN

Our Dumb Friends' League, we hear, has more ladies than men among its supporters. This is not remarkable. The terrible affliction of dumbness is, of course, one especially calculated to appeal to feminine sympathy.—*Punch*.

WHY HE STAYED

"And why," asked the good man who was being conducted through the penitentiary, "are you here?"

"For two reasons," answered the convict. "One is because I can't get a pardon, and the other is that the guards is so blamed careful."—*Judge*.

RAPID TRANSIT

"Why do your cars all have at least one flat wheel?"

"That," replied the obliging conductor, "is easily explained. The impact of the flattened surface against the rail makes a noise. By listening carefully the passenger can ascertain whether or not the car is moving."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE

MRS. CRABB (on a visit with her husband to view a villa for sale): "Oh, how beautiful—how beautiful! The magnificent view makes me perfectly speechless!"

MR. CRABB: "Then I'll buy the villa!"

—*Tit Bits*.

WHAT HE HAD

DINER: "What have you got?"

WAITER: "I've got calves' liver, sheeps' brains, pigs' feet—"

DINER: "I don't want a list of your physical peculiarities; all I want to know is what you've got to eat."—*Tit Bits*.

IDENTIFICATION

In a police-court two lawyers became very much excited over a legal argument. Matters went to

such a pitch that they began to call each other names.

"You're an ass!" said one to the other.

"You're a liar!" was the quick retort.

Then the judge said:

"Now that the counsel have identified each other, kindly proceed to the disputed points."

—*Tit Bits*.

HE DIDN'T

STUDENT: "There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

INSPECTOR: "Neither do I; but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."—*Tit Bits*.

MISUNDERSTOOD

CHARLEY LITEWATE: "Are you fond of puppies, Miss Tandem?"

MISS TANDEM: "This is so sudden!"

Will S. Gidley in *Lippincott's*.

WHY NOT?

MUNN: "I discovered a curious thing about one of my hens the other days. She eats tacks."

CHAUSEN: "And lays carpets?"—*Judge*.

THE BREAD WAS SENT BACK

A boy who had been working in a baker's shop for some time was just about to finish his trade. One night, when the boss was gone, he broke the marble slab he molded his loaves on, so he went to the marble yard to secure another, but could not find one. On the way back he passed a graveyard, and, as it was very dark, he jumped over and pulled up a small headstone about the right size and took it back and finished his job. The next day, after the bread had been delivered, nearly all of it was sent back. The baker looked at it and broke several loaves open, but found nothing wrong. Then he happened to turn one of the loaves over, and found on the under side of every loaf the inscription: "Here lies the body of Mrs. ———. Born A. D. 1682. Died A. D. 1740."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

CALLOUS

DENTIST (prodding a patient's gum in search of a fragment of root): "Fanny, I don't seem to feel it."

PATIENT (ironical in spite of the pain): "You're a luck!"—*Tit Bits*.

A BUBBLE RE-BLOWN

Chicago is said to contain eighteen thousand deserted wives.—*Chicago Journal*.

Which was it—bridge or the cooking recipes in *The Ladies Home Journal*?—*Life*.

Bridge suggests schooners,—and schooners, Bok. We now see how *Life* manufactures its wit.—Karl von Kraft in *Lippincott's*.

STRICTLY OFFICIAL

In one of the lesser Indian cities the clerk in charge of the official documents is a Hindu, with peculiar knowledge of English.

As rats did much damage to his papers, he obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of them receiving rather better rations. A few



AT THE REHEARSAL

BASSO: "That new tenor thinks he is the only thing in the world."

STAGE CARPENTER: "Yes, and them that hears him sing wishes he was."

—*Life*.

weeks later, the head office at Calcutta received this despatch:—

"I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

To this problem there was vouchsafed no answer. After waiting a few days, the Hindu sent off a proposal:—

"In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into Government service a probationer cat on full rations."—*Tit Bits*.

AUNT MARY'S GLORIOUS FINISH

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and shrinking, passed away at Carlsbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English General in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the General's heirs explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows:—"Give the General quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."—H. P. Hunter in *Lippincott's*.

"THIS IS A TRUE STORY"

There were two brothers, Will and Wallace. Will was a prose writer, Wallace a poet. Will wrote a newspaper story of the San Francisco "quake, and in it "faked" a pathetic incident about a Chinaman. Wallace read the tale and reflected: "Gee! what a chance for a poem." Whereat he published a poem in one of our Six Worst Magazines and placed at the head of his verses the line: "Based on a true incident of the San Francisco disaster." Whereat Will laughed and said: "Gee! that is one on brother."

This teaches us, children, that it is ever wise to omit the line, "This is a true story." Because it addeth nothing to the tale, and because fiction is truer than truth, anyway.—*Puck*.



STRANGE

"I am afraid you don't love me very much, monkey, dear."

"Why do you say that, darling?"

"You have never yet asked me to sit on your lap."

—*Life*.

TAKING NO CHANCES

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the house-surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit: not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A LITTLE AMBIGUOUS

"How was your speech at the banquet received?"

"When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."—From "The Humor of Bulls and Blunders."

THE BITER BITTEN

A city clerk with a reputation for wit, while passing along a crowded thoroughfare, accompanied by some friends, noticed an oyster-stall displaying a notice: "Fine oysters; shilling per dozen." Approaching the salesman he requested to be served with a "pennyworth of oysters."

"With or without?" inquired the owner of the stall, sharply.

"Eh?" said the humorous man, rather startled.

"With or without?" shouted the salesman, fiercely.

"Er—with or without what?" weakly stammered the customer.

"Pearls!" roared the oyster merchant, and the discomfited joker hurriedly rejoined his delighted friends.—*Tit Bits*.

A CABINET FORECAST

Seeing that one never knows what moment the unexpected may do its usual stunt and happen when least looked for, it might be just as well to seize Time by his well-worn bangs and appoint the President Hearst cabinet. Here goes:

For Secretary of State, Arthur Brisbane.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Alan Dale.
For Secretary of War, Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
For Secretary of the Navy, Beatrice Fairfax.
For Secretary of Agriculture, Dorothy Dix.
For Secretary of Commerce and Labor, D. Din
kelspiel.

For Attorney-General, F. Oppen.

For Postmaster-General, Ambrose Bierce.

—S. W. Gillilan in *Judge*.

HE GAVE IT AWAY

CUSTOMER: "You say, then, that this material is the latest?"

SHOPMAN: "The very latest, madam."

"But will it fade in the sun?"

"Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood."—*Tit Bits*.

SHE COULD SWIM

"This is a nice canoe, isn't it, Maud?" said the tall, dark young man.

"Very nice indeed, Charlie," replied the pretty girl sitting in the stern.

"There's just one objection to it," said the young man.

"Indeed; and what is that?" asked the girl.

"Oh, well, you see, if you try to kiss a girl in this canoe there is a great danger of upsetting it and then both the fellow and the girl would be thrown into the river."

"Oh, indeed!" said the girl, reflectively, and she sat silent for a while. At length she remarked, softly, "Charlie, I can swim."—*Tit Bits*.

HELP!

Work is progressing so rapidly at Panama (according to Shonts), and the excavated dirt is piling up so fast that it may be necessary to tunnel under it for the canal.—*Puck*.

TRULY HYGIENIC

In consequence of medical strictures a new form of stocking-suspender for children is about to be placed on the market. After being fastened to the stockings, it passes twice round the waist, once over the shoulders, once round each arm, twice round the neck, and once over the head, and the strain is thus fairly distributed.—*Punch*.



GOOD FEEDING

THE THIN SKEETERS. —Well, say, you look like ready money. You must be having a prosperous season. Where are you stopping?

THE FAT SKEETER.—Me? Oh, I'm living in the back of a Peek-a-boo waist.

—*Puck*.

COAL IS GOLD



It's like finding money the way the Hustler Ash Sifter saves coal. Turning the crank for a minute sifts the day's ashes. No dust nor dirt; easy to operate; a child can do it, and no maid objects to it. Fits wood or iron barrel; saves many times its cost in a year, and the cinders are excellent for banking fire at night. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write for Catalog E.

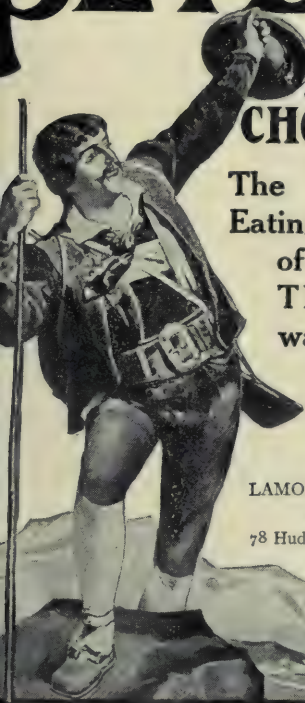
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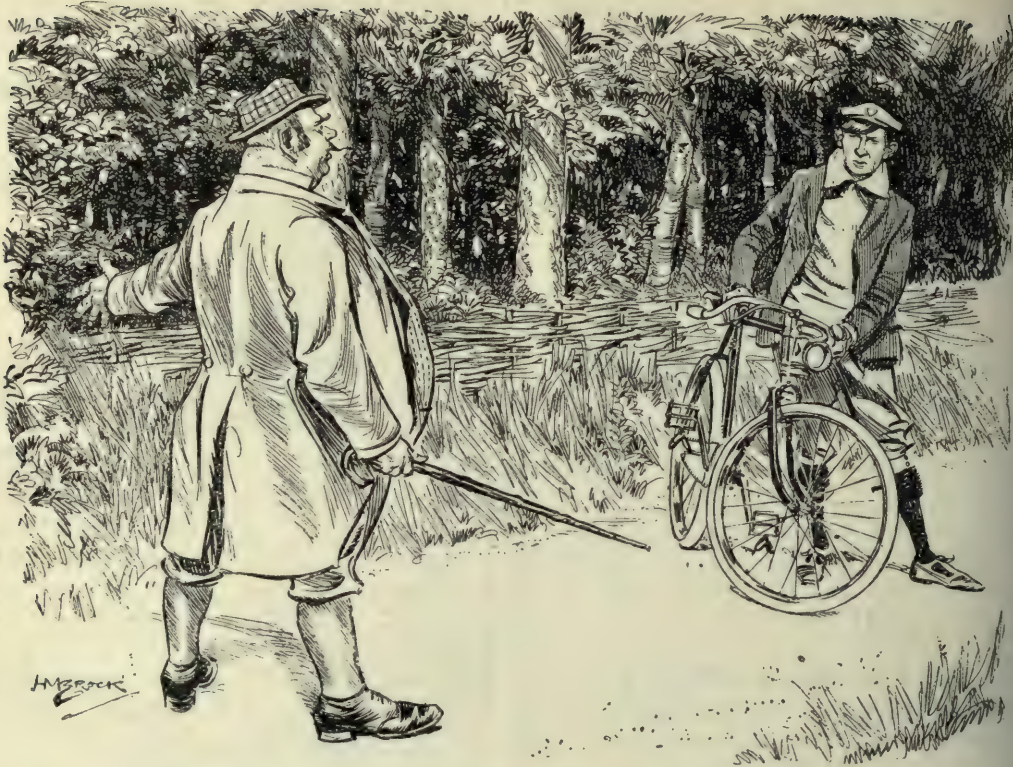
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THE SQUIRE. "But I tell you, sir, this road is private, and you shall not pass except over my prostrate body!"
CYCLIST. "All right, Gov'nor, I'll go back. I've done enough hill climbing already!"—*Punch*.

THE SUSPENSE WAS TOO MUCH

"See here," grumbled the inmate of murderers' row, "ain't there a law again' crool and onusual punishment?"

"Yes," answered the warden.

"An' ain't I ter be hanged next week?"

"I am afraid you are."

"Then what d'yer mean by sendin' me a bunch of story papers to read that ain't got nothin' but continued stories in 'em?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

NOT WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE

When Opie Read, the author, was editor of *The Arkansas Traveler*, one of the best reporters on the paper died, and his death was greatly mourned by the editorial staff. A visitor to the office, on the day after the funeral, found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately.

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said, "a sad loss, indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

Opie Read frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be hanged," said Read. "That isn't crape. That's the office towel."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

SHE COULD

"I was weading an—aw—account of a woman being hooked to death by a beastly cow, doncher know," remarked young Dudeleigh. "Weally, I cawn't imagine a more howwible affair—can you, Miss Caustique?"

"No, Mr. Dudeleigh," replied Miss Caustique, "unless it is being bored to death by a calf."

And when she illustrated her remark with large, open-faced yawn, young Dudeleigh proceeded to get a hurry on himself.—*London Tit Bits*.

JUST A HINT

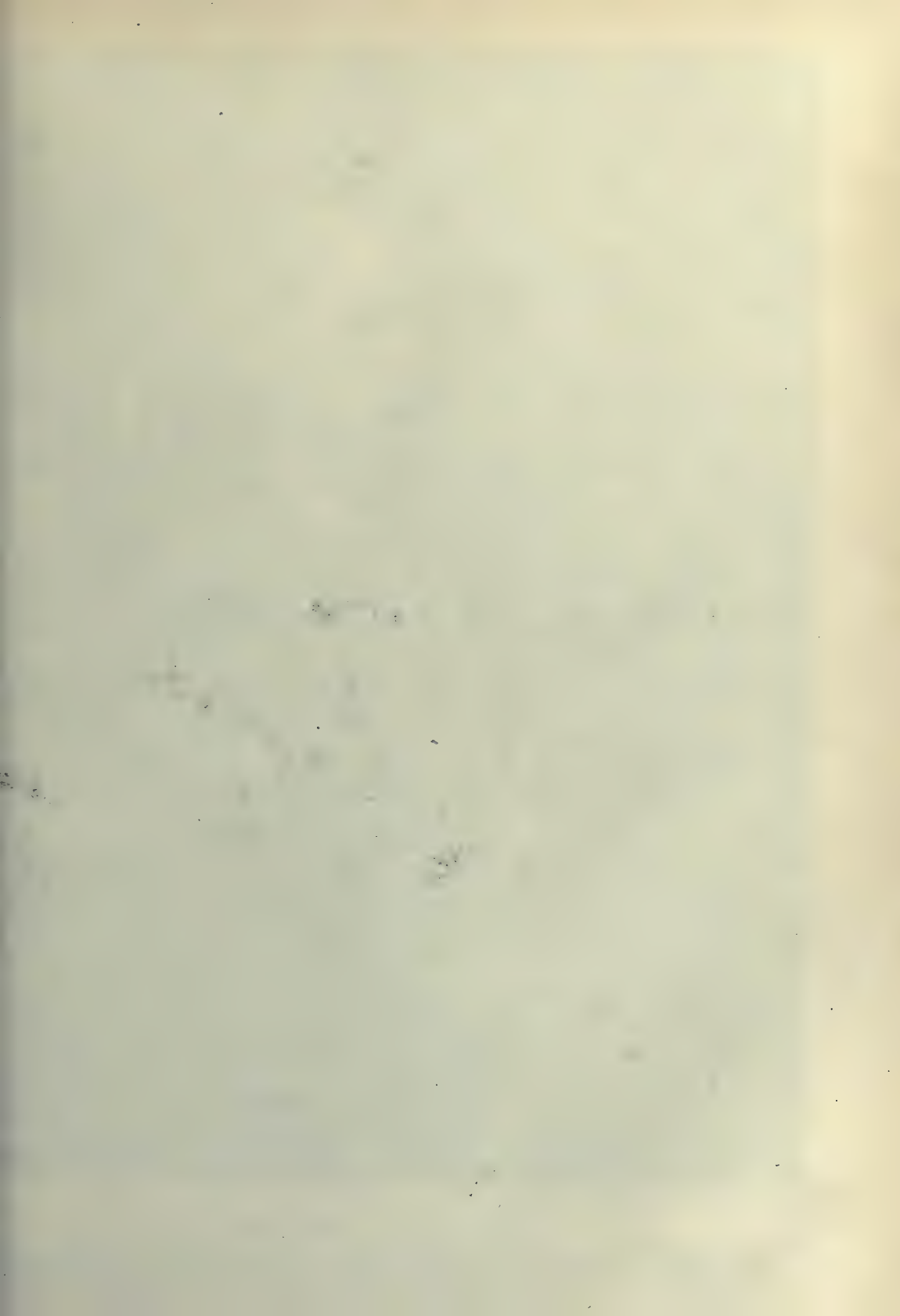
"Yes," the Rev. Dr. Gassaway was saying, "in all my pulpit utterances I endeavor to choose the very plainest subjects. There are sermons in stones, you know, and—"

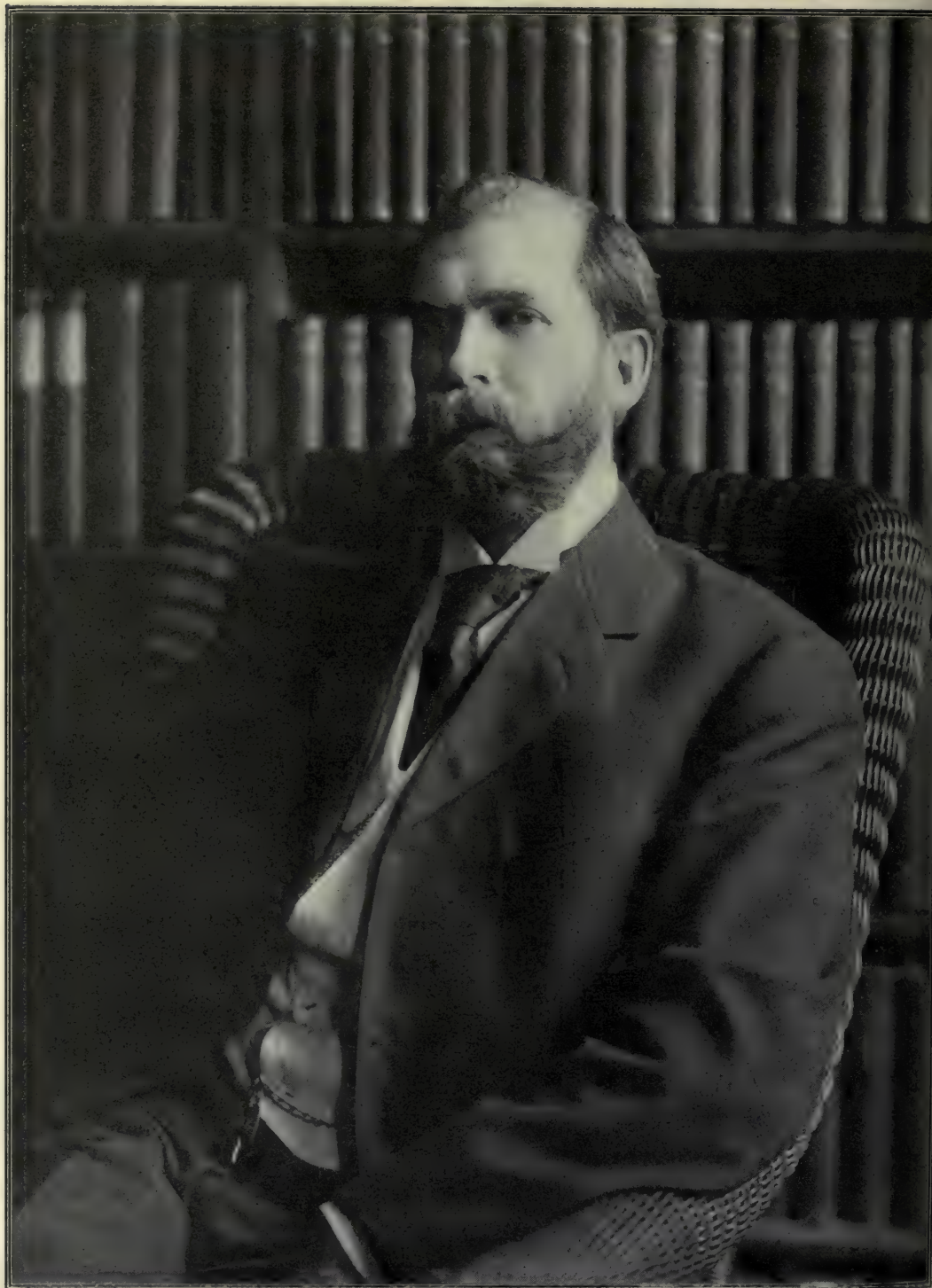
"That's so," interrupted the long-suffering parishioner, "but it's also worthy of note that the most precious stones are small and they have to be cut before their beauty is apparent."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

SEEING THE ANIMALS

"And did you see the Hippodrome when you were in New York?" inquired the interested neighbor.

"Wall, no," replied Mr. Henlay; "I reckon the critter was sick when we visited the Zoo, but we saw the elephant and rhineorcerus."—*William Campbell in Lippincott's*.





Photograph by Brown Brothers for CURRENT LITERATURE

ON THE EVE OF A GREAT CANVASS

This photograph represents Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for governor of New York State, in his library the day before he started on his up-state canvass. He is a lover of books, but his idea of vacation reading is somewhat unusual. When he started abroad last summer to climb the Alps, his valise contained three volumes: a treatise on solid geometry, a volume of Kant, and a Lycurgus.

Current Literature

L. XII, No. 5.

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

NOVEMBER, 1906

A Review of the World

ALTHO two-thirds of the States of the Union are electing governors this year, and all of them are electing congressmen, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the campaign in New York State alone has excited almost as much attention as all the other campaigns put together. And the feature of it that has cast into partial eclipse the struggles in the other States and the ambitions of other statesmen is the personality of one tall young man in a frock coat and a top hat who tours the State in a private car and makes speeches about the "plunderbund." Hearst," says a Kentucky paper (the *Lexington Herald*), "has succeeded Mr. Bryan as the most conspicuous personality on the political stage. The spot light will be on Hearst during the remainder of the campaign." And this only about two weeks after Mr. Bryan's return, amid the loud acclaim of the national Democracy. From the Far West comes a similar estimate of the interest of the nation in the battle in the Empire State. "The greatest battle of years is approaching," says the *Salt Lake Herald*, "and its outcome is certain to have an important bearing on the next presidential campaign." The noise of the struggle has even aroused Great Britain to unwonted interest. In a special to the *New York Sun* we read:

"The whole press of London this week has been described with considerable detail the progress of the New York gubernatorial campaign. This is something quite unprecedented in London journalism. . . . The bitterness of American political controversies is not understood in this country and the tendency here is to regard the present contest as unprecedented in importance for the whole American people. Englishmen, in fact, consider the New York campaign as a critical struggle between the forces of good and evil in American politics."

FOR is it simply that the fortunes of Mr. Bryan and other statesmen, Republican as well as Democratic, have, for the time being, been obscured by the personality of Mr. Hearst. He has, in the opinion of most, effect-

ed an obscuration of the Democratic party itself in New York State. He is, indeed, the regular nominee of that party; but he was first nominated by his own organization, the Independence League, on a platform which he has publicly endorsed down to the last word. The Democratic platform is utterly at variance with this and he has studiously refrained from accepting it, declaring that his views were clearly stated before he received the party nomination and that those views he will act upon if elected governor. One of the General Committee of Tammany Hall, John B. McDonald (constructor of New York's subway), in resigning from that committee and announcing his support of the Republican candidate, lays stress upon this feature of the situation. He says: "I have yet to learn from Mr. Hearst himself that he stands upon the so-called Democratic platform adopted at Buffalo, or that he represents, or intends to represent, in any measure, the principles of the party." In his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination, Mr. Hearst studiously avoids any reference to the platform.

NEITHER is this apparent obscuration of the Democratic party confined to New York State. In Massachusetts, Illinois, California, and elsewhere, his followers are proceeding on similar lines, supported by his newspapers in those States. Mr. Brisbane has announced recently that Hearst papers "will soon be published in many other cities" than those in which they now appear, and he adds in the same article (*North American Review*): "There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives." The goal of Mr. Hearst's ambitions is thus frankly announced, and he himself has been hardly less frank in declaring the methods by which he expects to attain it. "Is there not need," he asked in a recent speech in Cooper Union, "for a new party based on fundamental American principles?" The stakes played for



FOR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
—Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

by this young man, it will be seen, would be worthy a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon Bonaparte. Commenting on this new party utterance, the *Richmond Times* (Dem.) remarks:

"Notice of Hearst's schemes has been served on all Democrats, and the South, at least, will have no excuse for being bamboozled, bribed or

taken captive by a man who is at heart so utterly opposed to the traditions and principles for which the South stands. The Democratic party of New York may be led to the slaughter to gratify Hearst's ambition, but the Democracy of the country at large, the Democracy of Jefferson Jackson, which believes in individual effort, abhors socialism and centralization, will not defame its past and destroy its future for such a candidate as William Randolph Hearst."

ANOTHER prominent Democratic paper in the South, Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal*, sees in the Hearst movement the possible death of the Democratic party. It says:

"For the time, at least, and in the State of New York, the Independence League has swallowed the Democratic party. It may be for a time. It may be that old-fashioned Democracy no longer suffices the need of the people who wish to constitute the Liberal, or Popular, party of the future, and that, failing to win battles, the Democratic organization will gradually merge itself into the Independence League, as the Whigs at the crowning disaster of 1852 merged themselves into the Know Nothings. Thither Hearst and Hearstism are undoubtedly tending and, if they carry this election, they will have made a tremendous stride toward the end; because, undoubtedly, the old Democrats are just now in a state bordering on despair."

"Mr. William Randolph Hearst," remarks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.), "is a joke." Even if defeated for governor, "he thinks he will have a better standing than if he polls a respectably large vote. 'The Democratic party of New York,' says the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), 'has fallen upon evil days

and has come under the control of a few men who are not Democrats. But the *Atlanta Journal* (Dem.) sees a silver lining to the cloud. It calls to mind that whenever the Democratic party has nominated a presidential candidate who received the enthusiastic support of Tammany Hall, he has failed to carry New York State, and whenever a candidate has been forced upon Tammany, he has rolled up a big majority in New York. "It would not be an irretrievable misfortune," says this organ of Hoke Smith, "for the influence of the New York leaders to be nil in the next national convention. The nomination of Bryan on a sound platform would receive more support in New York than it ever has if Tammany should



A BACK NUMBER
—W. A. Rogers in *New York World*.

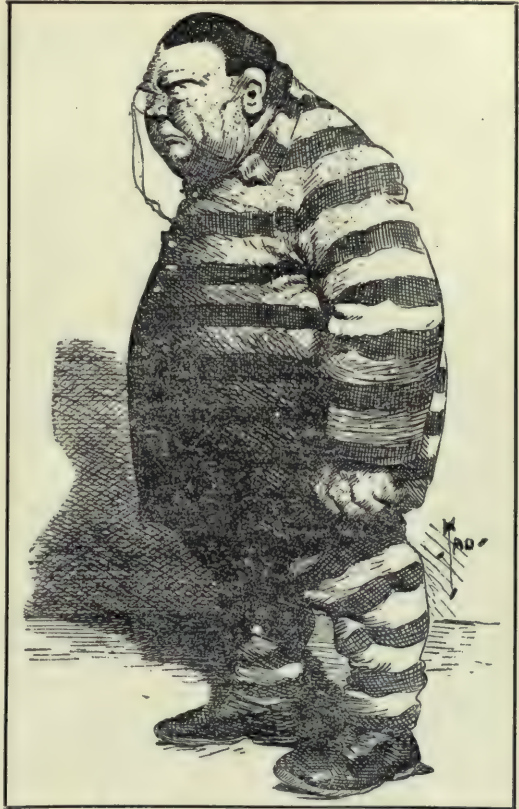
not be in position to reap any advantage from a presidential victory."

From Mr. Bryan himself, however, has come a prompt endorsement of Mr. Hearst. "I am much gratified at the nomination of Mr. Hearst," he is reported to have said at Oklahoma City, "because I feel that he will make not only a strong race, but also a good governor after his election."

THE revolt of the Democrats in New York State appears to be large and vigorous, though not, for the most part, organized. There are some clubs reported of "Hughes Democrats," but the revolt is of individuals rather than of organizations. Mr. Jerome was one of the first to announce his revolt. He said:

"After watching carefully and being in a position to know what went on at the alleged Democratic convention in Buffalo, I do not believe a man can be found owing allegiance to the Democratic party who feels himself called upon to abide by the action of such a fake convention. I shall work in every possible way to serve the Democratic party by trying to bring about the election of Charles E. Hughes as Governor."

Mayor McClellan declared that he, as a Democrat, would vote for the ticket placed in nomination, with the exception of Hearst. "Him I will not vote for." Robert Fulton Cutting, President of the Citizens' Union of New York, announced his intention not to vote for Hearst and even to enroll as a Republican this year. J. Edward Swanstrom, ex-President of Brooklyn Boro, declared that Hearst's nomination had been stolen and he could not support it. Austen G. Fox, of the City Club, Louis Vindmuller, and many others announce the same intention. Ex-President Cleveland is reported in a *World* interview as referring to the nomination of Hearst as a calamity to the Democratic party. The Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1904, Judge Alton B. Parker, warns the public against Hearst's alleged intention to control the judiciary nominations for his own selfish ends. Every daily paper in Manhattan, with the exception of *The Daily News* and Mr. Hearst's own papers, has attacked his candidacy. Even *The Tammany Times* refuses to support him. There is not a morning paper published between Albany and Buffalo that supports him.



A NOW HISTORIC CARTOON

In *The Evening Journal* (Hearst's) November 10, 1905, appeared the above cartoon with the title: "LOOK OUT, MURPHY! IT'S A SHORT LOCKSTEP FROM DELMONICO'S TO SING SING." With the cartoon was the following plain talk: "Every honest voter in New York wants to see you in this costume. You have committed crimes against the people that will send you for many years to State Prison, if the crime can be proved against you. Your dull mind cannot conceive of any real public opinion. But an awakening is ahead of you. You know that you are guilty. The people know it."



IN LINE

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

Much of this revolt, however, perhaps all of it, was anticipated. The hope of Mr. Hearst and his friends is that he will draw far more votes (of laboring men) from the Republican party than he will lose from among the conservative Democrats. A cry of alarm is raised by Republicans in the manufacturing towns, who see a marked tide setting in toward Hearst.

AS THE contest has developed, the personality of Mr. Hearst and the questions raised as to his sincerity have loomed larger and larger, until the campaign has become less and less a discussion of issues and more and more a discussion of the man. The personality and the record of his opponent, Charles E. Hughes, afford little ground for discussion. His nomination was made by acclamation, but only after the hardest kind of a fight made by Mr. Parsons, the Roosevelt leader of the Republican party in New York City, reinforced by a letter in his favor from the President himself and still more strongly reinforced, perhaps, by the news that the Democratic convention, in session in Buffalo at the same time, was about to nominate Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hughes is best known by his record as inquisitor in the investigation first of the "gas trust" and then of the insurance societies, and by his refusal last year to accept the Republican nomination for mayor of New York because the acceptance might hamper his investigation. Mr. Hearst and his journals have attacked Mr. Hughes in a general way as a "corporation lawyer," admitting that he is a "clean corporation lawyer," but asserting that such a lawyer "is not one bit different in his way of making a living from the most spotty lawyer you ever saw." For the most part, however, Mr. Hearst has confined his specific charges to Mr. Hughes's alleged backers and his present political associates, Woodruff, Sheldon, Mayer, and others. One specific charge indeed has been brought against Mr. Hughes by Mr. Hearst's papers to the effect that in the prosecution of the "gas trust" last summer by the attorney-general, Mr. Hughes was retained as attorney, put a retainer in his pocket, and then went off to Europe. The charge was promptly denied by Mr. Hughes and by the attorney-general, and it transpired that Mr. Hughes did his work before he went to Europe, and received no retainer or fee whatever. His work for corporations, he says, has been a small part of his practice, and he has never been under an annual retainer from any corporation. "The voter who cannot trust Mr. Hughes," says *The Press* (New York City),

a Republican paper, but almost as radical as Hearst's own papers, "as against the hideous mockery of public servants running Mr. Hearst's campaign, cannot trust his Bible and his mother's prayers as against gambling dives, brothels and cut-purses."

THIS paper, *The Press*, is the one New York paper which Mr. Hearst has exempted from his charge against the New York press in general of lying about his canvass. It has been as vigorous and unsparing in denouncing boss influence and corporate influence in its own party as most papers are in denouncing them in the other party. But it discerns no taint of such influence in Mr. Hughes. To an inquirer objecting that Mr. Hughes, in his insurance investigation, failed to put an "really big men of his own party" on the stand, *The Press* replies:

"Who examined Governor Odell? Who examined Senator Depew? Who examined Senator Platt? Whose work drove them out of the political control of the Republican party? Who proved that McCurdy, the 'king of insurance' the head of the greatest financial power in the United States, was both a grafter and a perjurer? Who held up McCall in such a light that, basing as he was, his exposure killed him? Who exposed the Morgan connection with the New York Life so witheringly that Perkins, the Morgan representative in the New York Life, was forced to take his blasted name from the vice-presidency of the company? Who put Harriman on the stand and proved his sordid struggle with Ryan for the seizure of the Equitable? Who compelled Ryan to answer questions which he insolently boasted he would never answer? Who gave him the choice of indictment or of testimony? Mr. Hughes.

"If Mr. Hughes bows down to 'big men,' who are they and where? In one brief campaign he revealed the depravity of more of these 'big men' than all the other investigators and examiners put together have ever done. From his peerless and successful work in the gas and insurance investigations the public knows that he is a man who has done his duty in the service of the people. It knows that he always will."

STILL more effective, for campaign purposes, have been the quotations which have been freely culled from the pages of Mr. Hearst's newspapers in regard to Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hearst, since the opening of his campaign has attacked his opponent as follows:

"Paul D. Cravath is the corporation attorney of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the speculative financier who put through the criminal merger of the New York City transportation companies with the assistance of Attorney-General Mayer, and secured control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society with the assistance of the investigation conducted by Charles E. Hughes."



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NO LONGER A "MYTH"

"The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him."

But, on December 30th last, Mr. Hearst's *American* had this to say:

"No one in New York will question the excellence of the work done by the counsel for the people, Mr. Charles E. Hughes. He has drawn from the management of the companies under litigation admissions which have damned them in the eyes of the public.

"He has done perhaps everything that could be done during the time at his disposal. If there should be no extension of time, Mr. Hughes can retire with the perfect certainty that his work has the approval and aroused the commendation of the people."

OF HEARST himself, his personal character, his career as an editor, his political motives, his ultimate aims, and the character of his associates, there is no end to what has been written and spoken since his nomination. He has certainly gotten a full dose of his own medicine of publicity in these last few weeks. With the strongest newspapers of both old parties, as well as the independent papers, against him, the overwhelming amount of what has been printed is hostile. To find a friendly and at the same time authoritative sketch of him, we must go to his editor, Arthur Brisbane, who contributes such a sketch to *The North American Review*. Here is Brisbane's personal description:

"He is a big man—an excellent thing, since it gives him the strength to stand the worries of many newspapers, and the worries of many faithful followers and foolish enemies. He is more than six feet two in height, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck that will stand up for a long time under a heavy load. His hair is light in color, and his eyes blue-gray, with a singular capacity for concentration.

"His dress of late has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cow-boy's soft slouch hat.

"The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him.

"Mr. Hearst has a great deal of nervous as well as physical strength. This enables him to be patient with many men, and many employees, that constantly demand his personal attention and personal answer. He is able, when necessary, to do with little sleep. And his mind works normally at all hours.

"He has well developed the power, without which no man succeeds as a political leader, of concentrating his energies on one thing.

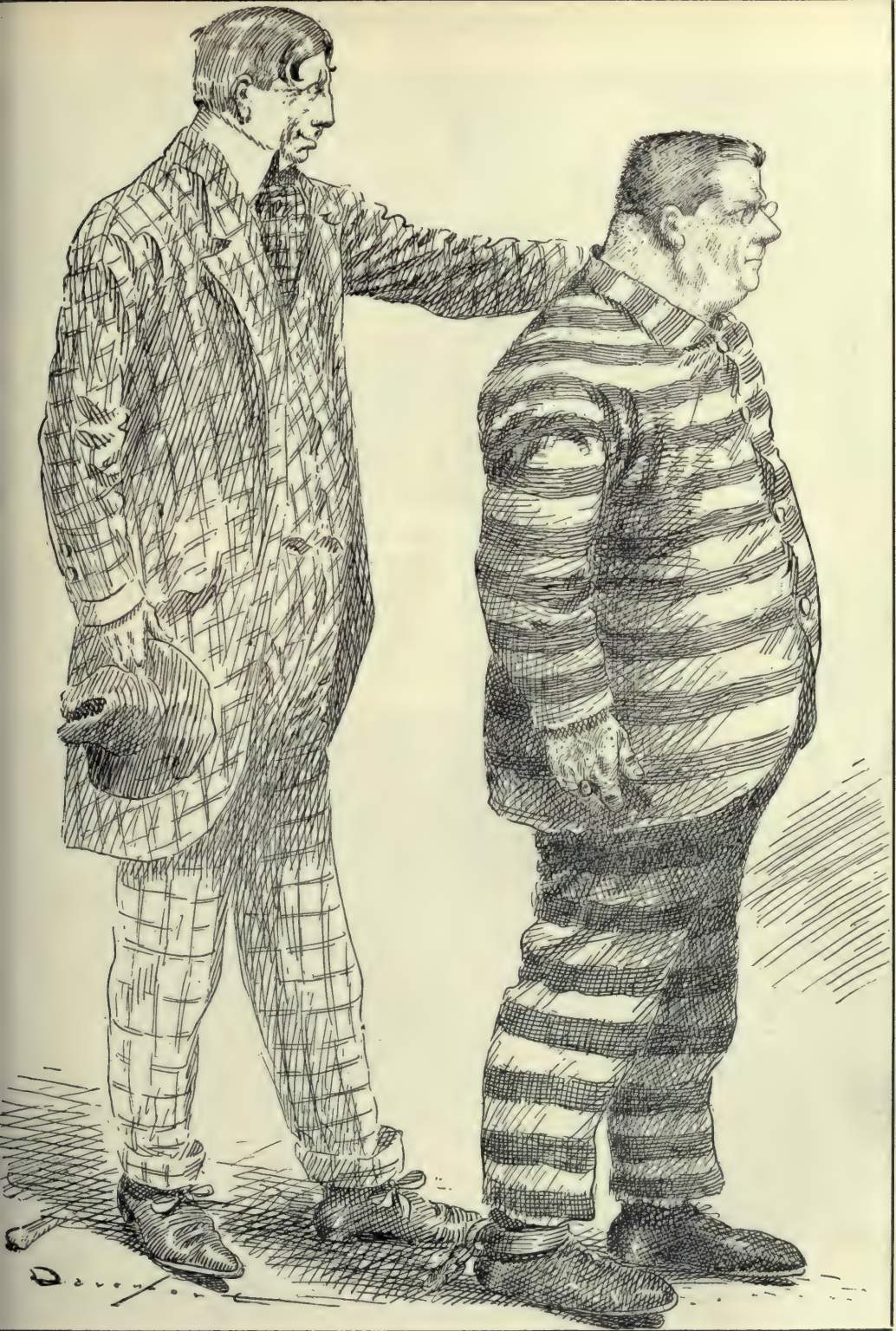
"Hearst has good-nature and cheerfulness, even under trying conditions. The men who work for him like him on this account. They like him especially because when things go wrong he takes the blame on himself. . . .

"Very lucky for Hearst is the fact that his interests, and therefore his vitality, are not scattered. There is absolutely nothing that he cares for except his family, his newspapers, and his public work in politics. He never goes to a race-track; the race-horses that he inherited with his father's property were turned out to amuse themselves on a ranch.

"He takes absolutely no interest in financial speculation, cares for money only because of the power that it gives to reach the public, and to scatter ideas through newspapers. It is impossible to interest Hearst at all in any mere money-making scheme."

MR. BRISBANE goes on to tell what Hearst has done and refused to do. Unionism and the eight-hour day prevail in the mechanical departments of all his papers. He has incurred the enmity of other newspaper proprietors by refusing to join them in any movement to keep down wages and salaries. He has made innumerable legal fights in the interest of the people at his own expense. He is "the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction this country has seen." "He has made dishonest wealth disreputable throughout the nation." The vast property which he owns has not controlled his opinions, but his opinions have controlled his property. He "represents unselfishness in public life." He is "absolutely temperate," does not smoke or drink, is free from fondness for dissipation of any kind, and is a man of unusual physical and mental strength. Mr. Brisbane concludes: "It is not possible now to name a recognized public enemy, without naming at the same time one of Hearst's enemies. Soon it will not be possible to mention an intelligent good man without mentioning a sympathetic, friendly follower of the career of William Randolph Hearst."

IN a series of brilliant articles in *Collier's* Frederick Palmer describes Hearst and his newspaper associates more fully and intelligently than they have ever before been described. Nor does the description seem to be marked by any personal or political animus. In creating his group of papers, says Mr. Palmer, four men have been intimately associated with Hearst, namely: Brisbane, who is the intellectual dynamics of the group; Morrill Goddard, the paint-mixer for the Sunday edition; Sam Chamberlain, the genius of the daily news; and Solomon Carvalho, the business manager, who doesn't believe in publicity for himself and dodges photographers with great success. James Creelman formed a fifth of the group in years gone by, but is no longer



"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"—WHEN I NEED HIM
With apologies to a cartoon that I drew with some pride in the Roosevelt campaign.

—Davenport in *New York Evening Mail*.



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SHE IS THINKING ABOUT CHANGING HER ADDRESS

If a certain tall young man in a frock coat and a slouch hat, with the letters W. R. H. on his suit case, gets what he is after, she will go to Albany to live January 1.

with Hearst. Clarence Shearn and Max Ihmsen are comparatively new additions, the former taking care of the legal and the latter of the political end of Hearst's projects. What Hearst needs is a dozen more Brisbanes for his many papers, but he can't find them. Says Mr. Palmer:

"Unquestionably, the Brisbane editorials are the most sensational journalistic wonder of our time. Brisbane has probably influenced more votes of a type than any other writer. His outpourings in the evening edition have the quality of being spoken at your elbow, and Brisbane actually does speak them into a phonograph. They do not read well when you rise fresh in the morning equipped with the optimism of dawn for your day's work; for they are feverish. Their

potency is to the man hanging to a strap in a crowded street-car, after the day's disappointment when his mind is most sensitive to the preaching of discontent.

"The gift of Brisbane is the gift of a novelist. He can put himself in the place of an Italian workman, a small dealer, a Wall Street man and a farmer, all in five minutes. That means that he knows as a writer how to reach the man to whom he appeals. Historical and scientific comparisons, quick conclusions from premises swiftly arranged to suit his contention, come racing from his mind in the form of smart sentences."

THE requirements in the Hearst offices are to keep the paper selling and to make a point of morality. On the back of a temperance editorial may be a whisky advertisement; on the back of another editorial on clean living may be half a dozen advertisements of quacks with filthy nostrums to sell. Hearst gives his men a very free rein, but indulges in spasms of energy, and has at various critical times (for instance just after President McKinley's death, when his papers were widely accused of inciting the assassination) taken personal direction of affairs. Says Mr. Palmer again:

"He is first and last and all the time a demagogue, using broad strokes. Possibly he is a great leader of men—many demagogues have been. Time will tell whether he is a brilliant colorist, a bubble or a real force. A great and honest editor he is not. A great and honest editor makes his paper a forum of discussion; he hears all sides. Of the countless letters of criticism of the *Journal's* policy and editorial injustices, of the complaints of readers who have been defrauded by the advertisements of fake concerns, none is published unless its form on account of illiteracy or vituperativeness is such that it will discredit the writer. If an error is made in news in one of the Hearst papers correction is almost impossible. Yet common moral law commands that when a wrong is done you ought to repair the wrong in so far as you can. If Hearst is sued for libel, and if the suit is won, the complainant may have no redress except a money payment for the damage his reputation has suffered; his victory will be unknown to the public. As the Standard Oil trust conceals its rebates so the publicity trust conceals its inside methods of working up public sentiment."

Always the Hearst papers are Hearst's, his entire force acting his journalistic will at the lifting of a finger with the solidarity of the Standard Oil legions in obeying the beck of their master. "Significant of his individualistic ownership of every man that serves him is the fact that the Brisbane editorials were published in book form under the name of 'Hearst Editorials.'"



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THE REPUBLICAN LINE-UP

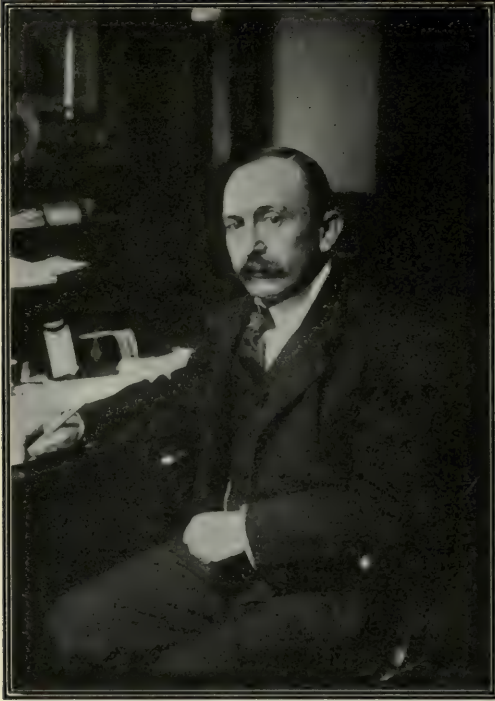
The one man who wears a full beard is the candidate for governor, Charles E. Hughes. At his right is Linn Bruce, second on the ticket. The third man on his right is Attorney-General Mayer. The occasion is the notification of the candidates of their nominations. You can see each of them getting ready to say: "This is the greatest honor of my life."

WHEN it comes to denunciatory attacks upon Mr. Hearst, they are legion, and not any of them have been more violent than those made by some of his present allies in Tammany Hall. We have before us a pamphlet obtained last year at the Tammany head-



A TAMMANY HALL ROUND-UP

Mr. Murphy sits on the right, on the left Lewis Nixon; and Bourke Cochran, who "prefers riot to rottenness," is the other gentleman sitting. Back of Cochran is Grady, next to him "Fingy" Conners, next to him Cassidy, of Queens. They have been nominating Hearst and they are now thinking very hard and should not be disturbed.



Stereograph copyright, 1916, by Underwood & Underwood.

NOT SO MEEK AS HE LOOKS

This is August Belmont, the Hearst bogey man, representative of the Rothschilds in this country, financier of the New York subway, and, according to the Hearst papers, all that is Satanic in politics.

quarters and circulated by its agents. It is entitled:

THE DIARY OF AN ASSASSIN'S ACCOMPLICE.

THE MAN WHO HAD TO HIDE WHEN MCKINLEY WAS MURDERED.

The pamphlet contains in large type various incendiary utterances about McKinley preceding his assassination, culled from the *Journal's* columns, and utterances made by Abram S. Hewitt and others holding the *Journal* responsible for the President's murder. That was Tammany's attitude toward Hearst last year, and the fact that he has since then whipped it into line for his support has made the whole country sit up and rub its incredulous eyes. But one of the most sensational attacks upon Hearst has been made since his nomination by the leader of the Democratic organization in Brooklyn, Senator "Pat" McCarren. While supporting the motion to ratify the nomination of Hearst, McCarren accused him of attempting, both here and in California, to "de-

stroy the Democratic party." He could not be elected poundmaster where he formerly lived, asserted McCarren, and while he rails at bossism, he himself "is the greatest and most absolute boss we ever had." Continuing his remarkable speech—unprecedented, perhaps, in the annals of politics as a ratification speech—McCarren said:

"There is about this campaign a novelty which will strike possibly the ordinary Democrat when his attention is called to it, if he has not thought of it before. Has anybody heard of any of the distinguished Democratic Congressmen stumping the State of New York for the Democratic nominee? Has anybody heard of any of the eloquent United States Senators offering their services for the Democratic nominee? I have not. And the reason why is because the associates of the Democratic nominee for Governor, who has served two terms already in Congress, shun him. There is always something the matter with a man when his associates shun him. And, if I am permitted to use the vernacular of the day, I believe there is a yellow streak in him.

"He complains about the treatment that he is receiving from certain newspapers, and he claims he is being treated unfairly. Now, be that as it may, he has been charged with doing the very same thing himself, and where a man is obliged to take the same medicine that he deals out to others and squeals about it, he does not commend himself to real men. I confess I do not approve of it.

"This is the character of man that we have nominated, or that our party has nominated."

NO more sweeping indictment of Hearst has appeared than that published in the editorial columns of *The North American Review*, in reply to Mr. Brisbane's article already



THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.

quoted from. The editor of the *North American* admits Hearst's daring, his indefatigability, and a praiseworthy kindness of disposition. But he finds another and very dark side:

"The closest scrutiny of Mr. Brisbane's enthusiastic eulogy does not reveal a solitary reference to character or methods. A single note runs through the entire eulogium—success, for whatever motive, good or base, by whatever means, right or wrong—success! Mr. Brisbane has caught and set down, we believe with precision, the actuating spirit. There is no reason to doubt that an intelligent force, such as Hearst has proven himself to be, should be able to comprehend moral responsibility. We must assume, therefore, that he deliberately spurns to recognize it. The key-note of his journalism is assault. At times the object richly deserves stern rebuke; at times, not. It matters not to Hearst. Guilty and innocent, right and wrong suffer alike. Brutality is the sole requirement of the onslaught. Apology, retraction, correction are words unknown to the Hearst school of journalism. . . . As a journalist, though keen, enterprising, and resourceful, he is a burning disgrace to the craft; as a politician, though shrewd and at times even sagacious, he is no more scrupulous than the basest of those whom he has stigmatized as criminals; as a partisan, though earnest and efficient in appealing to the masses, he is a traitor; as an office-holder, he is pre-eminent in shameful neglect of his duties; as an agitator, his delight



THE "INTELLECTUAL DYNAMICS" OF THE
HEARST PAPERS

"The gift of Brisbane is the gift of a novelist. He can put himself in the place of an Italian workman, a small dealer, a Wall Street man and a farmer, all in five minutes. That means that he knows as a writer how to reach the man to whom he appeals."

consists in reveling in the incitement of evil passions; as a dual personality, though possessed of many engaging qualities, he is so utterly devoid of character, so unsteady in even his own recklessness, so faithless to his professed ideals, so scornfully disregarding of moral responsibility, so addicted to detestable practices in efforts to gratify his ambitions, so sinfully persistent in stirring the caldron of discontent, envy, and hatred, as to be a living and glaring reproach to American civilization."

This arraignment has been widely quoted even in Great Britain.



THE CAPTOR OF THREE NOMINATIONS

John B. Moran is the candidate for Governor of Massachusetts of the Prohibition Party, the Independence League and the Democratic Party. He announces: "I have no further use for campaign committees or press agents. I will manage the personal end of my campaign without advice or assistance from any man."

ANOTHER interesting view of Hearst is that which comes from a radical paper which supports him for what he represents, yet thoroughly distrusts him for what he is. *The Public*, the leading Single-Tax paper now published, stigmatizes him as a self-seeker who has displayed the narrowest of dispositions toward men whom he regarded as competitors for political honors. His papers were silent when Tom Johnson, as a gubernatorial candidate in Ohio, was fighting against the same

predatory interests Hearst professes to fight. He was afraid Johnson would cross his presidential ambitions. His newspapers have been conspicuously silent over Bryan's return, for the same reason. When James G. Maguire was candidate for governor of California, Hearst's papers compassed his defeat because he could not be used for Hearst's personal purposes. The same thing was true of Franklin Lane when he was candidate for governor in the same State. Yet both men "stood for the same causes for which Mr. Hearst professed to stand." Hearst abandoned the Henry George campaign in New York at the point of its highest effectiveness. He has withdrawn support from Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, "since Mayor Dunne's refusal to be a Hearst bond-servant in politics and official administration." In short, according to *The Public*, "it has become notorious that he [Hearst] never works faithfully for a cause, whether philanthropic or political, unless his own portrait is stamped upon it. Whatever tends to promote his own ambitions he helps; but whatever promises no reward of that kind he is apt to wither with neglect or to kill by direct attack." Yet *The Public* thinks that "something may be gained by his election; much might be lost by his defeat."

WHAT issues does Mr. Hearst represent that appeal thus strongly to one who distrusts his character so deeply? In a general way Mr. Hearst calls his program "not socialism, nor radicalism, nor extremism of any kind, but simple Americanism." This, of course, is a mere name, not a definition. Looking further into his speeches and letters of acceptance, we find him putting to the fore at all times the thought that both parties have been afflicted with the twin evils of corporation rule and boss rule, and he pledges himself to smash both. His means of destroying boss rule is by "open primaries" and more especially by "direct nomination of men to fill every public office from assemblymen to judges and Senators of the United States." There are other specific measures to which he pledges himself, such as the enforcement of the eight-hour law in Government work, the removal of certain officials (among them the State Superintendent of Insurance and the State Superintendent of Banks, each of whom is removable only by and with the consent of the State Senate), to permit cities to own and operate lighting, transportation and telephone plants on a majority affirmative vote, and to enforce a two-cent fare upon all railways not permitted by

their charters to charge more. Mr. Hearst's program, thus reduced to its essential elements, is far less sensational than his methods and his platform rhetoric, and still less sensational than the utterances of his newspapers. His specific pledges are, in truth, surprisingly few and moderate. What he emphasizes chiefly in his general denunciation of trust and corporate control in politics, and of bosses as the instruments of such control.

AS WE have said, in the man's methods and his personality, rather than in his specific program, is to be found the reason for the interest excited by his campaign. The efforts of his opponent have been directed not at Hearst's specific measures, but almost altogether at his alleged insincerity and inconsistency, and his general editorial policy in exciting class enmity and social discontent. "The man that would corrupt public opinion," says Mr. Hughes, "is the most dangerous enemy of the State." He has proceeded to apply some of that inquisitorial ability used with such effect in probing life insurance evils to Mr. Hearst's business affairs. He finds that several corporations figure in the control of the Hearst newspapers. *The American* is published by The Star Company, a corporation of New York State; *The Evening Journal*, by the Evening Journal Publishing Company, and *Das Morgen Journal*, by Das Morgen Journal Publishing Company. But in addition to these three corporations there is a fourth, a New Jersey corporation, called also the Star Company, which is what lawyers call a "holding company," owning nothing but the stock of the three New York corporations and issuing bonds for a million dollars to enable it to purchase this stock. All this, says Mr. Hughes, is a well-known device for evading the payment of taxes and evading personal liability in the case of suits. Mr. Hearst's "holding corporation" is housed in the same building with about two thousand other corporations, many of them popularly called trusts, and all using as their agent the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey. The evidence of all this is documentary, in the shape of petitions from Clarence J. Shearn, secretary of the Hearst corporations, petitioning the Department of Taxes and Assessments for relief from taxation. The existence of two Star Companies, the one in New York, the other in New Jersey, leads Mr. Hughes to ask whether the New York company either pays taxes to the State, or even makes a report to the Secretary of State? His pointed questions on this point

from the platform day after day and the silence of Mr. Hearst and his newspaper on this point day after day, was the first sensational development of Mr. Hughes's campaign. "Who could have supposed," remarked *The Evening Post*, New York, "that Mr. Hughes would so soon reduce the Hearst batteries to silence . . . This is one of the most complete extinguishers ever clapped upon noise."

THE relations between Hearst and Murphy, the Tammany leader, in this campaign are another fruitful source of picturesque ridicule, and have furnished the dominant note of the campaign cartoons. The delegates which Murphy controlled at the State convention, together with the votes pledged to Hearst from other counties, controlled the convention when passing on the cases of contesting delegations. The way in which this power was used has been fiercely characterized as stealing the convention. When all the Hearst contestants had been seated, his nomination was made by a large majority. But Hearst's followers could not have obtained control had it not been for Murphy's assistance. Yet less than one year ago Hearst's papers pictured Murphy in a convict's garb, declaring that every honest citizen of New York wished to see him in such clothing. Despite Hearst's denial of any deal with Murphy, and despite his public statement that "Murphy may be for Hearst, but Hearst is not for Murphy," the alleged existence of a working alliance between the two is made one of the chief features of the campaign against Hearst. The union of the Independence League and Tammany Hall upon a judicial ticket in New York City, composed of six men picked by Tammany and four picked by the League, is accepted as another evidence of such an alliance, and Hearst's slogan against bosses is accordingly discredited in the columns of the hostile press.

* * *



THROWING her arms around the neck of Cuba's first President, his wife, a daughter of the assassinated President Guardiola of Guatemala, had implored her husband to quit the Queen of the Antilles forever and take refuge in the United States cruiser at anchor off the port of Havana. In another three weeks the fallen President was leaving the executive palace and his country's capital in haste so inglorious that most of his fellow citizens never realized the circumstance until Señor Palma's train was

speeding eastward. Only some half-dozen of the statesman's most intimate friends bade him a hasty farewell in his private apartments at the palace. A little group of idlers in the square outside impassively witnessed the descent of the marble staircase for the last time by the aged gentleman in the high silk hat, whose going left the Cuban republic a derelict. Not until Señor Palma with his wife and six children had got well away from Havana did any Cuban crowd assemble or raise a cheer. He faded into private life near his old home at Bayamo, Province of Santiago, with cries of "Long live the honorable man!" ringing in his ears as he waved his high silk hat from the car of his departing train and let the tears course down his cheek. Notwithstanding his years and the agitations through which he has passed since he went over to Havana from his summer cottage near Cabanas fortress last August, Señor Palma did not seem to be in broken health. Of his poverty, after years of high office, his partizans profess little doubt. A vindictive man and a stubborn, with some lack of virility in his character, he had yet so sincere a love for Cuba in his heart that Washington might have seen him through his troubles. But Palma would not have it so.

PALMA'S policy, once he divined that the insurrection would be too strong for him, can be stated in a word—intervention. Rather than grant the principal demand of the insurgents for new elections, he would, in his own phrase, place the Queen of the Antilles under the wings of the American eagle. His government denied in September that it was asking Washington for field-guns and men to put down the rising. The statement was technically true. But in the week preceding, President Palma had been imploring President Roosevelt to send a warship to Havana and another to Cienfuegos. The Havana administration was confessing to the Washington administration an incapacity to protect life and property. "It must be kept secret and confidential," cabled the United States Consul General, "that Palma asked for vessels." It was—until Secretary of State Root got back from South America. Meantime two ships were sent. But President Palma was informed that Washington could not intervene just yet. The Cuban Government must first exhaust every means of putting down the rising. If these means proved inadequate, it would become President Palma to come to a working agreement with his rebels. Until then, President Roosevelt's Government would not be prepared to con-



AN EMBARRASSING POSITION
U. S.—“What’s one to do in a case of this kind?”
—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.



THE BIG STICK IN CUBA
—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



AN EASY WAY TO “CRUSH” A REVOLUTION
—Lovey in *Salt Lake Herald*.

sider the question of intervention at all. These outbursts of confidence by cable were fraught with the additional secret that the Havana President was “worried” and awaited naval units impatiently. He had applied public funds to public works and public education. Muniments of war were left for insurgents to buy

IN JUST forty-eight hours President Palma was asking in his own name for “American intervention,” using those very words. He begged President Roosevelt to send to Havana, “with the greatest secrecy and rapidity,” two or three thousand men. The force was not to be employed against the rebels in the field. It would merely protect the capital from catastrophe. The despatch of the troops was to be withheld from general knowledge until they were actually in Havana. A day’s delay, ran the entreaty, might entail a massacre in the city. There were about eight thousand insurgent troops within a few hours’ march of the presidential palace, where Señor Palma was now holding secret conferences with his Secretary of State and his Secretary of War. The trio could agree on nothing beyond a series of despatches couched in the language of panic and transmitted to Washington in cipher by the American Consul-General. Sugar plantations were burning. American property had been destroyed. Cienfuegos was at the mercy of the rebels. Assistant Secretary of State Bacon was bombarded with such particles of information. Next he was told that President Palma had “irrevocably resolved” to resign. The perturbed occupant of the palace would deliver the Government of Cuba to whomever the President of the United States might designate. This last intimation disturbed the councils of the Roosevelt administration. It seems a fair inference that in this early stage of the crisis—for not the vaguest hint that this exciting correspondence was in progress had yet been put forth—President Palma was already undergoing pressure to remain. Even had the present disturbance ceased then and there, according to the next link in the chain of his clandestine messages, he would not continue at the head of the government.

VICE-PRESIDENT CAPOTE was authorizing intimations to the effect that he, too, would go. He had no mind to inherit Palma’s legacy of confusion. Cabinet ministers—by this time they had all been let into the secret of their chief’s panic—told the American Consul-General that they would likewise resign.



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THE MAN WHOSE WILL IS LAW IN HAVANA

Judge Charles E. Magoon is now at the head of the provisional government in Cuba, with plenary powers. His first act will, it is announced, be to institute a thorough investigation into the more or less vague charges that the administration of the late President Palma was corrupt.



HE COULD HAVE BEEN CUBA'S
PRESIDENT

This is Hon. Mendez Capote, Vice-President of the Cuban Republic under Palma. Señor Palma was willing to retire in Capote's favor and Capote was acceptable to the insurgents in the capacity of President. But Señor Capote refused to enter into the arrangement.

Such a general exodus from office would make it impossible for the Cuban Congress to assemble. There would be no proper person left to convoke it. A new President could not be elected. One huge constitutional vacuum must ensue in Cuba. Upon William Henry Taft, a Secretary of War who combines, in a wonderful degree, according to the *London Standard*, the qualities of the idealist with the common

sense of the practical statesman, the responsibilities of the crisis were devolved by President Roosevelt. Accompanied by the official to whom the rise and progress of panic in the soul of Palma had been so stealthily imparted, namely Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, Mr. Taft arrived in Havana at last. Of any effective Cuban Government every trace had fled. Pent up in his capital like another King Priam in Troy, President Palma had gathered his Congress about him. "General" Pino Guerra's insurgent force of over five thousand was advancing into the Province of Havana, in a mood for one of the world's decisive battles. To impose peace upon the other side was beyond the capacity of either. Now began those displays of Mr. Taft's aptitude for conciliation which makes his personality, in the estimation of the *London Times*, delightful.

TERMS upon which Palma yielded a conditional assent to his own retention of the presidential office seem actually to have been arrived at. Negotiations certainly began with his voluntary promise to abide by the decision of the men who, at his entreaty, had come upon the scene from the United States. Señor Palma rejected the first suggestions they made. He refused their invitation to make counter proposals. He was swayed too much, it is hinted, by cabinet advisers who feared their own political extinction in a new deal all around. Mr. Taft was suffering from want of sleep, and his famous bulk had quantitatively depreciated when Cuba's Senate and Cuba's House sat down to smoke cigarettes, read the afternoon papers, be photographed, and at last send a deputation to President Palma with an appeal to withdraw his resignation. They had received it, says the Havana correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, without a "ripple" of concern. Señor Palma received their

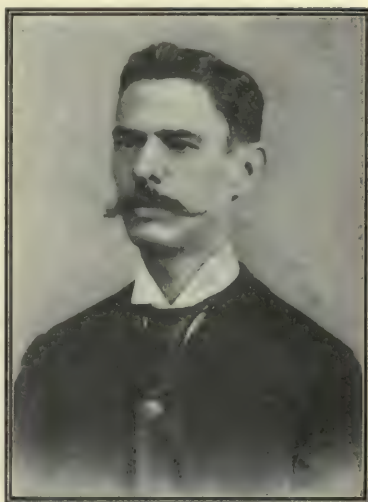


THE BEST DISCIPLINED INSURGENTS IN RECENT TIMES

The regiment of Cuban insurrectionists here shown is about to be disarmed in accordance with the pacification arranged by Secretary Taft. He is quoted as complimenting the leaders upon the fact that they could disarm 15,000 men without a hitch. It is charged, however, that the insurgents did not surrender all their arms.

deputation with tears in his eyes. He reminded them of the forty years during which he had fought Cuba, risking his life and wrecking his fortune. And said this weary old man, now so faint that it seemed he would collapse, "if I could see that the sacrifice of my personal and official dignity meant peace and stability and rightful liberty," then they could count on his compliance to any extent they desired. But his authority had been rendered impotent by armed force. He had been notified officially by one branch of Cuba's Government that he was occupying his position by fraud. Even were he personally ambitious, he felt that he could not continue to rule his country when, by the terms of the compromise urged upon him, all those elected to office with himself must resign. At ten o'clock that night, while William H. Taft collapsed wearily into a chair on a balcony overlooking the sea after arranging the distribution of the troops that must land on the morrow, the constitutional government of Cuba went by default. Only ten men appeared at the joint session of House and Senate. They drank coffee without even a pretense of electing a successor to Palma.

EVEN had Cuba's Congress elected a President, fresh furries of faction must have arisen. General Menocal, most conciliatory of war veterans and most competent of sugar planters, had been suggested for the office. Mr. Taft welcomed the idea, but the Congress did not. Senator Sanguilly, long a neutral between the Moderates and the Liberals whose conflicts wrecked the constitution, had many supporters. But no name was connected with the succession to Palma under circumstances so peculiar



HE STROVE VAINLY TO BECOME
THE CUBAN PRESIDENT

Señor Alfredo Zayas is one of the most subtle of Havana lawyers. He called upon Mr. Taft, relates the *New York Evening Post*, and suggested that the best man for the Presidency of Cuba was—himself. Mr. Taft told the Señor to get himself elected—if he could. (He couldn't.)

as those attendant upon the candidacy of Señor Alfredo Zayas. This fluent, agile, plausible lawyer is the recognized leader of the Liberals, the man whom President Palma's supporters



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood New York

THE MEN WHO MADE THE PLATT AMENDMENT EFFECTIVE

Regulars of the United States arriving at Camp Colombia in Cuba. Prior to their arrival numbers of families had been evicted from the barracks to make room for the United States forces. Mr. Taft made himself popular in Havana by stopping these evictions on the ground that the American troops had not come to make Cubans homeless.

most abhorred. Cuba's Senate of twenty-three members had chosen him its Vice-President. He was in the confidence of the insurrection leaders at nearly every stage. He joined the insurgents outside Havana when Palma sought to have him jailed. When Zayas learned of the wholesale resignation of the Havana Government he became declamatory. "They have betrayed us," he cried, "by delivering up the republic to the Americans!"

ZAYAS spent three sleepless nights in efforts to effect his own election as President of the Cuban Republic. Secretary Taft had not been long in Cuba before the señor invited him to support the Zayas candidacy. General Menocal, explained Señor Zayas, has integrity, but he lacks maturity. Sanguilly is honest but possesses one grand defect—he is not a lawyer. Zayas is not merely a patriotic citizen who serves his country with ungrudging labor, but has a sensitive and shrinking nature which, by the sport of circumstance, has been led to play a great part in events. Zayas is the bearer of the torch of Cuban liberty. His is an executive virtue. Let Mr. Taft proclaim over his own signature that Zayas, as Cuba's President, is an ideal to strive for. But the Secretary of War could not give that suggestion the benefit of his powers of receptivity. He suggested instead a document to the effect that the Government of the United States would welcome the election under constitutional conditions of any legally qualified Cuban. The señor said "Adiós!" Five minutes later Mr. Taft was visited by that right-hand man of President Palma, General Freyre Andrade. When apprised of the mission with which the Vice-President of the Senate had charged himself, the general, in a fury, vowed to Mr. Taft that a Zayas in the presidential chair would mean an upheaval of Cuba from the Gulf of Mexico to the Caribbean.

WHEN Palma had departed, but not before, Secretary Taft proceeded to the palace. He had sent a letter to the retired President offering him an escort to the railroad station, besides every official courtesy that America's representative in the island could extend. Señor Palma returned his thanks, but announced that anything in the nature of a ceremonious farewell to all his greatness was alien to his mood. Mr. Taft took over the whole administration at the palace with equal informality. The garrison of rural guards which had been maintained there since the beginning of the rebellion was or-

dered elsewhere. The palace was now guarded by no more than six policemen. The old tradition of etiquette in the edifice occupied successively by the Spanish Governors-General by Gen. Leonard Wood and by the first chief executive of free Cuba seemed to vanish altogether. Mr. Taft became characteristically accessible for the transaction of public business. The Zayas tale of a plot to assassinate him he simply ignored. His first thought was not for his own safety, but for that of Cuba's cash. American marines were hurried ashore to guard the building in which the assets of the island treasury were vaulted behind bolt and bar to the tune of several millions. He kept the flag of Cuba flying at the palace tower. He corrected an erroneous despatch in which he was represented as criticizing the Palma government severely. He never characterized the late presidential election in Cuba as rotten. He scrupulously avoided expressions of his views of persons and issues. An address to the people of Cuba was now to clarify other mystifications.

TO RESTORE order, peace and public confidence and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to select those persons upon whom the permanent government of the island republic should be devolved were the ends he had come to achieve. Thus William H. Taft in that proclamation addressed to the people of Cuba which he signed as "United States Provisional Governor." In so far, he proceeded, as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under the authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government, conforming to the constitution of Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government building of the island. All the executive department and provincial and municipal governments including that of the City of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban republic. The courts will continue to administer justice. All the laws not in their nature inapplicable by reason of the temporary and emergent character of the provisional government will continue in force. In his first elaborated public utterance after the appearance of this proclamation, Mr. Taft ventured upon a political philosophy of the whole Cuban crisis. The islanders should be warned, he observed in the course of an address to the students of the University of Havana, that the foundation of self-government must be broad and solid rather than high and conspicuous. "It is sad denying to me to be called to Cuba and still sad



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

SCENE—HAVANA. TIME—MOST EXCITING PERIOD OF INTERVENTION

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: William Henry Taft, a contemplative intervener, looks serene at the spectator's left. Hon. Robert Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State in Washington, wears an inscrutable severity of expression in white clothes at Mr. Taft's left. United States Consul General, Frank Maximilian Steinhart, who saw everything coming long before it came, stands superbly behind Mr. Taft's chair. United States Minister Morgan, who was in Europe when "Cuba stumbled," got back in time to help her on her feet. At either end of the group, two young secretaries.

der to President Roosevelt, who is so identified with her liberation, that we are here at the time of a stumble in Cuba's progress toward popular government. But it has given us an opportunity to assure you in the name of Roosevelt and the American people that we are here only to help you." Cuba's difficulty was that she had been brought up under fifteenth century and sixteenth century ideas of government. She was taught to look to others for assumption of the responsibilities of government. "You exercised only the functions of criticism. Most of your people, especially the educated and wealthy classes, trained themselves not only to indifference, but to inactivity in the field of politics." But the theory of popular government is that every class shall exercise a decided political influence.

THEREFORE, said Mr. Taft, he urged the recipients of the diplomas he distributed to devote themselves to the betterment of their

estates—if they had any. Those who had none should enter commercial pursuits so that when, twenty-five years hence, a sympathetic stranger goes to Cuba he may not find a political class, a commercial class and the sciences and professions all divided, but a co-operation of all for the achievement of Cuba's welfare through a republican form of government. "I am afraid," Mr. Taft said, "young Cubans are not sufficiently infused with that commercial spirit of which we have too much in the United States." What they need is the desire to "make money," to found great interests. "Young Cubans, or rather most of them, ought to begin in business." Mr. Taft spoke in English. His address was translated sentence by sentence as he proceeded. The applause with which his words were received and their felicitous effect upon public opinion throughout the island indicate that the sympathy of the best elements in Cuba was won by Mr. Taft's conciliatory personality from the first. In him

they think they see a fighting politician who is also a disinterested statesman. The welfare of Cuba is the ark of his covenant. Without fineness of maneuver, displaying no delicacy of intrigue, he had baffled every predatory instinct with perfect amiability of manner. He delighted the Cubans by his comprehension of their temperament. "The members of the Latin race," he remarked at the outset of the speech here quoted, "are accustomed, and not without reason, to characterize us Anglo-Saxons as abrupt and conceited in our view of our power of pushing civilization. But those of us who have come closer to Spanish civilization have been impressed by the fact that Anglo-Saxons have much to learn from the intellectual refinement, artistic temperament, poetic imagery, high ideals and courtesy of the Latin and Spanish races." Cuba does not think William H. Taft has much more of that sort of thing to learn.

BEFORE Mr. Taft's departure for Washington, Judge Charles E. Magoon had been installed in Havana as Provisional Governor of Cuba. This sometime ruler of the canal zone on the Isthmus has quite recently returned from Panama preparatory to his departure for the Philippines as a member of the commission governing that archipelago. Judge Magoon's familiarity with Cuban institutions and his knowledge of the conditions under which the republican constitution went into force determined President Roosevelt, it seems, to make this appointment. Judge Magoon is supposed to be most competent for the task of organizing an independent judiciary in Cuba. The subservience of the judicial branch of the island government to the executive is hinted as a factor in all Cuba's recent woes. Washington purposes to eliminate this source of future crises. It has, moreover, been determined that the coming election of a President must take place with little delay. The machinery for a fair contest at the polls is to be set in motion by Judge Magoon as Provisional Governor. But the scheme to hold the election in January appears to have been vetoed in a very high official quarter. The mutual animosities agitating Liberals and Moderates are still unappeased. The cane-grinding season is another consideration. The earliest possible period for the election of a Cuban President is thought to be the month of June. On the other hand, Judge Magoon may be needed in the Philippines before then. In any event, say the Washington correspondents, Judge Magoon will have to impress the Cubans

with the fact that they must involve the island in no more upheavals. There has never been the least idea in the President's mind, the *New York Times* reads that mind perspicuously, of annexing Cuba as a consequence of what Mr. Taft terms her stumble. But she must stumble no more.

DAYS prior to the subsidence of these seas of turbulence, Gen. Frederick Funston had been hurried from the Pacific coast to Pinar del Rio. He is well acquainted with many of the insurgent chiefs. He brought some men in arms to look without shrinking on the face of peace. But all his tact did not induce insurgent commanders to desist parading Havana streets on horseback like so many Alexanders the Great, astride of Bucephalus. They pranced in conspicuous thoroughfares with mobs of idle boys at the tails of their steeds. They bowed right and left with the majesty of Wellington entering Brussels after Waterloo, whereas they should have been assisting General Funston in disarming their insurgent followers. Umbrage was taken at suggestions to this effect. Many of the Cubans of the faction to which Vice-President Mendez Capote belonged became outspoken against Funston. They accused him of having deserted them in the war with Spain. However, they facilitated the efforts at disarmament which went on unceasingly with the co-operation of Maj. Eugene F. Ladd. "Such alacrity," ran the Havana despatches "as was shown by the insurgents in laying down their arms to the commission appointed to superintend this termination of the revolution was the greatest surprise the provisional government had yet encountered in its smoothly working program." There have been suspicions of the good faith with which the whole process went on. Many commands were apparently reluctant to give up their weapons, but the official reports have it that few munitions of war escaped the vigilance of the disarmament commission. That some military embarrassments are connected with this subject has been inferred from the order to General Franklin J. Bell, chief of staff at Washington, to proceed to Cuba. General Bell, in virtue of his rank, would, while in Cuba, be the greatest military dignitary on the island.

* *



WINTER herring fishing was resumed on the west coast of Newfoundland last month with the whole colony in uproarious demonstration against the United States. Our fishermen were i

formed by the Department of State last summer that they should not hire Newfoundlanders or other British subjects either outside the Newfoundland seaboard or in Canadian ports. They must restrict their crews to men shipped in American waters. This, literally interpreted, would imply that our fishermen must abandon their prized privilege of catching herring in gill nets. Washington met the difficulty by assuring American fishermen that it would support them in fishing by means of the purse-seine. This is a large bag of netting in which great quantities of herring are enclosed. Newfoundland finds it so destructive in practical use against mackerel and haddock that she has prohibited its employment within her territorial waters for any purpose. American fishermen with treaty rights in Newfoundland waters, as the St. John's *Telegram* argues, are equally liable, with Newfoundland's own people, to the penalties of this law. The Washington Government disputes this contention on the basis of existing treaty arrangements with Great Britain. The Canadian Government has always obliged American vessels to observe Dominion regulations in Dominion waters. Great Britain has supported Canada in such assertions of authority. Why, asks the St. John's *Herald*, is Newfoundland deserted where Canada is upheld?

NEWFOUNDLAND, accordingly, passed a drastic law last summer. Washington seems to have intimated to London that this legislation could not be recognized here. At any rate, the gunboat *Potomac* went to Newfoundland waters for police duty. The British cruiser *Brilliant* was also maintained on the Newfoundland station to patrol the west shore. These vessels were supposed to act in conjunction for the prevention of bloodshed, since feeling ran high. Newfoundlanders accuse Americans of destroying the colony's nets. Americans retort that they are dragged to prison without process of law by colonial monopolists. Resorts to deadly weapons by inflamed fishermen of the two nationalities were barely averted when fishing began in the early days of last month. Mr. A. R. Alexander sailed last August for Newfoundland waters to advise American fishermen there regarding their treaty rights, especially in the matter of purse and seine nets, tho the use of such appliances is contrary to colonial laws. Negotiations between the governments concerned closed a month ago in a temporary agreement which, according to the Newfoundland dailies, gives the colonial case entirely

away. London and Washington had arranged the matter, complains the St. John's *Herald*, over Newfoundland's head. The colony's drastic legislation was practically vetoed. Every fishing interest flew into furies. An immediate calling of the legislature, spirited protests to the throne, the despatch of delegates to England and to Canada and an appeal to all autonomous British colonies to join in resistance of "unbridled invasions of colonial rights" were discussed in mass meetings. The Newfoundland Cabinet even considered an official denunciation of the Anglo-American arrangement, which, be it noted, is only temporary. Meanwhile, American fishermen are hiring colonists as crews in accordance with the terms of the concession wrested by Washington from London.

* *



TANDING bareheaded in a downpour of rain before "the most beautiful building in the country," as Pennsylvanians assert of their new State capitol, President Roosevelt a few days ago made a declaration which, in the judgment of *Ridgway's*, is "the most sensational he has voiced," and advanced a proposition which, the same authority thinks, before it is carried to its end, "must convulse Congress, engage the courts, and command from the public attention as has no other theory of government right or duty since the slavery debates." The proposition was that the Federal Government must supervise and control the "business use" of great fortunes and determine how large a percentage of such fortunes may be transmitted to heirs by the owner. Here is an extract from the speech embodying this proposition.

"All honest men must abhor and reprobate any effort to excite hostility to men of wealth as such. We should do all we can to encourage thrift and business energy, to put a premium upon the conduct of the man who honestly earns his livelihood and more than his livelihood, and who honestly uses the money he has earned. But it is our clear duty to see, in the interest of the people, that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day, and also wisely to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage that they shall pay to the government, whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist. Only the nation can do this work. To relegate it to the States is a farce, and is simply another way of saying that it shall not be done at all."

There were, of course, many other things in the speech—a plea for legislation on child labor for one thing, and, for another, a denunciation of government ownership of railroads

over it that at least one paper, the *Macon Telegraph*, criticizes the President for not referring to it—a thing he could not have done, obviously, without violating all rules of propriety for such an occasion. Referring editorially to this scandal, *The Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) says:

"The proud satisfaction with which the people of Pennsylvania were prepared to celebrate the dedication of the new State capitol—whose completion within the specified time and at a cost not exceeding the liberal appropriation made for the purpose was hailed as an example of administrative efficiency as gratifying as unusual—has been turned to bitter disappointment by the discovery of the colossal deceit with which the work has been surrounded and its actual cost concealed. . . . No people can submit patiently to be lied to and juggled with, and no Commonwealth, after authorizing its officers to expend \$4,000,000 for a given purpose, can learn without indignation and disgust that they have taken on themselves secretly to expend \$9,000,000 more."

ANOTHER leading Republican paper of Philadelphia, *The Press*, calls for a searching investigation. It says:

"The revelations respecting the new Capitol have shaken the State from the Delaware to the Ohio. . . . We can well understand that the Governor believes there has been no wrong. We should be gratified, as every right-minded citizen would be, if this could be established. But the suspicion of colossal wrong is so strongly sustained by the facts already brought to light that nothing short of the most searching investigation can be admissible."

The scandal in question became public when the State treasurer, shortly before the dedication, revealed that, in addition to the sum appropriated for construction of the building (\$4,000,000), the sum of \$9,000,000 had been expended upon furnishing and decorating the structure. Of this sum, he charged that \$2,500,000 had been illegally paid out for work and material specified in the original contract and that from two to four millions had been paid out in extravagant ways. The revelation is entering into Pennsylvania's gubernatorial campaign to the subordination of other issues. Governor Pennypacker, under whose administration this expenditure has been made, seems to be above suspicion as to his personal character, but it is charged that he has been a tool in the hands of the Quay-Penrose ring. Says *The North American* (Philadelphia):

"Nothing quite so daring and monstrous has been attempted at one coup heretofore. No single act of graft upon a scale so gigantic has been made, because never before was there so favorable a chance and pretext. But the System has perpetrated petty larceny as a familiar, every-



ANNOUNCING ANOTHER JOB FOR CONGRESS

President Roosevelt's Harrisburg utterance, for federal supervision and control of "the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day," is called the most sensational he has ever voiced.

day practise, and it has expended the people's money unworthily and in unnecessary quantities year in and year out, ever since statesmen and patriots were displaced from the State government by political brigands."

* *



INFLAMMATORY utterances are never lacking, North or South, for weeks after such a disturbance as the recent Atlanta race riot. They have been unusually inflammatory since that event because the outbreak was one of unusual violence and occurred, as the *Brooklyn Eagle* points out, "in the very center of negro education of the world." A dozen negroes (first reports said twenty) were killed and several of the whites. Twenty-two indictments for riot have been brought against white men and sixty against negroes. Since the culmination of the riot, September 22d, the reports of lynch-

ings in other cities have been unusually numerous, and the comments exchanged between Northern and Southern journals unusually acrimonious. In several Republican State conventions in the North resolutions on the race question have been adopted which have aroused resentment in the South. Here, for instance, is an extract from the Republican platform in New York State:

"Realizing the national dangers arising from the alarming growth of mob barbarities engendered by race hatred in our own land, we demand the prompt and adequate punishment of mob instigators and leaders and we insist on the just and equal protection of the civil and political rights of all our citizens without regard to race, creed or color."

And here is an extract from an editorial comment, not in one of the yellow journals of the South, but in one of its ablest journals, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. Assuming that this platform utterance was "of course meant as a rebuke to the South," and characterizing it as ignorant and impudent meddling, the editor says passionately:

"When men of our own color, men sprung from the loins of imperial forebears, fair of skin, fairer still of impulse, quick to the virtues of courage and justice, devoted to the graces, leaders of light and learning, the conquerors of yesterday, of to-day and of to-morrow—when men of such lineage condone the outrage and abuse of white women, women of their own blood, and denounce and defame those who seek to protect them, and thus become the defenders of black despoilers, apologists for the foulest of crimes, they fall to the level of the fiends they defend and should forfeit the respect of decent men everywhere."

DISCUSSION of remedies for a condition asserted to be the worst at any time since the war, does not seem to bring about any gen-

eral agreement upon specific measures. Senator Tillman, speaking to a large audience in Augusta, attempted such a discussion and, in spite of several characteristically violent statements that have not served to allay passion, his suggestions have been rather approvingly received. He predicts that in less than ten years, and he fears that in less than five, "there will be a great number of bloody race riots, North and South, beside which the Atlanta riot will pale into insignificance." There is but one effective plan, he concluded, to protect white women in the South, and that is the establishment of the European passport system, coupled with a large increase in officers of the law. The roving class of idle, worthless negroes are the cause of the riots, and they should be required to go to work on the chain-gangs when they cannot produce passports. Lynching, he declares, has failed to remedy the evil.

THE ominous phrase "Federal intervention" is again heard in the North, and it is found not in a Republican paper, but in a conservative Democratic paper of national influence—the New York *Times*. Commenting on Senator Tillman's speech, most of which it characterizes as "incredibly foolish," it goes to say:

"It is, however, timely to utter a word of kindly warning as to such desperate agitation as Mr. Tillman's speech tends to excite. If it is allowed to go far enough seriously to imperil the order of any considerable section of the country, it will encounter, it will compel, Federal intervention and no one knows better than Senator Tillman that if that is once undertaken it will be thorough and conclusive. All reasonable Northern men regard such a possibility with the utmost concern and would avoid it in every way and to the last moment. But there is in the Federal Government a reserve of power intended for the protection of citizens of the United States which has never yet been exercised, has never been clearly defined, but exists and will be used if the plain need arises. The Nation has been very patient and considerate in this matter. . . . But if the whites of any of the Southern States in which they now have absolute control deliberately withhold from a whole class of citizens 'the equal protection of the laws,' if they fail to curb the lawlessness and violence of their rowdies, and if they stir up or permit to be stirred up a race war in which 'the color of the skin is a death warrant,' the Nation will cease to be patient. It will act—deliberately, by legal means, and fairly but it will undoubtedly act."

The Afro-American Council recently in session in this city passed a resolution calling on President Roosevelt to recommend a Congressional investigation of the civil and political rights of the negroes in the Southern States



"I WONDER WHAT'S DOIN' OVER IN RUSSIA?"

—Donahay in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.



IS THIS SCENE TO BECOME FAMILIAR IN THE SOUTH?

This is Company K, of the Georgia militia, ready to march to the scene of the recent race-riot, going on a few blocks away, in Atlanta. According to Senator Tillman, such riots are sure to become numerous all over the South.

The Republican platform in Massachusetts refers to the sacred duty of the party to secure "equal suffrage to equal citizens," and the *Boston Herald* (Ind.) demands to know when the party is going to make a move to discharge this duty.

SOUTHERN papers are in increasing numbers admitting that the remedy for the race trouble must apply to the whites as well as to the blacks. The most significant utterance in Senator Tillman's speech, thinks the *New York Evening Post*, was his reference to the notorious relations of white men to colored women. Referring to the danger of ultimate amalgamation, he said: "The line must be drawn as sternly between white men and negro women as between black men and white women." The editor of the *Atlanta Georgian* (one of the papers accused of inciting the riot in Atlanta for sensational news purposes) prints a letter from a white woman, heading it "A Home Thrust on Morals," in which she asks:

"How many colored girls of Georgia reach the years of maturity before they are in the toils of some white, must I say, man? Some one will say the negro does not know of, or care for, a better life. Who is responsible for this state of affairs? Through the years of their slavery, when they had no way of learning only from their masters, what did we teach them? Are we still trying to teach them morality?"

The *Atlanta Constitution*, in a two-column discussion of the race question, admits that no progress has been made since the days of reconstruction in the settlement of the question and earnestly asks:

"Are we of the South going to sit in supine and fatuous indifference—looking with a reckless

and an easy confidence to some mythical, far-off solution—while the problem of the races gathers itself into ominous proportions? Will our children and our children's children condone such woful shortsightedness, should it bring them at hand-grips with a situation unparalleled in the annals of civilization?"

THE same paper goes on to declare that the religious training of the negroes has been left by the whites to negro preachers and teachers, and it calls upon the Southern church, its preachers, teachers and workers to take up this neglected duty regardless of creeds or denominations. It says:

"We have withdrawn from this subject-race the strong supporting arm of the white man who knows the negro; we have left the but twice-removed child of the jungle to learn the lessons of religion, of morality, of civilization, from his own inner consciousness—in other words, we have thrust him back on nothing; or, what is hardly better, we have left instructions to those whose knowledge of him is based on theory—sometimes fanaticism. Therein lies the problem and the great opportunity for the churchmen of the South."

The *Atlanta Journal* pleads guilty to the same charge. It says:

"If the North has spent its millions mistakenly in the wrong principles of education for the negro race, the South has been criminally negligent in what it has done for negro education. It has spent its millions, too, in annual appropriations for public schools and it knows little and cares less what is done with the money which the taxpayers furnish."

The *Outlook* (New York) in a recent editorial described the situation in Atlanta in much the same terms. It said:

"Negroes living in the midst of the whites are strangers, practically a people without a country.



BLESSING THE STANDARDS OF THE LITTLE FATHER'S ARMY

The scene is the parade ground outside Peterhof, one of the Czar's summer homes. The standards, four in number, belong to the regiments of the guard to whom is entrusted responsibility for the personal safety of the consort and children of Nicholas II. The prelates who form a circle are high ecclesiastics of the orthodox church, engaged in the rites of consecration. At a short distance from the group stands the Czar, doffing his hat in recognition of the sanctity of the benediction.

They are not only distinct—that is inevitable—but they are also alien, and that ought to be changed. They form, as it were, an *imperium in imperio*, or, as the title of an article in last week's issue of *The Outlook* expressed it, they constitute 'the city within the city.' For what a negro may do to a white man he is held strictly accountable by the whites; but for what he may do to another negro, so long as it does not disturb the white population, he is held accountable by no

one with any real authority or power. Strictly within their own circle there is little to govern the negroes of America except a race opinion—which, it is true, is strong but not always effective. A negro can destroy negro property, he can wrong a negro woman, he can even kill a fellow-negro, and, so long as he does not trouble the whites, he has a good chance of escaping forcible restraint."

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES (of France): "You'd better buy yourself a stove-pipe hat like mine, dear Czar. The metal in that crown of yours attracts the lightning so."

—Munich *Jugend*.

HOLDING the heir to the throne of Russia in her own fair arms, and with the four little grand duchesses who have blessed her union with Nicholas II clinging tremulously to her skirts, Alexandra Feodorovna emerged from within the enclosure of the Alexandra Palace at Peterhof on her way to the imperial yacht at anchor in the Neva Bay. This was three days before the death of General Trepoff, and that dour soldier was himself superintending this hasty departure of the entire imperial family from the humid, low-lying plain on which Peterhof palace stands. The Czar accompanied his wife and children, but he walked apart from them. The minister of his court was on one side of the Czar and three companies of the palace guard hemmed the party in. Officially, the world was told that the imperial family meant to voyage down the Gulf of Finland on an excursion lasting several days. Unofficially, it transpires that another plot to assassinate the Czar had been foiled in the nick of time. For the past two days powerful electric search-lights had been mounted on the roof of the palace to sweep the harbor and the coast. Some twenty-four hours prior to these preparations for departure, a great automobile had been driven at tremendous speed through



THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS AT PETERHOF

Alexandra Feodorovna is an honorary colonel of the regiment—Pavloff Life Guards—here undergoing inspection. Peterhof is that royal residence of the imperial family at which the conspiracies of the terrorists have during the month just ended assumed such terrifying forms. As a consequence, the regiment on duty at Peterhof, presumably of tried fidelity, was sent on to Tsarskoe Selo when the Czar and his children went thither a fortnight ago.

the palings of the palace park which surrounds that other imperial residence, Tsarskoe Selo. The car sped directly in front of the private apartments of Nicholas II. It was thought, according to the London *Telegraph*, that this was a "kind of dress rehearsal" for the actual attempt upon the Czar's life. Under the shadow of that fear the Czar and his family embarked.

TWO warships and three torpedo boats accompanied the imperial yacht—the *Standart*—as it steamed away bearing not only the entire imperial family, but four of the Czarina's maids of honor and the entire suite of his Imperial Majesty. Such a hegira of the whole court is unprecedented in Russian experience. In three days General Trepoff was a dead man. Contrary to confident expectations, the Czar did



THE FIVE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR

The two-year-old Alexis, who, if he lives, will inherit the throne, stands in front of the little Grand Duchess Marie. Looking into the countenance of her English governess stands the Grand Duchess Olga, oldest of the Czar's daughters. The youngest daughter, Grand Duchess Anastasia, sits on the donkey's back while the Grand Duchess Tatiana holds the rein. The garden in which the little ones are playing is surrounded by a high spiked wall, patrolled by troops.

not return for the funeral. His Imperial Majesty, say the European dailies, had been warned that an attempt would be made upon his life at a reunion of the so-called chevaliers of the guard. It is well known, points out the *London Mail*, that the Czar is unpopular with the army, especially with the guard, the officers of which dislike his want of dash. Prime Minister Stolypin himself wrote the Czar, avers the *London Times*, warning him not to return for the review of the guards. Fearing that his communication might be intercepted, the Prime Minister hurried to Finland, adds our authority, and laid before Nicholas II details of a plan to assassinate him while he was playing with his children in the palace grounds. Two armed terrorists, a man and a woman, had been ferreted out in the servants' quarters of the secluded and closely guarded Alexandra Palace. Imperial lackeys had actually smuggled weapons into the Peterhof kitchens. Part of the great park at Peterhof is bounded by the waters of the Neva Bay. The remainder of the domain is hedged about by a great wall, spiked on top, with Cossacks on patrol night and day. The palace grounds proper are much frequented by the imperial children—Grand Duchess Olga, now just eleven and the image of her father; Grand Duchess Tatiana, at present aged nine, the beauty of the imperial family; Grand Duchess Marie, who is seven and a recent victim of the measles; Grand Duchess Anastasia, five years old, and the most important personage of all, the Czarevitch Alexis, now old enough to toddle everywhere with his four sisters and to make himself a general favorite with the guards about the palace. Prime Minister Stolypin revealed to Nicholas II that he was to be made the objective point of a bomb thrown from the precincts of the palace itself. Such a deed, observes the *Paris Figaro*, could not have been successful without maiming the imperial children for life, if they were not killed outright. The terrorists have already maimed two of the Stolypin children.

SO THE Czar did not return for the Trepoff obsequies. Time and again it was announced that the imperial family would go back to Peterhof. Again and again the return was postponed. That Nicholas II should go for a few days' cruise in the Gulf of Finland is not extraordinary. It is a trip undertaken by his Imperial Majesty almost every year. In the course of the trip the Czar regularly engages in hunting. But this year's expedition of the entire family, and the unprece-

dent duration of the voyage, led to a widely-printed rumor that the Czar had fled to the court of his consort's family at Darmstadt. Another story hinted at a stay of some duration abroad. Meanwhile, the *Berliner Zeitung* had printed its amazing tale of a mysterious special train, with no fewer than ten grand dukes and grand duchesses on board, speeding to Brussels and Paris from St. Petersburg—a tale confirmed by the despatches of the reliable *National Zeitung* (Berlin). It seems clear to the most cautious dailies in Europe that events of a very mysterious nature are transpiring in the inner circle of the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty. Amazement was intensified by the announcement that the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael—who always takes his mother's side in the conflicts that rage at Peterhof—is to wed.

GENERAL DEDIULIN had by this time been appointed to Trepoff's vacant post as commandant of the palace and guardian of the imperial person. As prefect of St. Petersburg, the general is believed to have made the Czar's capital one of the most bespied cities in the world. Every train has its spies, every hotel is filled with spies. General Dediulin is asserted to possess the day's diary of every new arrival in town for any twenty-four hour period subsequent to his coming. The general likewise commanded the soldier-police who keep St. Petersburg's street manifestants in order, proving so rigorous in the discharge of this office that Trepoff congratulated him on his methods. The Czar made Dediulin an aide-de-camp of his own some six months ago. This gave the soldier the right of access to the imperial presence on certain regular occasions during one of which, it seems, he amused the Czarevitch by throwing his money in the air and catching it with miraculous dexterity as the coins descended. The general's fortune was founded. Whether he is to rise or fall before the month expires is a moot point among St. Petersburg correspondents.

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UGUST BEBEL, the most successful organizer of this age, as so many deem him, has just proved again to Germany how steely is his grip upon the compact Socialist vote of over three millions created largely by his own labor of forty years. The outcome of the next national election in the empire of William II must, it is felt in Europe, precipitate a crisis in its history through the triumph of the Bebel policy



HISTORY AS BEBEL WOULD WRITE IT

The castles of the old robber barons lie in ruins—

but new ones have risen to take their places.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

in the congress of the Social Democratic party. This white haired old man of sixty-seven carried never less than four-fifths of the delegates in the series of votes, demonstrating how firm is to be the Socialist resistance to the suspected imperial plot against universal suffrage. Bebel's avowed aim now is to increase the vote of the party he leads from the three millions it

rolled up in the last Reichstag elections to four millions and a half in the contest coming next. That he will succeed is the avowed opinion of one of Germany's Conservative leaders, Baron von Zedlitz, who hints at the impending doom of universal suffrage in the empire. Many months will elapse before the election is held, but the Socialists instructed

Bebel to begin active work in the political campaign at once.

ACUTE conflict within the party was subdued when Bebel explained to the congress his attitude toward the burning issue of a general strike. With all the operatic penetrability of tone for which his voice is famous, the old man cried out to the delegates that a general strike should never be brought about "artificially." Such a strike is only feasible when the masses of the people have been brought to a state of ferment. On Bebel's lips, one of his admirers has written, the structural tortuosities of the language of Kant and Schiller reduce themselves into enchanting clarity of phrase. The circumstance was manifest as he contended that in Russia, for example, a general strike is not like a general strike in Germany. The Prussian monarchy, the rural aristocracy from which the military caste is recruited, could checkmate a general strike out of existence. Let them not, as so many Hotspurs of the party urged that they should, take Russia for their model. They could not introduce a social revolution through the general strike. Bebel was on delicate ground here. Many impatient leaders within his great party contend that, instead of wasting decades in slow political agitation, the forces of discontent ought to bring the entire industry of the empire to impotence through the general strike. What a magnificent paralysis of the

whole economic basis of the cursed social system at one blow! How helpless all the regiments of William II in arms against a general standstill of commerce and industry!

SO THE Hotspurs had flocked to the congress with their brains ablaze. They had put through in a previous gathering one headed resolution of the general-strike variety, but the mordant sarcasms of the old man in the long shabby coat were too much for them. A general who flew to battle, he observed when he knew that his own Waterloo was just ahead, must be summoned before a court-martial and shot. Never would the social revolution be born of the general strike. The masses of the people do not march deliberately to social revolution. They are precipitated into it by the irresistible logic of events. "But I say," he concluded, as his wide black necktie and his spiky chin whisker waved in unison, "that if an attempt be made to limit the suffrage, if it be intended wholly to deprive us of the legal right of combination, there will have arrived for us the moment when it will no longer be a question of whether we wish to or not. We shall be compelled. We must then go into action though we were all to remain dead on the field." Bebel's force of character put the Hotspurs to confusion. His form of defiance was accepted as the only practicable means of bringing the German Emperor's military autocracy to terms.



THE REAL THING IN BASEBALL

The two victorious baseball nines, Chicago Nationals and Chicago Americans, with their trophies. After they had won the two league championships, they played one another for the world's championship, the Americans (in white socks) winning four games out of six.



SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

One million people in Paris watched the beginning of the international balloon race last month, which was won by an American representative. The picture was taken as Santos Dumont was just starting.

PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war and not much less perilous. The month of October seems to be the time of the year for all sorts of international sporting contests, and a citizen of this rolling planet who departed for other worlds ten or fifteen years ago would have been amazed beyond measure could he have returned for a visit last month and taken a bird's-eye view to see how we were enjoying ourselves. Some of the events would have been very familiar, others entirely novel. The international shooting match at Creedmoor, between the Queen's Westminsters and the rifle team of the Seventh Regiment, competing for the Sir Howard Vincent international chal-

lenge shield, would not have seemed an unusual sight, and the fact that the Americans won by what Captain Shadduck, of the British team, called "phenomenal shooting" would have seemed like old times. There would have been seen, too, a familiar sight in Chicago, where the winning nines in the two great baseball leagues—the National League and the American League—were making a final contest for the world's championship, amid the wild frenzy of 20,000 "fans," more or less, attending each of the six closely contested games. This departed shade revisiting the scenes of earth would also have hailed as old friends most of the billiardists competing in New York City in another world's championship series—Slosson, Schae-

fer, Sutton. But one of the contestants, Hoppe, a beardless boy of nineteen, would have appealed to our visitor as a distinct novelty, and the wizardry of the cue by virtue of which this lad won last year and has kept so far this year the world's championship at 18.1 balk-line, would have seemed almost as phenomenal in its way as the learning of Dr. John Fiske, who read Josephus at the age of seven and studied differential calculus at thirteen, was in its way. Three other international contests would have made this supposititious former inhabitant of the earth open his eyes with amazement—the international balloon-race in France, the international automobile race in America, and the combination race of balloons and automobiles in Germany.

WITH one million people or thereabouts gathered in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, massed in the Place de la Concorde, covering the bridges and embankments of the Seine and hanging on a thousand housetops like bees getting ready to swarm from innumerable hives, Santos-Dumont and fifteen aeronauts loosed their big gas-bags and started on an aerial voyage to win the James Gordon Bennett cup. Seven different nations—America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Belgium—were represented in the contest. The balloonist who covered the longest distance before descending was to win the cup. Nothing but a drifting match, one may say. But even in a drifting match brain-work may count. One of the two American representatives took along with him a meteorologist, Major Hersey, who had once been in the weather bureau. The latest weather reports told him of a high wind northeast of Paris, and no slow wind in sight. From this, so the cable tells us, he "knew instantly" that the heavier and faster outer currents would be at the surface and that the wind ("we tell it as 'twas told to us") revolving about the center from left to right would inevitably change the direction of those outer currents and carry the balloon northward toward England. Consequently, while the other aeronauts went skyhooting at once for the upper stratas, this American balloon stayed close to earth, its guide-rope dragging most of the time, and as a result it distanced all competitors and won the race for its aeronaut, Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, of the Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. Lahm covered 415 miles before descending, landing in England. This was the first competition for the Bennett cup, but it is not likely to be the last, for no casualties ensued, and

ballooning is fast becoming a craze in Europe. There is an association of nine aero clubs in Germany with a membership of 2,743. In France, the members of the Aero Club of Paris have made 3,000 ascensions in the last three years without loss of life. You can go out and rent a balloon for \$10 at any time and at an additional expense of \$40 make an ascent. The next balloon race for the Bennett cup must, under the rules, be held in the United States.

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VERY Persian subject of the male sex able to read and write, who is not less than thirty years of age nor more than seventy, found himself involved in the national election which last month agitated the realm of the Shah. The first political campaign that has ever taken place on the mainland of Asia proceeds wonderfully, observes the correspondent of the *London Times*, like a contest of the same sort in the United States of America. Care has been taken to maintain the secrecy of the ballot by the use of sealed envelopes. The deputies were chosen for two years. They are exempt from arrest. They cannot legally be punished for anything they may say in debate. The Shah has pledged himself to open his first parliament in person. All the Mujtehids had left Teheran in a body for the tomb of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, who is buried at Nejef in Mesopotamia, and they had proceeded as far as Hussanabad on the road to Kum when Muzaffer-din, light of the world, Shah of Persia—who, when at home, spends much of his time on the hills shooting or in pottering about his garden in a velvet jacket and a pair of tweed trousers—bestowed a constitution upon his realm. The Mujtehids had triumphed! Combining with their religious functions as hierarchs of the great Shiite sect of Islam, to which Persia is so true, an orthodox administration of justice according to the Shari, or sacred law, the Mujtehids had crowded into the shrine of Abdul Azim six months ago. The religious life could not be led in the land. Abdul Hamid, commander of the faithful, would not dismiss the Atabeg Azam. Instead, the partizans of Muzaffer-ed-Din tried to pull a mullah out of the shrine. The Mujtehids rushed to the rescue, but a seyyid was shot. Tehrehan was in an uproar instantly. Not in all the eleven years of the reign of this Shah had a descendant of the prophet been shot before. The chief priests

book refuge in an unpolluted mosque and Aind-Dowlah ceased to be Grand Vizier. Thus was accomplished the greatest revolution in the land of the Magi since Ormuzd and Ahri-man were snuffed out with the priests of Zoroaster.

THE sixty-two-year-old Mirza Nazrullah Khan Mushir-ed-Dowlah now appeared upon the scene. To him was entrusted—although he has never traveled—the formulation of the Shah's grant of elective representation to his people. All Persia was, in consequence, plunged into the first political campaign that ever brought the seed of Mahomet to a ballot-box. Every true believer had a vote, whether he be Ulema, a Kadjar, a wearer of the green turban, or a member of a trade-union. The national consultative assembly, as the Shah styles it, is to meet in Teheran next year. "The council will submit to us through the first person of the state, the Grand Vizier," runs Muzaffer-ed-Din's edict, "in complete security and assurance its views on the weal of the state and nation as well as on public affairs and the requirements of the people of the empire; and the proposals of the council will be approved and signed by us and duly put into execution." Mushir-ed-Dowlah, the Grand Vizier whom the revolution brought to the place of power, is already revising the canons of the sacred Shari and drafting the measures which Muzaffer-ed-Din will entreat his first parliament to approve. The excitement of the life the Mujtehid has been leading him for the past eight months has left the Shah so weak that he may not open the great council of his realm at all. "Tho he is not an old man," writes an authority on Persian affairs in the *London Times*, "his habits of self-indulgence have undermined his constitution."

AN epileptic fit nearly terminated his reign three months ago. The sixty wives of the Shah have borne him four sons and twenty-three daughters, among whom the Veli Ahd ranks as heir to the throne. Yet it is doubtful if the throne would pass peacefully to him, says the *London daily*. The younger brother of the Veli Ahd is ambitious and has a considerable following. Meanwhile, observes the *London Post*, the activities of the Persian parliament—"if it meets," interjects the *London Telegraph*—will be watched with intense curiosity as an experiment in the art of government. "Persia is in touch by the Caspian and the Volga with the heart of Russia. It borders the Caucasus, where revolutionary fanati-



"LIGHT OF THE WORLD"—BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK IT

Muzaffer-ed-Din has joined the constitutional procession by bestowing an organic law upon his realm of Persia which elected a parliament last month.

cism has burned most fiercely, and the electric excitement among the subjects of Nicholas II could not fail to transmit itself to the subjects of the Shah." In Persia, it is noted by this authority, political reform must come—can come—only after religious reform. The Koran places no interdict upon electoral representation of the people. But its tenets impose disabilities "radically incompatible with free speech by free legislators." Muzaffer-ed-Din seems unaware of such theological impediments to the liberties his constitution grants. He closed his edict with the hope that "all people, becoming aware of his 'good intentions,' will, 'happy and contented,' invoke blessings upon him." Muzaffer-ed-Din, declares the *London News*, is 'a humbug. He has borrowed more money than he can ever repay and a new constitution is just the excuse required by an enlightened potentate who wants to swindle his creditors.

Persons in the Foreground

THE LONELINESS OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



THE world loves to put a tag on a man even as Dickens always put a tag on each of his characters. The tag usually tells but half a truth, but it comes to embody the whole truth as to the world's idea of a man. And the idea that the world forms of a man is something more important and more vital oftentimes than the man himself. Washington must remain to all time "the father of his country," the idea of paternal benignity overshadowing all the other traits of his character. Lincoln is "the martyr President," the pathos in his life obscuring gradually the other outlines of his personal character. And so Rockefeller wears nowadays the tag of loneliness. "The loneliest man in the world," one writer calls him. Just what degree of truth the phrase expresses we may never know; but it fits so many of the facts of his life, so far as the world has been allowed to learn them, and suits so well the world's mood in regard to him, that the tag is likely to stay fixt.

In *Pearson's Magazine* for October appears an article on "Protecting the World's Richest Man." The writer, William R. Stewart, wrote before Mr. Rockefeller made his recent trip abroad. Since Mr. Rockefeller's return, he has seemed to adopt a new attitude of *bonhomie* toward the public (perhaps his new son-in-law has had something to do with it), and interview after interview with him has appeared in reputable journals of late, on his views of Europe, his opinion of the packing-house crusade, his trials in the giving away of money, and other subjects. But the essentials of his system for self-protection, Mr. Stewart asserts, have not been relaxed.

That system is described with much detail by Mr. Stewart, who says: "Judging by the safeguards with which he surrounds himself, the head of the Standard Oil Company stands in greater fear for his life than does any other person of whom the world takes note, the rulers of one or two monarchies alone excepted. The kings of England, Italy and Portugal, the Emperor of Germany, Austria and Japan and the Presidents of the United States, of France and of Switzerland, use fewer precautions against attack or intrusion than does Mr. Rockefeller." Mr. Stewart continues:

"Except between his various homes Mr. Rockefeller seldom travels by rail, and at all the terminals he has retainers among the minor officials who carefully see that he is protected against publicity. His own carriage and coachman always meet the train on which he is expected. A trusted bodyguard, athletic and armed, accompanies him everywhere. Deputy sheriffs guard his fenced-in estates. The most complete burglar alarm systems which can be devised are installed in all his homes, and a maze of call buttons ingeniously placed at a hundred spots give instantaneous means of warning from every part of the grounds. It is said that the alarm system at his summer residence near Cleveland cost more money than the house itself.

"The Rockefeller estates are nothing more than vast protected enclosures where the 'Oil King' can shut himself up and be safe. How thorough he can do this was shown when for three months process-servers of the Attorney-General of Missouri and newspaper reporters of the entire country tried to learn his whereabouts and failed."

At Pocantico Hills, he has a guard who patrols under his bedroom window all night, and Mr. Rockefeller frequently rises and calls to the man to make sure of his vigilance. His bodyguard is an imported Irishman, his valet an imported Swiss. The laborers on his estates are usually newly arrived Italians. The Irishman, who is called John, is polished and courteous, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who speaks six languages. He is a man "of few words and no acquaintances," but receives the highest salary paid in the household. Mr. Rockefeller's precautions go to the extent of having everything he eats carefully inspected before it is prepared for him, and "no one has ever in recent years known Mr. Rockefeller to eat in a hotel or in any other public place or even to attend a public banquet." In a railway station he "never enters a public waiting-room," but takes a seat in the baggage-room or some place where he can be unobserved. It was not because of personal vanity that he donned a wig, but because it made him less noticeable. The only public place he attends is the church and that is the only place where he dispenses with a guard. "Everywhere he lives like a recluse, as zealously guarded as an inmate of a penitentiary except that he wills when he shall go abroad and what guards shall accompany him." Even in his own home, so the current gossip runs

never sits with his back to a window for fear of being made a target for the bullet of crank. Golf is his one diversion, but he has watchmen all about the links when he plays, and he is most careful in selecting his golfing-quests. Usually he plays with his family physician, the local clergyman or a business associate in Standard Oil. His Pocantico estate, near Tarrytown, is enclosed with an iron fence six feet high, and the gates are commanded at night by arc-lights. "His estate is a refuge; that is all." He has a stable with thirty horses, but he seldom uses them. Mr. Stewart concludes his interesting picture as follows: "After spending some time on any one of Mr. Rockefeller's estates a wonder is bred as to what satisfaction he gets out of life. He stays but a short time at each place, and in that time does little, whether in the way of exercise, recreation, experimental farming or forestry. He is—safe, that's all."

How authentic all this may be, we have no means of knowing; but it tallies well with the view that others seem to have gotten of Mr. Rockefeller. Frederick Palmer several months ago published in *Collier's* an article entitled, "One Kind Word for John D." It began as follows:

"The man who is at once the richest and the loneliest in the world went abroad this summer. He did not go on a vacation, which would have been unbusinesslike, but he went, it is said, to comfort his sister, who is under the delusion that he will die in poverty. He will be the object of the courtesies of no American ambassador or minister. The founder of one of the greatest universities will not be invited to receive the freedom of any great foreign university. Foreign financiers will offer no banquets to the foremost of their kind; foreign field marshals of industry will extend no honors to the Napoleon of the commercial age.

"No one bade him Godspeed except his own good kin. In all the twenty years that his name has been a household word no voice except that of the time-server has been raised in his defense. A word of commendation would ruin the career of almost any public man who seeks an elective office; yet his is probably the largest individual influence in legislation."

Mr. Palmer compares this treatment with that accorded to Andrew Carnegie when he goes abroad or returns home, and insists that Mr. Rockefeller is entitled to just as good treatment from his fellow men as Carnegie is. Rockefeller has given just as liberally, and has not put his name in such big letters on his gifts." He is a creative genius, and while he has made millions for himself he has also made countless millions for the United States. He has been a creator of markets, he has al-

ways paid high wages, and the man who invests in one of his enterprises finds his money doubling and trebling. As for his methods and principles of business, they are "precisely the same as those of a man in a small town who drives all the retailers out of business and centers the trade in a department store." Mr. Palmer does not justify the methods, but he asks for justice all around, and he concludes:

"At all events, if we must abuse millionaires, let us abuse the speculators, the vampires, and the worst types, and make reasonable qualifications for the men who, though they build selfishly, are nevertheless creators; and let us remember that millionaires who are hardened to abuse will be sensitive to regulations which are honestly enforced."

Mr. Rockefeller himself has recently contributed to this picture of himself as an isolated man. In a special interview published in the *New York Times* (October 8), he tells how, seventeen years ago, the siege of applicants for money became unbearable and forced a change in his methods. He says:

"The good people who wanted me to help them with their good work seemed to come to New York in crowds. They brought their trunks and lived with me. I was glad to see them, too, for they were good people and earnest—they were all earnest. So they talked to me at the breakfast table, and they rode downtown with me, so as to miss no opportunity. When I left my office in the evening they were waiting to ride home with me on the elevated, and during the ride they told me about the qualifications of the charities and organizations they represented. At dinner they talked to me, and after dinner, when a little nap on a comfortable lounge or a restful chair and a quiet family chat seemed about the most desirable occupations until bedtime, these good people would pull up their chairs and begin, 'Now, Mr. Rockefeller—' Then they would tell their story.

"Well, I worked pretty hard at business in those days. I liked all these good people, every one of them. I respected their earnestness, and I really wanted to help them all. But there was only one of me and they were a crowd—a crowd increasing in numbers every day. I wanted to retain personal supervision of what little I did in the way of giving, but I also wanted to avoid a breakdown. So I put these matters into other hands, reluctantly."

Now all approaches, even from personal friends for causes in which they are interested, must be made through the regular channel. But where he or Mrs. Rockefeller knows personally concerning a cause for which money is solicited, he takes the case out of the hands of his committee at once.

For eight years, Mr. Rockefeller says, he has not been in the offices of the Standard Oil Company, at 26 Broadway, and he has never

set foot in the large office building in Cleveland which bears his name. But he says this of himself and it does not quite harmonize with the views of him we have been reproducing:

"I am especially thankful that I learned early to take an interest in other fields than business, so when I was able to shift more and more active business cares from my shoulders to those of other men I could do so without regret, for I had other fields of activity awaiting my attention which have proved of absorbing interest. I regard it as of the greatest importance that the man of business should guard against his business monopolizing him to the exclusion of all other fields of life."

After all, perhaps John D. does not yet know that he is "the loneliest man in the world." He has his wife, his son, and his grandson, and under such circumstances the loneliness must be considerably mitigated. When, therefore, his preacher says, as Dr. Eaton said a few days

ago in his pulpit in Cleveland, "some of the poorest people I know are the richest; some of the most unhappy are those who have what the world is pleased to call everything," perhaps John D. Rockefeller, who listened and nodded his approval, was simply pitying other millionaires, not himself. The same thing, by the way, was said by young John D. to his Bible class in New York City, April 1st last. He remarked:

"It is wrong to assume that men of immense wealth are always happy. If a man lives his life to himself and has no regard for humanity he will be the most miserable man on earth. All the money he can get will not help him for one moment to forget his discontent. To hide oneself from the world and live alone, secluded from one's fellow men like a hermit, will make a man's nature sullen and wretched. The kind of man I like is one that lives for his fellows—the one that lives in the open, contented with his lot and trying to bestow all the good he can upon humanity."

BEVERIDGE THE UNSQUELCHABLE

IT has become rather a fashion among newspaper men to treat the name of the junior Senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge, with a mild degree of ridicule. Just why remains a matter for speculation. It may be because of his early reputation as a "boy orator." It may be because his rapid rise in politics at an early age aroused resentment, for the first office he held was that of United States Senator. It may be because he has been persuaded to give too much copybook advice to young men and young women about making their lives a success. It may be because of a certain self-consciousness in his manner. Whatever may be the reason, there is always a fling coming when newspaper men talk of Beveridge. And yet, strangely enough, most of them admit that they like him, that he is able and that his record is a clean one. All our habits are the result of association of ideas. The name of Beveridge became early associated with the idea of a gentle derision in newspaperdom and the resulting habit has never been entirely abandoned.

But Beveridge acquired a habit of his own still earlier and that is the habit of refusing to be squelched. He has had plenty of training in that line. According to his college friend, David Graham Phillips, the novelist, the habit was strongly fixt when Beveridge

came to college, and when the newspapers told how he had been squelched in the Senate after his first oratorical outburst there, his old college friends simply laughed and said to themselves, "How like old times it is!" Says Mr. Phillips (in an article in *Success Magazine* last year):

"The Senate and the Senate press gallery, no doubt, thought that the 'premature' explosion which has provoked them was the going off of a bomb which would be thereafter fragmentary and futile. They know now that it was simply the initial explosion of a triple-expansion engine—one that simply cannot be idle,—one that works as steadily and as effectively as incessantly,—one they cannot but admire. What it took the Senate a year or so to discover we who, when boys, attended college with him, learned then,—both those of us who liked him and those who didn't. A man who is bound to 'arrive' is born with the stamp of it on him; and he doesn't have to live long before all his acquaintances, except the stupid and envy-blind, find it.

"Most human beings are content to jog along the highway at a strolling pace, taking life as easily and as comfortably as possible, and looking for play rather than for work. Some are born strollers; some begin to stroll after a brief youthful spurt; others wait until middle life before they begin to take it easy and 'stand pat' on their laurels. Naturally, whenever there joins this leisurely company, at whatever stage, one deadly in earnest and spurred on by the never-absent sense of the exceeding brevity of life, the rest of the company is moved to various notions of irritation and amusement. Some are more amused



"HE IS A MAN THAT MEN LIKE"

This is the characterization which a Washington correspondent gives of Albert J. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana. He adds: "There is a buoyant, fresh and bubbling enthusiasm about him that makes it hard to feel antagonistic."

than irritated; some are more irritated than amused. All are more or less 'put out.' That's the way it has been with Beveridge from the beginning. 'What's he in such a stew about?' they have asked. But, when they have found out that he simply can't help it and that the blood beats as warmly in his heart as in his brain, they take a more cheerful view of him."

Beveridge began active life as a farm-hand in his early youth. The other farm-hands didn't approve of him, we are told, because he worked too hard. To get better wages and save something to take him to college, he went into a logging camp, where he achieved a reputation for feats of strength. This reputation followed him when he went to Greencastle, Ind., to get an education, and helped to make him a leader almost at the start. Phillips gives us a description of "Bev." as a sophomore:

"I remember most vividly the first time I saw him,—himself the epitome of all he had been through. It wasn't very long ago, for he still looks much as he did then. He, a sophomore, was walking through the wide main corridor of the principal building at Indiana Asbury—now De Pauw,—University; a strong, straight figure, short rather than tall, dressed in a baggy old suit that yet somehow deceived you into thinking it was all right; a pallid, keen, alert face, with a powerful jaw and gray-blue eyes that suggested a runner in sight of the goal; longish, fair hair, a perfect mop of it. I remember the voice, too,—someone stopped him in his quick, almost sharp walk, and introduced us. The voice was curiously clear and penetrating,—almost painfully penetrating, then. It was a voice that had had to make itself heard above clamors of torrents and bawling men; it was a voice of command. 'You may not like him, at first,' said the boy who had introduced us, when he had gone on, 'but you will as you know him better.' It so happened that I did like him, however, for there always was a fascination for me in strength,—and this new acquaintance of mine, with his unkempt hair and his burning eyes and his voice like a trumpet, was obviously strong mentally and physically.

"It took both kinds of strength to get him through those four years at college. Only a strong mind could have marked out, and, through every obstacle, carried out such a program of education as was his; only a strong body could have sustained the tremendous strain he put upon it. There were months—the hard winter months, too,—when his schedule gave him time for only four hours of sleep. Many a morning I have seen him, long, long before sunrise, start across the snow into the woods to practice his voice,—which meant several hours of exhausting exercise; and he would get back in time to study Shakespeare or the great orations of the great orators for an hour before breakfast. He also kept up his regular class work and ran the politics of our fraternity and of one of the literary societies,—and made a living,—a good living,—in addition. How did he do it all? I'm sure I don't know. I doubt if he knows, himself. Certainly, I should be incredulous if I had not seen with my own

eyes. A minute is a very brief time. I've seen many a one go in so quick an operation as lighting a pipe or shuffling a pack of cards. The greatest marvel of the world, the miracle of superior men's lives, is the cumulative power of the unwasted minute.

"'Bev.' would leave several of us in the sitting room, talking about nothing or about something in a way that made it come to nothing; would be back with us before we had noticed that he had gone. Yet, in the hour that had slipped away for us, he would have got ready a recitation or so for the next day. He always seemed to have plenty of time; he was always ready to drop whatever he was doing and go off with us for a lark. But,—and this is the important point,—when the lark was over, 'Bev.' was instantly back at work, while the rest of us wasted hours on hours in discussing what a good time we had had."

His first summer vacation was spent as a book-agent, and he was so successful that the next year he led forth "several hundred" young men whom he had trained for the same work and whom he directed in the canvassing field. The training itself had taken three months' time and was "worth a four years' course in any college to the fortunate young men who got it." The book they were to sell was a history of religions and was entitled "Error's Chains." For three months all Greencastle was in a fever over those chains; ate with them, slept with them, dreamed day-dreams about them. And when the young agents started forth to fasten those chains upon the State of Iowa they were irresistible. "I don't think any other body of book-canvassers"—we are again quoting Mr. Phillips—"ever made so much money in so short a space of time." Since that day, "every center table in Iowa can creditably pass an examination on the rise and fall of religions."

Then came, in his senior year, a day of great triumph. Phillips tells of it as follows:

"We were all trying to be orators. Every isolated bit of country round Greencastle, every fraternity hall, and every house where noise was tolerated rang with the agonized efforts of young Demostheneses and Pericleses. There were original orations, cribbed orations, and declamations; gesticulations patterned after familiar modes of oratory; voices trained to bring out the chest tones and the high notes, and clothes bought with an eye to platform wear. The man who won the oratorical prizes was looked up to as one who gets into the 'Porcellian Club' is at Harvard, as one who makes the crew or the team is at Yale, or as the captain of the football eleven is at Princeton. In his junior year Beveridge was the best in the college at oratory,—he had the medals and the money prizes as proof of it. In his junior year he won the competition among the representative orators of all the large colleges in the State; in his senior year he won the interstate contest,—a competition among representa-

res of the principal colleges in the West and the Northwest. When he came back with that size old President Martin and the faculty escorted him in state from the station. I can see the procession, now, winding through the streets of the town, with everybody watching it and cheering. There was an extraordinary amount of generosity in the intense rivalry at the college. It was typically Western, and that means typically American,—a free-for-all, with the best man winning and the losers proud to be beaten by so good a man, and proud of their own lack of mean-spiritedness. How the band did play! And how the sun shone, and how the crowds cheered! And how hard 'Bev.' was struggling to seem to be calm and proud without vanity, when it wouldn't have been in boy-nature—for he was only a boy, and not to feel 'set up!'"

When he left college the publishers of "Error's Chains" wanted him in their business; but he took to law and politics instead, especially the speech-making side of politics. The Republican machine of Indiana was not to his liking and gradually he built up a machine of his own inside the party—a machine of young men, chiefly, organized not for graft, we are assured, but for patriotic purposes. It was this machine that forced his election as senator upon the regular organization. "He won as 'Bob' Follette won in Wisconsin, though the conditions of secrecy surrounding the campaign against him made his victory less sensational altho it was not one whit less emphatic." Beveridge went to the United States Senate heralded as a boy orator, and, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, he has never lived down that reputation. Of his first speech in the Senate chamber, Mr. Dooley observed: "'Twas a speech ye and waltz to." He made more speeches in waltz-time, and the galleries were always filled with beautiful young ladies when he spoke. The Senate became restless, and Senator Pettus, of Alabama, eighty-four years of age, with his kindly high-pitched drawl, rose one day to obliterate the or-a-tor, as he called Beveridge. Buttoning his frock-coat about him and sticking his thumb in it in approved oratorical fashion, Pettus began his speech:

"As he talked he somehow suggested all Beveridge's favorite gestures without doing a thing so undignified as to imitate them. In his way of buttoning the top of his coat, in his gentle movement of the chest and slight oscillation of shoulders, he conveyed such an idea of ridiculous composure that the Senate lost all control of itself. Never mentioning Beveridge's name, he punctured the Indianian's claims to be what he called 'our great orator' with a gentle and poignant ridicule. He pictured Beveridge as indulging in a soliloquy, in which he pledged himself to throw aside all consideration of common sense

and devote himself to building up a reputation as an orator. He rung the changes on the word 'or-a-tor,' each time dividing it carefully into three syllables and making each bear the burden of a world of scorn. He suggested to Allison and Hale, the two wise old heads of the Republican machine, the necessity of calling a caucus to consider the question what should be done with Beveridge.

"While the old man was doing this dreadful deed, now and then stopping to mop his face with an immense red handkerchief imported from Selma, all the rules of the Senate were forgotten. Democrats and Republicans alike were lying sprawled across their desks, their faces contorted in an agony of merriment. The President of the Senate, gavel in hand, lay back in his chair, not only not enforcing, but flagrantly breaking all the rules by guffawing."

More than one man of fine qualities has been broken by an exuberance of oratory in Congress in the beginning of his career. Beveridge was hard hit, but not broken. He has never quite lived down his first oratorical days in Washington, but they have been forgiven if not forgotten. For "he is a man that men like," according to *The Times* correspondent, and "there is a buoyant, fresh and bubbling enthusiasm about him that makes it hard to feel antagonistic." He is a bad man to go up against in a debate, we are told again. "He once tackled Simmons, of North Carolina, and wound him up in an endless maze of contradictions. It so mortified the North Carolinian that he actually took to his bed and was ill for a week." He has so exasperated Bailey at times by his queries that the Texan has lost all control of himself. And when Beveridge and Quay locked horns over the Statehood Bill men neglected business to see it.

But Beveridge quailed once—not in Congress, but in the Philippines. Says the same correspondent, Mr. Thompson:

"Beveridge does not lack personal courage. On this same Philippine excursion, he was with General Lawton in an engagement. Lawton and his men were on a ridge. The Filipinos were on another ridge, and firing tumultuously. Lawton perceived that the men on horseback were affording too good a mark, and roared 'Dismount!' Everybody got down from his horse except Lawton and Beveridge. The Senator made a move to do so, and then, seeing that Lawton was still on horseback, he remained where he was. The General and the Senator afforded the finest marks imaginable. Presently the General looked around and saw the Senator, serenely facing the rebel fire. His eye flamed.

"'Blank, blank you to blank!' he roared. 'I thought I told you to get down!'"

"Before the terrific fire of profanity the Senator from the august State of Indiana quailed as he had not done before the Filipino bullets. He slid meekly off his horse and stayed off."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON ANY THRONE

RATHER small hips; a waist that seems long, that tapers, that is round; a flat back and an unbroken straight line down the front of her gown still bring out to distraction those suave curves for which the figure of the Czar's consort is famous in all the courts of Europe. The waves of hair and the pellucid complexion of her Imperial Majesty are rhythms in a symphony of which her ravishing form is the climax. No woman on any other throne is so suggestive of the lily. But she can do plain and fancy sewing, her own mother taught her how to cook, she can nurse with skill, and she likes Munich beer.

In this, the thirty-fifth year of her age, the Czarina seems to retain little of that poetical slenderness of frame which inspired fragments of versification when she was married twelve years ago. She is obviously corseted to-day in the style appropriate to fulness of figure, avers the competent authority who notes such circumstances for the European newspaper in closest touch with the Russian court—the



SHE IS THIRTY-FIVE

She can cook. She can sew. She can take care of children. She can play the piano. She can speak French, German, English and Russian. She is beautiful. She is good. She is the Czarina.

Paris *Figaro*. Over the head of Alexandra Feodorovna flows the same Niagara of dark auburn hair which was her greatest physical charm when she was merely Princess Alix of Hesse and by Rhine. Helena Louise Beatrice Victoria of Hesse and by Rhine knew the pinch of poverty. Her skin was so low in those days, says a writer of reminiscences in the Paris *Gaulois*, who saw Alix of Hesse in her Darmstadt period when she had a deep dimple in one cheek and made tea for her mother. The color of this remarkable hair was then reddish brown; but Mrs. Amalie Küssner Coudert, who painted the Czarina's portrait a few years ago, writes in the *Century* that the color is a "brown gold." In any case, it is the finest head-of-hair in any court. It thinks the *Figaro's* authority, who informs the world that her Imperial Majesty never uses curl papers or heating irons in the production of those wavy effects which impart to her temples the aspect of snow by moonlight gleaming through ferns. The Czarina finds exquisite solace in having her tresses combed while reading those masterpieces of contemporary French literature to which she is said to be partial.

The nose of this lady has likewise a literature of its own. It is a very white nose, according to the *Gaulois*, the most regular nose in this authority ventures to think, in all Europe. It denotes a delicate, sensitive nature, we read, being long and thin, with pliable nostrils and a slight, very slight, tendency to the aquiline. This proclaims that firmness of disposition so conspicuously absent from the Czar's nose—the organ being retroussé in his Imperial Majesty's case and indicative of infirmity for purpose. The ears of the Czarina are large but they lie close to the imperial head and have a length of lobule seen only in human beings of the thorobred royal variety. The lips are the reddest of curtains before the pearl teeth. The rigors of a St. Petersburg winter punish these beautiful lips. The Czarina cannot face the severity of the elements without a veil. Perhaps the infirmity of health, which is said to have tried her in youth, still lurks in her system, for the Czarina has a dread of cold weather. She fears its effect, insinuates a writer in London *Truth*, upon her famous complexion. Yet in the summer season her Imperial Majesty spends much of her leisure in the open air. She rides and walks freely about Peterhof, that paradise of landscape architecture, wherein the five young

children of the most beautiful woman on any throne gambol under the tutelage of a regiment of soldiers armed to the teeth, until the winter coops them up again.

To the suppleness of her Imperial Majesty's figure, to the ease of her bearing, to the symmetrical outline of her waist, to the stateliness of her altitude—exceeding the average height of her sex—many an enthusiast has essayed to do justice in the columns of the French press. Her shoulders, it is recorded, are always thrown back. Her chest is always well forward. She ever stands erect. Her waist-line is accentuated without waspishness of length or vulgarity of shortness. Her swelling port is self-contained, austere. It is only the head that ever droops, but that droop is a swan's. The eyelashes are long—weeping willows veiling those abysmal depths, her eyes. Such eyes! Blue, says the *Paris Figaro*. Gray, insists the *Gaulois*. At any rate, the look is demure, the expression pensive. They are eyes that flash, that swim, that look up unexpectedly and drop again. For the mastery of her complexion there is constant war of all shades of pink with all shades of white. She is the very rose of women, exhaling the fragrance of her nature with a perennial spontaneity. But she wants her own way all the time, and, in the estimation of our French authorities, she gets it, too. This beautiful woman it was who caused the dismantling of the so-called cabinet of the 19th February—the study in which Alexander II decreed emancipation of the serfs. That apartment was left intact ever after for the inspiration of posterity until Alexandra Feodorovna ordered it dismantled and her own huge swimming-tank conveyed thither. This display of lack of the historical instinct horrified Mr. Pobiedonostseff, but, according to the gossip of this most gossipy of European courts, he was powerless in the matter.

This same Mr. Pobiedonostseff, for so many years Procurator of the Holy Synod, would seem to have troubled the early wedded life of the Czarina. The old gentleman did not take her conversion to the orthodox faith of Russia at all seriously. The Czarina had been reared in evangelical tenets, to which she clung with obstinacy. It has been observed that the daughters of the beloved Queen Victoria of England were prone to extreme liberality of opinion in matters of religion. Now the Czarina was the daughter of the Princess Alice of England whose sweetness of disposition was allied with a dislike of dogma akin to that of the German Emperor's mother. This



THE RULER OF THE CZAR

The consort of Nicholas II is declared to head the palace clique now potent in the councils of his imperial Majesty.

last lady had turned her back upon the faith in which she was reared to such an extent that she won for herself the name of free thinker before she died. She is said to have influenced her niece, the present Czarina, to an extent incompatible with acceptance of the teachings of the Greek Orthodox Church. This may be the idlest gossip, but it is said to have troubled Mr. Pobiedonostseff sorely. He did his best, it is declared, to prevent the marriage of the then Princess Alix of Hesse with the then Czarevitch. As it was, the marriage did not take place until Nicholas II had ascended the throne. In the document prepared for the Czarina to sign and submitted to her on the eve of her wedding, she found the religion she was abjuring referred to as "unbelief." She insisted upon the substitution of a term less harsh. Mr. Pobiedonostseff's distrust of her Imperial Majesty was confirmed from that time.

Matters were not mended by the arrival of daughter after daughter during the first seven years of the Czarina's wedded life. She had been married nearly ten years before the birth of the Grand Duke Alexis. For months prior to that event her Imperial Majesty had been a patient of the late Professor Schenck, of Vienna,

whose theories regarding the determination of sex in the unborn won him much celebrity. Finally, the Czar and his consort made their memorable pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Seraphim, to whose intercession the sex of the Czarina's youngest born is ascribed by the faithful. The heir to the throne of Nicholas II has now entered his third year. He has never, says the *Figaro*, had the whooping-cough or the croup or the measles. Twenty teeth have been cut by the heir to the throne of Russia, who has just been through a trying summer. His gums were so much inflamed that it was feared they would have to be lanced. For one whole week the Czarina walked the floor of her apartments by night with the little one in her arms.

She is, say all reports, the most devoted of mothers. The heat of the water in which her children bathe is tested by herself with a thermometer. The children are dressed every morning under her own supervision. According to the *Gaulois*, English is the language of the family circle, altho French is likewise used. The Czarina does not seem to be facile in the use of Russian, a tongue she did not begin to learn until her engagement to the Czar. She cannot speak it at all fluently, according to those who ought to know. But her daugh-

ters are to be made proficient, it seems, in English, French, German and Russian. They will be taught to cook, says the *Gaulois*, to sew and to embroider. The astonishment of the Czarina when she was told that in the United States young ladies of the wealthy classes are not taught to cook, to sew or to nurse, is represented in the same newspaper as very great.

The social life of her Imperial Majesty on its purely official side is magnificent, but tedious, the best American account of it having been supplied to *The Century* by Mr. Herbert J. Hagerman, who was at one time second secretary of the United States Embassy in St. Petersburg. "The few great functions which are given at the winter palace," he writes, "are, without doubt, more magnificent than any others in the world." A grand ball opens the social season late in January:

"The suite of enormous rooms on the second floor of the palace, part of them overlooking the Neva, and adjoining their Majesties' private apartments, are used. The palace is so large that probably not one-fifth of its available state apartments are used on this occasion, in spite of the fact that about four thousand people are entertained.

"After the polonaise of the imperial party (nothing more, in fact, than a stately walk once or twice around the room), the Emperor and Empress speak for a few minutes to the chief diplomats, and the dancing begins. The Empress herself cannot enjoy it very much, as conventionalities require her to request the ambassadors to accompany her in the contra-dances. Sometimes these gentlemen, however aristocratic or powerful, are neither young nor graceful, and, as they frequently know little or nothing about the dance, the result cannot be entirely pleasing either to themselves or to the Empress. She occasionally calls upon some young officer to dance the *deux-temps* with her, but even then she must dance quite alone: the wands of the masters of ceremony tap the floor and all other dancers immediately retire.

"After supper there is a short cotillon, with few favors except flowers, which, however, are, without much exaggeration, worth their weight in gold at that time of year. It requires a person of unusual energy and presence of mind to lead the complicated movement of the cotillon at this ball, and the young officer who does so richly deserves the personal thanks of the Empress, which she very cordially renders him.

"The supper itself is most astonishing. It is by no means a light repast, and is served, with four or five wines, to every guest, all seated at table. With five or six courses and four thousand people, the amount of porcelain required is enormous. It is all beautiful, of peculiar Slavic designs, made only for the Emperor's private use at the imperial factory near the city. In the magnificent Salle des Armoires is laid the Empress's table, a round one on a raised dais, for the grand dukes."



"THE MOST DELICATELY PENSIVE FACE
IN THE WORLD"

It is that of the Czarina, reports a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, who thinks her Majesty the more beautiful for it.

Literature and Art

ARE NEWSPAPERS WEAKENING OUR NATIONAL FIBER?

MR. WHITELAW REID has lately taken occasion to record his conviction that the public attitude toward newspapers is one of "latent distrust which is becoming more general," and of "dislike often more openly expressed than formerly." His statement is the outgrowth of his experience not only as an eminent publicist, but as a former newspaper man, and would seem to be abundantly justified by recent developments in this country. Newspapers were probably never more widely read than at present, and were certainly never more widely criticized. As Mr. Rollo Ogden, of the *New York Evening Post* puts it, modern journalism is "on its defense"; and since the nomination of that "king of yellow journalists," Mr. William R. Hearst, for the governorship of New York State, the question of newspaper methods has become something very like a political issue. The new criticism is directed not merely against "yellow" journalism, but against the whole spirit of the modern newspaper. Indeed, Mr. George W. Ochs, of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and *New York Times*, takes the ground that if we condemn the "yellow" press, we must also condemn the "red" journals which "inflare incompetence against capability and teach that honor and integrity have fled from high places." And Mr. John A. Macy, a writer in *The Bookman* (October), confesses to a special antipathy to hues of "blue" and "black" as manifested in the color scheme of our chromatic journalism. Blue journalism, he explains is "the despondent, pessimistic kind;" while black is "the ignorant sort, common in small towns, and still to be found in large cities flourishing side by side with the alert power of most metropolitan news establishments."

The most notable recent protest against our journalism is that of Dr. Frederick Peterson in *Collier's Weekly*. He finds in the modern newspaper "a stream of facts widely dissociated, an incoherent medley of concepts," and thinks that excessive newspaper reading "uses up brain-space which might be employed to better advantage, retards intellectual growth by over-stimulation, weakens the retentive powers by requiring the exercise of the art of

forgetting, and creates a morbid craving for emotional excitement." He says further:

"Investigation seems to show that the circulation of the newspaper increases the lower it descends in the scale of immorality. As we scan these nightmare pages and remember that imitation, emulation, and suggestion are the chief forces at work in all their readers for intellectual and moral development, we must pause and wonder what the result will be. It is not overstating it to say that every conspicuous crime, murder, suicide, lynching, reported in detail in these newspapers begets ideas of the like nature in innumerable minds, and the seeds thus planted bear similar fruit in their time. These newspapers represent in the domain of culture and enlightenment the mob spirit, a vast, impersonal, delirious, anarchic, degenerating, and disintegrating force. And it is this force which, acting upon the minds of the masses, sways them irresistibly in its own direction, making chaos where there should be order, familiarizing them with crime, presenting the worst features of human life for their emulation and imitation, and working insidiously by suggestion to induce in them noxious thoughts which often ultimately lead to harmful deeds."

"Only indirect reference has thus far been made to the effects of constant newspaper reading upon the emotions, the feelings. Some of us at least are conscious of a general and persistent depression produced by the daily clouding of the spiritual horizon with catastrophe, crime, political corruption, and commercial dishonor. Whether this may be contributing to the prevalence among us of the 'American disease,' neurasthenia, might be difficult to prove, but the suggestion is worthy of consideration."

Lincoln Steffens has lately been criticizing modern journalism from the point of view not of the reading public, but of the man who has to make a living by writing. In a syndicated article in *The Sunday Magazine* he says that few newspaper men will advise anyone to go into journalism; and admits his sympathy with those journalists who complain of "the little money they can make; the obscurity of anonymity; the limitations upon their individuality; the ephemeral nature of all a man's work; the exhaustion that comes of the daily grind." He adds:

"The journalist has been building somebody's else property. He is helping to make fame and fortune for his paper. His own abilities develop truly, and his market value increases; but the market is narrow, and his efforts have not been cumulative. By the time a bank president is

tired out, he owns the bank; when the artist's mind softens, the artist has a name. The newspaper man tires first, and when he drops, nothing drips; he is a sucked orange."

Mr. John A. Macy, the *Bookman* writer already mentioned, condemns the modern newspaper not so much for its sensationalism and fever, as for its "lies and thefts of a more chargeable kind." He instances the tricks of New York *American* and *World* reporters, and a disposition on the part of even the most reputable editors to "lift," without credit, the news and articles of other papers.

But, fortunately, there are counter tendencies at work, and some of them are emphasized in the articles under notice. Mr. Macy is convinced that the disfiguring hues of our newspapers can and will be "peeled off like a

useless garment" in due time; and Dr. Peterson says:

"Natural law is at work here as in every other department of biology. Just as toxic bacteria in their multiplication eventually secrete a poison to their own undoing, just as the scourge of locusts or rabbits is terminated by the rise of natural enemies, so, too, in time will the ever-increasing swarm of newspapers meet with destructive agencies, doubtless already at work, which will prove their bane and antidote. Perhaps from the standpoint of evolution we may look at the matter in this light: The human mind has become tropical in the luxuriousness of its expansion and growth. Even as in past ages the hot earth rioted in horrible fecundity, bringing forth a myriad creatures, scaly, crawling, flying, monstrous, blindly seeking the way to some ultimate beauty and use, so our present newspapers may represent the misshapen prototypes of sibylline leaves in ages yet to be."

THE OSCAR WILDE REVIVAL

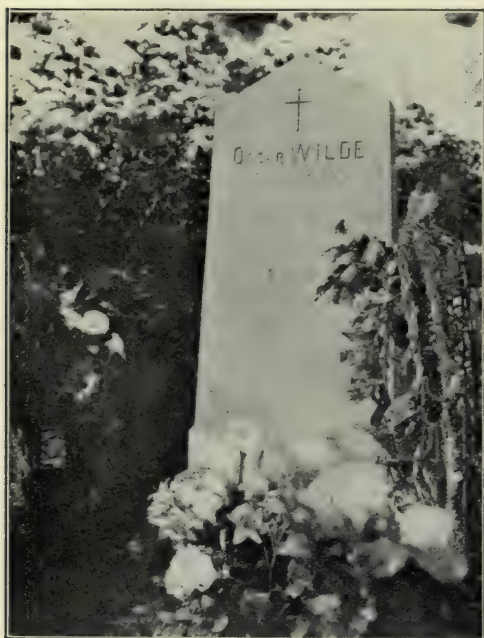


THE revival of interest in Oscar Wilde is not the revival of a decadent cult. The cult is dead. The sunflowers and green carnations have faded forever. Mr. Hitchens and public opinion have killed them. It is, if anything, a revival of

interest in Oscar Wilde divested of the cap and bells of his esthetic pose. But whereas hitherto in English-speaking countries, at least, interest has been confined to his works, it is now, perhaps unwisely, concentrating upon the man himself. A recent novel, "The Sphinx's Lawyer," by Frank Danby, is a thinly veiled biography of the great esthete. It is not a pleasant novel, but it ends pleasantly with the salvation of the hero at the hands of a woman. On the heels of this comes the first accessible "Life"* of the poet. This does not end pleasantly.

Robert H. Sherard's book is not the biography that, if rumor is correct, certain friends of the dead poet have been preparing for some years. Much of what Mr. Sherard has to tell us lacks the ring of sincerity. He fails to dwell on the big things and dwells too much on sordid details. But as a human document his "Life of Oscar Wilde" is not devoid of elements of genuine interest.

A history of Wilde's shattered career, Mr. Sherard contends, is opportune at this moment. For, tho lying rumors and legends have already gathered around the poet's grave, it is not too late to establish fact, to refute falsehood and to present a story freed from the supercharges of error and malice. Rumor, he says, can yet be unmasked, legend has not yet hardened into history, posthumous pasquinade has not yet dried on the tombstone. For the task of writ-



OSCAR WILDE'S GRAVE
(In Bagneux Cemetery, Paris.)

On the stone is engraved, in Latin, the epitaph:
Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence for
my counsel.
After my words they spake not again. —Job xxix. 22.

*THE SPHINX'S LAWYER. By Frank Danby. F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

*THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE. By Robert Harborton Sherard. Illustrated with portraits, facsimile letters, and other documents. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.



WHERE OSCAR WILDE WAS IMPRISONED
(Reading Gaol, Berkshire, England.)

I know not whether laws be right,
Or whether laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

This too I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

—From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

ing the authentic life-history of Oscar Wilde, the writer claims to be particularly well-qualified. He says:

"It was one of the dead wit's sayings that of all the disciples of a man it is always Judas who writes his biography. In the present instance this paradox has less truth than ever. The writer was in no sense a disciple of Oscar Wilde; he was indeed as strongly antagonistic to most of his principles, ethical, artistic, and philosophical as he was warmly disposed to him for his many endearing qualities and captivating graces. His qualifications arise from the facts that from the period of sixteen years preceding Oscar Wilde's death he was intimately acquainted with him; that his friendship with him—of which elsewhere a true record exists—was continuous and uninterrupted save by that act of God which puts a period to all human companionships; that he was with him at times when all others had withdrawn; and that for the very reason he was not in sympathy with any of the affectations which toward others Oscar Wilde used to assume, the man as he truly was, the man as God and nature had made him, was perhaps better known to him than to most of his other associates."

Sherard's portrayal of his dead friend is, however, anything but prepossessing. It is, moreover, not consistent. He presents Wilde

as a weakling, an epileptic, a degenerate, a charlatan. He also presents him as one of the noblest of men, an unselfish artist of the supreme type and one of the wisest philosophers. In fact, the author suggests that, like Socrates, Mohammed and Christ, Wilde was the head of a new school of philosophy which had in its tenets "the real secret of human happiness." Unfortunately, neither Wilde's life nor Mr. Sherard's book bear out this superlative statement.

Wilde was born in Dublin, October 16th, 1854, the son of the eminent eye-specialist, Sir William Wilde. From his father, we are told, the poet inherited sensual grossness, and from his mother, the famous Lady Speranza, instability of mind and strangely inadequate views of morality. To the latter, says the biographer, the child was a great disappointment because he was a boy, and "for a long time after his birth he was treated as a girl, talked to as a girl, dressed as a girl." This may partially account for the strange perversion of his after life. Another factor responsible for that abnormality of con-

duct which was the direct cause of his downfall Mr. Sherard detects in the preponderating maternal influence in his composition. "It is," he observes, "a matter of common observation among physiologists that where a child is born to a couple in which the woman has the much stronger nature and a great mental superiority over the father the chances are that that child will develop at certain critical periods in his career an extraordinary attraction toward persons of his own sex. This fact is one of nature's mysteries. Those who believe in a divine creation of the world should reverently bow their heads before what they cannot understand and ought to take to be a divine dispensation. At any rate, the wisdom of nature may be presumed greater than that of the ecclesiastical courts."

Given such inclinations, nothing worse could have happened to the poet, in Mr. Sherard's opinion, than his exposure to Oxford influence. Wilde himself says in "De Profundis" that the two great turning points in his life were when his father sent him to Oxford and when society sent him to jail. The two events seem thus curiously related in Wilde's mind, and Mr. Sherard, who is himself an Oxford man, has some startling comments to make on this point.

He bluntly suggests that but for Oxford the poet's "extraordinary latent madness might never have been roused into fatal activity." To quote further:

"For there is no use denying it. Oxford, which is the finest school in the world for the highest culture, is also the worst training ground for the lowest forms of debauchery. It all depends on the character of the student, his early home training, his natural propensities, his physical state, his religious belief. Oxford produces side by side the saint, the sage and the depraved libertine. She sends men to Parnassus or to the public house, to Latium or to the lenocinium. The dons ignore the horrors which are going on under their very eyes. They are wrapped up in the petty concerns of the university hierarchy; they are of men the most unpractical and the least worldly; while possibly their deep classical studies have so familiarized them with certain pathological manifestations that they readily fail to understand the horror of much that is the common jest of the undergraduates. Oxford has rendered incalculable services to the Empire, but she has also fostered and sent forth great numbers of men who have contributed to poison English society. It is very possible that if Sir William Wilde had not sent his second son to Oxford, but had left him in Ireland, where certain forms of perversion are totally unknown, and where vice generally is regarded with a universal horror which contrasts most strongly with the mischievous tolerance that English society manifests toward it, Oscar would now be living in Dublin, one of the lights

of Trinity College, one of the glories of Ireland, a scholar and a gentleman of universal reputation. Let any Oxford man who remembers his undergraduate days, who remembers the things that used to be jested about there, and the common talk at the wines about this man or that, ask himself when he has condemned Oscar Wilde whether alma mater may not have been to blame, in part, if not in toto, for the tremendous and terrible metamorphosis that was worked in Oscar Wilde's character, admitting that the young man, who left Trinity College with a spotless reputation, really did develop in so short a time into the dangerous maniac such as he afterwards came to be considered."

Later in life Mr. Sherard avers those same fatal tendencies were accentuated by the sudden change from poverty to riches effected by Wilde's success as a dramatist. Drink also is made responsible for his excesses. We are told that tho Wilde was never intoxicated, his gravest offenses were committed under the influences of drink. To all these possible causes the biographer unnecessarily adds the influence of the young English lord whose father was responsible for Wilde's indictment and of whom Mr. Sherard consistently speaks as Wilde's "evil genius."

Mr. Sherard's subsequent account of Wilde's prison life is full of human interest. He appends to his own narrative a curious chapter, which we are asked to believe, was "written by one of the warders in Reading jail" and was contributed under the express condition "that it should be printed exactly as it stood in the manuscript, with no alteration of a single phrase or word or expression." It is wonderfully well written and arouses the suspicion of a comparatively innocent literary fraud. Surely, remarks the *Chicago Dial*, never turnkey wrote like this turnkey:

"His gentle smile of sweet serenity was something to remember. It must have been a smile like this that Bunyan wore as he lay in Bedford Gaol dreaming his wonderful dreams. It must have been a similar smile that illumined the noble face of St. Francis of Assisi when he spoke of 'his brother the wind and his sister the rain.'"

In prison Oscar Wilde wrote "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which is said by competent critics to be one of the finest ballads in the language. Mr. Sherard well remarks that it would be worth while to go to jail to write so great a poem.

Speaking of Wilde's earlier and brighter days, Mr. Sherard gives us the explanation for Wilde's affectations in dress and manner, which, by the way, he finally discarded after his visit to America in 1882. It appears that for months he had tried in vain to find a pub-

lisher for his collected poems, and having failed to do so because he was an unknown man, he determined to make himself known, and hit upon the device of appearing in public in an extraordinary dress.

Wilde's splendid successes are common knowledge, as is also his sudden fall. Less well known is his life after Reading Gaol. In 1897 we find him in Paris, unable to write, unable to work. The tread-mill had killed the creative urge in him. Nothing was left of the Oscar Wilde of former days save his marvelous powers of conversation and his wonderfully melodious voice that strangely resembled Sarah Bernhardt's. Vainly he resorted to alcohol to keep up his waning strength. He was marked for death. He seems to have suffered from meningitis. In the end, Sherard tells us, his pains grew so intolerable that an operation was imperative. Only one of the great masters of surgery could be entrusted with it. A huge remuneration was mentioned as the amount that would probably be demanded by such a master. "Ah, well," said Wilde, "I suppose that I shall have to die above my means." He died November 30, 1900. He had foreseen that he would not live to see a new century dawn. "If," he remarked, "another century began, and I was still alive, it would really be more than the English could stand."

Deaths are likely to be tragic. But Wilde's death, Mr. Sherard remarks, coming when it did, unavoidable as it was, wasteful as it was, was more cruel and more tragic than any passing of which literary history has record. "Time was preparing for him a splendid triumph. The harvest was near to ripening. . . . If he could only have lived three or four short years longer he would have found in the plaudits of the whole Continent some solace for all his terrible suffering."

In the United States, too, Wilde was not slow of recognition after his death. In fact, America has ever adopted a friendlier attitude even toward his eccentricities and esthetic poses than his more stolid compatriots. Sherard's book has been reviewed widely. The New York *Times Saturday Review*, however, while praising Mr. Sherard's moderation, laments the appearance of the book as a "sad mistake," and raises its voice in a vigorous protest against the "attempted revival of a decayed cult." It says (in double leads) that the best of Wilde's writing possesses no large or permanent value. "The worst of his writing is beneath contempt and some of it revolting." To quote further:

"We set down these words gravely, and in the performance of what seems to be a plain duty. We believe that certain high-minded gentlemen in England and the United States who, in behalf of letters alone, are endeavoring to glorify the author of 'Salome' and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' are using their influence foolishly, if not wickedly. . . .

"We confess that we can see nothing named among the titles in the carefully prepared bibliography appended to Mr. Sherard's book that strikes us as a work fit for posterity; but if anything Wilde wrote is to live, it will live, as some of Marlowe's work has lived, without the aid of puffery in this hour. . . .

"If such of Wilde's books as are still on the market find readers, we have no complaint to make, so long as they are not his bad books. But we are convinced that if maudlin, injudicious folks can be induced to stop whining and shrieking about him, there will soon be no demand at all for his books and his name will speedily be forgotten."

We have not seen a single comment on the *Times* editorial. Its warning accents died away like a voice in the wilderness. Instead, we find even his native land listening once more to the dead poet.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," says Wilfred M. Leadman in *The Westminster Review*, because they are both serious works, and in accordance with the tastes of "the man in the street," have effected a considerable change in the public attitude. Much of Wilde's writing, Mr. Leadman contends, is imperishable, capable of standing the test of ages. "Much of it represents some of the finest prose-poetry in our language. Oscar Wilde was our *one* English artist in words." At length, this critic thinks, a turning point has been reached in England's appreciation of Wilde's genius:

"Oscar Wilde is once more on trial, but it is a trial whose result can involve no disgrace, but which may—surely will—bring him a radiant wreath of fame. It will last long, for there is a strong array of witnesses on either side, and there is much up-hill work for his advocates. . . . On the Continent, in America, the great awakening has begun; there, the genius has triumphed over the convict, the sinner has been lost in the artist. Must it be said, then, by a later generation that Britain alone never forgave the strange errors of one of her brightest thinkers, but was content to let foreign hands raise him and his from the mire? Surely no, surely we are not so rich in intellectual wealth that we can afford to pass any of our artists by 'on the other side.'"

"Whatever may be the issue when the haze of Time has finally covered all trace of the human frailties of Oscar Wilde, his genius, now slowly forcing its way upward through many a clogging obstacle, will rise resplendent and glorious before the eyes of an understanding posterity."

THE INSPIRED COCKNEYISM OF CHARLES DICKENS



HERE is probably no other critic who would ever have thought of applying the term "inspired cockney" to Charles Dickens, with just that enthusiastic reverence and revolutionary significance which Mr. G. K. Chesterton gives it in his new critical study of Dickens,* now agitating the London literary world. According to the critics, Mr. Chesterton has done everything, in this book, from giving us "an object lesson to show the very worst manner of writing a biography" to illuminating his subject with flashes of intuition which are "very like genius." But the book is not a biography; it is simply another exhilarating Chestertonian summary, "deducible from the facts"—more or less—and never has Mr. Chesterton been provided with a richer collection of facts from which to draw his own cheerful and bracing conclusions.

That Dickens was "great"—whatever that may mean—he hurls again and again in the teeth of his detractors. "Even the fastidious and unhappy, who cannot read his books without a continuous critical exasperation, would use the word of him without stopping to think," he asserts. "They feel that Dickens is a great writer even if he is not a good writer. . . . The atmosphere of this word clings to him; and the curious thing is that we cannot get it to cling to any of the men of our own generation. 'Great' is the first adjective which the most supercilious modern critic would apply to Dickens. And 'great' is the last adjective that the most supercilious modern critic would apply to himself." As a kind of conclusive proof of greatness, Mr. Chesterton does not hesitate to add: "A definite school regarded Dickens as a great man from the first days of his fame: Dickens certainly belonged to this school."

Mr. Chesterton attributes the present critical depreciation of Dickens to the fact that he had the misfortune to be misunderstood by two successive schools of literary criticism. The first of these schools was the Realist.

"When the world first awoke from the mere hypnotism of Dickens, from the direct tyranny of his temperament, there was, of course, a reaction. At the head of it came the Realists, with their documents, like Miss Flite. They declared that scenes and types in Dickens were wholly impossible (in which they were perfectly right), and on this rather paradoxical ground objected

to them as literature. They were not 'like life,' and there, they thought, was an end of the matter. The Realists for a time prevailed."

But the Realists, says Mr. Chesterton, did not enjoy their victory very long. A more symbolic school of criticism soon arose.

"Men saw that it was necessary to give a much deeper and more delicate meaning to the expression 'like life.' Streets are not life, cities and civilizations are not life, faces even and voices are not life itself. Life is within, and no man hath seen it at any time. As for our meals, and our manners, and our daily dress, these are things exactly like sonnets; they are random symbols of the soul. One man tries to express himself in books, another in boots; both probably fail.

"This much the intelligence of men soon perceived. And by this much Dickens's fame should have greatly profited. For Dickens is 'like life' in the truer sense, in the sense that he is akin to the living principle in us and in the universe; he is like life, at least in this detail, that he is alive. His art is like life, because, like life, it cares for nothing outside itself, and goes on its way rejoicing. Both produce monsters with a kind of carelessness, like enormous by-products; life producing the rhinoceros, and art Mr. Bunsby. Art indeed copies life in not copying life, for life copies nothing. Dickens's art is like life because, like life, it is irresponsible, because, like life, it is incredible."

Yet this realization did not greatly benefit Dickens; the return of romance was "almost useless to this great romantic." He gained as little from the fall of the Realists as from their triumph. There was a revolution and a counter-revolution, but "no restoration." And the reason for this, Mr. Chesterton thinks, lies in the fact that, recklessly defining art as exaggeration, for our time and taste, Dickens exaggerates the wrong thing. He "overstrains and overstates a mood our period does not understand." And this thing he exaggerates is precisely the early nineteenth-century sense of "infinite opportunity and boisterous brotherhood" which is dying within us to-day. For Dickens, like all the radical literary men of his time, was a child of the French Revolution. According to Mr. Chesterton, we are all evolutionists now—and pessimists. No longer do we fight for suffering Man; we merely pity him—scientifically. And this sad pity, he reminds us, "is pitiful, but not respectful." "Nowadays, men feel that cruelty to the poor is a kind of cruelty to animals. They never feel that it is injustice to equals; nay, it is treachery to comrades." And this is exactly what Dickens did feel, and, in his day, made other men feel.

*A LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Company.

The young son of John Dickens—the Marshalsea prisoner for debt—as he pasted labels on blacking bottles in the grinding life of the factory, or ran about the poor dark streets of London—a nervous, ambitious, starving child, setting himself the most difficult tasks, was a revolutionist at heart. Later on, he was to describe that cockney world as only a cockney himself could do it—that is, not pessimistically, but with what our sad, pitying, present-day critics like to call a “vulgar optimism.” Writes Mr. Chesterton:

“Whenever he had done drudging, he had no other resource but drifting, and he drifted over half London. He was a dreamy child, thinking mostly of his own dreary prospects. Yet he saw and remembered much of the streets and squares he passed. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he went the right way to work unconsciously to do so. He did not go in for ‘observation,’ a priggish habit; he did not look at Charing Cross to improve his mind, or count the lamp-posts in Holborn to practise his arithmetic. But unconsciously he made all these places the scenes of the monstrous drama in his miserable little soul. He walked in darkness under the lamps of Holborn, and was crucified at Charing Cross. So for him ever afterwards these places had the beauty that only belongs to battlefields. For our memory never fixes the facts which we have merely observed. The only way to remember a place forever is to live in the place for an hour; and the only way to live in the place for an hour is to forget the place for an hour. The undying scenes we can all see if we shut our eyes are not the scenes that we have stared at under the direction of guide-books; the scenes we see are the scenes at which we did not look at all—the scenes in which we walked when we were thinking about something else—about a sin, or a love affair, or some childish sorrow. We can see the background now because we did not see it then. . . . So the little Dickens Dickensized London. He prepared the way for all his personages. Into whatever cranny of our city his characters might crawl, Dickens had been there before them. However wild were the events he narrated as outside him, they could not be wilder than the things that had gone on within. However queer a character of Dickens might be, he could hardly be queerer than Dickens was. The whole secret of his after-writings is sealed up in those silent years of which no written word remains.”

It was during those wretched years that to Dickens was given “in the most sacred and serious sense of the term, the key of the street.” And furthermore, Mr. Chesterton writes, with a true poetic insight:

“Dickens had sympathy with the poor in the Greek and literal sense; he suffered with them mentally; for the things that irritated them were the things that irritated him. He did not pity the people, or even champion the people, or even merely love the people; in this matter he was

the people. He alone in our literature is the voice not merely of the social substratum, but even of the subconsciousness of the substratum. He utters the secret anger of the humble. He says what the uneducated only think, or even only feel, about the educated. And in nothing is he so genuinely such a voice as in this fact of his fiercest mood being reserved for methods that are counted scientific and progressive. . . . When, in ‘The Christmas Carol,’ Scrooge refers to the surplus population, the Spirit tells him, very justly, not to speak till he knows what the surplus is and where it is. The implication is severe but sound. When a group of superciliously benevolent economists look down into the abyss for the surplus population, assuredly there is only one answer that should be given to them; and that is to say, ‘If there is a surplus, you are a surplus.’ And if anyone were ever cut off, they would be. If the barricades went up in our streets and the poor became masters, I think the priests would escape, I fear the gentlemen would; but I believe the gutters would be simply running with the blood of philanthropists. . . . Of all this anger, good or bad, Dickens is the voice of an accusing energy.”

That the author of Mr. Bunsby was extravagant, Mr. Chesterton for one moment admits; then he hastens to add: “It is most certainly equally true that he detested and despised extravagance.” Which paradox he explains as follows, for Mr. Chesterton is as delightfully explanatory as Dickens himself:

“His literary genius consisted in a contradictory capacity at once to entertain and to deride—very ridiculous ideas. If he is a buffoon, he is laughing at buffoonery. His looks were in some ways the wildest on the face of the world. Rabelais did not introduce into Paphlagonia or the Kingdom of the Coquigrues satiric figures more frantic and misshapen than Dickens made to walk about the Strand and Lincoln’s Inn. But for all that, you come, in the core of him, on a sudden quietude and good sense. Such, I think, was the core of Rabelais, such were all the far-stretching and violent satirists. This is a point essential to Dickens, tho’ very little comprehended in our current tone of thought. Dickens was an immoderate jester, but a moderate thinker. He was an immoderate jester because he was a moderate thinker. What we moderns call the wildness of his imagination was actually created by what we moderns call the tameness of his thought. I mean that he felt the full insanity of all extreme tendencies, because he was himself so sane; he felt eccentricities, because he was in the center. We are always, in these days, asking our violent prophets to write violent satires; but violent prophets can never possibly write violent satires. In order to write satire like that of Rabelais—satire that juggles with the stars and kicks the world about like a football—it is necessary to be one’s self temperate, and even mild.”

It is especially to the defense of Dickens’s “vulgar optimism,” and of revolutionary optimism in general, that Mr. Chesterton comes in the following passages:



LEON DABO

Who is said to have succeeded in adding a genuinely new note to the art of our time.

"A writer sufficiently typical of recent revolutionism—Gorky—has called one of his books by the eerie and effective title 'Creatures that Once were Men.' That title explains the whole failure of the Russian revolution. And the reason why

the English writers, such as Dickens, did with all their limitations achieve so many of the actual things at which they aimed, was that they could not possibly have put such a title upon a human book. Dickens really helped the unfortunate in the matters to which he set himself. And the reason is that across all his books and sketches about the unfortunate might be written the common title, 'Creatures that Still are Men.' . . . The Gissings and the Gorkys say, as a universal literary motto, 'Cursed are the poor.' Among a million who have faintly followed Christ. . . . Dickens stands out especially. He said, in all his reforming utterances, 'Cure poverty'; but he said in all his actual descriptions, 'Blessed are the poor.' . . . It is not difficult to see why Dickens's denunciations have had so much more practical an effect than the denunciations of such a man as Gissing. Both agreed that the souls of the people were in a kind of prison. But Gissing said that the prison was full of dead souls. Dickens said that the prison was full of living souls. . . . It is here sufficient to register in conclusion of our examination of the reforming optimist, that Dickens certainly was such an optimist, and that he made it his business to insist upon what happiness there is in the lives of the unhappy. . . . It can also be registered as a fact equally solid and quite equally demonstrable that this optimistic Dickens did effect great reforms."

About the future of Dickens, Mr. Chesterton is not troubled with a doubt. That he will have a high place in permanent literature, there is, he imagines, "no prig surviving to deny." George Eliot, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens—of all those equal contemporaries, he ventures to predict that, in the due weeding process of time, the "inspired cockney" will be left alone to dominate "the whole England of the nineteenth century."

THE ETHEREAL ART OF LEON AND THEODORE DABO

IT is hardly to the credit of America that great art produced in this country should find its first recognition and appreciation abroad. But the brothers Dabo, Leon and Theodore Scott, whose pictures have lately won the enthusiastic approval of Maeterlinck, the poet-dramatist, and of such eminent Frenchmen as Rodin, Paul Hervieu and Octave Mirbeau, may console themselves with the thought that they are in good company. The path of genius is generally a thorny one, and an artist's neighbors are often the last to recognize the merits of his work—especially if it be strikingly bold and original. That the Dabo brothers have succeeded in adding a genuinely new note to the

art of our time is now admitted by critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Theodore Duret, the great French authority on Whistler, pronounces their work "absolutely unique, comparable to nothing heretofore known"; while Mrs. Amelia von Ende, of New York, ventures to define their method as "the impressionism of Whistler projected into a future of possibilities unlimited."

The Dabo brothers were born in Detroit, Leon thirty-eight, Theodore thirty-six, years ago, as we learn from an article by Mrs. von Ende, in a recent issue of *Brush and Pencil* (Chicago). Their father, Ignace Scott Dabo, was himself an artist of rare taste and of no mean abilities, and under his tutelage the two

boys began to show marked talent at an early age. Leon was seventeen, Theodore fifteen, when the father died and the family was thrown on its own resources. The widow moved to New York, and here, says Mrs. von Ende "they lived a simple life, quiet, uneventful, but rich in inner experiences, which tended to develop those sterling qualities of mind and soul that build up characters of unusual strength and soundness." She continues:

"Most men are so intent upon seeking adventure, that they lose sight of themselves, is a truth culled from a note-book of Theodore Scott Dabo. But those two young men were so definite of purpose and so unswerving in their perseverance that they did not lose sight of themselves in the whirlpool of the cosmopolis. They lived on its outskirts, they worked in its very heart; but tho they were in the crowd, they were not of it. They stood singularly aloof from what seems to deepen men's knowledge of the world, but tends to cheapen their outlook upon life. They were not to be dazzled by surface values, and assumed an attitude of reserve which in Theodore almost amounted to self-sufficiency. Isolation is apt to sow the seeds of morbid sensitiveness and to foster pessimism; it is apt to breed cranks. Exceptionally devoted to his mother, a woman of brilliant intellect and rare gifts of conversation, but of morbidly melancholy disposition, Theodore became somewhat self-centered and inclined toward a life of ascetic introspection. But this very tendency gave his works of that period a peculiar charm, a gloomy imaginative quality, which suggests Hawthorne, who had likewise inherited his hermit habits from his mother."

Upon Leon's shoulders fell the duty of family support. He had gone to work, remarks Mrs. von Ende, for a decorator "so the gifted younger brother could study without turning his talent to commercial profit." But he did not deny himself the opportunities which leisure offered for his own development. To quote further:

"Nature was the teacher of both. They saw it not only landscapes, marines, idyls, but life itself, life pulsing, vibrating, radiating in light and in darkness, life manifesting itself in the movement of light, air, water, even when they appeared stationary to the eyes of others. Once having felt the fascinating mystery of this light, ever present yet ever changing, they turned to science to fathom its causes. They devoted themselves to a thoro study of optics and applied the best of scientific knowledge to diagnose illusive atmospheric effects. Theodore soon formulated certain laws which the work of both tends to prove incontrovertibly.

"Years before, when he was copying works of the French romanticists and realists of the last century, Theodore had said: 'These canvases never look like nature to me; they only remind me of dirty paint.' Of this there is nothing in his work, nor in that of Leon. Their color is marvelously luminous and transparent. In fact, their technique is unique, in as much as it makes



THEODORE SCOTT DABO

The younger of the two brothers whose remarkable paintings have taken the Paris art world by storm.

one forget the material and instrumental means employed to produce those subtle effects. One looks in vain for daubs and brushmarks. This 'finish' proves doubly tantalizing to critics, because it sets them apart from the impressionistic school and the adherents of 'pointillisme,' whose flakes and dots so exasperate people who want a smooth canvas."

An art so ethereal and evanescent as that of the Dabo brothers does not readily lend itself to description. Even those who have felt its subtle beauty most deeply have found it difficult to record their impression in words. Something of the spirit of this new work is conveyed by comparisons. The late Henri Pène de Bois, one of the first appreciators of Theodore in this country, suggested Poe as a source of inspiration; a second critic found in his pictures the influence of Mallarmé. Octave Mirbeau has registered his conviction that T. Scott Dabo has the color of Puvis de Chavannes and the transparency of Carrière, with "something more, something inexpressible, a hitherto unknown emotional quality of color, superbly beautiful." Comparison has frequently been made with Whistler, and Arsène Alexandre calls the art of Theodore Dabo the realization of what Whistler attempted. Still

another critic gives his idea of the Dabo paintings as follows:

"Clouds hanging heavy in a frowning sky, yet radiant with a strange inner light; mists enveloping land and sea in veils of pearly translucence; night singularly luminous in its darkness, mysteriously alive with shifting shadows; long stretches of sandy shore vibrating with light and thrilled with the on-rush of the surf; vast expanses of marsh and meadow in the strange elusive halo of the twilight haze; a bit of the river's bank with the outlines of the city faintly suggested and fading from view like a fanciful mirage; now and then a silhouette of a sail, a house or a tree—but all the objects familiar to the eye and within reach of the touch subordinate to the infinite, impalpable and immeasurable. And man? Man a mere episode, an irrelevant incident in all this immensity."

Leon and Theodore Dabo are more than ar-

tists, declares Mrs. von Ende; they are philosophers. She explains:

"Their art bespeaks a sane and brave acceptance of human limitations. They paint the infinite and the unfathomable, but they never attempt the unattainable. They never try to copy nature, which is impossible, but to reproduce such phases and moods of nature as can be grasped and reflected through their temperament by their art. They do not try to borrow the dazzling glare of the orb of day and transfer it to canvas, but they are satisfied in being sovereign masters in the art of handling the shades of light and the shadows of night. I have repeatedly heard the remark, 'I should like to see a picture by one of the brothers, giving us bright sunlight!' I admit that I do not share that wish. I am satisfied with what they give us, for it is unique. I confess, too, that I do not see all that they see, but what I do see is more than I can see in the work of many others. So much has been



"THE HUDSON RIVER"

(By Leon Dabo.)

"The highest quality in Dabo's work," says Sadakichi Hartmann, "is the result of inner, not outer, vision, denoting less the painter's eye for difference, than the seer's eye for the analogy of pictorial and psychological phenomena."



"THE CLOUD"

(By Leon Dabo.)

'A most delicate, ethereal and vaporous picture of a mass of cumuli hanging over the sea.'

said and written about *plein air* painting, yet theirs is the first real *plein air* painting I have seen. For it is not only conceived in *plein air*—in the open—but is *plein d'air* full of air, which means atmosphere, light, life—qualities so many lose."

The special need of our time, continues Mrs. von Ende, is "men who do not follow in the track others have left behind them, but give expression to themselves." This is a period of personality, of individualism; and "every man who has something to say, expressive of himself and of his time, ought to be welcomed." The sense in which the art of the brothers Dabo must be regarded as such a timely expression, she indicates in the following passage:

"It embodies at once the subjective mysticism and the cosmic consciousness of our generation,

a generation which has grown up within the radius of Maeterlinck and Whitman.

"For there is a suggestion of both in the work of the two men. You feel the subtle, somber charm of the realm of silence and of shadow where the Belgian reigns supreme; and you feel your joy of life quicken under the spell of that vast expanse of dune and sky, which entered into the essence of the man who personifies the spirit American. There is little suggestion of human interest in the work of Theodore; he is a painter of transcendental moods. But the work of Leon is one great paean to man, strong, healthy, free, man as designed by nature and conscious of his place in nature. The work of both has an element of spirituality quite rare in the world of canvas and oil-paint. It is indicative of the soul behind the canvas, the one roaming in self-centered solitude in its own realms of lights and shadows, content to give body and color to its subjective fancies; the other in intimate touch with life and man, and delighting in picturing those moods of nature which raise the human



Owned by the Detroit Museum of Art.

"EVENING ON THE SEINE"

(By Theodore Scott Dabo)

"T. Scott Dabo's works," says Henri Pene Du Bois, "are hymns to nature. They are skies with vermillion mists exhaling praise as from a censer, marshes of melancholy, rivers of peace and forgiveness, fairy spectacles of land and water, alleluias of light through buildings, ships and water, sung by two choruses alternating in rays of sun and shadow."

mind above the plane of ordinary existence to a higher conception of its meaning in the universe."

Sadakichi Hartmann, of New York, sums up Leon Dabo, with real intuition, as a painter of the "inward vision." "The highest quality in Dabo's work," he contends, "is the result of inner, not outer vision, denoting less the painter's eye for difference than the seer's eye for the analogy of pictorial and psychological phenomena." He goes on to say:

"The muse of most painters is too elaborately gowned; we wish she would come to us in simpler garb without embellishments save a few flowers in her hair, for then we would realize how beautiful she is. Leon Dabo has discarded all facile lures of brushwork, all technical interpolation from his art. He merely tries to translate into tone some passages from the book of nature, ever careful to fuse thought and color, as to win the esteem of all searchers for truth and beauty.

"His power of observation tempers his passion for effect, such fertile fancy has not often been yoked with such analytical reason. Studiously impersonal in his search for simplicity, he cannot hide a personality of ardent sympathy, of profound earnestness. Like so many of us, he may be destined to 'dine late,' but 'the hall will be well lighted, the guests select and few.'"

The Dabo brothers owe no small part of their success to Edmond Aman-Jean, the French painter, who introduced their art to his fellow-countrymen. For sixteen years their canvases were refused admission by artistic bodies in this country. But now the tide has turned. At two recent exhibitions in New York the new pictures excited keen interest among connoisseurs, and were accorded high critical praise. Chicago and Boston have also welcomed the Dabos' art, and new exhibitions will be held in both cities this winter.

AMERICAN POETRY THROUGH ENGLISH EYES



N English critic who has scanned the pages of two recent anthologies of American poetry* in the hope of finding therein that high spirit of youth and adventure which befits a young nation, confesses himself disappointed at finding, instead, a certain "timidity" which often appears under the guise of sentimentality; a "mournfulness" united to "preoccupation with the moral"; and a "message of brief life and

the triviality of mundane things." He tries to account for these unprepossessing qualities (in the *London Times Literary Supplement*), and comes to the conclusion that they must be attributed in part to the fact that American poetry is based not on spontaneous national song, but on "the traditions of a race which, by the time when American poetry can first be taken seriously, had become an alien and distrusted race"; and in part to the "Calvinism" inherent in the American temperament.

Our first great poet, as this English writer reminds us, was William Cullen Bryant. Now Bryant, whatever else he may or may not

*THE CHIEF AMERICAN POETS. Edited by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

*THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONGS AND LYRICS. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Company.



"PÉLLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE"

(By Leon Dabo.)

Pelléas: What saidst thou, *Mélisande*? . . . I hardly heard it. . . . Thou lovest me too? . . . Since when lovest thou me?

Mélisande: Since always. . . . Since I saw thee . . .

Pelléas: Oh, how thou sayest that! . . . Thy voice seems to have blown across the sea in spring."

—From Maeterlinck's "*Pelléas and Mélisande*."

have been, was not a gay or youthful poet. "Smooth, silent, iceberg," Lowell called him; and to dwell on Bryant's poetry is to be impelled, in mere mischief, to quote more of Lowell's criticism:

Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose,
he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm.

If we are looking for gaiety, continues the writer, we shall have equal difficulty in finding it among Bryant's successors.

"Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes were what they were almost entirely by virtue of their proper learning and enlightenment. They drew their inspiration, not from the stirrings of national life about them, but from the things which caught their fancy in the learning of past ages. There is no ebullience, no high spirits. Whittier, on the other hand, the first and greatest of the few spontaneous American singers, drew what the Academic school lacked—passion and purpose—from the cause of the slave; but, stay-at-home farmer's son that he was, he lacked the knowledge and the critical standards of the Academics. Whittier and Longfellow often come close to each other; both have written poems that have reached English homes where English poetry is never read. Could they have been rolled into one, and Longfellow's variety, taste, and knowledge been joined with Whittier's earth-born ardor, they would have made a very great poet, and a very American poet. . . . To a younger man, to Lowell, who, in spite of all the 'isms on his back, had the passion and high spirits—something of the irresponsibility, too—of youth, it was left to unite the homely warmth of Whittier and the learning of the Academics and Transcendentalists into the one great poem of the war, the greatest poem America has yet produced, the Harvard Commemoration Ode. Remembering that poem and the 'Biglow Papers,' we are tempted to say that not Whittier but Lowell is the really representative American poet."

The "most considerable of all the poets who came after the war," in the opinion of the *Times* critic, was Sidney Lanier. Of Lanier, he says: "The proportion of 'sheer judge' to genius in him is less than in Poe. He remains the most fearless and passionate, the widest in range, the greatest master of melody of any of the American poets."

Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte and Bayard Taylor, are next passed in review. The first-named, we are told, would have made a better poet if he had had "a dash not of moral, but of artistic, timidity"; on the other hand, Harte and Taylor "suffered from that timidity too much." The *Times* critic mentions Edward Rowland Sill, Richard Watson Gilder, H. C. Bunner, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, but pro-

nounces them "minor poets" all. Of these, and a hundred more, he writes:

"They are cultivated people who sit apart, weaving fancies and carving jewels. Their work does not breathe the spirit of their country, it advances no new ideal, no new claim, has no particular bearing on the life of their time. The Emersonian tradition is dead, except, perhaps, for the formless, trenchant verses of Miss Dickinson, no one, except some contributors to a certain independent journal, imitates Whitman. The great influences have passed. The case of American poetry is as ours—the lamp is being kept alight, no more. There is in the work of nearly every living poet the timidity of the scholar, the sentiment of the passionless nature. It may be the posthumous influence of a long past Calvinism that induces the tameness of this dainty work; it may be that in the mad race for wealth people of letters hold aloof from national life, of which, again, nothing so thwarts the development as the individualism of commercial competition; it may be that America must assimilate her mixed population before the national spirit finds new expression. . . . In any case, most of the modern American poets—Father Tabb, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Mifflin, and others, to say nothing of the many poetesses—are like our own, remote from national life, and craftsmen rather than prophets."

Whence is the awakening to come? asks the writer, in conclusion. It can never come, he thinks, from the Hoosier poems of James Whitcomb Riley, or the negro songs of Mrs. Greene; and Mr. Stedman's prophecy of the upgrowth of poetic drama he dismisses with the statement: "This prediction has not yet been fulfilled, except in the case of Mr. W. V. Moody, a young poet of great power and promise, but again remote, Æschylean, and a little difficult." The writer closes:

"We have more hope in such poets as Richard Hovey and Mr. Bliss Carman; or, rather, not in them, but in something to which they may give rise. Hovey died too young; Mr. Bliss Carman is hard at work falsifying his early performance, writing too much, carelessly and parrot-wise. The poet of the immortal 'Eaves-dropper' has too often written nonsense. But with all his lamentable extravagances, weaknesses, and lapses from true taste, he has that quality of which we have noted the lack in most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery, due, perhaps, to his Canadian birth. It seems, indeed, as if he might be showing to his adopted country the way to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit, which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs. . . .

"At least he is never sentimental, never afraid of passion, any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses. And, if that temper be sincere, it may be the forerunner of an awakening, an outburst of poetry greater than any that America has yet produced, a poetry that shall be worthy of a great nation and of the greatness of her earlier poets."

Music and the Drama

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN FOR 1906

"The American theater," avers Mr. Clyde Hitch, "is as good as the American people care to have it. The syndicate is a good scape-goat, but the syndicate only wants to find out what the public most desires and will pay money for." Judging by the opening of the dramatic season, there is little reason for dissatisfaction on the part either of the public or the managers. The notable successes at the beginning of the season have been plays of serious intellectual importance from Pinero, Jones and Stephen Phillips. There have been also four or five good American plays, among these one by the foremost of our younger poets, William Vaughn Moody; and Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish-American playwright, has scored a remarkable success in two theaters with *Bertha Kalich* and *Blanch Walsh* in two different versions of his "Kreutzer Sonata."

Important Shakespeare and Ibsen revivals are in prospect. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is announced for the first time on the American stage. And Mr. Heinrich Conried promises among other important novelties, Oscar Wilde's play, "Salome," and Hauptmann's great symbolic play, "Pippa Dances." "Salome" will be presented at the Irving Place Theater simultaneously with the production of Richard Strauss's musical version at the Metropolitan Opera House. Readers of CURRENT LITERATURE are already familiar with Wilde's gruesome tragedy, as well as with Hauptmann's puzzling fairy-play, excerpts from each of which appeared in the two issues preceding the present.

The first play of serious dramatic value is undoubtedly Pinero's "His House in Order."

At the time of its London presentation, with George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh in the leading parts, we reproduced the enthusiastic comments of the English press on the play. In the current issue we give a few more critical opinions elicited by Mr. Frohman's American production, with excerpts from the play itself. It will suffice here to speak briefly of Mr. John Drew's and Miss Illington's reception. Both have received a full measure of praise for their skilful in-

terpretation of the characters of Hilary Jesson and of Nina. Mr. Drew, says *The Sun*, is at his best, and that is very good indeed. "He has manly simplicity as always, manly delicacy and crisp humor. He speaks his lines with distinction and acts with flawless technical mastery." It is remarked by several critics that those in the audience who saw George Alexander in the original production report that the American performance is distinctly better. The critics unanimously concede to Miss Illington sincerity and strength, and agree that her Nina is by long odds the best thing she has done.

Almost simultaneously with the production of "His House in Order," Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Hypocrites," was brought out at the Hudson Theater. Whatever reasons may have influenced

Mr. Jones to present his play first on this side of the Atlantic, it has proved to be no error of judgment on his part, for the play has been very favorably received.

Melodrama, but melodrama in the best sense, is the designation applied by most critics to "The Hypocrites." Mr. Jones, says *The Sun*, has painted on the broad canvas he has chosen with large, bold, and, in the main, convincing brush strokes. *The Sun* goes on to draw an unexpected parallel between the Jones play and "Man and Superman." In each play a young girl has made a false step and the question arises whether her child is to be legitimized by marriage. But whereas Shaw keeps the theme in the light vein of comedy by having the young folks already married, Mr. Jones places it in the field of drama by having the prospective father engaged to be married to another woman. The "hypocrites" in question are the young man's family. In the case of a youth of the local parish who has got into a similar difficulty with a woman of light character, they are all for forcing him to marry her in spite of the fact that such a marriage means the ruin of his life. But when they discover the predicament of their own son, the tune changes and they unite in a conspiracy to prevent a marriage recommended by all mo-

tives of humanity and justice. They make the unfortunate young woman, Rachel Neeve, the tool of their hypocritical deception, and the young man's mother, Mrs. Wilmore, eventually persuades the girl to sign a paper exonerating young Wilmore. She even appears before the local worthies and the curate of the village, an uncompromising man of God, to attest the young man's innocence. In the ordeal that follows, Wilmore's better nature finally conquers, and, taking the girl into his arms, he openly repudiates his hypocritical family. The honors of the playing have been equally divided among Richard Bennett in the unsympathetic part of young Wilmore; Leslie Faber, as the curate; Miss Jesse Milward as the mother; and Doris Keane, appearing for the first time in a serious part, as the wronged girl, Rachel Neeve.

No love story, with the possible exception of "Romeo and Juliet," has so persistently haunted the popular imagination, century after century, as "Paolo and Francesca"; and its latest dramatic version, written several years ago by Stephen Phillips and lately presented at the New Amsterdam Theater, in New York, has given Americans an opportunity to estimate one of Mr. Phillips's most ambitious efforts, and to get a first impression of the acting of Henry B. Irving, the famous son of a still more famous father. The critical attitude toward both play and actor is best described as one of mild disappointment. *The Times*, it is true, speaks with enthusiasm of the "exquisite music" of Mr. Phillips's lines, and of the "moving tragic acting" of Mr. Irving in the part of Malatesta; but it is generally conceded that, in poetic inspiration, the play falls far below the poetic standard set by D'Annunzio in his treatment of this theme, while, in dramatic action, it is ranked as less effective than the Boker version used by Lawrence Barrett and Otis Skinner. Mr. Irving's impersonation, moreover, is felt to lack that "final note of distinction" which is essential to acting of the highest order.

In a lengthy analysis of the play, appearing in *The Sun*, Mr. John Corbin declares: "It is distinctly less impressive acted than read. In the study it seems to belong—as all plays should belong—to the world of the footlights; but on the stage it is redolent of the midnight oil." He says further:

"These people of Mr. Phillips's are puppets who avail themselves of his powers as a lyric poet to tell the audience what they are, what they

are doing, and how they feel about it. . . . One felt, in short, that Mr. Phillips was inspired by literature, not by life. There are many beautiful lines in the play, and not a few passages that give rare scope to the actor bent on the effect of the moment, but the whole is miles away from the traditions we had hoped it might maintain."

Of Henry Irving's acting, Mr. William Winter writes (in *The Tribune*):

"Resolute character, intellectual purpose, and a temperament that blends sensibility with satirical cynicism are the chief attributes revealed in the acting of Mr. H. B. Irving. He possesses the physical advantages of a thin, lithe figure, a strong, clear, but not very sympathetic voice, an expressive, handsome countenance—the eyes being remarkably fine—and a distinguished manner. His method is remarkable for clarity of design and for the measured, propulsive movement of orderly execution. . . . He is an expert and accomplished actor, within, apparently, a limited range,—the range, namely, of analysis, singularity, morbid introspection, and the shifting phases of mental complexity. He would act perfectly well such a part as Rashleigh, in Scott's 'Rob Roy,' or Ulric, in Byron's 'Werner.' He does not appeal to the heart, and he did not disclose any exceptional power over the emotions."

The three preceding dramas are from the pens of British playwrights. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may serve very properly as a link between English and American plays. For the works of Shakespeare are our heritage no less than that of our English cousins. The comedy was enacted at the new Astor Theater, with Miss Annie Russell as Puck. *The Dramatic Mirror* characterizes the performance as resembling "a musical comedy with some of the music left out." The production, it thinks, was too substantial for a fairy play. The main interest centered, of course, around Annie Russell. While not unprecedented, it is unusual for an actress of prominence to portray the mischievous Puck. Many misgivings were expressed as to how the Miss Russell of many demure and gentle rôles would be able to impersonate that "Cupid turned devilish." But the experiment proved successful. "Miss Russell," says Franklyn Fyles, "tricked and fooled the audience neatly as to her appearance, and nicely as to her performance." He says further:

"This Puck is wired for both light and power. He makes his entrance from aloft, alights on the branch of a tree, flies across the scene to a moss bank, which the tips of his toes barely bent, and settles down on the ground as tho exempt from the laws of gravitation. When Oberon sends



THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

Nina (Margaret Illington) has just shown to her brother-in-law, Hilary (John Drew), letters incriminating the supposedly "sainted" Annabel, her husband's first wife. She points to a passage in a letter. "There!" The whole scene is described, with a reprint of the dialog, on another page.



HENRY IRVING'S SON

him on an errand, he speeds away through the air in a way that makes the girdling of the earth in forty minutes seem an easy flight for him. We have had aerial ballets, and Maude Adam's Peter Pan rides invisible broomsticks, but here mechanical and acrobatic feat has the aspect of fantastic illusion. At the touch of his wand flowers glow with their colors in the night, and when he waves it fireflies twinkle in the verdure. He teases an owl and its eyes shine weirdly. In the episode of Lysander and Demetrius' encounter in the enchanted forest—when they grope in the darkness to find and fight each other in rivalry for Hermia, and are led hither and thither by the deceptive voice of Puck—his impish face shines faintly into sight, when all else is black, with a phosphorescence of spooky deviltry."

Israel Zangwill's new play, "Nurse Marjorie" (Liberty Theater), in which Eleanor

Robson takes the title rôle, is described as "just a bit of a fairy-tale, and a fairy-tale no less, tho its hero has a squint, and its heroine is only a duke's daughter in disguise, and not the familiar princess who gathers cresses in the wood!" The *Times* critic sums it up as follows:

"It is a made-to-order play, not uninteresting for that reason, and very likely to succeed because the tailoring has been done so well. The rôle of Nurse Marjorie will be called a perfect fit for Eleanor Robson, and it is—so far as it goes. . . . The chief flaw in Zangwill's new play, apart from his abominable habit of punning, is a hero who justifies the application of the word snob, hurled at him at one moment in the proceedings by the lady of his heart. Supposedly a leader of the people, an enthusiast in the cause of the laboring classes, he absents himself from an important parliamentary debate for no better reason than a desire to further enjoy the society of the pretty girl who has suddenly taken possession of his heart. He is, in short, a most amazing zealot who never for a moment conveys any suggestion of the sincerity of his protestations. But he marries the heroine in the end, and one is expected to believe that all his weakness has been suddenly converted into strength. In the first act the doctor has operated on him for a squint; in the second he is cured. In the third Nurse Marjorie heroically attacks his moral squint. In the fourth he sees life rightly. It is all very amusing, it is very nicely acted, and it will 'go.' But Mr. Zangwill could and should do better."

Mr. William Vaughn Moody's remarkable play, "The Great Divide," was treated at length in our June number. The feeling of the Chicago critics seemed to be that the play was greater in promise than in actual achievement. The author, far from disdaining to bend his ear to criticism, remodeled the play before offering it at the Princess

THE
GREAT
DIVIDE

Theater. And in its present form the play seems likely to receive not only the praises of the elect, but to hold its own on Broadway. If Mr. Moody has not yet written "the great American drama," it may at least be said of this play that it is a genuine American play with a strong and vital motive, involving a fierce struggle between widely contrasted human types treated with marked vigor and originality. *The Evening Post* says:

"Concerning the philosophy and psychology of the piece there is plenty of room for differences of opinion, but there can be no question of its potent dramatic quality or of the absorbing interest which it establishes and maintains, in spite of its rather contemptuous disregard of some modern conventions. It is a piece, in short, with some faults, but with more conspicuous merits, among the chief of which are its clearness of design and sincerity of purpose, its freshness and boldness of conception, its complete freedom from mere theatrical silliness and trivialities, and its sustained human interest. In addition to all these good qualities, it is constructed with a degree of skill and compactness seldom found in the work of a new dramatist."

Margaret Anglin, who takes the part of the heroine, is said to have been as intelligent an interpreter as Mr. Moody might have wished for. To quote again from *The Post*:

"Miss Anglin has never shown a more varied mastery of the methods of emotional expression. Her superiority as an actress over the whole shrieking sisterhood of popular emotional stars was evinced in the profound effects which she created by quiet means."

Another distinctly American play is Mr. James Forbes's "The Chorus Lady," with Rose

THE
CHORUS
LADY

Stahl in the title rôle. In fact, *The Theatre Magazine* speaks of it as "the most characteristic American play so far produced

this season, and more vivid and real in many respects than any other play." And Mr. Corbin says (in *The Sun*) that "The Chorus Lady" deserves far more respectful and extended attention than it is likely to get in the pressure of the season's dramatic openings. The same writer continues:

"The title is unfortunate, suggesting musical comedy, or the frothiest farce; but this is a pity, for it is admirably suggestive of the light and accurate vein of satire so prominent in the play—the accent, if you please, is on the *lady*! And the main theme lacks the appeal of novelty. An all favored but waywise and humorously right-minded veteran of the musical stage (Miss Rose Stahl) is standing guard over a pretty but light



ROSE STAHL

Whose impersonation of Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady" is pronounced by a New York *Evening Mail* critic "as luminous as Mr. Mansfield's Chevalier, Mrs. Carter's Zaza, or Mr. Warfield's Music Master."

headed younger sister, who is in the toils of a gay deceiver. She follows the girl to the bachelor's rooms, and there, to save her, compromises herself before her own true love.

"Oh, that door of a bachelor's bedroom and a pure woman's attitude of self-sacrifice. They have long been the bugbear of the playgoer. No young playwright, especially if he belongs to the 'profession,' regards himself as decently clothed without them, and Mr. Forbes has served both as dramatic editor and press agent. Yet here, too, it must be admitted, he has a touch as true as it is light and sure. He has constructed his scene with such freshness and plausibility as almost to reconcile one to the 'Chorus Lady's' pose of abnegation."

No small part of the credit for the success of the play is due to Rose Stahl, for whom it was originally written as a vaudeville sketch. Her acting, says Mr. Corbin, overweighted in the emotional scene, is admirable in the many passages of light comedy and pathos.



JESSIE MILWARD

As Mrs. Wilmore in Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Hypocrites."

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, like Mr. Forbes, dipped his brush in local color. He writes of newspaper life from the inside, as Forbes writes of the stage. "The Stolen Story" (Garden Theater) is said to hold audiences breathless with attention while the curtain is up. It is only after it has fallen and there is time for reflection, that the inconsistencies and absurdities of the situation become apparent. It is in this spirit that *The Times* summarizes the plot of the play, as follows:

THE
STOLEN
STORY

"The star reporter, Billy Woods, having landed a tremendous beat on all the other morning papers, appears in an office from which he has been discharged, frantically sets about turning his information into copy, and as a result of his absent-mindedness circumvents the schemes of a band of grafting, scheming politicians who have all but got possession of the New York water front, saves the honor of a reformer who has allowed himself to get mixed up in their schemes, and last, but by no means least, wins the girl of his heart, who has been vainly trying to induce him to come out with a flat-footed proposal of marriage for the best part of the three preceding acts.

"It is all frankly impossible, of course, and beyond its occasional hints at real types, and its

big, absurd but nevertheless exciting final scene, it never for a moment gets at the real heart of that big, pulsating thing known as Newspaper Row."

"Clothes," by Avery Hapgood and Channing Pollock, with Grace George in the leading part (Manhattan Theater), is pronounced clever, but not clever enough to make an intellectual appeal. "The play," says *The*

Dramatic Mirror, "is bright, yet it is not to be denied that much of its brilliancy is reflected from a long array of 'originals.' *The Theatre Magazine* raises another interesting point. "As a transcript of life," it says, "the play could not be better, but drama is a question of form, of the arrangement of the material, and the tech-



ANNIE RUSSELL

As Puck, that "Cupid turned devilish," in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

nique is the final and absolute arbiter of value. Of what avail the minute touches of life, the handling of a billiard cue, the fondling of pet dogs, the groupings, the coming and going, the pouring out of tea, and the multitude of little things perfectly natural in themselves, if the play itself lacks in form?"

The play is the story of a girl whose love for the show and the externals of life almost brings about her ruin. Grace George is admirably qualified to make the most of such a rôle, for which delicacy rather than cogent dramatic force are prime requirements. Even epigrammatic platitudes receive, as one critic puts it, a certain charm from her manner of utterance.

Two plays based on Biblical subjects are "Mizpah," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searle, and J. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of Lew Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India." One of the central

figures of the novel, it may be remembered, is the wandering Jew, who effectively reappears in the play. The dramatization is said to be chiefly remarkable as an elaborate stage spectacle—a veritable orgy of color. The appeal of the play, observes *The Sun*, is intentionally made to a public to which mere art is anathema. Yet is hesitates to apply to the play the term "melodramatic" in any opprobrious sense. It says:

"In spite of its bare, stark outlines the story of the loves of the Christian princess and the Mohammedan invader has, essentially, the nature of the true love drama. The characters have real nobility and heroism in the conception, however wooden the execution; and the action moves steadily, irresistibly, from scene to scene, toward its end."



DORIS KEANE

As Rachel Neeve in "The Hypocrites."

"Mizpah," too, is a spectacular play. It tells the story of Esther in terms of the popular drama. *The Evening Post* summarizes its impression of the play as follows:

"It is partly metrical, the verse, in passages, being of rather striking excellence; its action is also laid in a remote period of general resplendence. . . . But it does not depart far from the models of the indigenous melodrama.

RISTORI: AN ACTRESS OF THE OLD SCHOOL



MORE striking contrast could hardly be imagined than that presented by the two greatest actresses of modern Italy—Adelaide Ristori and Eleonora Duse. The former belonged to a past generation and found her chief delight in the interpretation of classic and Shakespearean rôles. The latter is a modern of moderns, intent on reproducing the spirit of D'Annunzio, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. At a time when all Europe was celebrating Ristori's eightieth birthday, four years ago, the great tragedienne took occasion to enter a solemn protest against what she regarded as the "dangerous" path

upon which Duse had entered, and against the whole tendency of modern drama. She said:

"Dramatic literature to-day differs radically from that which it was my privilege to represent and interpret. In fact, it is like looking at two worlds. We used to play Shakespeare and the classics, and all our efforts were directed towards realizing the conceptions of the great masters, to whom we owe so many splendid images and characters. To-day the stage is something wholly different. The classical repertory has suffered fatally from the changed demands of the public. In obedience to these demands playwrights now produce pieces that are by no means badly constructed, but which, broadly speaking, are trivial, reflecting the prosaic and seamy side of the routine of life. The absence of mighty

works, on the other hand, may be due to the absence of great artists, capable of moving audiences to sincere grief or sincere joy."

America has a special interest in the career of Ristori, in view of the fact that some of her most notable triumphs were achieved here. It is now forty years since she visited us for the first time, and twenty years since she said her farewells. She was seen in this country, for the most part, in tragic rôles, such as Medea, Phèdre and Judith. Her last two impersonations, in New York, were of "Lady Macbeth," conjointly with the eminent actor, Edwin Booth, and of "Marie Stuart," with a German company. This last performance was, in some respects, unique. Ristori, an Italian, spoke her lines in English in a German drama, with actors who spoke German.

Mr. William Winter, one of the few American critics who survives to give us first-hand impressions of Ristori, declares that the conquering characteristic of her acting was its humanity. "She was faithful to actual life," he says, "and that fidelity appeared in her presentment of classic ideals as well as in her portraiture of the heroines of history." He says, further (in the *New York Tribune*):

"She was not a spiritual actress; her art methods were, distinctively, rugged rather than delicate; and her mind seemed deficient in the attribute of poetry. But all of her dramatic persons were women of flesh and blood, and she was always definite in depicting them. She ranked in the school of natural, as contrasted with the school of ideal, tragedians. Those thinkers upon acting who attach more value to imagination in conceiving ideals, and to intellectual character in expressing them, than to frenzies of the person and the eccentricities of ebullient emotion, were able, while rejoicing in her magnetism,



Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine.

ADELAIDE RISTORI

Who died in Rome, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-four. "Ristori carried on the old traditions of tragedy to the last," says the *New York Times*, "believing in a style of acting which reminds one of the sculpture of Canova—measured, classical, elevated, cold."


to enjoy it with some thing of the coolness of patience. She was, unquestionably, a great actress; she possessed many attributes, physical and mental, which made her one of the foremost women of her time, but she lacked the ineffable quality which has always been found to animate and hallow the highest forms of human genius. . . .

"In the realm of the literal, the actual, she had no rival unless it were Tommaso Salvini. In the imaginative, the ideal, she has been surpassed; but the epoch was not without cause for pride and gratitude that could name Charlotte Cushman, Marie Seebach, and Adelaide Ristori as contemporaries and as its own."

Ristori was the daughter of strolling players, and made her début before she was three months old in a comedy entitled "The New Year's Gift," in which she was introduced as a new-born babe concealed in a basket. At fourteen she was taking leading parts, and at eighteen she scored a pronounced success in

"Marie Stuart." The young actress enjoyed great popularity in Turin, Parma and Rome, and in the last-named city was united in marriage with the Marquis Guiliano Capranica de Grillo. She gave up the theatrical life, and became the mother of four children. But Italy would not hear of her retirement from the stage. She returned to the footlights at last and covered herself with new honors. In 1855 she went to Paris, and for awhile rivalled in popularity the redoubtable Rachel. Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, were at her feet. Then came English triumphs and American. She was signally honored not only by the King and Queen of Italy, but by the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of Spain and the Sultan of Turkey. Madame Ristori amassed a great fortune, and retired from the stage in 1885.

WAGNER'S ONLY MEETING WITH ROSSINI

HE musical revolutionist, Richard Wagner, and the "orthodox" composer and melodist, Rossini, met only once, the younger man calling on the older in Paris, in 1860, when Wagner's circumstances and prospects were extremely unfavorable, while Rossini enjoyed fame, wealth, admiration. Rossini was a wit, and humor credited him with all manner of satirical and caustic remarks on Wagner's ambitions and pretensions; moreover, he had been told that the apostle of the "music of the future" had nothing but contempt for his "conventional" operas and other compositions. Under the circumstances, a friendly meeting of the two seemed unlikely. But Wagner really admired much of Rossini's work and called on the old master to pay his respects and dissipate misunderstanding. The visit was made at the suggestion of E. Michotte, a musician and writer, who accompanied Wagner on this interesting occasion and has just published in Paris a pamphlet giving the first authentic account of the meeting.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" had failed at the Paris Opéra, and the conversation turned at first on the merits of this work. Rossini was very modest about his own work, and tried to put his rather low-spirited guest at ease. He said: "It is impossible to judge of a work like 'Tannhäuser' by seeing the mere score. I have only heard the march, and I sincerely say that I thought it excellent."

Rossini spoke of his love of German music; then of his efforts in behalf of Beethoven, who was a great man, but poor and neglected, when he first met him in Vienna. It was Beethoven who had dissuaded Rossini from writing serious opera. Italians, he had said, lacked musical knowledge, but in opera-bouffe they were inimitable. "Your 'Barber,'" he had told Rossini, "is a masterpiece, and will always be sung. Give us more 'Barbers,' Rossini."

Wagner showed intimate knowledge of Rossini's work. He remarked that, in addition to light music of exquisite quality, his host had written fine music in serious, dramatic style. He mentioned scenes from "William Tell" and "Moses in Egypt."

Rossini answered earnestly: "Ah, you have alluded to the rare, happy exceptions. But what are they, beside the works of Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Beethoven? . . . If Beethoven is a marvel of the earth, Bach is one of the heavens. . . . But enough of all this.

We are all of us, great and small, men of the past. Tell us about the future, Wagner."

Wagner explained his ideas at length, his impatience at the restrictions and artificialities of conventional opera, his need of freedom, truth, spontaneity. Rossini was cordial and sympathetic.

"How right you are!" he rejoined, "how justified in your longing for truth! All these arias and numbers—they have been my nightmare. Think of having to please the first tenor, the prima donna, the first basso, and so on. These gentry would count the bars and refuse to sing, if their parts were not made longer by a third! But can we realize absolute truth in opera? Is not opera inherently artificial? Life is not spent in singing. You can manage your lovers, but when people are angry or agitated or laying conspiracies, they do not sing."

Wagner admitted the limitations of opera, but said there were degrees of artificiality. He went on to explain his idea of "flowing melody," of the *arioso* style, of melody changing with words, situations, characters. He showed Rossini how in "Tell" and in "Moses" he had anticipated these ideas, and pointed out several examples of dramatic music and *arioso* writing.

"What!" exclaimed Rossini. "Have I written 'music of the future'? Really, I have had no suspicion!"

Wagner said that the master had written music for all time. He expressed regret that Rossini had discontinued writing at the age of thirty-seven. It was a crime, he declared, for the world had lost a wealth of beauty and splendor.

Rossini replied laughingly that after fifteen years' steady work and forty operas—"no mean figure for a lazy man"—he had felt the need of rest. He was childless, and had not needed to provide for a family. Besides, opera in Italy had fallen into decay, and there was nothing to do but to drop the pen. Now, he concluded, he was too old to resume or to take up new theories of music and opera. But the younger men, he told Wagner, should ponder the new ideas. Music had not died with Beethoven. Why should there not be new departures, new styles, new ideas, in music?

With this the visit ended, and Wagner went away in a very friendly mood. It is a mistake to suppose that Wagner was bitter toward Rossini. On the contrary, he spoke of him with respect, and recognized his great gift of melody.

THE HAUNTING GRACE OF MARY ANDERSON



FOR the benefit of a generation which came too late to witness the stage triumphs of Mary Anderson, Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, has ventured to recall the salient characteristics of a life which he regards as essentially "beautiful." The dramatic career of Miss Anderson was comparatively brief, lasting only from 1875 to 1889; but it was "brilliant with achievement," and in its "honesty, simplicity, radical worth and beneficent influence," it left enduring impress. "Through a mist of years," says Mr. Winter, "it seems, in memory, a pleasant dream; for about the thought of it there is an atmosphere of gentle loveliness, affecting the mind like a strain of music heard at a distance on a moonlit summer sea."

Mary Anderson's first rôle, very appropriately, was that of Juliet in Shakespeare's tragedy, and she reversed the usual order of things by starting not at the bottom of the ladder, but at the top. ("Genius and beauty," observes Mr. Winter, parenthetically, "can, sometimes, so begin, wisely and to advantage; but in general that course is not judicious.") The performance took place in Barney Macauley's Theater, in Louisville, Kentucky, and is described as one of extraordinary force, feeling and promise, notwithstanding the crudity inseparable from youth and inexperience. Its paramount beauty was its vocalism. Says Mr. Winter (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia):

"Miss Anderson's voice, indeed, was always her predominant charm; certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart, and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face; you can pad your person; you can wear a wig; you can walk in shoes that augment your height; you can, in various ways, change your body; but your voice will, sooner or later, reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impartments; but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory. The time had not yet come when she could, actually and absolutely, *embody* Juliet. It did come, and her success in that part was decisive and unequivocal. The most romantic and the most passionate Juliet of our epoch was that of Adelaide Neilson: the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical Juliet that our stage has known within the last fifty years was that of Mary Anderson."

Mr. Winter goes on to speak of "the splendid amplitude and freedom" of Mary Anderson's style. "Most actors," he says, "are constrained to give scrupulous attention to artistic method in acting. Miss Anderson was unfettered." He continues:

"I had the good fortune to see and study every one of her embodiments. She acted, during her thirteen years on the stage, Parthenia, in 'Ingot-mar'; Bianca, in 'Fazio'; Julia, in 'The Hunchback'; Pauline, in 'The Lady of Lyons'; Evadne, in the play of that name; Berthe, in 'Roland's Daughter'; The Duchess of Torrenueva, in 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady'; Galatea, in 'Pygmalion and Galatea'; Clarice, in 'Tragedy and Comedy'; The Countess, in 'Love'; Meg Merrilies, in 'Guy Mannering'; Ion, in the tragedy so called; Juliet; Rosalind; Desdemona (once only); Perdita and Hermione in 'The Winter's Tale'; and Lady Macbeth. In each of those parts she gave an individual and potential impersonation; but I was always impressed, first and most of all, by the *inevitable* quality in her performances. She appeared to have grasped each character by intuition, to have entered bodily into it at once, and to be living it without conscious volition. Study she must have given to those characters, and the effect of art decidedly she produced, in the embodiment of them; but I always thought that 'she builded better than she knew.' Her acting was simple and graceful with the fluency of nature. I have heard her call it 'work,' but it never seemed 'work' to the spectator. There was, in particular, such a charm of spontaneity, simplicity and natural loveliness about her personation of Parthenia that nobody could resist its appeal."

In Mr. Winter's judgment, the most instructive remembrance that can be recorded of Mary Anderson is that she made her public appeal and reared the fabric of her fame on *acting*. He writes on this point:

"Much is heard, in these days, about 'producing syndicates,' and much is heard about actors who are running up and down the earth in quest of 'something new.' Mary Anderson was aware of the truth that *great acting is always new*, and she was content to choose the great parts in old drama, and to act them in a superb manner. The example should not be disregarded. A good new play is always welcome; but the dramatic literature already existent abounds in opportunity for the actor, and the vital need of our stage is not more plays, but more and better *acting*. The 'business' of 'producing' plays is, intrinsically, of no more importance to the public than the business of producing pickles. There is no greater infiction at this time than the everlasting, sickening announcement that 'So-and-So presents.' Such a woman as Sarah Siddons, such a man as Edmund Kean, would liberate and impel awakening, inspiring and ennobling forces that might soon change the whole complexion of the American theater, so heavily burdened with mediocrity

cruelly oppressed with the spirit of trade. One such blaze of elemental power as that which made Mary Anderson glorious in the frenzy of mania, one such burst of colossal emotion as that which makes Richard Mansfield imperial and splendid in the tent-scene of Richard III, is worth a whole hecatomb of the paltry, jack-straw, actor-made plays that are turned out, every year, from the perpetual trash-mill of this shop-keeping time."

Finally, we get this glowing pen-picture of the actress's beautiful presence:

"Fair; tall; of an imperial figure; her features regular; her changeful blue eyes, placid as a summer lake or blazing with the fire of roused imagination; her noble head, enwreathed with its copious wealth of golden hair; her smile, the diamond sparkle of morning light; her gestures, large, wide, graceful, free; her movement, at times electrical with action, at times pathetically eloquent of slow, wandering grief or the stupor of despair; her voice, clear, smooth, silvery, ringing through many moods, from the ripple of arch, witching mirth to the low moan of anguish, the deep whisper of passion or the clarion note of power—she filled the scene with her presence, and she filled the hearts of her audience with a refreshing sense of delightful, ennobling conviction of the possible loveliness and majesty of the human soul."

I think that this was the sum of her service to art and to society. Many pages might be written about electrical points in her personations of character—her denotement of Juliet's desolation, after parting, in the lonely midnight, from the last human being whom she may ever behold; her revelation of Hermione's awful despair, when she covers her face with her mantle, and falls in deathlike trance; her simplicity and piquant archness when giving the flowers, as Perdita, contrasted with her soul-subduing agony in Bianca's supplication to her stony-hearted, exultant, scornful rival; but that would require the wide domain of an essay, and this is but a glimpse. The decisive fact suffices that this actress was one of the authentic messengers of Heaven who shed a light on this world and in the hearts of its weary workers, rekindle the sacred fires of hope and trust."

Miss Anderson took no formal farewell of the stage. Her last impersonation was that of Hermione, in Washington in the spring of 1889. A year later she married Antonio de Navarro, and since that time has lived in a quiet English village, where "her friends are glad to know," says Mr. Winter, "that she is—as she deserves to be—one of the happiest women in the world."

A PLEA FOR THE PRINTED DRAMA

STUDENTS of the drama can hardly have failed to notice a curious anomaly in connection with the production of current plays. When new plays are written in France and in Germany, they are printed in book form, as a matter of course, and are often in the hands of the public before they are presented on the stage. But in England and America, even the best plays are withheld from publication, and are circulated only in private copies used by actors and theatrical managers.

During recent months an influential movement has sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic with a view to encouraging the publication of English and American plays. A start in this direction has already been made by a well-known New York publishing house, which has undertaken to print a number of Clyde Fitch's plays. Several American professors, among them Professor Matthews, of Columbia, Professor Baker, of Harvard, and Professor Phelps, of Yale, are lending support to the movement by passing their students through the course of lectures and examinations in contemporary plays. And now Mr. Henry Arthur

Jones, the distinguished English playwright, has taken occasion, during his present visit to this country, to make a convincing plea in *The Theatre Magazine* (October), in behalf of the printed drama. He is aware that his argument will not find much favor in the eyes of actors and theatrical managers, and concedes that in cases where the success of a play depends upon unexpected situations, their attitude of opposition is natural and to some extent justifiable; and yet, he says, it would be well if managers and leading actors could be reasoned out of their prejudice against the immediate publication of plays. He continues:

"Surely in France the art of acting, as well as the art of the drama, stands upon an immeasurably higher level than in England; and this is partly due to the differentiation in the public mind of the art of the drama from the art of acting. Both are judged in their due relation to each other, and both are judged on their respective merits instead of being carelessly muddled together. The printing of plays tends to secure that the actor and the author shall each receive his rightful guerdon. And in weighing the advantages and disadvantages which would accrue to the actor, were every play to be published simultaneously with its production, he may be asked to reflect

that the printing and reading of plays tends to raise the intellectual level of the drama, and with it the intellectual quality of the acting, and the intellectual status of the actor. No actor who respects and loves his art, no actor who desires to see it established in the national esteem on the only right and safe ground, can consistently object to the immediate publication of a play on the eve, or on the morrow of its production."

Mr. Jones realizes that there is little likelihood of the printed drama becoming financially profitable until it is demanded by the reading public, and he is encouraged by a disposition that he has observed on the part of "that benevolent, woolly-brained person who carries the purse, the 'general reader,'" to take some little interest in published plays as a possibly agreeable means of beguiling his vacant hours. To the man who cannot make a railway journey without spending money on some magazine or novel which he "immediately rates at its true value by throwing it away as soon as he has read it," Mr. Jones suggests the following reasons for investing in plays rather than in novels:

"A modern play cannot be more foolish or banal, more destructive of whatever literary taste the general reader may possess, or more debilitating to his mind than the average novel with which he is wont to fodder himself.

"Any modern play which has obtained sufficient success upon the boards to be printed will probably contain elements of popular amusement and interest which will be exactly to the general reader's liking.

"Play reading is rather difficult at first, and so far will provide the general reader with a new mental exercise; but after the first few attempts, when once its shorthand is mastered, play reading becomes easy and stimulating, and will therefore provide the general reader with a new mental pleasure.

"A new modern play can be bought at about one-third of the price of a new modern novel.

"By buying plays and reading them the general reader will incidentally encourage the fine arts of acting and the drama, and so far advance the civilization and culture of his country.

"Chief of all reasons, a complete play can be read in about one-fifth of the time that is consumed in reading a novel of average length. This must needs have a powerful argument in countries like England and America, where time is said to be money—with such strange results."

It may be asked: Why take so much trouble to win over the general reader, who for generations has shown a consistent indifference to dramatic literature? To this question Mr. Jones replies: "It is only by raising the taste of the whole body of playgoers, by uplifting the drama as a whole, that we can make it secure in its rightful place as a fine art." He goes on to register his conviction that when

playgoers read dramas, as well as see them, there will be a revolution for the better in play writing. Many of the plays that have satisfied an uncritical theater-going public would find to measure up to the standard of a reading public which applied the test of the study, as well as of the footlights. In this connection Mr. Jones instances such plays as "The Two Orphans," which have theatrical strength, but no literary value. He says:

"Suppose we had been forced to make a diligent and exhaustive study of 'The Two Orphans' in print (may God appoint us some other pleasure!) before seeing it for the first time in the theater—would it then make the same impression upon us in the theater? Would not its essential theatricality grin at us all through its performance, and forbid any enjoyment of its plot and structure?

"Again, suppose that before reading the same play, we could gather to its first performance an entire audience of highly critical and cultivated persons on the intellectual level—say of Aristotle, Lessing, Saint-Beuve and Matthew Arnold—ourselves being allowed a corner seat amongst them. Should we then enjoy it in the theater?

"Does not this signify that our enjoyment of such plays in the theater depends wholly upon our being swamped in a general mass of uncultivated playgoers, and thereupon lending ourselves to be swayed with them in a good-natured paroxysm of misplaced enthusiasm? Does it not also imply that to the extent the judgment of the constant playgoer is informed and enlarged and purified by reading plays, to that extent he will cease to enjoy in the theater those plays which cannot also interest and satisfy him in the study?"

It is as "a lever to the public taste," therefore, that Mr. Jones urges the diligent publication and searching study of modern plays. He writes in conclusion:

"Will not playgoers who constantly apply the reading test to those plays that have captivated them in the theater—will they not begin to ask themselves: 'Are these the things that we praise and applauded? Were we tickled by this? Did we melt into tears over that? Was it here we shook with laughter, and there, impostors to truth, fear, that we thrilled and quivered with suspense and alarm? Did we indeed cloy ourselves with all this cheap sugary sentiment, like good children debauching their greasy immature imaginations with the sickly messes of a Sunday school treat? Were we so thirsty for amusement that we greedily drank up this green mantle of stagnant idiocy, these gilded puddles of obscenity that beasts would have coughed at? Did we the supervisors, grossly gape on, behold the monkey tricks and call them amusement? Are these the gibes and gambols and songs that last evening set the theater in a roar, and now in the clear bright daylight are seen to be as empty of merriment as Yorick's skull—and smell so? Bah!"

"The moment the great body of playgoers begins to read and examine current plays, that moment we shall take one great step towards a serious intellectual drama."

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"—PINERO'S NEW MASTERPIECE

PINERO'S new play, "His House in Order," the greatest success of London's last theatrical season, bids fair to enjoy a no less notable success at the Empire Theater, New York, with John Drew and Miss Illington in the leading rôles. Tho New York critics are less exuberant in their praise of the play than their London colleagues, it is the consensus of opinion that in "His House in Order" Pinero has given us a masterpiece. All critics agree that for the technique of the stage we can look to no other living English dramatist as his equal. The New York *Evening Post* speaks of him as a "superb mechanician," and James Huneker remarks (in *The Metropolitan Magazine*) that Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaver-like proclivity for design and structure in his drama, will outlast Oscar Wilde, Shaw and a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists and rhapsodists.

"His House in Order," from which we reprint extracts by courtesy of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is what might be deemed a "family play." It portrays the English middle-class in a rather uncomplimentary light. The atmosphere is charged with hypocrisy, sham and bigotry, yet the human appeal of the play is unusually strong. Mr. Pinero has lost none of his power of character portrayal. In fact, "as a realistic study in devious feminine impulse," observes Mr. John Corbin in the New York *Sun*, "—and that, at the last analysis, is what all of Pinero's pieces are—it is more subtle and more supple, more infused with latent, half-suggested intuition, than any of its predecessors."

The play presents the struggle between Nina, the Hon. Filmer Jesson's second wife, formerly the governess of his boy, and the shadow of Annabel, the matchless, the virtuous, the methodic—his first wife. Nina is a good-hearted but somewhat shiftless woman, hardly more than a girl, who had made her husband thoroly regret his marriage by her inability to conduct domestic affairs as systematically as her predecessor. To put "his house in order" he had found it necessary to ask Annabel's sister, Geraldine, a vixen and a prig, to manage the household. Geraldine and her people, Lady Ridgeley, her mother, Sir Daniel, her father, and her brother Pryce make things very uncomfortable for Nina, and, by their constant interference and continual harping upon the dead woman's excellences, effectually bar a reconciliation between Filmer Jesson and

his wife. The latter is finally driven into open rebellion, and on the occasion of the opening of a park to the memory of her sainted predecessor garbs herself in flowing pink to signify her contempt for the "park and all concerned in it." A domestic scene ensues. At this crucial moment the dead woman's boy, Derek, accidentally supplies her with proofs that his dead mother was not only guilty of infidelity to her husband, but was actually on the point of running away with Major Maurewarde, her husband's friend and the father of her child, when a carriage accident ended her life. These letters she now flaunts in the face of Hilary, Jesson's brother, the only person who had taken up the cudgels in her behalf. Hilary at first indignantly refuses to listen to her.

Nina: But you must hear. You have to hear. (*Distinctly.*) Some letters.

Hilary: Ah?

Nina: These four letters. (*A pause.*) I've read them.

Hilary (frowning): You've read them?

Nina: The handwriting first attracted me; and then a sentence caught my eye—and I read them through.

Hilary (disdainfully, half turning from her): Tscht!

Nina (hotly): Scandalous, isn't it? At the same time, I advise you not to waste your scorn on me, Mr. Jesson—that is, unless you've an unlimited stock of it at your disposal. (*Fingering the letters.*) They are from Major Maurewarde.

Hilary (with polite indifference): From Major Maurewarde?

Nina: To her.

Hilary: I dare say.

Nina: Such letters!

Hilary: Major Maurewarde is a very old and close friend of my brother—

Nina: Friend!

Hilary: And of mine. We regard him—you know it as well as I do—we regard him almost as a member of our family.

Nina: Almost!

Hilary: I can quite understand, Mrs. Filmer, that your present frame of mind disposes you to detect evil in matters of a perfectly innocent kind—

Nina: Innocent! Oh, why beat about the bush? This immaculate lady; the sainted Annabel—your stained-glass-window sister-in-law—

Hilary (quietly): For shame!

Nina: She was nothing but Maurewarde's—woman. (*There is a pause, during which neither moves.*) Yes, and Derek—the boy—is his son.

Hilary (after a further pause, advancing to her and looking at her fixedly): If a man said this, Mrs. Filmer—any man living—

Nina (returning his gaze unflinchingly, with a slight shrug): You could hit him in the face. But that wouldn't alter facts, would it?

(*She moves to the farther end of the oblong table. Seating herself at the table, she clears a*

space in front of her and proceeds to arrange the letters in some sequence.)

Nina (to Hilary, imperatively): Mr. Jesson.

(Reluctantly, he goes to her. She motions him to sit by her. He draws away the chair from the left of the table and does so. Side by side, their elbows together, they examine the letters.)

Nina: They are written upon the Towers newspaper.

Hilary: How can that have been? He must have been staying with them, in that case.

Nina: He was; but she was avoiding him—wouldn't be left alone with him. You'll see presently. "Monday—" (Handing him a letter.) I fancy that comes first.

(They read, she looking over his shoulder, their lips moving in unison.)

Hilary: Yes, I see.

Nina (pointing to a passage in the letter): There. (He reads on, mumbling the words to himself.) He was pressing her to go off with him.

Hilary (hushing her): Ssh, ssh! (Almost inaudibly.) "We have never wanted for pluck, Bel, you and I. But these past six or seven years . . . these past six or seven years . . . have been hell upon earth. They have pretty well broke both of us . . . pretty well broke both of us. And all for what? For this cursed sham of respectability. Bel, dearest—"

(Finally he throws the letter back to her and she places another before him.)

Nina: Number Two, I think. (He reads.) Or Three. There's no day on either of these. (Giving him another.) Perhaps this is Two and that is Three.

Hilary (a letter in each hand): Is it of much consequence? (He reads both, hurriedly, and returns them to her.) Thank you.

Nina (giving him the fourth letter): The last. "Thursday—"

Hilary (glancing at her): It was on a Thursday—she—

Nina: While he was on a visit here!

Hilary (with a nod): This might have been written—in the morning—

Nina: It took place in the afternoon, didn't it?

Hilary (reading): Yes.

Nina: This is about Derek. (Looking over his shoulder.) Next page. (He turns the page and again she points to a particular passage.) "As to the child—" It begins there.

Hilary: "As to the child, how often have I told you I don't expect you to join me without him?"

Nina (reading with him): "You remember our last talk in town—?"

Hilary: "—talk in town? In God's name, what gives you the notion that I could bear, any more than you could, to leave our boy . . . to leave our boy . . . in Jesson's keeping?"

Nina: Go on.

(He reads to the end; then, dropping the letter upon the table, rises and paces the room. She folds the letters and tucks them away carefully into her bodice.)

Hilary (pausing in his walk—with feeling): I—of course I—it goes without saying, I hope—of course I apologize to you most sincerely.

Nina: Apologize?

Hilary: For accusing you of being inclined to twist innocent things into guilty ones.

Nina (waving the apology away): Oh—

Hilary: I—I fear your allegations are too well grounded. (Resuming his talk—working the story out in his brain.) Annabel—Maurewarde; Annabel—I yes, yes—Maurewarde—Derek—I (She rises. He approaches her.) Tell me again. The child was sitting, writing—here—when you opened the bag?

Nina: Yes.

Hilary: Then he didn't see you extract the letters? Is that so?

Nina: No, he didn't see me.

Hilary: He is ignorant that they were in the bag?

Nina: Absolutely. It was empty, for all he knew.

Hilary: You are sure?

Nina: Positive.

Hilary: Where is the bag?

Nina: He has taken it to his fa— to Filmer.

Hilary: When Filmer opens it—?

Nina: He'll find nothing.

Hilary (with a sigh of relief): Ah! (Softening.) Oh, my dear Mrs. Filmer, what a mercy—a mercy we can never be sufficiently grateful for—!

Nina: Mercy?

Hilary: If these terrible letters had to come to light—what a mercy it is that they should have fallen into our hands.

Nina (steadily): Into my hands.

Hilary (accepting the correction): Into your— (blankly, struck by her tone). Why, you wouldn't—you haven't the smallest intention of— (Checking himself.) I—I beg your pardon.

Nina: I wouldn't—I haven't the smallest intention—? Won't you finish?

Hilary: Please, please! You must forgive me.

Nina: I wouldn't use them, was on the tip of your tongue, wasn't it?

Hilary: Ah, Mrs. Filmer! At a moment like this—the shock, the horror of it all!—a man may be excused if his thoughts run a little wild.

Nina (calmly): Oh, your thoughts are sane enough, apparently. You ask me whether I intend to make use of the letters. The question slipped out, but I'll answer it. Yes, I do intend to use them.

Hilary: You—you don't.

Nina: I do, certainly.

Hilary: You couldn't be so cruel!

Nina: Cruel!

Hilary: So—damnable vindictive! (Furious.) You sha'n't use them.

Nina: Mr. Jesson!

Hilary: You shall not.

Nina: What's to prevent me—or who? Or who? (Gripping the letters through her bodice. Even if you snatched them away from me—take them away from me—I know; I know. But don't think you'd forget yourself to that extent.)

(He turns from her and seats himself in the chair behind the settee on the left.)

Hilary (after a silence, regaining his composure): How are you going to set about it?

Nina (ruffled): Ha! That's more courteous (Sitting upon the seat before the escritoire. While you are all out of the house—opening the park—I shall shut myself up in my bedroom and copy the letters.

Hilary: You will allow them to open the park with clear consciences, then?

Nina: Oh, yes, they shall enjoy their solemn parade. The mockery of it! (*With a curl of the lip.*) But they wouldn't forego that, in any event.

Hilary: Afterwards—?

Nina: How curious you are!

Hilary: No—merely interested.

Nina: Afterwards—(*puckering her brows.*) I shall put the copy into an envelope, with a note explaining how the originals came into my possession—

Hilary: And—?

Nina: And see that Geraldine receives it directly she returns.

Hilary (between his teeth): And hit my brother a blow from which he will never recover; and bastardize the boy; and drag—

Nina (rising): Oh, no, no; you're a great deal too quick. I'm not hurting Filmer, much as he has hurt me—or the boy. Except for Maurewarde, the secret will be yours and mine—and the Ridgeleys'. Trust them to keep it. (*Walking to the fireplace.*) It's the Ridgeleys I'm aiming my blow at. (*Clenching her fists.*) The Ridgeleys! The Ridgeleys!

Hilary: Geraldine will tell her people, you think?

Nina (at the settee on the left, with relish): I should say she will be forced to, sooner or later.

Hilary: Forced?

Nina: To account for the alteration in her attitude towards me; to convince them of the necessity for a total change of attitude on their part. (*Sitting, triumphantly.*) Ah!

Hilary: I understand. Henceforth, down on their marrow-bones, eh—the whole Ridgeley family?

Nina (suddenly kneeling upon the settee, her elbows upon the back of it, her face on a level with his): As I have been to them ever since Geraldine was sent for; ever since Geraldine took up the reins again, here and in London. She shall crawl to me—Geraldine shall—as I've crawled to her; and you're right—she shall make them all crawl. Hilary—Mr. Jesson—often and often I've cried myself to sleep, after being tormented by Geraldine almost beyond endurance; cried half through the night. Now it's her turn, if she has a tear in her. She shall be meek and groveling now, to me—consulting my wishes, my tastes, in everything; taking orders from me and carrying them out like a paid servant. I sha'n't be terrified any longer at her frown and her thin lips, but at a look from me she shall catch her breath—as I've done—and flush up, and lower those steely gray eyes of hers. And she won't be able to free herself from me. I've got her! I've got her, and she sha'n't leave me till I choose to dismiss her. (*Striking the back of the settee.*) Oh, she has tortured me—tortured me—she and her tribe; and from to-day—! You watch! You watch!

(*She sinks down upon the settee, weeping with anger. He rises and walks away to the right.*)

Hilary: Yes, undoubtedly you are upper dog, my dear Mrs. Filmer. Whether or not the rest of the Ridgeleys are made to participate in the secret; whether or not it has ultimately to be revealed to my brother; from the moment Miss Geraldine receives your agreeable missive, you become upper dog unquestionably.

Nina (drying her eyes): Ah, ah, upper dog!

Hilary: On reflection, there is only one con-

sideration that I can suggest that should cause you to hesitate.

Nina (raising her head): One—?

Hilary: Human nature being what it is, I admit you can scarcely be expected to commiserate our friends, the Ridgeleys, very deeply.

Nina: Scarcely.

Hilary: Nor, alas—if it comes to it—my brother. But there is a solitary figure in the tragical comical picture of Filmer's earlier married life which seems to me to stand out from its surroundings, and to cry aloud to you to throw those letters into the fire and to forget their contents.

Nina: A solitary figure? (*Foreseeing his answer.*) Who—whose?

Hilary: Annabel's.

Nina (rising and confronting him—in a hard voice): Annabel's!

Hilary (continuing, after a brief silence—quietly): She has been dealt with, you know.

Nina: Dealt with.

Hilary: She paid. Her account is balanced. Two thick black lines are scored under it. The book's closed.

Nina: Paid! (*Advancing.*) How—paid? In what way has she paid? Aren't you all about to open this miserable park in commemoration of her?

Hilary: We are. And I shall perform my share of the function, in spite of those letters, without a scruple.

Nina (satirically): You—you are very chivalrous, Mr. Jesson.

Hilary (with a slight bow): I am six-and-forty.

Nina: But isn't it rather a mistaken chivalry which leads you to gloss over this woman's wickedness?

Hilary: I don't gloss it over.

Nina: To put it aside.

Hilary: Nor do I put it aside. I couldn't if I would; it will haunt me till my dying day. It is so monstrously grotesque, so odious—and so little flattering to the discernment. And yet I wouldn't add to the punishment she underwent by inflicting a single scratch upon the image—the false image—those who loved her, and exalted her, have set up.

Nina: Punishment! (*Seating herself in the chair behind the settee on the left.*) All this talk, talk of punishment, and payment! (*Unre- lentingly.*) It's true, her end was sudden—awfully sudden—

Hilary: No, no; that wasn't her punishment. A pair of runaway horses, an overturned carriage, a stone-heap by the roadside, death in a flash! That wasn't her punishment; that was her release. (*At Nina's side.*) Her punishment! Why, read that scoundrel's letters again. "The past six or seven years—" he says,—"the past six or seven years have been hell upon earth." To him, hell upon earth. Were they pleasanter to her? What must they have been to her? He goes on to remind her—doesn't he?—that both he and she were nearly broken by their sufferings. Piece it together; trace it from the start. A young woman—carefully trained, according to the narrow views of her parents—content, in her ignorance, with finding herself mistress of the ice-house my poor brother calls his home. Then—Maurewarde! Handsome, brave—heaven save the

mark!—ardent, *alive!* Then, the first gleam of romance—and the drifting—and the surrender—and the awakening—and the agony of remorse—and the commencement, in cold blood, of the regular, dreary game of deception. Then, the child—the blessing turned to a curse. What a motherhood! Conceive it. The bitter tears shed silently upon the pillow, the inward writhings, the dumb cries for support; and, after a time, the resuming of her customary duties and of her place, opposite her husband, at his table. And once more, and to the finish, the mask chafing the face and the ceaseless guard over every word, and look, and gesture. Punishment——!

Nina: You imagine this—invent it. Of course, *he*—Maurewarde—was full of his sufferings; he was persuading her to elope.

Hilary: While she, poor wretch, was shunning him, trying to shut her ears to him.

Nina: Shut her ears to him! She didn't even destroy his love-letters. Why? Because she was studying them, pondering them; because she was weighing her desire to bolt against the advantages of continued "respectability." (*Starting up.*) Phuh! you are wasting your sympathies, Mr. Jesson.

(*She passes him, going towards the right. He detains her by laying a hand upon her arm.*)

Hilary: Yes, but granting that she was on the point of flying with Maurewarde; granting it—what then?

Nina (facing him): What then!

Hilary: Granting that the strain had become unbearable, and that exposure and dishonor would have been a welcome relief—she wasn't allowed to take that last desperate step, remember.

Nina: Not allowed——?

Hilary: No; she was stopped.

Nina: Stopped? By whom?

Hilary: By whom?

Nina: Who stopped her?

Hilary (after a pause): Your father was a parson, wasn't he, Mrs. Filmer?

Nina: Well?

Hilary: He couldn't have been one of the grim, eternal fire-and-brimstone sort. From what I gather, he was too soft-hearted, too indulgent to his daughter, for that.

Nina (coldly): I don't——

Hilary: Did you never learn from him, in his church or in your daily intercourse—you and he were inseparable, weren't you?—did he never encourage you in any of those simple beliefs that bring peace and comfort to many people?

Nina: Beliefs?

Hilary: The belief, for instance, in the doctrine of Divine interposition in the ordinary affairs of life.

Nina (leaving him and leaning against the oblong table): Oh, he may have done.

Hilary (following her and standing before her): Well, here was this woman, we will suppose, entertaining the idea of eloping with her companion in sin and branding her innocent child with illegitimacy. On the morning of the very day on which she meets her death—on that fatal Thursday—she receives a letter from Maurewarde—we've read it—a letter which may have turned the scale and broken down her resolution never to betray the secret of the boy's birth. It's, at least, possible that it was so. And she

goes out for her afternoon drive—alone; to familiarize her thoughts, perhaps, with her future. What happens? She's saved; and the boy's saved. And the trees in this bare park will shoot up; and Derek, when he's a grown man, will walk under 'em, and picture fondly and reverently the mother who was taken from him when he was a little chap. Come, Mrs. Filmer! Let us believe, if we can—if it makes us better, and gentler, and more merciful!—let us believe that in all this there was the hand of God!

Nina (harshly): Very well; let us believe it. (*Looking him in the face defiantly and measuring her words.*) Only we must believe equally that it's the hand of God that has brought these letters from their hiding-place and has delivered them to me.

Hilary: Yes, believe that also. And ask yourself—ask yourself on your knees—whether they have been given you to use in the way you propose to use them. *Nina—Nina——*

(*She moves away from him again and sits before the escritoire, resting her elbow upon it and supporting her chin with her fist. He takes a chair and seats himself close to her, so that she can hardly avoid his gaze.*)

Hilary: *Nina*, my dear friend, don't think that, because I preach to you, I pose as being a man who has nothing in his life to look back upon of which he is ashamed. Far from it, my dear, I confess to you humbly. But I have, in my knocking about the globe, seen a good deal of men and women; and I declare to you that the happy people I've come across have never been the people who, possessing power, have employed it malevolently or uncharitably. I know your position is a difficult one; a hard one, in many respects; and that the temptation which assails you this morning is a temptation few could resist. Still—do resist it. Things are not so bad with you as to be beyond mending; on the contrary, I think it likely that, if you'll be patient, matters will eventually adjust themselves between you and Filmer. But I tell you, *Nina*, that at this moment you are in danger of putting the chances of happiness away from you irretrievably. More! I promise you that you can attain real happiness; attain the only solid happiness in this world; to-day, by the act of renunciation I urge upon you. (*She stirs slightly. He draws nearer.*) *Nina*, there some people walking the earth who are wearing a halo. It's invisible to you and me; we can't see it; but it's there, round their brows, none the less; and the glow of it lights the dark walls of their lives, and sustains them through pain, and oppression, and tribulation. They are the people who have made sacrifices; who've been tempted and have conquered; who have been offered a sword, or a scepter, or a bludgeon, and who have shaken their heads and passed on. They are the people who have renounced. *Nina*, be among those who wear the halo. Burn Maurewarde's letters, my dear—(*glancing at the cold grate*) or give them to me—and forget you've ever read them.

(*She rises and leaves the escritoire. He rises with her. Her fingers stray to her breast and, at last, she produces the letters and hands them to him.*)

Nina (simply): I'll forget them.

Nina consents to doff her pink gown and to

attend the opening ceremonies of the memorial park. In her magnanimity she even sacrifices her two dearest hobbies, dog-kennels and cigarettes, to the prejudices of Annabel's disagreeable family. Meanwhile Hilary takes the threads of fate again in his hands. He first faces the major, who is forever haunting the house of his dead love and seeking consolation in the presence of the child he dares not claim. He wrings from Maurewarde the promise to leave the house and never to return. Having so far drastically, but discreetly, cleared the atmosphere, he now advises his brother to put "his house in order," effectually, by giving to Nina the reins of domestic empire and turning Annabel's relations out. Filmer's refusal forces Hilary to play his trump-card—the letters. Filmer, almost staggered, disbelieves the testimony of his own senses, and the following dialogue takes place:

Filmer (with an almost expressionless face): This—this—is a forgery. This is a transparent forgery.

(He sits in the chair behind the settee on the left and reads another letter.)

Filmer: These are—these are forgeries. It's a base trick—a conspiracy—a—a foul——

(He begins to read another letter. In the middle of it, he looks up abruptly and stares before him. Then he starts to his feet and goes to Hilary unsteadily.)

Filmer: Maurewarde—! Maurewarde—! *(Gripping Hilary's arm.)* What—what did Maurewarde say? *(Shouting.)* I want to hear what Maurewarde said! Maurewarde!

Hilary (turning to him—quietly): I kicked him out. He'll leave the country. He let me kick him out.

(Filmer attempts to resume his reading of the letters, but fails. Ultimately he gets to the settee facing the fire, and there collapses. Hilary rises and comes to the chair behind the settee.)

Hilary (after he has seated himself—gently): Well, there's the living. Do you remember the words Nina used to me this morning, when we three were together here? "The living have claims as well as the dead." It's the living that you must think of, from this time forward. You have to do justice to the living now; make amends to the living.

Filmer (brokenly): Nina . . . ? The—letters . . . ? When—when did she . . . ?

Hilary: About half-an-hour before we started for the park. She consulted me, and we agreed as to the course to be followed.

Filmer: She—she gave them to you?

Hilary: To destroy. I should have burnt them this afternoon, upstairs, in my room. *(As if in defense of himself.)* But there's the living! How could things be allowed to go on as they are going! How could they!

Filmer: She—she won't——?

Hilary: No. She'll forget that she's read 'em. Your first wife's memory will never suffer from any act of Nina's. Make your mind easy on that score. You may depend on Nina implicitly.

Filmer (almost inaudibly): That—that——

Hilary: What?

Filmer (partly raising himself): That—that—that's kind of her.

Hilary: Isn't it? *(Laying his hand on Filmer's shoulder.)* Deficiencies you say she has? She may have deficiencies—have we none?—but I believe her to be one of the finest creatures on God's earth. And at this moment—misunderstood, under-rated, wronged; and with the power of bringing her enemies to her feet, if she chose to exert it—she's humbling herself still further to these people. Method, system, regularity! A fetch! They are becoming your aim in life instead of an accessory. Your house in order! Filmer, you've had your house in order—compare the worth of it with what you possess in this girl.

(The double-door opens, and Lady Ridgeley and Sir Daniel enter with Nina in attendance. Sir Daniel is carrying a small tortoise-shell cigarette-case.)

Lady Ridgeley (in explanation of her appearance): A shower.

Sir Daniel (genially): An April shower. . . .

Sir Daniel (coming between Nina and Lady Ridgeley—playfully, holding up the cigarette-case): And who is to be the owner of this pretty thing?

Lady Ridgeley (searching for her pocket): Give it to me.

Nina (quickly): Oh, no, Lady Ridgeley. I'll divide my cigarettes among the gardeners willingly; but, please, I want my case.

Hilary (advancing—to Nina): Yours?

Nina (to Hilary, piteously): I left my cigarette-case in the summer-house yesterday.

Sir Daniel (examining the case): I happened to sit down upon it a few minutes ago.

Lady Ridgeley (to Hilary): We have succeeded—Sir Daniel and I—in extracting a promise from Nina that she will break herself of the objectionable habit.

Hilary: Of smoking?

Sir Daniel: Of smoking.

Lady Ridgeley: So unladylike—worse, so unwomanly.

Sir Daniel: Degrading. In a man it's deplorable enough, carried to excess.

Lady Ridgeley (anxiously): Dan——

Sir Daniel: Eh?

Lady Ridgeley: Has it struck you that our Pryce has been smoking too many cigars lately?

Sir Daniel: It has. Heaven forbid that I should find the smallest fault in one of my own children—but it has.

(Lady Ridgeley, having found her pocket, now holds out her hand for the cigarette-case.)

Nina (touching Sir Daniel's arm): No, no! Sir Daniel! That was a gift from my father.

Sir Daniel: From your father!

Lady Ridgeley: A clergyman!

Nina: He always smoked a pipe after supper in his study——

Lady Ridgeley: } A pipe!

Sir Daniel: }

Nina (to Hilary, appealingly): And I used to sit opposite to him—we were great friends——! *(To Sir Daniel.)* Sir Daniel——!

Sir Daniel (shaking his head): A strange clergyman.

Lady Ridgeley: A strange parent.

Hilary (*pointing to the cigarette-case*): May I look at it?

(*Sir Daniel surrenders the cigarette-case to Nina, who passes it to Hilary. Lady Ridgeley sniffs disapprovingly.*)

Hilary (*to Nina*): Mrs. Nina, in my den at Montigo I've a collection of odds and ends—souvenirs, mementos, reminders of hours gayly spent, profitably spent, ill spent.

Lady Ridgeley: Ah!

Hilary: It's a quaint museum. Paintings, sketches, curiosities of every description, old ball-room trophies—a shoe, a glove, a fan or two—!

Sir Daniel: Tsch, tsch, tsch!

Hilary: The blood-stained handkerchief of a matador, and a cigarette, half smoked, which has been pressed by the lips of an Empress!

Lady Ridgeley: Good gracious!

Hilary: My treasures speak to me of friendships made all over the world—Madrid, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest, Tokio, Washington, and elsewhere; and I should like to add one more voice to the babel of tongues. Will you give me this little case? If you will, I shall place it, apart, beside the remains of the poor Empress's cigarette.

Lady Ridgeley (*faintly*): Oh, dear!

Hilary: She was a woman, Mrs. Nina, who was sorely tried, but who was generous, and patient, and forgiving—who was, in fact, one of the noblest of her sex. So you would be in good company.

(*While Hilary is speaking, Geraldine and Pryce appear in the outer hall, coming from the right. Attracted by what is going on, they halt in the doorway and listen. As Hilary finishes speaking, they enter quietly. Geraldine is wearing a garden hat. Pryce, scowling at Hilary, removes his hat on entering.*)

Nina (*to Hilary, after a pause*): Keep it. (*Raising her eyes to his.*) A souvenir.

(*Filmer rises and faces those in the room.*)

Nina (*surprised, moving to the back of the settee on the left*): Filmer—?

Sir Daniel: Filmer?

Lady Ridgeley: We didn't see you, Filmer.

Filmer: No, I—I've been sitting—thinking.

Sir Daniel (*mournfully*): Thinking.

Lady Ridgeley (*sighing*): Ah!

Sir Daniel (*discovering Geraldine and Pryce*): Oh, are you there, my dears?

Filmer (*who has come forward, putting his words together with difficulty*): I—I am glad you are all here—because I—I've something to say to you—to say—

Sir Daniel: Ah? H'm?

Filmer: It relates to—Annabel.

Lady Ridgeley (*in a murmur*): Dear Filmer.

Filmer: And to Nina. To-day we—we have honored the dead. We have discharged a debt—so far as such a debt can be discharged—to the dead. And now—there is the living—the living—

Lady Ridgeley: The living?

(*Hilary moves to Filmer's side. Nina stares at Filmer in wonderment.*)

Filmer (*steadying himself by grasping Hilary's arm*): By the living, I mean—especially—Nina. For reasons known to you, she has stood aside during the greater part of our short married life. From to-day those reasons cease to have

weight with me. (*Nina sits.*) I have been—thinking. Order, method, regularity, natural to Annabel, are not easy to Nina. Nina may acquire them, or she may not. But whether she acquires them, or whether she does not, it is her right that she should be mistress of my house. (*To the Ridgeleys*) I thank you—thank you all—for the help you have given me. My obligation to Geraldine is indeed deep. Let us—my wife and I—let us often welcome you—here and in London—as our guests.

(*There is a pause, and then Sir Daniel shakes Filmer by the hand.*)

Sir Daniel: I—we—we quite understand. Very, very proper—eh, Harriet?—very, very proper.

Lady Ridgeley (*icily*): Very, very. There was no necessity for hesitation—no necessity whatever. If Filmer—if Filmer—

Sir Daniel: I—er—I'll go upstairs and have my nap, Harriet.

Lady Ridgeley (*rising*): I'll come with you.

Sir Daniel (*moving to the door—thoughtfully*): My nap—my nap—

Lady Ridgeley (*following Sir Daniel—to Geraldine*): Are you doing anything, Geraldine?

Geraldine (*with a slight shrug*): No, mother; I've nothing to do.

Lady Ridgeley: I wish you, would explain that embroidery stitch to me again.

(*Sir Daniel, Lady Ridgeley and Geraldine pass through the outer hall and disappear on the left.*)

Pryce (*taking a cigar from his case*): The shower's over. Shame to stick indoors.

(*He puts the cigar in his mouth and his hat on his head, and also disappears, following his people. Filmer sits in the chair on the left of the oblong table. Maureward's letters are crushed up in his hand. He now begins to smooth them out upon his knee. Nina rises and approaches him timidly.*)

Nina: Filmer—

Filmer: Yes, Nina?

Nina (*seeing the letters*): Ah—! (*Turning to Hilary.*) You—you've told him—you've given them to him—!

Filmer (*nodding*): Yes.

Nina (*under her breath*): Oh, how cruel of you! (*To Filmer.*) Filmer—Filmer—

(*He allows her to take the letters from him, and she crosses to the fireplace. There she burns the letters, one by one.*)

Hilary (*to Filmer, gently*): That was splendid—splendid.

Filmer (*in a whisper*): Hilary—

Hilary: Eh?

Filmer: Annabel—so systematic—so methodical! And yet—she neglected to burn Maureward's letters?

Hilary: My dear chap, you see! Every system has its breaking-point, when we apply it to ourselves. A Lord Chancellor has been known to bungle in making his own will. (*Pointing to the light in the grate.*) They're burnt at last, tho.

(*Nina is now sitting upon the settee, gazing at the blaze. Filmer rises and goes to her slowly, and seats himself beside her. Then Hilary withdraws—looking at them lingeringly as he closes the door upon them.*)

Religion and Ethics

WHAT IS THE FINAL GOAL OF HUMAN PROGRESS?

PROGRESS has been provisionally described as "the good begetting the better," and Joseph H. Wicksteed, a London writer, finds in the phrase the keynote of the modern spirit. The men of an older day taught that life had fallen away from its perfect Origin, but the newer faith of to-day is rooted in the thought that life is a perpetual growth from lower forms upward. Between these conceptions Mr. Wicksteed finds "irreconcilable" differences. By way of contrasting the two points of view, he writes (*Independent Review*, September):

"In the beginning," says Genesis, the Spirit of God brooded over the deep. The whole infinite perfection of power, of wisdom and of love was present and self-realized above the silent, formless void. Nor do we ever throughout the story lose this thought of Deity in the origin, of perfection in the beginning. It is to the garden of Eden we must look for perfect manhood; the complete laws of God are given in the dawn of national existence by Moses; Elijah rather than the Babylonian Isaiah is the typical representative of prophecy, and the spiritual wealth of the Psalms is attributed to Jerusalem's first king.

"In the New Testament, indeed, Jesus claims a higher place for the new commandments of the Spirit than for the law of Moses, and compares the Kingdom of God to the growing and developing seed, and the spreading leaven. But even to him, childhood is the type of human goodness; the beginning of life is the best. And still less had his disciples after him the courage to follow out his bolder idea. To them he himself, indeed, seemed the crowning summit of history, but for that very reason nearly all the significance was gradually taken out of his earthly life and put into the original scheme. Every episode tends to be looked upon as known and ordered from the beginning, and as a feature in the eternal design. His life becomes the inspiration of the chosen prophets before him, no less than of his own apostles. So that when at last in the fullness of time it came to be lived, it seemed no hot and disturbing eruption of creative will and vision, wrenching the course of history from its expected channels into new ways, that left the awakened world for ever changed; but rather the perfect performance of a long foretold part, the calm and conscious pivot of a supreme cosmic drama eternally preordained."

In startling contrast to all this stands what Mr. Wicksteed calls "the new tale of wonder even now being unfolded in our ears":

"For the origin of every best thing we are told to look to something lower; and the sacred

river of life is said to flow from slow and turbid beginnings in lone swamps of far-off eons rather than to spring up fully grown and stainless from the inexhaustible caverns of God. The lands and seas of this our beautiful world come perchance, we are told, from fiery chaos begotten of the unguided clash of dreary, vagrant rocks through illimitable space; man more certainly arises from the brutes; literature, art and religion itself, from dim and groping, sometimes immoral, rites and superstitions. Yea and the Bible itself—into whose ancient scheme this new wine was so vainly forced, till the beautiful days of creation were put upon the rack and tortured to become desolate eons of astronomic and geologic time—even the Bible itself has now gently yielded to a new alchemy, and become one of the chief glories in the crown of evolutionary theory. For in her new voice she now tells us of a God not perfect in the beginning, but conceived as narrowly national, cruel, passionate, and deceitful; yet becoming first the God of internal and national, and then of universal justice, till at last he is the eternal lover of the human soul as such, in every land and age; the infinite Father ever seeking to redeem, but whose ineffable purity cleanses as with fire the souls of those who would approach his presence, till in a shape of perfect benignity he becomes man, that man may become God. Nor does the tale of advancing thought end as we close the Bible. The religion of Augustine and Dante appears as no mere attempt to recover the faith of Moses and Jesus. For the thought of each seems a mighty growth out of the past; a true synthesis of many older faiths and truly greater than any of its origins. And are not even we to-day groping to find expression in our words and deeds for a still higher vision; a saner view of earthly redemption and of the conquest of disease and distress; a wider conception of human solidarity; a truer view both of man's littleness and his greatness in the universe to which he belongs?"

This newer conception of life, already widely accepted, is bound to change the whole current of man's thought and aspiration. In at least two fundamental respects it disturbs the cherished beliefs of centuries. In the first place, it removes the idea of a definite goal as the aim and end of human effort. The "Kingdom of God" is no longer an absolute and eternal kingdom, to be let down from the heavens on the day of the millennium; it becomes something to be approximated through eons of toil and travail. In the second place, the newer view transfers the emphasis of religion from the theological to the human field.

The questions immediately arise: Has this new philosophy of human life the same dyna-

mic power as the old? Can it also give a "purposiveness" to the ideal of progress? Mr. Wicksteed offers a tentative answer to both of these questions in the following paragraph:

"No faith ever held dear has failed to enhance the joy of moments of exaltation. The true test of a religion is its power to stay us also in our hours of gloom, and this will depend not upon its beauty, but its convincingness. For in our depression we doubt everything that we are intrinsically capable of doubting. And therefore the faith that will give the surest and most unflinching purpose to life will be a faith rooted in our elemental human nature. Now the element of our life which appeals most universally and exalts the highest is the social instinct. All religions have in one way or other striven to improve the communion of man with man, or of man with God. And the common finite impulses, the love of man for woman, of parent for child, of all men for some kind and degree of fellowship, give daily and hourly motive to life."

Pursuing the same line of thought further, Mr. Wicksteed declares that when St. Paul likened humanity to a mystic body of many diverse members united by one spirit, he gave us, in germ, that conception of "the realization of the individual's life in the race-life and of the race-life in the individual's," which the knowledge and experience of the modern world is ever reinforcing as the goal of human endeavor. Even physically, all known life is so closely interconnected that "it is hard to look on it as essentially other than the manifold branches of a single tree"; and "we are even more intimately involved in one another mentally than physically." At the same time, though each man is but a fragment of the whole, it is no less significantly true that for each man that whole is different. "There is but one principle," says Mr. Wicksteed, "able to convert this mighty aggregate we call the Universe into a vital, significant, and organic unity. And this one principle is different for each man, being his own conscious interests and concerns, his own conscious will-power, his own character and personality." Moreover:

"The whole network and nexus of the Universe radiates for me out of my sense of justice and beauty and love, howsoever and whencesoever these things may be derived. And as the great Whole changes for myself day by day and year by year, as I grow or diminish in insight and wisdom, so it is eternally distinct from that of any other man; for though it be composed of essentially the same atoms, it is welded and organized into a different whole, by a different individual personality."

"And into the conscious part of this world of mine and that world of yours, there enter those visions of earth and heaven, those hills and seas, those woods and skies; those spirits of poets and

singers and saints; those death-cries and lusts; those common men and women with their great human destinies; those living friends of the soul, which your character and my character have drawn closer round us from the great life of earth and city of mankind, and chosen to live with."

"And it is here that we may find again the peace which passeth understanding. In the surpassing life of Nature beyond our power to move, and beyond our responsibility; and in the secure past history of man, from which we may select for our own all things noble and good, both in art and deed, since we can no longer change what is bad; in these and in the perennial features of the race-life, motherhood, childhood, and the common man's joys and tears and laughter, we have an unassailable heaven of good, inexhaustible and transcendent, yet related to our own individual lives by those most intimately human and personal ties which make these things our own."


As the last link in his argument, Mr. Wicksteed reminds us that no man's idealism ends abruptly at the achievement of a purely personal heaven for himself, however secure. "In all of us there is in greater or less degree the impulse to see our own individual lives translated and given back into the race-life that gave us birth."

"It is here that our ideal becomes creative, and in the higher sense progressive. The past we can never change nor improve; we can never do more than realize it more or less imperfectly, in our own lives—as men tried of old to realize the perfect life of the eternal and infinite Good. But in the future there is always illimitable scope, always a new opportunity to create new realms of power and joy. For every individual brings into the world a new organizing and vitalizing power, by means of which he may add a whole new world to the materials his successors will inherit. Let him but realize his mission to draw sweet honey from the past and present life about him, to bear and defend it in his own body through sun and shower, and sealing it fast in art or act, bequeath it to his fellow-men."

"In such a system it will be seen that no end or goal for the race-life is found, in the sense of anything which ever could even ideally be finished or complete, like the perfect reconciliation of man to God in Dante's Paradise. For in place of the perfect and never-changing Good, we have the ever-accumulating race-life itself, which would continue to grow even if (what perhaps could never be) it should become completely and finally organized, the whole in each part and each part in the whole."

"But for every individual there may be an ideal end, in the sense of something which for him would leave no deepest desire unsatisfied. For whatever the future might yet have in store for others, each man would move towards a true goal who sought by his indwelling creative power to make the fruit of all good that had ever been on earth his own, and to make himself the vehicle of that good to the present and all succeeding time."

A DIPLOMAT'S DEFENSE OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

 R. CHESTER HOLCOMBE, a gentleman who for more than thirty years has been connected with the American diplomatic service in China, has furnished the missionary organizations of this country with a valuable document. In an article which has been widely quoted in the religious press and which *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) would like to see "reprinted and scattered by the hundred thousand among American Christians of all denominations," he pays a high tribute to the American missionaries in China. Writing avowedly "from a purely secular standpoint," he endeavors to show that many widely accepted ideas in regard to our Chinese missionaries are without basis in fact. The missionaries have been charged with "persistent and impertinent attempts to force an alien and undesired religion upon the Chinese," and have been held responsible for the Chinese hostility toward foreigners and for the disastrous Boxer movement. If Mr. Holcombe's testimony is trustworthy, both criticisms will have to be retracted. He says (*Atlantic Monthly*, September):

"It might be pointed out that the Boxer uprising was an abortive attempt to drive all foreigners of every class from China, and thus to save the Empire from partition and distribution among the great cormorant Powers of Europe,—which was believed to be the distinct purpose and inevitable result of the continued presence of foreigners there; that, in fact, missionaries formed the only class of alien residents who had no part in the development of such a fear and frenzy; that they suffered most because they alone of all alien classes had established themselves at remote parts of the interior, in close touch with the people, and out of reach of battleship, cruiser, or any other means of defense or place of refuge. In a general raid against all foreigners, the missionary was first attacked because he was first at hand, and, to put it frankly and truthfully, he suffered because he was in or part of bad company; not because he was a missionary, but for the crime, in Chinese eyes, of being a foreigner."

As to the charge that the missionaries have attempted to force an alien and inappropriate belief upon the Chinese, Mr. Holcombe says:

"In the entire history of missionary effort in China, or in other parts of the Far East, nothing even remotely approaching the exercise of force has been attempted. To talk to persons who choose to listen, to throw wide the doors of chapels where natives who desire may hear the Christian faith explained and urged upon their atten-

tion, to sell at half cost or to give the Bible and Christian literature freely to those who may care to read them, to heal the sick, without cost, who come for medical treatment, to instruct children whose parents are desirous that they should receive education,—surely none or all of these constitute methods or practises to which the word *force* may be applied under any allowable use of the English language. . . . Those who assert that Christianity is wholly unsuited to the Chinese character, that the Chinese will not and cannot become sincere and loyal Christians, are most respectfully referred to the long list of native martyrs, of both sexes and all ages, who readily and gladly gave up their lives in the Boxer movement, rather than abjure the Christian faith.

"It might further be added that unselfish men and devoted women, enthusiastic in what appears, to them at least, to be a great cause, who are ready to expatriate themselves and to abandon all their ambitions and their lives to its promotion in foreign lands, have as good a right to carry out their self-sacrificing wishes, to enter China and do their chosen work there by all proper methods, as have their fellow citizens who seek the same Empire in order to win a fortune by dealing in cotton goods, kerosene, silk, tea, or possibly in opium."

In disproof of the statement that the Chinese Government is in any marked sense hostile to the missionaries, Mr. Holcombe cites the two remarkable privileges officially granted to them: that of residing in parts of the empire outside of treaty locations, and that of purchasing real estate and "erecting such suitable buildings as may be required to carry on their good work." No similar concessions have been made to any other foreigners. Mr. Holcombe writes further:

"Aside from this most practical evidence of the appreciation and favor with which the government of China regards the missionary enterprise, there is a great mass of testimony from individuals high in rank and authority throughout the Empire, all serving to show that this unselfish effort for the good of Chinese humanity has gained for itself an honored place in influential minds once suspicious of or openly hostile to it. Large donations to mission hospitals and schools from official or wealthy Chinese, a great and rapidly increasing demand for Christian literature and educational works, special and unsolicited courtesy and assistance shown to missionaries, all these indicate that the day of Chinese opposition to missionary work among them has passed, and that, whatever may be the opinion of foreigners either resident in China or in their native lands, China itself, as represented by the leaders of thought and public opinion in it, has recognized and accepted the missionary enterprise as one of the most important and useful

factors in the creation and development of new life in that ancient and antique Empire."


If only from a commercial point of view, continues Mr. Holcombe, the Chinese missionaries ought to have our heartiest good-will. In this connection he writes:

"Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience, and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalog of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. Did space permit, an overwhelming array of facts and figures could

be set forth to prove the inestimable, tho unrecognized, value of the missionary as an agent for the development of American commerce in every part of the globe. The manufacturing and commercial interests in the United States, even tho indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort."

Mr. Holcombe makes the statement that in all the years of his official and friendly intercourse with all classes of Chinese in every part of the Empire, he "never heard even one complaint of or objection to the presence of American missionaries in China, or the character of their work."

THE DEVIL IN MEDIEVAL TRADITION

HE legends and ballads of the people," observes an English scholar and clergyman, Mr. R. L. Gales, "are to the great dogmas of the Faith what the child's prattle is to the man's grave speech—the same language, the same thing"; and in this spirit he has gathered and sifted much quaint and interesting material reflecting medieval conceptions of the Devil. In an article in *The National Review* (London, September), he says:

"There can be no greater misrepresentation than to describe the medieval faith as a religion of gloom. The Christians of the Middle Ages dwelt much, it is true, on things which the cheerful Greeks kept out of sight. But the background against which the Greek cheerfulness was displayed was terrible and grim. To them, pain and error, disease and death were fatal and necessary, irrevocable and final. Against them there was no appeal. In these circumstances obviously the only thing to do is to forget them. But the Christian could afford to look at, even to dwell upon, pain and sin and deformity and death, because they were accidental to humanity, no part of the Divine intention, and because their sting had been drawn and their real power destroyed. The Faith was a glorious optimism—a vision of man's greatness, and of the good reserved for him. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the traditional Catholic view of the Devil, as shown in the writings of the Doctors and Saints of the Church, and in the folk-lore and legends of all Christian lands. This view exactly reflects the original promise, the words spoken to the serpent—'it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise its heel.' The Devil is the defeated, powerless enemy, 'the sport and laughter of redeemed man,' the baffled, inefficient spirit, conquered once for all upon the Cross, and continually outwitted by the simplest rustic cunning of Christian men."

It is true that Dante pictures the Devil as "the most notable and beautiful being of all creation," corrupted through envy and "cursed pride"; and Milton's Satan, in "Paradise Lost," compels the admiration and sympathy of the reader. But the popular medieval conception degraded the Evil One to a powerless or contemptible figure. In miracle plays the comic element was always supplied by the Devil, and in the more elaborate spectacles he appeared with four tails. Legend and folklore represents him as constantly outwitted; contracts with him are broken, and he is deceived by the simplest tricks, such as substituting a lamp for the sunrise. Says Mr. Gales:

"These stories occur endlessly in every corner of every country in Christendom. There is an Icelandic legend which is possibly the origin of the proverb, 'The Devil take the hindmost.' He had agreed to instruct seven scholars in all the mysteries of magic for no other reward than that when their seven years' apprenticeship was over he should have as his thrall the last to leave for the, last time by the single narrow iron door. On the fatal day the last to leave literally escaped him—eluded him by slipping out of his cloak which the Devil had grasped. . . .

"He is constantly represented as childish, grotesque, spiteful. With his bellows he tries to put out St. Genevieve's candle as she carries it alight through rain and wind to church. A very well-known legend is that of St. Dunstan, who, when attacked by him whilst busy at the forge, brought the conflict to an end by seizing the Adversary with the red-hot tongs."

In accordance with Biblical tradition, the lion and the dragon were animals typical of the Devil. It is said that the universal practise of placing weathercocks on steeples originated in

the supposed animosity between the lion and the cock. A medieval rhythm tells of a lion disturbed by the crowing of a cock in the night time, and the popular idea was to terrify Satan by the sight of his enemy on the sacred building. Mr. Gales continues:

"The dragon was the symbol of the powers of darkness everywhere. In many of the stories of saints delivering a countryside from a devouring dragon, the dragon obviously represents paganism destroyed by the labors of the Christian apostle. Up to the French Revolution a prisoner was set free at Rouen every year on Ascension Day in commemoration of the deliverance of the people from a dragon by St. Romain. In Provence, St. Martha bound a monster called the Tarasque with her girdle, so that the people could slay him with swords' and 'gaives.' Hence the name Tarascon. In Spain a monstrous snake, called a *Tarasca*, is dragged in the Corpus Christi processions to signify Christ's triumph over death and hell."

No sketch of Christian tradition about the Devil, says the writer, in concluding, could be complete without some account of his character

as the "Prince of the Powers of the Air." On this point we read:

"He was believed to have special power over the air, to be continually stirring up thunderstorms and tempests of wind and hail. Hence the ringing of the bells during thunderstorms to frighten the evil spirits away. Again we find the belief in Dante.

Giunse quel mal voler che mal chiede
Con l'intelletto, e mosse il fummo e il vento
Per la virtù che la sua natura diede.

['Then came that evil will that ever seeks for evil, and stirred up smoke and wind by the virtue that his nature gave.']

"It was by the help of Satan that Simon Magus, according to the early Christian legend, floated in the air till commanded by St. Peter to descend. It is significant that Leonardo da Vinci, the typical figure of the Renaissance, spent many years of his life in the endeavor to invent a flying-machine. The opposition he met with from the clergy and devout people was intense. It is indeed difficult to imagine a more concrete symbol of all that is most opposed to what has been known historically as the Christian spirit than a flying-machine. It must have seemed a partaking of Lucifer's daring presumption, to be speedily followed by a similar fall."

IS GERMAN PROTESTANTISM DISINTEGRATING?



ONE of the most noteworthy phenomena in connection with present-day religious life in Germany is the constantly increasing number of Protestants who go before the courts and legally sever their connection with the state churches. The movement has attained such proportions that enemies of the church—notably the Social Democrats—are trying to inaugurate a propaganda in favor of a *Mussenaustritt*, i. e. a rupture with the church *en masse*. The agitation is not local, but apparently widespread. At a recent public meeting held in Magdeburg, more than two hundred persons joined in signing a document in which they severed all connection with the church; in Frankfort, between five and six hundred took the same step, and at once organized a free religious communion; in Weisbaden one hundred and eighty-one left the church at a single meeting; and in the various Berlin congregations, between January 1st and May 15th of the current year, five hundred and twenty-seven persons have joined the secession movement. The indications are that hundreds more will take similar action in the near future.

Is this the beginning of the end of the Protestant state churches of Germany? Some fear,

and others hope, that it is. The *Chronik der Christlichen Welt* (Marburg), which collected from reliable sources the specimen statistics quoted, and has published other figures that tell the same tale, has lately endeavored to make plain the why and the wherefore of the agitation. It is first of all noticeable that the movement originated not in conservative, but in advanced and radical, circles. In spite of the fact that the state churches are constantly charged with doctrinal laxity, and are criticized for permitting the most destructive teaching and preaching without even making an attempt to discipline the clerical and professional offenders, the adherents of the old views seem to be fairly well satisfied with the condition of affairs. At any rate, independent churches are not being organized by this section of German Christendom. Moreover, the "free" Protestant churches of Germany, found in Hanover, Saxony, Hessen and the old provinces of Prussia, consist of but a handful of conservatives. It is the radicals who have started the cry for emancipation from the churches, and their chief grievance is found in the governmental methods adopted by the church consistories and by the Emperor, or *Summus Episcopus*. The direct and immediate cause of the present cru-

sade is the enactment in Prussia of a new school law, by virtue of which the old regulations that religious instruction constitute an integral part in the curriculum of the public schools, and that these schools be virtually kept under the control of the state, are retained. Progressive and advanced thinkers propose to "punish the state," as they publicly declare, for sacrificing the school to the church, by withdrawing from the latter and in this way decreasing the taxes raised for church support. They demand the complete secularization of popular education, or, at least, a system of religious teaching that is based only on general moral maxims and truths.

The secession policy, however, finds some opposition even in advanced theological circles. Not long ago, the famous Dr. Stöcker, the ex-court preacher of Berlin, publicly called upon the adherents of radical theology to leave the churches, whose official creeds they no longer accept. Their reply has been voiced by Dr. Forester in a special pamphlet entitled "Warum wir bleiben" (Why We Stay), in which he states that he and his colleagues have

no intention of doing as their opponent requests. By historic right, he declares, Protestant principles are capable of development. This legitimate development is represented by new beliefs, and admits, he holds, even the denial of such fundamentals as the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity and the Atonement.

Other champions of the radical point of view object to the severance of the historic tie, on the ground that as long as the authorities do not drive them out, it is the part of practical wisdom to remain in the churches and make use of the vantage ground for the propaganda of their creed. This view is defended in the *Christliche Welt* by the famous Württemberg theologian, Schrempf, who openly denies the doctrine of the Trinity, but who has not yet been disciplined by the authorities.

That the government is not blind to the significance of the new movement is evident from the fact that at the last moment it agreed to some modifications of the school law, which gave to local communities more liberty in the control of their own schools.

A NEW SCHOOL OF OLD TESTAMENT INTERPRETATION



THE latest news from German theological circles would seem to indicate that the famous Wellhausen school of Biblical criticism, which for nearly a generation has held a position of supremacy in the field of Old Testament research, is being undermined by the newer theories of Prof. Hugo Winckler and the so-called "Assyriologists." This shifting of values has a profound significance for the whole Christian world. In the light of the new interpretation, the religion of Israel becomes something quite different from what we have generally thought it to be. It is no longer an evolution from crude forms upward, created out of the heart of a people with a genius for religion. It is rather a traditional and aristocratic faith, rooted in Babylonian ideas, handed down to the masses by a superior caste, and never completely possessed by the Jewish race until after the dispersion.

The importance of the new views may best be gathered from such a comparison between the Wellhausen and Winckler theories as is made by Prof. Justus Kählerle, of the University of Rostock, in a late issue of the *Luther-*

ische Kirchenzeitung (Leipzig). He points out that no work since Strauss's "Life of Jesus" has left such a permanent impression on the theological thought of the world as that left by Wellhausen's "Prolegomena zur Geschichte Israels" (An Introduction to the History of Israel). Until recently, the views it so brilliantly upheld were almost unchallenged in Germany. But now there is a movement of determined opposition to its theories, headed, rather remarkably, not by theologians, but by philologists. Professor Winckler, the leader of the movement, is on the faculty of the University of Berlin, and the best expression of his views is to be found in his latest work, entitled "Der Religions-geschichtliche und der geschichtliche Orient" (The History of Religion and the History of the Orient) (Leipzig, 1906).

According to Wellhausen's theory, the various books of the Old Testament are a collection of writings which shaped religious views as they actually existed in Israel. The Jewish religion was originally of a primitive character, corresponding to the early nomadic state of popular culture, and best compared with the

neathendom of the ancient Arabs. Later, Israel advanced to the status of the Canaanite peasants, and the teachings of the prophets elevated the religion of the people to an ethical stage. That is to say, Judaism was, first of all, a religion of the nomads, then of the peasants, then of the prophets. Finally, it took on a legal character.

Over against this view, Winckler and his followers have put forward a set of theories which may be summarized thus:

(1) The Old Testament, as we have it now, contains a religion which the people of Israel never actually possessed. The religious teachings of the Old Testament must be sharply distinguished from the religion popularly held by the Jews. The people did not accept the religion of the Old Testament, as such, until the nationality of Israel had disappeared from the pages of history. The ideal religion of the Old Testament may have been held by specially prominent individuals, such as Moses and David; but for the mass of people it was a religion yet to be taught.


(2) The claim that Israel's religion was originally of a nomadic, then of a peasant, type, and later developed into a higher belief, in accordance with the theory of evolution, is wholly without foundation. The truth is, that religious views and teachings of a higher type were all long maintained by a special class, the priests, and were rooted in a higher culture than that possessed by the people at large. The Old Testament is not the expression of a religion of nomads and peasants. It is everywhere the embodiment of an official set of doctrines, inculcated by a priesthood that claimed to speak with authority.

(3) This priesthood was influenced and instructed chiefly by the religious principles of the Babylonian system, formulated centuries previously by a highly educated class of learned teachers. Here originated that conception of God, the world, and of man, which furnished the fundamental thoughts for the Old Testament doctrines. To say this is not to deny that Israel's religious development may have had individualistic tendencies. In fact, such was certainly the case. The Prophetic Monotheism of Israel, while perhaps externally connected with that of Babylon, is yet unique in character.

(4) The Old Testament throughout is an expression of the astro-mythological system of the Babylonians, altho the details of the system are not everywhere apparent. The fundamental idea of the Babylonian system was that the earth in all of its parts and relations, and all that takes place upon it, are a reflection of relations and happenings in the heavens.

In discussing these views, Professor Käberle remarks that they are hardly likely to find favor with the conservatives. The new movement, he observes, "is not a conservative reaction, and indeed in many particulars cannot be satisfactory to those who still adhere to the old view of a revelation in the Old Testament." And yet, he adds, "even from a conservative point of view it is a move in the right direction. Assyriology has already furnished magnificent archeological and historical data, and now seems destined to render service of the highest value to Old Testament research."

AN IMPENDING "CRISIS" IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

O those who keep in touch with Roman Catholic affairs, the political situation occasioned by the separation of Church and State in France has presented a topic of engrossing interest. But, according to a London *Times* correspondent, Roman Catholicism is on the verge of "an intellectual and religious crisis" which will throw in the background the present controversies in France. The new crisis, he prophesies, will come as the culmination of the age-long conflict that has been going on within the Roman Catholic Church between the scholars and thinkers, on the one hand, and the Vatican, on the other. He writes:

"The *non possumus* with which Pius X has received the law which places the French Church under a régime similar to that accepted by Rome in several other countries—and far more favorable to ecclesiastical authority than, for instance, the system of *associations culturelles* under which

the Roman Church in Germany has lived and flourished since 1875—is but one manifestation of the policy of general reaction which the present Pope has pursued from the very beginning of his pontificate. Perhaps this fact would have been more generally recognized but for the strange legend, widely accepted in England until recently, which represented the Pope as a liberal and enlightened Pontiff of progressive views. Nothing in the previous career of Cardinal Sarto supported this legend, the improbability of which has from the first been apparent to everyone who knows what an Italian seminary is, and what type of mind is likely to be developed in a 'church-boy' of peasant extraction who has entered such an institution at an early age and emerged from it only when he has received priest's orders at the age of twenty-four. That the Pope has not, like a certain number of French and Italian priests, broken down by subsequent self-education the wall of separation which the seminary system raises between its victims and the modern world is manifest from all his public utterances. Take, for example, his Encyclical of February 2, 1904, on the Immaculate Conception, in which he states

quite simply and literally that the Hebrew patriarchs were acquainted with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and found consolation in the thought of Mary at various crises in their lives. It is obviously impossible for anyone whose mental attitude is such even to begin to understand the contemporary religious problems, however excellent his intentions. Nobody doubts the excellence of the Pope's intentions, his piety and simplicity, or his transparent sincerity. But that very sincerity makes the situation the more hopeless. If the Pope's policy were dictated by considerations of expediency or diplomacy, there would be a chance of its being changed. Pius IX was always amenable to flattery; Leo XIII was often open to conviction; Pius X is impervious alike to argument and to personal considerations; he acts on fixed and absolute principles, which were formulated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

It is true, continues the writer, that the Vatican has seemingly modified its attitude, during recent years, toward the more eminent "heretics." After the condemnation, three years ago, of the Abbé Loisy, the Abbé Houtin, and the late Abbé Denis, there were no further condemnations until last April. Even the Abbé Loisy has been left unmolested since he sent his third letter of submission. But this inactivity, declares the *Times* correspondent, is only apparent. In reality, "Rome has all this time been preparing to strike a decisive blow at the intellectual movement in the Church;" and we already have "certain harbingers of the coming storm." To quote further:

"The first was the condemnation by the Pope, in a personal letter addressed to Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, of the pastoral on 'The Church and the New Times,' by Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona. The Bishop's offense was that of advocating religious toleration in practice, and saying that, in the circumstances of the modern State, the separation of Church and State was often better for the Church. The Pope took pains in his letter to show that it was not merely as being inopportune that he condemned Bishop Bonomelli's opinions; he declared them to be 'modern liberalism which the Church will never accept.' The letter produced something like consternation among American Catholics, who saw that its principles would ruin the Church in America; and there is little doubt that it was by protests from America (and possibly elsewhere) that Cardinal Agliardi was enabled to save Bishop Bonomelli from further proceedings; for once the Pope recognized that he had gone too far. It can hardly, however, be reassuring to Catholics in England, or in any Protestant country, to find that, at this time of day, it is declared unlawful for any Catholic to approve of religious liberty and toleration or to support the separation of Church and State in any circumstances."

A later condemnation is even more disconcerting:

"By a decrees published in the *Osservatore*

Romano of April 7 the Pope placed on the 'Index' a brochure by M. Paul Viollet, entitled 'L'Infallibilité du Pape et le Syllabus.' M. Viollet is one of the most distinguished and orthodox of French Catholic laymen, a professor of the *École des Chartes*, and a member of the Institut. The object of his brochure is to show that the 'Syllabus' is not infallible and that, when it condemns 'modern civilization,' religious toleration, and so on, it is not to be taken literally. He certainly goes no further than did Cardinal Newman in his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' and what he says is said by nearly all English and American Catholic apologists, most of whom would accuse a Protestant controversialist of misrepresentation if he denied that the Church held what Pius X has condemned. The condemnation of M. Viollet cuts the ground from under the feet of 'minimizing' apologists of the school of Mr. Wilfrid Ward and the Rev. Dr. William Barry, who, it is now plainly demonstrated, do not represent the real mind of Rome and are as heterodox as the 'liberal' Catholics from whom they take such pains to dissociate themselves."

The same decree that condemned M. Viollet consigned to the "Index" two philosophical works by the Abbé Laberthonnière, "a philosopher of European reputation," and has led to the impression that "Rome is determined to impose on Catholics a mode of philosophical thought and language which is dead and meaningless for the rest of the world." But great as was the indignation of French Roman Catholics, in view of the condemnation of M. Viollet and M. Laberthonnière, it was as nothing compared to the sensation that has been caused in Italy by the condemnation of "Il Santo," the latest novel of Antonio Fogazzaro, the great Roman Catholic novelist (see CURRENT LITERATURE, April). On this point the writer says:

"It is not perhaps surprising that 'Il Santo' was unpopular at the Vatican, since it distinctly suggests that, if Christ returned to the earth, He would receive from the Vatican the same treatment, *mutatis mutandis*, that He received from the Sanhedrim. But the fact that a Catholic of such deep and acknowledged piety as Fogazzaro should believe that to be true is the really grave matter. The condemnation of the novel has given it an enormous sale in every language. The Church in Italy has also been distracted by what has now become an open conflict between the Pope and the Christian Democrats. For a long time past the Pope has been trying in vain to suppress the Christian Democratic organizations and to force Italian Catholics to take their political orders from the Bishops. His latest condemnation of the Christian Democrats has been met with open defiance, and he will have to choose between wholesale excommunications and acquiescence in defeat. Indeed, the Church in Italy is seething with discontent, and modern ideas have probably made greater headway among Italian Catholics, both clergy and laity than among French."

In nothing, however, says the *Times* writer has the tendency of the present Pope been

more plainly demonstrated than in his attitude toward Biblical questions. The Biblical Commission, it seems, has been entirely diverted from the purpose for which it was appointed by Leo XIII. More specifically:

"The present Pope has swamped its expert members by the addition of a large number of ignoramuses who have no knowledge of the questions with which it has to deal; he has appointed Cardinal Merry del Val, who is certainly not an expert, to be its president, and Dom Jannssen, S.B. (a rigorous and fanatical scholastic, quite reversed in Biblical criticism), to the secretaryship, in place of Father David Fleming, O.F.M., who was removed because he had some knowledge of, and sympathy with, the critical position. The Pope has also removed Father Gismondi, S.J., from the chair of scriptural exegesis in the Gregorian University, though his attitude towards critical questions was quite conservative, and has appointed in his place a Belgian Jesuit, Father Alphonse Delattre, whose principle of scriptural exegesis, as stated by himself, is: 'Il faut tout prendre ou tout laisser' ['It is necessary to take all or leave all']. Early in his pontificate the Pope made an even worse appointment to the similar chair in the Roman diocesan seminary, in the person of a Tyrolese Capuchin named Hetzenhauer, whose lectures have excited the ridicule of the irreverent and disconcerted even the ultra-orthodox."

All these events are described as "but pre-
ludes to the comprehensive blow at intellectual Catholicism which is now daily expected." This blow will probably take the form of a new Syllabus issued from the Vatican and containing condemned propositions from the works of M. Loisy and other liberal Catholic writers. We learn:

"The Syllabus has been long delayed, but there is every reason to believe that it will not be delayed much longer. Great pains have been taken to make it exhaustive. Not only books, but Catholic papers and periodicals in every language have been overhauled; and non-Catholic reviews have been searched for compromising articles. Even Protestants are said to have been asked their opinion about the critical 'novelties,' and it is, rightly or wrongly, declared in Rome that certain Anglo-Catholics, including a Bishop who was once himself suspected of unorthodoxy, have expressed opinions as to the wickedness of liberal Catholics and Biblical critics which would do credit to the most orthodox Roman. Whether the Syllabus will be confined to propositions dealing with Biblical questions is not known, but they will certainly have a prominent place in it, and the Pope is credited with the desire to appeal to conservative Protestants as the defender of the Bible. The really important questions, however, are whether the names of the authors from whose works the condemned propositions are taken will be mentioned, and whether they or any others will be required to subscribe the condemnations. It is almost certain that the latter course will be taken, even if the authors' names are not mentioned in the document—certain persons, that is, will be required to declare their consent either to the condemnations or to certain positive propositions, on pain of excommunication. Without this the Syllabus would fail in its object, which is to purge the Church of the 'intellectuals.'"

It will be seen, concludes the writer, that the situation justifies grave apprehension for the immediate future of the Roman Catholic Church, "not only in France, where it is in danger of being entirely destroyed by the Papal policy," but also in other countries, such as England and the United States.

THE TENUOUS FAITH OF GOLDWIN SMITH



FIGURE not without elements of pathos, and standing toward our age in a relation somewhat analogous to that of Matthew Arnold toward his generation, is the veteran Toronto scholar, Goldwin Smith. His latest work* shows a mind halting between two alternatives. Like the traveler in Arnold's poem, he wanders—

between two worlds

One dead, the other powerless to be born.

His sympathies are with a faith that his reason can no longer accept; and in the twilight of life, his eyes search new horizons, vainly seeking the certainties of religious truth.

Never before, he thinks, has there been "such a crisis in the history of belief"; and "never before has man, enlightened as he now is by science, faced with a free mind the problem of his origin and destiny." He says further:

"It can scarcely be denied that between the higher criticism on one side and Darwin's momentous discovery on the other, materialism, in the scientific and philosophic sense, positive or negative, is gaining ground. We are called upon, at all events, to find a new warrant for spiritual life, for reliance on the dictates of conscience, for any hopes that we may have cherished of existence beyond the grave, for confidence in a divine order of the universe. We can no longer believe that the miscellany of Hebrew writings, many of them of doubtful authorship and date, some of them plainly mythical, are a divine revelation. Nor is anything to be hoped from an attempt to evade the difficulty by suggesting

that Deity, in its dealings with man, had to accommodate itself to the Darwinian law of evolution. Of the Gospels, criticism has spared only the character and teachings of Jesus, which, on any hypothesis, have given birth to Christendom. In the authenticity, contemporaneity, harmony of the documents, we can confide no more. We can no longer sincerely accept the evidence for the Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception, the miracles, the Resurrection; or deem it such as would certainly have been given in proof of a revelation which was to be the light of the world. Moreover, the Fall being a myth, as it is now allowed almost on all hands to be, there is no ground for the Incarnation and the Atonement, a disclosure which in itself is fatal to the dogmatic and traditional creed of Christendom. Nor, we must sorrowfully confess, is the collapse of our evidences limited to the case of revelation. It extends to that of natural religion. Bishop Butler's proof of immortality, resting on the separate existence of the soul as an entity breathed into the body at birth and released from it at death, has been swept away by evolution. Theism itself has been seriously called in question, and arguments founded on the proofs of universal beneficence, such as the writers of the *Bridgewater Treatises* deemed conclusive, will unhappily no longer avail. The wrench is great; but through frank abandonment of that which cannot be sustained lies our only road to truth."

To the question of immortality, which he feels goes to the very roots of life, he returns again and again. "Immortality," he confesses, "is an idea which my mind fails to grasp, as it fails to grasp the ideas of eternity, infinity, omnipotence or first cause. But if this life ends all, I do not see how conscience can retain its authority." Pursuing this line of thought further, he declares:

"The authority of conscience, it seems to me, is religious. The sanction of its awards appears to be something beyond and above temporal interest, utility, or the dictates of society and law. In the absence of such a sanction what can there be to prevent a man from following his own inclinations, good or bad, beneficent or murderous, so long as he keeps within the pale of law or manages to escape the police? One man is a lamb by nature, another is a tiger. Why is not the tiger as well as the lamb to follow his nature so far as the law will let him or as he has power? Eccelino, for instance, was by nature a devil incarnate, a sort of Satanic enthusiast of evil. What had merely utilitarian morality to say against his gratification of his propensities as long as he had power on his side?

"The age of Machiavel was something like ours, in being one of religious eclipse attended by failure of the traditional foundation of morality. A domination of self-interest without regard for moral restrictions was the result."

But there are voices which incline him toward a more hopeful philosophy. One is that "the phenomena of what we have hitherto called man's spiritual nature, his sense of moral responsibility, his appreciation of moral beauty,

his moral aspirations. . . . in themselves claim consideration like other phenomena submitted to science, whatever may be the physical genesis of man or of the soundness of his particular conceptions." Another is that "we have apparently no sufficient reason at present to conclude that there is nothing in the universe, or nothing cognizable by us, beyond that which is perceived by our bodily senses and is the subject of physical science."

A third note of recurring hopefulness we find in his references to Christianity. "No other creed," he admits, "has shown such power for good." And again he says:

"The essence of Christianity as it came from the lips of the Author seems to be belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Trace the practical effect of this belief through the centuries, disengaging it as well as you can from ecclesiastical superfetations, from the effects of fellowship with evil powers of the world, from the crimes of theocracy, and from the fanaticism of sects. Does it not appear wherever it has prevailed, under whatever form and in whatever circumstances, in all nations and in all states of life, to have produced in those who strove to live up to its excellence and beneficence of character, spiritual happiness, with an inward assurance that it would be well for them in the end? In that case may not Christianity fairly present itself as something more than an ethical speculation? May it not claim to rank in some degree as a right solution of the problem of humanity and a practical experiment which has not failed?"

With this interrogation point, we may fittingly take leave of the depressing reflections that have dogged Goldwin Smith's "quest for light." The sentiments we have quoted appeared, for the most part, in letters addressed to the *New York Sun*, and aroused widespread controversy at the time of their publication. "Never in his life, so long and so illustrious in its scholarly production," says *The Sun*, editorially, "has Mr. Goldwin Smith reached and stimulated so many minds as he has done in these discussions." It continues:

"They relate to a subject which can now be treated with a more perfect candor and from a larger and broader view than ever before since the advent of Christianity. This is a period of religious revolution, and the public mind is now more open and more judicial concerning questions of religion than at any past time.

"Even twenty-five years ago expressions of doubt as to religious dogmas fundamental to Christianity and of the supernatural premises on which all religions are founded would have been dangerous material for printing in a daily newspaper which reached the great public. Now we find that the letters of Mr. Goldwin Smith are welcomed, even where there is opposition to their suggestions—in the camp of religious faith no less than in the sphere of religious doubt."

THE STRONG POINTS IN AMERICAN PREACHING

INTELLECTUAL virility, a realistic and practical quality, and a faculty for covering a great variety of subjects—such, in the opinion of Prof. Lewis E. Brastow, of Yale University, are the distinguishing traits of American preachers. "In no other pulpit in Christendom, probably," he observes, "has the homiletic personality such free range;" and "into no other pulpit," he adds, "are there introduced subjects of such wide-reaching and varying import."

The position of the American preacher, as Dr. Brastow points out in a new work* on "The Modern Pulpit," is a peculiar one. More than ever before, he stands a man among men, a specialist, so to speak, in matters theological and ethical, owing his authority not so much to his place or function (tho, of course, these are factors in his influence), as to the inherent quality of his manhood and his message. Upon this inherent quality will rest his success or failure. As Dr. Brastow puts it:

"A free state and a free church rely upon the power of a free pulpit and a free ministry to perpetuate the moral and religious life of the people. There is, therefore, a severe exaction upon the preacher. No state church, with its political and ecclesiastical prestige and its wealth and social position, represses the freedom of individual judgment or of individual initiative, or discredits the power of the free utterance of a free ministry. Tradition, precedent, custom, which is the common law of ecclesiastical communities that are in close alliance with the state, has but little weight in a free church that has a firm grip upon the present and a clear outlook upon the future. An elaborate ritual, about which gather the sanctities of ages and of traditional authority, has never gotten firm hold here. It is the broad church in all religious communions, not the high church, that is the most distinctive American product. It is true that dogmatic tradition still bears sway in some religious communities, but it is an anachronism. The typical American pulpit deals freely with the traditional theology of the churches. It has more power because more intelligent freedom than a pulpit hampered by dogmatic tradition. Even the strongly centralized churches, whose influence is measurably conditioned by close organization, have many of them been not less freely responsive than the more democratic churches to a popularly effective pulpit. This is the Protestantism of the American pulpit."

The conditions of American life practically compel the preacher to adjust his sermons to the culture of our age, and to interpret Chris-

tianity broadly and rationally. As a result, says Dr. Brastow, "his product is emotionally more vivacious, more concrete and suggestive, than that of a former period, has better literary form, and speaks more copiously to the imagination." He has to adapt himself to commercial and industrial communities, to men that do some thinking, but who think rapidly and rather superficially, and expect their minister to speak as they think. To quote again:

"American thought in our day is rapid, not over profound, and above all practical. The conditions of American life have furthered the development of this type of thought. A mark of modern life in general, it is especially true in this country that everything in our day is utilized, put to work, pushed out into the domain of practical result, and made tributary to practical interests. Theology is less abstract and speculative than it was formerly. With ever increasing earnestness of desire and purpose the true preacher recognizes his vocation to adapt Christianity to the actual conditions of the people. Hence the prevailing tendency of the American preacher in interpreting Christianity to appeal to human experience. Hence a great extension of the ethical type of preaching, the application of Christianity as an ethical religion to the interests of all classes. Hence its missionary character. Hence the abandonment of the theological and dialectical type of preaching that appeals prevailingly to the understanding and furthers the doctrinal interest, a change from elaborate discussion to a more incisive and direct method of appeal to the sense of reality and to a more concrete suggestive, persuasive representation of truth—that addresses the practical faculties."

Every section of our country, according to Dr. Brastow's analysis, has its essential and peculiar qualities. "As compared with the preaching of the northern section," he remarks, "that of the southern is much more emotional in its rhetorical and oratorical qualities, much more effusive and demonstrative;" while the North is developing the "practical" and "ethical" note. Of the mental habits which disclose themselves in the preaching of the eastern and western sections of the country, we read:

"It may be fairly questioned if the pulpit of the west has in general fully shared the intellectual independence that may be justly claimed as characteristic of the pulpit of the east, or if it is equally catholic in spirit and equally responsive to the thought movements of our time. That the pulpit of a free and manly people like that of the great west should not be hopelessly hampered by dogmatic tradition or hopelessly committed against all progress in religious thought, is of course natural, and it is certain that it is not the victim of such committal. But that the so-called practical interest should dominate the intellectual or what has been called the speculative interest


*THE MODERN PULPIT: A STUDY OF HOMILETIC SOURCES AND CHARACTERISTICS. By Lewis O. Brastow, D.D., Professor of Practical Theology in Yale University. The Macmillan Company.

is also natural. That a people intellectually so alert and so intelligent in their judgments in all important matters, even when unreflective in their habits of mind and esthetically crude, should demand something more than emotional fervor and sentimental gush in their preachers, and that they should insist upon pith and vivacity of thought and expression, is certainly a necessity. But that it should be the people of the west rather than of the east that discredit and antagonize the modern historic method and its results, that they should distrust theological innovations and should identify unfamiliar theological theories with unverified and unverifiable speculation, is not altogether unnatural, however unreasonable it may be."

Dr. Brastow is not one of those who hold that great preaching is a thing of the past in America. The denominations, he declares, still have their pulpit giants. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, shows "a certain largeness of range in the sweep of his thought, a stateliness and rhetorical exuberance, a dramatic intensity and a graphic effectiveness, that remind us of the exalted style of preaching which we associate with a former period." Such men as ex-President Patton, of Princeton, "evinced intellectual scope, strength and subtlety, dialectical skill, free range in the high

altitudes of theological discussion, ethical manliness, and rhetorical cleverness and cogency." Dr. Parkhurst "illustrates the moral severities of old Puritanism" in new and effective form while Dr. Henry van Dyke is "the pulpit artist of his school." Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Dr. Russell A. Conwell, Bishop Greer, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Bishop Vincent and Bishop McDowell are all mentioned by Dr. Brastow as highly gifted preachers. There is a distinctly national quality, we learn, in the preaching of the American, as compared with that of other nationalities. "His product is less sentimental, less affectionate, than that of the German, less fervid and rhetorically brilliant than that of the Frenchman, less dignified and churchly than that of the Anglican, less Biblical, less sympathetic and less evangelical than that of the English non-conformist." Dr. Brastow adds: "In a certain mental manliness the typical American preacher rarely finds a successful competitor while it must be acknowledged that in spiritual fervor, in delicacy of feeling and sentiment, in moral searchingness, in evangelistic zeal, and in Biblical simplicity he is distinctly deficient and in all these aspects might be bettered."

"JOB" AS A PROBLEM PLAY

EW books in the Bible have caused such perplexity, or left so much room for speculation, as "Job." It has been called by successive commentators a chronicle of fact, a didactic theme, an allegory, an idyl, a treatise on theology and a dramatic poem. The latest theory as to its character comes from an English clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, who thinks that it ought to be called "a problem play," and that its author was influenced by Æschylus and Euripides. He writes (*Nineteenth Century*, September):

"To suppose that the Jews produced no dramatic literature is, to say the least, an improbable assumption. In the face of facts it is an impossible one. In individuals, as in nations, drama, in some form or another, is bound to emerge and assert itself, because it is woven into the fabric of our being. Life is drama, and drama is life. Sooner or later the rough facts of things will be seized and lifted by the method of dramatic writing. I do not assert, of course, that in the Bible we have the fulness and peculiar richness of the Athenian theater, but we have exactly what we have in the early history of Greece, the dramatic element slowly encroaching upon the lyric and epic form, until we have the

tragedy of 'Job' and the musical pastoral comedy of 'The Songs of Solomon.'"

The "problem" with which "Job" is occupied is that which so persistently haunted the Greek dramatists. The book tries to solve the riddle of human destiny, in face of the unrelenting power of Fate and the Moral Law. Or, to use simpler language, it attacks the question: Why do the religious suffer? "The problem, the ultimate issue, and the mode by which it shall be brought about," says Mr. Forbes, "are known to the audience from the start, and then, following exactly on Æschylus's lines, the action moves on in one unswerving and impressive channel, while the dialog is marked by intense life, movement and dramatic force." To quote further:

"The prolog acquaints us with the chief character, Job, and the nature of his calamities. He is depicted as a prosperous Arab sheik, rich in cattle and other possessions, displaying a tender solicitude for the welfare of his family. The scene changes, and we are transported by the poet from the plains of Uz to the halls of heaven, where, like an Oriental sovereign, the Almighty holds His court. The 'sons of God'—i.e., the angels—'come from time to time to report them-

selves to their Sovereign.' In this scene begins the actual staging of the story. The construction is so much in the nature of a play that half a dozen people, with the Bible in their hands, could represent it without any interference with the text. For modern stage purposes we should have:

Scene: The Court of Heaven, discovered the Almighty, angels presenting themselves before Him. (Enter Satan.)

God: Whence comest thou?

Satan: From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

God: Hast thou considered my servant Job? . . . For there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.

Satan: Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . Hast Thou not put a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce Thee to Thy face.

God: Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

(Exit Satan.)

"Here we have a perfect scene, sublime in its simplicity. Change the names and we might be reading from a Greek play. There is an audacious originality in the author's conception of Satan. How it must have fascinated an audience to see the arch-fiend depicted as one of the sons of God, and sneering in the very face of the Almighty! How the dramatic strength is intensified by such audacity, and the knowledge that to the enemy of mankind is given, for the time being, almost unlimited power over a good man! This is the strong dramatic touch exactly of that character which grips a crowd of people. The atmosphere, in few words, is charged with the potentialities of tragedy."

As the drama unfolds, we see in Job a figure who recalls Hamlet, and who "turns and winds and agonizes, advances and recoils, as he argues out the problem." In fact, according to Mr. Forbes, Job is "the Hamlet of the East." We can almost imagine Job turning upon his friends with the exclamation:

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

As a matter of fact he says:

Let the day perish wherein I was born,
And the night which said, There is a man child
conceived.
Let that day be darkness:
Let not God regard it from above.

The author of "Job," continues our commentator, is not only a great dramatist, but "a genius for light and shade." With great daring, but with realistic and human touch, he introduces into a situation of surpassing pathos a touch of something very like comedy. To say that Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar are "Job's comforters," sums up the whole matter. They tell him he is so altered they would

hardly recognize him. Job meets them with gloomy silence; and "very masterly indeed is the silence with which these men regard each other. One feels the tension of it all, and the situation is again solemn and impressive." The "comforters" remain to argue.

"In the first cycle of speeches his friends occupy themselves with presenting what, we may take it, is the accepted theology of the day, God dispensing to every man according to his morals, not arbitrarily, but with mathematical accuracy, giving each man what he deserves. Therefore, Job in his suffering is the mark of Divine displeasure. What, then, has Job done? They urge him to confess. Job meets this with a denial, and protests his innocence. They imply bluntly that he is a liar. Here is the dramatist's art in perfection. The audience is admitted into the secret, the actors are not. Any stage-manager who knows anything about his art would say: 'This is good work; this is drama.' The situation is no mere house of cards. All the characters are strong, and the dialog of each is to the point and vigorous. At the same time there are just those touches which one expects in a play.

"The men are no mere puppets repeating speeches. You have real characters of flesh and blood, diverse and of different temperament. Eliphaz is most courteous and inclined to be conciliatory, while maintaining his own position. Bildad is arbitrary and accusing. Zophar is insinuating and provoking. Job is as some philosophic Titan who would scale the height where God is enthroned, and tear away the veil that conceals Him from mortal gaze. The characterization is excellent, but it is the characterization of public presentation. Again and again you get expressions which imply hot interruption which would be natural in spoken debate. 'Behold now.' 'Hear it and know it.' 'Be content. Look upon me.' Bildad complains of Job's long speeches—'How long wilt thou speak these things?'; and, again, 'Hold your peace; let me alone'; and 'Suffer me that I may speak.' 'Look straight at me! is it likely I shall lie to your face?'

"Every now and then the high tide of eloquence is broken by some humorous or ironic allusion which only a dramatist would use, and use with the distinct object of providing fresh interest for his audience. Job asks: 'Am I a whale or a sea that thou settest a watch over me?' And there would be a ripple of laughter when Job remarks to his antagonists: 'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.' And an outburst of merriment when he adds, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.'"

The dramatic interest never lags, and the "problem" is debated without mercy or quarter until the end. The audience would get the first hint of a resolution of the entanglement in the murmur of the rising storm, and their thought would naturally go back to the prolog. There is a delicacy of handling here which excites Mr. Forbes's special admiration. He says:

"In the prolog you have the Almighty speaking—among immortals to immortals. The author feels the difficulty of producing God upon a stage, so he causes the Divine voice to be heard from the midst of the storm. If 'Job' were merely a speculative treatise, or a story of rural and patriarchal religious life and thought, all these stage devices would be quite unnecessary.

"The resolution of the drama is planned and executed with a largeness of design, a depth of purpose, a poetical imagery to which it would be difficult to find any parallel. Altho from the opening we are expecting the *Deus ex machina*, yet when it does come it is unexpected, and the general effect is to impress the mind with a sense of unapproachable power and majesty. In a way the problem is never solved, and yet it is answered for all time. The question is lifted to a higher atmosphere, the equation is stated in other terms, the relative position of things is defined in an elevation of treatment profound and moving.

"We have a series of searching questions which

are addressed to Job, and to the hearts of all, actors and spectators alike. Each question is a blow of the master artist, driving his chisel into the raw marble which shall presently reveal the figure to be, and Job comes out of the ordeal changed, because he sees things in a new light. Each humiliating answer he gives marks his way of progress and removes the films from his eyes."

Mr. Forbes finds the drama of "Job" so admirably constructed that "it could be put into rehearsals to-morrow without requiring a tithe of the 'touching up' given to plays by up-to-date writers." He concludes: "The actor-manager who has the ability and the courage to present 'Job,' who has sufficient of the religious instinct to get every ounce of strength out of 'Job's' glorious lines, for him there is awaiting a great artistic success, and, I venture to add, an eager and appreciative public."

A JOURNALIST'S LAY SERMON



UCCESS in this life," says William Allen White, the brilliant Kansas journalist, "is service to one's fellows;" and "the chiefest token of Christ's divinity is not in the miracles, nor in the signs and wonders, but in the fact that He knew that the gearing of the world is not turned toward the millenium by money or by the power that comes through worldly success, but by service of man to man." During the course of a lengthy elaboration of this fundamental message, which he does not claim as new, but which he endeavors to reinforce in the fresh and vital terms of the moment, Mr. White declares (*American Magazine*, October):

"The contest for the establishment of eternal justice in this world is not to be ended because the average man has a Sunday suit, a high-school education, modern conveniences in his house, and chicken and mashed potatoes for Sunday dinner. There is danger that he may become too smug and complacent. For the comforts of our complex life have deadened our hearts to what we should continually feel is the mainspring of that life—our debt to humanity. The liberties we enjoy, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses in which we live, are not of our own getting. We owe for all of them. In our civilization countless thousands serve every man every day. And as man rises above the average of his fellows, the thousands become tens of thousands and his debt to humanity grows heavier. What we must realize before eternal justice will be established on this earth, is that no man ever can pay his debt, and also that the only happiness

he can have is in trying to pay it. And thirdly and finally must we realize that folly's crown of follies is on the head of him who tries to pay his debt to humanity by mere money."

Mr. White enters a special protest against the plea, so often put forward, that it is a man's duty to make money; that he may "do good" with it. "If Jacob Riis," he says, "had put off helping the poor of New York until he had made enough money to hire someone else to do it, he would have accomplished little." At best, we are reminded, "money is merely a counter in the game, and he who cheats to get the counters has not won the game." Moreover:

"The great workers of this world do what they do in the joy of service, and not for the dollars that return from the service, and to make any service great, whether it be painting a masterpiece or building a barn, it is first needful to take away the thought of money from it and put in the joy of serving. Service is the coin in which humanity's greatest debts are paid. Only by service to one's fellows can one call up from his soul the latent sense of duty to humanity which moves through this life of ours, and works among us for the promotion of eternal righteousness. He who serves for the joy of service, whether he be inventing a dynamo or digging a ditch in the street to carry away fever-breeding filth, is releasing the instinct of growth in his heart which God planted within life when He made this world. And only by giving full play to the instinct of growth in his being which impels him to help his fellows, may a man work out of the divine purpose within him. And conversely, if he does not serve his fellows in a real

way, if he does not give them that service which comes from the altruistic instinct of growth within him, he has failed in life, and no matter how much money he has accumulated, no matter how much apparent power he may command, still that man has failed. For success in this life is service to one's fellows."

According to Mr. White's standard, our millionaires are "the greatest failures in our modern life"; and they are failures, he avers, because "as a rule they have accumulated money without giving society a just and equitable return for that money." He proceeds:

"They have acquired what seems to them a vast amount of power, without intelligence to use it, and they are going through life looking for joy and happiness, but finding only pleasure that burns out their souls and does not satisfy their hearts. To get their money they have developed their cunning and stunted their candor; they have deceived and bullied and sometimes killed the man in their own hearts, and have let a demon lustful for gain reign in their souls. Often the man who was killed lingers in an empty heart—a pious ghost, full of wise saws and good intentions, and the crackling laughter of the fool, but the good man is only a ghost; he has no real part in the rich man's life. Supposing the pious ghost that haunts the richest man in the world, desired to set aside half of his millions to promote the cause of the Christian religion. His money would accomplish but little. The worst blow the organized Christian religion might have would be that money. For the man's life is so well known, his character is so thoroly despised, that all the preaching of the paid preachers would be futile against the influence of that one life. 'How can I hear what you say,' says Emerson, 'when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?' The example of one poor man laying down his life in a fire or in a flood for humanity is worth more to the cause of righteousness than all the millions for which the rich man has strangled his manhood or bartered away his soul."

It will be objected that ours is a "practical" world, and that to take away the love of money would be to take away the fire that generates the steam in the engines of our civilization. But Mr. White contends that this assumption is contradicted by the ordinary experiences of our daily life. "Let us look at the thing we call civilization," he says, "and see how it is going:"

"We know America fairly well; it is probably as highly civilized as any other part of the globe. In New York City there are said to be five thousand millionaires. Probably there are ten thousand or even let us say twenty thousand men who are nearly millionaires, and fifty thousand more who are living in the blest hope of becoming millionaires reasonably soon. Their hopes of course are based largely on being able to tear down the real millionaires and to share in the fallen fortunes. Let us say that there are one hundred thousand people who certainly are inspired by the love of money. These hundred thousand

people have killed the social instinct in their own hearts. They serve their fellows only for the money there is in it. They live parasitic existences. But what of the three million other men and women in New York? Is the civilization of New York dependent upon the hundred thousand parasites, or is it dependent upon the three million people? Three million people are working day by day for money with which to buy the necessities and comforts and luxuries of life. The three million people devote eight hours every day to money-getting; but what of the other sixteen hours during the day? In the eight waking hours that are left what a vast amount of work is done for the love of it; and as we descend to those levels which are falsely called the lower levels of society—to the poor—what a vast amount of social work is done without the thought of pay. The nursing of the sick, the care of motherless children, the feeding of those below the line of subsistence, the helping and shielding and soothing that is done by the poor to the poor every day, if paid for in dollars would make the hundred thousand millionaires poor at sunset.

"The spirit of social service is in the masses of all our people."

This is, indeed, a "practical" world, concedes Mr. White, but in a sense not usually understood. It is "made practical by those who, without money, do practical work for the practical benefit of their fellows, and who, perhaps, without professing religion, are living the spirit of Christianity in their simple relations with their real neighbors." He adds, in concluding:

"What the world needs is faith to accept its own wisdom as truth. We have eyes, yet we see not; we have ears, yet we hear not; day by day we go to our work, toiling at our block houses that topple because they are built in our moral blindness. We kill and maim our bodies in this work of civilization, and we choke and sear our souls battling like beasts in a pit; and yet there is no pit but our ignorance of the simple law of the partnership of men, which our mouths chatter a thousand times a day. There is no practical world, except that which we make when we live within this law. Often following this law men go to physical destruction; the mother dies for her child; the soldier dies for his country; the engineer dies for his passengers; the life-boat man dies for his duty; the miner dies for his friend. But the immutable law of this universe, the law of cause and effect, which governs the movements of the farthest star in its course, will surely not be barred by the mere portals of physical death, and that which made the soul happy in leaving this world will keep it happy afterwards. Often the law of the partnership of men seems to lead its followers into suffering and want, and they shrink back ignobly and call upon the law of self-preservation—which never yet has given a soul a breath of happiness. But inevitably he who follows the higher law of the preservation of his race, has found that in some unexpected way there came to him the joy that follows service—the happiness that follows kindness."

A RELIGION BASED ON THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT

THOU shalt not kill." This is the prime commandment of all great religions. It is not, however, in the West at least, generally extended to animals. The peoples of the mystic East are more merciful, and apply the Golden Rule to beast and bird as well. The Buddhists think it an abominable sin to kill an animal or to hurt it, while among the Jainas, a sect that has often been confused with the worshipers of Buddha, kindness to all living things, and with it vegetarianism, assumes the dignity of a religion.

The faith of the Jainas is an ancient faith, and its adherents claim that even Buddha was only a disciple of Mahavira, the founder of their religion. The latter is believed to have flourished in the sixth century before Christ. His followers are now estimated, in the Bombay presidency alone, at 1,334,138. This, Mr. E. Martinengo Cesaresco tells us in an interesting monograph published in the *Contemporary Review*, gives no idea of their real number. Jainas, he says, are to be found almost everywhere in Upper India, in the West and South and along the Ganges.

The Jaina scriptures, we are told, are really a rule of discipline for monks, and not a guide for the mass of humanity. As all Jainas cannot be saints and at the same time perpetuate their creed and the race, those who cannot comply in all respects with the exacting demands of the scriptures express their desire to worship in the building of splendid shrines and refuges for man and beast. To quote further:

"The vegetarian principle is observed vigorously by all—clearly with no bad effect on health after a trial of about twenty-four centuries, for the Jaina's *physique* is excellent, and they are less subject to disease than the other communities. They strain and boil water before drinking, and whatever may be said of the motive the practise must be highly commended. They are also often to be seen wearing a mouth-cloth to prevent them from swallowing flies, and they carry little brooms with which they sweep insects out of their path. The hospitals for sick animals begin to be better managed than formerly, when they incurred much censure as mere conglomerations of hopeless suffering to relieve which practical means were not taken."

Mahavira himself "fulfilled the law" by allowing gnats, flies and other insects to bite and crawl over him for four months. A possible explanation of the Jaina attitude may be found in the altruistic tendency toward primitive

animism. The writer makes the statement that in the last Indian census over eight millions were returned as animists. The Jainas, he tells us, took into their world soul fire, water, wind, shooting plants and germinating seed. On this point he remarks:

"The disciplinary results must have been inconvenient, but a religion was never less popular because it put its devotees to inconvenience. Those who still clung to animistic beliefs were already prepared to see a soul in the flickering fire, the rushing water, the growing blade. We all have odds and ends of animism; did not Coventry Patmore say: 'There is something human in a tree.' With more detail the Jaina observes that trees and plants are born and grow old; they distinguish the seasons, they turn towards the sun, the seed grows up, 'the Asoka buds and blossoms when touched by a fair girl's feet'—how, then, shall we deny all knowledge to them?"

Thus the poetic worshipers of Mahavira complete the pilgrimage through life kindly toward all creatures, ruthless only toward themselves. Their morality, as perhaps ultimately all morality, is based on reciprocity. Mr. Cesaresco concludes with a remarkable story that well illustrates this point:

"Once upon a time three hundred and sixty-three philosophers, representing a similar number of philosophical schools, and differing in character, opinions, taste, undertakings and plans, stood round in a large circle, each one in his place. They discussed their various views, and at last one man took a vessel full of red-hot coals which he held at a distance from him with a pair of tongs. 'Now you philosophers,' said he, 'just take this for a moment and hold it in your hands. No trickery, if you please; you are *not* to hold it with the tongs or to put the fire out. Fair and honest!"

"With extreme unanimity, the three hundred and sixty-two drew back their hands as fast as they could. Then the speaker continued: 'How is this, philosophers, what *are* you doing with your hands?' 'They will be burnt,' said the others. 'And what does it matter if they are burnt?' 'But it would hurt us dreadfully.' 'So you do not want to suffer pain?' Well, this is the case with all animals. This maxim applies to every creature, this principle, this religious reflection, holds good of all living things. Therefore those religious teachers who say that all sorts of living things may be beaten or ill-treated, or tormented, or deprived of life will, in time, suffer in the same way themselves, and have to undergo the whole round of the scale of earthly existence. They will be whirled round, put in irons, see their mothers, fathers, children die, have bad luck, poverty, the society of people they detest, separation from those they love, 'they will again wander distraught in the beginningless and endless wilderness.'"

Science and Discovery

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS NATURAL DEATH?

LOWER organisms are not subject to the natural death that seems to come inevitably to man and the higher animals. So confident of this is the eminent Elie Metchnikoff, "expert of experts in the science of life," as he has been termed, that he actually proclaims "the immortality of unicellular organisms." It is an immortality not less surprising, he reminds us, than the kindred fact that there are animals high in the scale of life to which natural death does not come. Metchnikoff even quotes Naegeli, a well-known German botanist, as affirming that natural death does not occur in nature. Trees more than a thousand years old perish, not by natural death—that is by the gradual decay of their vitality—but by some catastrophe. The age of the famous dragon tree of the villa Oratava at Teneriffe was estimated at several thousand years. Its trunk was hollow, but the huge monster continued to flourish until it was overthrown by a storm. The baobab is reputed to live for five or six thousand years.

Moreover, Professor Loeb's conclusion that valid evidence of the existence of natural death is not obtainable commends itself likewise to Professor E. Metchnikoff in that work from which these

views are abstracted.* However, Loeb has observed that ripe but unfertilized eggs of sea hedgehogs die a few hours after they have been discharged. This, infers Loeb, may be a case of natural death; but Metchnikoff cannot agree with this opinion. An egg that has not been truly fertilized may be compared with a

creature deprived of its proper nutrition and so dying of starvation. Death is purely accidental and could have been avoided. Metchnikoff says further:

"If natural death does exist, it must have appeared on the face of the earth long after the appearance of life. Weismann has suggested that death arose as an adaptation for the advantage of the species, that is to say, in relation to the surrounding conditions of existence and not as an absolute necessity inherent in the nature of the living substance. He thought that as worn organisms are no longer suited for reproduction or for the struggle for life, natural death was due to natural selection, it being necessary to maintain the species in a vigorous state by weeding out the debased individuals.

"But the introduction of death for that purpose was superfluous, since the debility caused by old age in itself would eliminate the aged in the course of the struggle for existence. Violent death must have appeared almost as soon as living things came into being. The infusorians and other low organisms, despite their potential immortality,



Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING MEN OF SCIENCE

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, the bacteriologist, succeeded Pasteur as head of the famous Pasteur Institute in Paris. In his latest work entitled "The Nature of Man," Professor Metchnikoff avers that it is not so easy to find an authentic case of natural death. Nature, he thinks, does not appear to have made death an integral part of her scheme. Many deaths which, to the lay mind, seem natural enough turn out—from the point of view of the biologist and bacteriologist—to have been violent in the extreme.

*THE NATURE OF MAN. By Elie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

must have been subjected perpetually to violent death, falling victims to larger and stronger organisms. It is impossible to regard natural death, if indeed it actually exists, as the product of natural selection for the benefit of the species. In the press of the world natural death could rarely come into operation because maladies or the voracity of enemies so frequently cause violent death.

"No doubt a certain number of deaths are recorded in statistics as being due to old age without visible malady. Sometimes decrepit old men feel no pain and seem to fall quietly into their eternal sleep; but autopsy reveals serious lesions of the internal organs."

There is reason to believe, however, says Metchnikoff, that even such deaths from "old age" are in reality violent and are usually caused by infectious microbes. The general effect on the mind produced by examination of the collected facts is not an acceptance of the view that natural death is essentially inherent in living organisms, but the production of a wish to discover if there be any real proof of its existence.

For some time natural death has been ascribed only to the parts of the body that are of use in the individual life. These cells, the function of which is to secure reproduction of the species, are, like unicellular organisms, potentially immortal. The egg-cell is changed into an organism that is vital and so is the starting point of a new generation. The sexual cells of this new generation give rise to the third generation and so on in an endless chain of life. The greater number perish. Their death is not natural, however, but violent. It is due to harmful external agencies. An infinitesimal minority of the sexual cells survive indefinitely in the succession of generations.

A scientific proof exists, therefore, that our bodies contain immortal elements, eggs or spermatozoa. As these cells not only are truly alive, but exhibit properties that are within the category of psychical phenomena, it would be possible to build up, affirms Metchnikoff in conclusion, a serious thesis on the immortality of the soul.

THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL VICTORY EVER WON BY APPLIED SCIENCE



SIR WILLIAM PERKIN has been the central figure in America's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his great discovery of the first dye stuff extracted from coal tar. This coal-tar jubilee has become international, notes the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), adding that the fact need scarcely cause surprise, since Sir William Perkin is unquestionably the hero of the greatest victory ever won by applied science in the purely industrial field. For the youth of eighteen, as Professor Henry E. Armstrong puts it in the *London Times*, who boldly set forth to produce quinine artificially and while doing so discovered mauve, did enormously more than add a new color to the resources of the dyer. "He opened up a new world of dye stuffs, he added a new weapon to the armory of science and laid bare to the discerning eye almost infinite possibilities of fruitful progress." The full significance of the event, Professor Armstrong thinks, can only be faintly pictured by the statement that coal tar, the by-product in the manufacture of gas from soft coal (once worthless for any purpose except bedaubing fences, and despised as a cumberer of the ground) has become a mainstay of the world's whole industrial life.

Sir William Perkin himself has given an account of his discovery which reveals that his scientific career began when he was but fourteen. The interest taken by young Perkins in chemical studies attracted the attention of his school teacher, who suggested to him that he write to Faraday, the illustrious scientist. Faraday was then delivering his brilliant and epoch-making lectures, as the *London Times* calls them, and when he received the school boy's letter he sent him a course ticket. Thus was the name of Perkin associated with that of the discoverer of benzene and with the place of its discovery. A little later—we follow the account of Professor Armstrong—the eager boy had the rare good fortune to come under the influence of Hofmann, whose personality and teaching were of the most stimulating character. As Hofmann's assistant, young Perkin was in the forefront of the chemical knowledge of the day. So great was his scientific ardor that he carried on experiments in the evening and during his holidays. In the course of his efforts to prepare quinine artificially, young Perkin was led to oxidize aniline. Certain fortuitous combinations in a tube duplicated nature's coloring method in a branch of the vegetable kingdom. The new

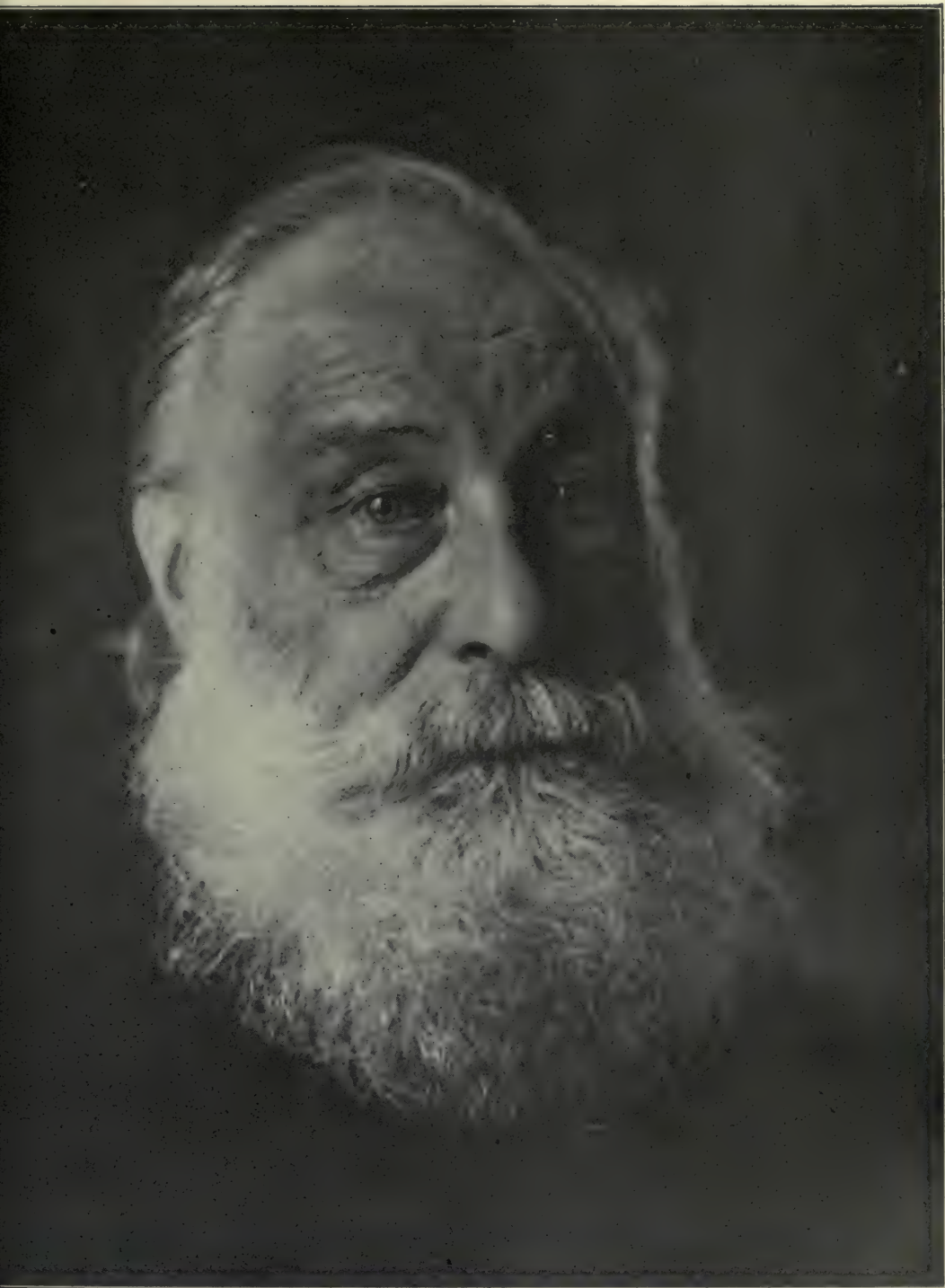


Photo. by Van der Weyde.

HE HAD REVOLUTIONIZED A GREAT INDUSTRY BEFORE HE WAS NINETEEN

Sir William Perkin, the discoverer of the properties of coal tar as applied to the art of the dyer, opened up a new world of dye stuffs, added a new weapon to the armory of science and laid bare to the discerning eye almost infinite possibilities of progress.

coloring matter received the name of mauve from its discoverer, the world recognizing it as aniline purple. Perkin was then but eighteen. He resolved to manufacture his coloring matter on his own account, and the dye was patented in 1856.

Perkin may also claim to have laid the foundation of the artificial perfume industry, as he is the discoverer of a method of preparing coumarin, the odoriferous principal of the Tonka bean, the first natural perfume produced in the laboratory. The discoveries he made in the course of this work became afterwards of great value in the manufacture of indigo artificially. The distinguished analytical chemist, Professor Henry Armstrong, from whose account of the coal-tar discovery all our particulars are taken, sums up thus:

"Coal-tar, once of little value except for coating park palings and similar purposes, has become an indispensable raw material; now we not only make colors from it, but perfumes and many most valuable medicaments. During the last quarter of a century the color industry has certainly been the mainstay of the German Universities; a great army of workmen, led by accomplished, highly-trained foremen, has been engaged in its service; and engineering appliances of the most refined character have been introduced into the works. It is probably safe to assert that no other in-

dustry requires the same amount of insight and grasp of principle, and that no other industry deserves so fully to be termed a scientific industry—in point of fact, the modern color works is nothing more nor less than a scientific laboratory on a large scale, conducted with commercial ends in view, the color manufacturer having to deal with the most recondite of scientific problems.

"Misled by the beautiful color effects produced when a thin film of tar is spread out on water, many think that colors are simply fished out from coal-tar. In point of fact, coal-tar affords but the rawest of raw materials—namely, certain hydrocarbons—compounds of carbon with hydrogen—which, after undergoing a whole series of transformations, ultimately give rise to the colors. Altho undoubtedly there is a relationship between color and composition, we are as yet in no way agreed as to its nature, so that the production of new dye-stuffs is still a matter of discovery; we cannot straight away produce exactly what is required and must in all cases submit our views to the arbitrament of experiment; and the permutations and combinations are so numerous and the variation in properties is so great that there is every inducement to persevere in the search for new materials.

"The difficulties with which chemists must grapple in order to ascertain the precise nature or structure of the substances which they are called on to examine is well illustrated by the fact that, whereas, 50 years ago, when he discovered mauve, Perkin was seeking to make quinine artificially, the structure of this alkaloid has been made known with some degree of certainty only within the past few weeks."

LIFE AS AN AUTOMATIC PHYSICO-CHEMICAL PROCESS



HE processes which alone concern us in any investigation into the true nature of life are, from the standpoint of that renowned physiologist, Prof. Francis Gotch, physical and chemical, and they are nothing more. This holder of many scientific degrees and occupier of the Waynflete chair of Physiology at Oxford has just been urging the so-called non-creative hypothesis of life most uncompromisingly in an address before the physiology section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He has gone further, according to some comments in the columns of European papers, than even Haeckel in his most materialistic moods. For, says Professor Gotch, in any investigation of the phenomena of life, pure and simple, from the life of the protoplasm to the life of the human animal, the only thing to be studied is "process." It happens that the phenomena of living include two processes, or a compound process. One of the processes is chemical, the other is physical. Two

further aspects of these processes may be termed, first, the machinery for their co-ordination, which is the nervous system, and second, the reason for the occurrence of the "process," that reason being the welfare of the organism.

Professor Gotch refers to certain physiologists, physicists and chemists who deny that the phenomena of life can ever be adequately described in terms of physics and chemistry, even if these terms be in the future greatly enlarged in consequence of scientific progress. There are many aspects of living phenomena, the professor admits, which, in the existing state of our knowledge, defy exact expression in accordance with chemical and physical conceptions; but he will not admit that they are therefore incapable of such expression from their nature. Those who adopt what is vaguely called "neo-vitalism" state, not only that certain phenomena of life processes are, from the chemical and physical point of view, inexplicable to-day, but that, from the nature of

things, they must remain so forever. This attitude implies that it is a hopeless business for the physiologist to strive to remove existing discrepancies between living and non-living phenomena.

This so-called "neo-vitalism," like its parent vitalism, is fostered by the imperfect and prejudiced view which man is prone to take in regard to his own material existence. This existence is, for man, the most momentous of all problems. It is therefore not surprising to find him assuming that in physiology, pathology and, to a less degree, in biology, events are dealt with of a peculiarly mystic character. Many of these events form the basis of man's sensory experience. They occur in a material which man regards with a special proprietary interest. Man is reluctant to believe that the phenomena which constitute the material part of his existence can be intellectually regarded as mere physico-chemical processes. Impelled by this reluctance, man fabricates, out of his own conceit, a special and exclusive realm for these processes. The physiological processes of life are in popular estimation still held to be due to peculiar forces blending with those of the material world, but so essentially different that they can only be described as "vital." The "neo-vitalists," without adopting this popular view in its entirety, retain the same term for such physiological characteristics of cell processes as, with our present limited knowledge and with our present inadequate methods of investigation, seem to be in disagreement with present chemical and physical conceptions. They assume the existence of "directive vital forces." Since these cannot be ranged alongside the forces of chemistry and physics, transcendental phenomena, according to their theory, may always be expected to occur. The orderly array of such transcendental phenomena as part of natural science is, we are warned, not merely a futile task, but an absolutely impossible one.

Now, what possible justification is there, asks Professor Gotch, for branding as hopeless all further physical and chemical investigation of certain aspects of the phenomena by attributing these to vital directive forces?

The gaps and imperfections of the paleontological record were once triumphantly vaunted by the opponents of evolution. Now that the work of successive years has convincingly contributed to the filling up of those gaps, not only has this objection collapsed, we are assured, but the hypothesis of special creation which it supported has been involved in its fall. Similarly, there are indications that the

discrepancies in certain phenomena diffused widely through different living structures may be knit by the results of future experiments. It may be many years before these are completed; but the introduction of "vitalism" or life-energy as a fictitious causative explanation is so opposed to the spirit and the progress of science that we may safely predict the complete abandonment of this position at a comparatively early date. Professor Gotch amplifies on this head:

"Although the complexity of living tissue makes our present knowledge extremely limited, it is essentially unscientific to say that any physiological phenomenon is caused by 'vital force' or is an argument in favor of 'vitalism.' If the term 'vitalism' embraces no more in physiology than the term living, its employment does not in any way enlarge our intellectual view of the subject-matter of physiology. It can only be considered either as meaningless tautology or as an expression of faith. If the term have some additional, occult and mystic significance, then its employment is detrimental to the progress of physiology, exerting as obstructive an influence to the growth of our science as the conception of special creation exerted upon the progress of biology.

"The recent history of physiological progress shows that investigations confined to the study of physical and chemical processes have been the one fruitful source of physiological knowledge. It would be impossible to give even a brief survey of the chief results which have, during the last twenty years, been thus obtained. Out of the enormous wealth of material, however, one of great importance and promise may be selected. It is that of the constitution of the nitrogenous compound familiarly known as proteid. Proteid, from its close association with protoplasm, has a fundamental significance and has therefore attracted the attention of many competent investigators. Important researches have been made into this subject by physiological chemists, notably Hofmeister and Kossel. At the present time the subject is likewise being studied by one of the ablest organic chemists of the day, Emil Fischer, whose previous work on carbohydrates is so illuminating. In the splendid chemical laboratory at Berlin, with its unparalleled equipment, a succession of researches has been carried out dealing not only with the constitution of the simpler proteid derivatives but also with the important and difficult problem of the synthetic grouping of these derivatives into more complex compounds. The success which has so far attended these investigations is so pronounced as to encourage the hope that the future may reveal the chemical constitution of proteid itself."

The trend of the immense advances which have been made in recent years is toward the assumption that the life-process is not in its essence different from processes occurring elsewhere in both the living and the non-living worlds.

PARANOIA OF UNREQUITED LOVE



LOVE unfounded upon reality or, at any rate, unsought and unsuggested by its object, is becoming one of the topics to which the general medical practitioner must give more and more of his attention, according to Dr. John W. Stevens, who writes of the insanity of love in *The Medical Record*.

The sufferer from this form of psychic malady, as our authority deems it, may seem so clear and rational on all subjects that those with whom he is in daily contact may for a long time be deceived into believing him entirely sane. When the patient happens to be a young woman who coherently, with detail and with seeming rationality, recites to her friends her story of disappointment, one may readily see what serious consequences might befall the object of her delusion. "No doubt many a suit for breach of promise of marriage is to be traced to the existence of such delusions." The plaintiff is simply one of the paranoid class, from which the victims of this "systematized delusional state" are so largely recruited:

"This psychosis is a disease of early adult life, usually making its appearance during the third decade, tho in a small number of cases not before the involutional period. It develops upon a defective constitutional basis, congenital or acquired, as manifested through the presence of the stigmata of degeneracy, both psychical and physical. Probably no mental disease in its etiology depends more completely upon heredity. 'So seldom, indeed, can the disease be traced to post-natal causes that the paranoiac may be said to be one predestined to his morbid peculiarities.' (Berkley.) This does not mean, however, that a history of well-defined insanity must be found in the family. The various nervous diseases, alcoholism, criminality, eccentricities, etc., in his antecedents, indicating the degeneracy of the stock from which he springs, endow him with a deficient and structurally weak nervous system. This is often shown in the peculiar mental makeup of such persons. From childhood they are often marked as strange and peculiar. At school they may be precocious in certain lines, but unequally so, and are apt to be deficient in the exact sciences. They are frequently shy and seclusive."

As these subjects reach maturity, and their sphere of activity and association enlarges, their earlier tendencies become more marked, and they are often flighty, unsettled and unstable in their undertakings. Their one-sided development may bring forth a genius in special lines of work with brilliant attainments. The unrequited love springs from some psychic process in the patient, the primary origin

of which must remain shrouded in mystery. The first expression of the psychosis, paranoia, is manifested in the patient's peculiar attitude toward the world, the misinterpretation of the simple events of every-day life and a tendency to find in the most commonplace words and actions of others a hidden and occult reference to himself. Various abnormal bodily sensations accompany this mental change.

Petrarch, as he roved and mused and sung by the limpid waters in the great chasm of Vaucluse, identifies himself with this large class in the diagnosis of symptoms recognized as characteristic by Dr. Stevens. Petrarch was a paranoiac whose genius clothed his malady in imperishable language. He first saw the Laura of his sonnets in 1327 and from that year until 1353, when the lady died, she did not give tangible encouragement to the passion she inspired. But she happened to live in an age of paranoia, or, rather, in unscientific language, it was characteristic of the time to feel as a matter of art the pangs of separation, the heart sorrow for irreparable loss, long devotion to one with whom there had been no plighting of troth, hardly an exchange of glances or a touching of the hands. Laura, thus, ceases to be a mystery. She was a prominent clinical feature in a class of cases made familiar by co-ordination of neurological experience through specialism in science. The practitioner of medicine is familiar with patients exhibiting all the characteristics of Petrarch except his genius. Dr. Stevens thus describes the patient's state of mind:

"He gradually comes to know that she loves him because of her peculiar expression and manner while in his presence. A chance word, look, or act reveals to him her feeling. He may at first be surprised, but looking back into the past, he sees many little things that he now understands in an entirely different way than he did at the time of their occurrence. She always seemed embarrassed while in his presence, flushed when he spoke to her; once, in passing, she brushed against his hand, etc. Having been casually thrown in contact by their daily duties, he looks upon this as an intentional act upon her part that she might be near him. At one time she made some commonplace request of him, such as any woman might make of any man whom she has ever met, which he now sees indicated her affection for him. He now begins to watch her and finds that she wears her hair in a certain way, walks on a particular street at a given time where he meets her, and a hundred other little things in her daily life which really have no reference whatever to him, but which he interprets as clear proof of her love."

WHY A BRAIN NEVER THINKS

THOSE physiological and surgical facts which show that brain matter has itself no capacity for thought are of such recent discovery that only a relatively small number of persons—mostly specialists—have the least idea that the brain neither originates a word nor forms a notion. Anatomy and physiology alike indicate that the brain is never other than the instrument of what—in the present state of science—must be called the “personality.” The personality is as different from, as separate from, the brain as the violinist is separate from his violin. It is not brain which makes man. Man makes one of his brain hemispheres human by his own labor. If a human personality entered a young chimpanzee’s brain—where, by the way, it would find all the required cerebral convolutions—that ape could then grow into a true inventor or philosopher. For it is the great man who makes the great brain and not the great brain which makes the great man. This is another way of saying that we can make our own brains—so far as special functions or aptitudes are concerned. Human brain matter does not become human in its powers, indeed, until the personality within takes it in hand to fashion it.

Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the work* from which all these details are taken, avows his opinion that the discovery of the true function of the human brain will, in time, cause the name of Broca—as yet unknown to the general public—to rank in the history of science with the names of Copernicus and Newton. This Paul Broca was an eminent French hospital surgeon in Paris some forty years ago. His investigations first revealed the brain as nothing more than the instrument of the thinking personality—an instrument never identical with the thinker or with his thinking capacity. No one can doubt, of course, says Dr. Thomson, that an originally well-organized brain is a good thing to have. But not even the best organized brain, or, for that matter, no brain of any kind can be made to think without the thinker. The man who refers to his brain as his “thinker” merely talks nonsense. Equally preposterous is the notion that the quantity of gray matter in the brain has any bearing upon intellectual capacity. “We might lose one-half of our gray matter, provided the loss

is only on one side and the other side remains whole, without losing a single idea thereby.” Thus Dr. Thomson, one of the most distinguished of American experts on the brain and nervous system. Formerly president of the New York Academy of Medicine and Professor of the Practise of Medicine and of Diseases of the Nervous System in New York University Medical College, Dr. Thomson is now physician to the Roosevelt Hospital and consulting physician to the New York State Manhattan hospitals for the insane and to the New York Red Cross Hospital.

A world of practical knowledge is, therefore, behind Dr. Thomson’s statement that there is no such thing as “a” brain in a human being. A human being has two brains and never one brain, just as he has two eyes and two ears. And these two brains are just as perfectly matched and duplicates of each other in all their parts as are the two eyes and the two ears. But, as must be said afresh for the sake of emphasis, our two perfectly symmetrical brains are not the sources of thought, but its instruments. To quote:

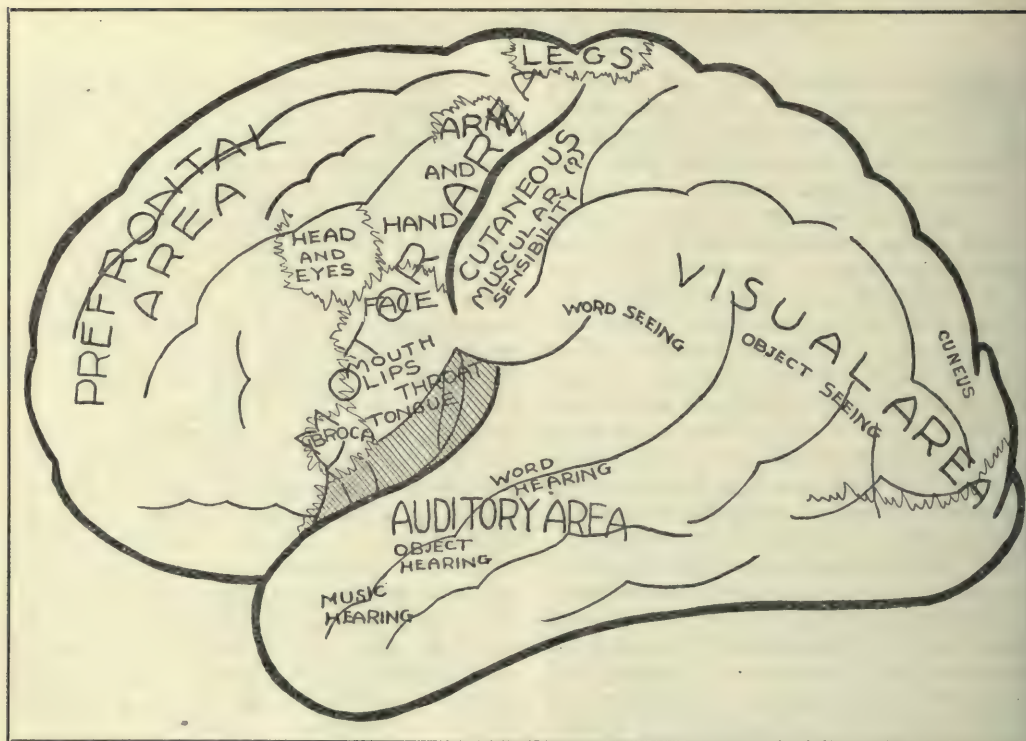
“The anatomical seats of the senses and those of muscular movements are found equally in both hemispheres of the brain and their functions, as such, are doubtless congenital. It was thus natural to infer, as the brain is a double organ, like our two eyes and our two ears, each hemisphere being the duplicate of the other, that both brains would equally participate in all brain work.

“But a most unexpected fact, and one of far-reaching significance, was soon demonstrated, namely, that the anatomical seats of the faculty of speech are found only in one of the two hemispheres. Thus if the Broca convolution, which is the seat of articulate speech, be damaged in a person after middle life, the loss is usually irremediable, so that he can speak no longer, tho the same convolution in the other hemisphere be wholly intact. The same is true as regards word-deafness or word-blindness from injury of their respective places, for the corresponding localities in the other hemisphere, tho not hurt at all, nevertheless are entirely word-deaf and word-blind, simply because they have never had anything to do with speech.

“But here again another new element in the problem presented itself, which proved that the endowment of one hemisphere with the great gift of speech was not owing to any original or special fitness of that hemisphere for such a function, but solely because it was the hemisphere related to the most used hand in childhood. In all right-handed persons, it is in the left brain that the speech centers are located; while in left-handed persons they are found exclusively in the right brain.

“Two conclusions inevitably follow upon these facts, first, that brain matter, as such, does not

***BRAIN AND PERSONALITY, OR THE PHYSICAL RELATIONS OF THE BRAIN TO THE MIND.** By William Hanna Thomson, M.D. Dodd, Mead & Company.



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WHY SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING

This diagram of the functional area of the left hemisphere of a right-handed person's brain makes clear precisely why we may see a thing plainly without having the least idea that we see it at all. The primary center of sight in the occipital lobe is in the neighborhood of a wedge-shaped convolution called the cuneus. This convolution is found equally in both halves of the brain. That it is directly related to sight is proved by the fact that only when the region of this convolution is destroyed in both hemispheres does total blindness result.

The function of sight in the cuneus is doubtless congenital, but the child when born does not know what it sees. That particular power is afterwards acquired not by the cuneus but by an adjacent area of brain cells in front of the cuneus. If the area of brain cells in front of the cuneus be injured we can still see as well as ever, but we no longer know what we see. Hence, seeing and knowing what we see are not the same thing any more than—as is argued by Dr. William Hanna Thomson, from whose "Brain and Personality" the facts and the diagram are taken—the brain, which is merely physically related to thought, and the thinker are the same.

originate speech, for then both hemispheres would have their speech centers; and second, that either of the hemispheres is equally good for speech if something begins early enough in life to use it for that purpose. That something is the most commonly used hand by the human child at the time when it is learning everything, for self-education always begins in our race with the stretching forth of the hand, as anyone may note in the first purposive actions of an infant. The hand which it then most used to learn by determined which of its two brain hemispheres should know speech and which hemisphere should remain wordless and therefore thoughtless for life.

"This latter statement, that thought, as such, is a function only of the hemisphere connected with the faculty of speech, was decisively demonstrated by the next revelation which followed upon Broca's discovery. Without any help from metaphysics and upon a much surer basis than any metaphysical theories, it was simply found as a physical fact that our mental faculties, as such, are quite distinct from the elementary functions of sensation and of motion. These latter are congenital, but our ability to recognize and there-

fore, to know what the particular objects or meanings be of what our senses report is not congenital, but as much acquired by us as our speech is acquired and not congenital. Because, connected with the original anatomical seats of sight and of hearing were found certain physical, anatomical areas of brain matter, injury of which abolished all power to recognize what the eye sees or the ear hears. In the visual area is a place which, if damaged, renders the person unable to recognize members of his own family, tho he see them; and in the auditory area are places, one of which, if hurt, causes the person to be no longer able to know his most familiar tunes when he hears them; while by injury in another spot he loses all power of distinguishing sounds in general, so that he cannot tell the bark of a dog from the song of a bird because they are alike only noises to him. And here again these important brain areas in us, interpreting what sights or sounds mean, are found only in the left hemisphere of the right-handed and in the right hemisphere of the left-handed; in other words, in the hemisphere in which the seats of the faculty of speech are located.

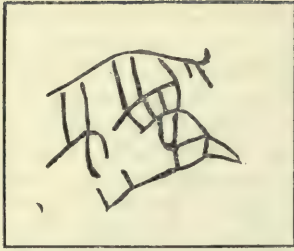
"The decisive bearing of these pure matters of fact upon our whole discussion of the physical relations of the brain to the mind and to the personality is plain enough. As none of these wonderful mental faculties, including that of speech, were connected with brain matter at birth, but were created afterwards, it follows that they were created by the individual himself anatomically modifying his own brain. That brain matter did not itself organize these physical areas of mental function is shown by their entire absence from the convolutions of the wordless hemisphere."

If one-half of the total gray matter of our brains is distributed in one hemisphere and the other half in the second hemisphere, it is not for the purpose of doubling or even increasing our mental capacity. We might reason, argue, calculate, love or hate, like or dislike, or, in short, be altogether ourselves mentally with only one-half of our gray matter left us. All are agreed, however, that the gray matter is the material seat of thought. But it is not, as so many believe, the source of thought. The material organization of the gray matter, as it responds to its specific stimuli, does not give rise to thought, feeling, volition. Cases are recorded of patients whose gray matter had been half consumed by disease without any diminution of intellectual capacity. Everything involved in our conscious personality, while related to gray matter, is only related to, but not originated by gray matter. If it were originated by gray matter, both hemispheres could be equally necessary to our complete personality. If, in other words, gray matter originates thought, then both our hemispheres must share equally in producing thought, for one has just as much gray matter as the other and with just the same arrangement and organization of it.

On the basis of recently discovered physical and material facts, therefore, it is held to be strictly true that brain matter has itself no properties of mind. Brain matter becomes related to mental processes only in certain localities by becoming there artificially and not originally nor congenitally endowed with such functions. It is not with his whole brain that man knows, thinks or devises, but he does so in limited areas of one hemisphere thereof which he himself has educated for the purpose. It seems demonstrated, accordingly, that the best organized brain in existence cannot be made to think without a thinker. An already established theory of the subject regards the mind as wholly of the brain. Hence the mind can have no existence apart from the brain. Another theory regards the brain as nothing more than the instrument of the mind. No instrument,

of course, can possibly be identical with the agency which uses it. But no consideration of the physical relations of the brain to the mind would be complete, in the opinion of Dr. Thomson, without including the separation of the one from the other which occurs in sleep. Regarded simply as a phenomenon, sleep, notes our authority, has been well termed the great mystery of life. Where, in the words of the wondering child, do we go when we go to sleep? Something must be present, in order that the other thing be absent from it; and the thing present here is the living body, not only complete in all its parts, but also in its living attributes and functions. Not one of its component cells is changed or gone. The blood circulates as before. The secretions flow normally. All the processes of nutrition are as active as ever. But the completeness of that which is present accentuates the disappearance of that which is absent.

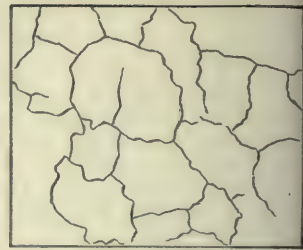
What is the "he himself" which thus takes the mechanism known as the brain and uses it for thought as a telegrapher would use a ticker and a series of wires for the transmission of messages? In the present state of anatomy and of pathology, replies Dr. Thomson, in effect, we have here the greatest mystery connected with the conscious personality. We know that the conscious personality—or whatever one pleases to call it—has a material organ to think with. The conscious personality does the thinking. The material organ is the instrument of thought, and that material organ exists in two symmetrical halves. It is only one-half of this organ, however, which can be used for speech, or for recognizing or knowing anything which is either seen or heard or touched—in the sense of the touch which is educated. All acquired human endowments, therefore, are acquired by modification of the material comprizing the speaking half of the brain. This speaking half of the brain did not originally have a single one of these great functions, not a single place in it for them, any more than its fellow hemisphere has to the end of its life. They are all stamped, as it were, each in its respective place in the speaking hemisphere, by a single creative agency. All words and all knowledge are put in the brain and arranged there for use, like so many books on their brain shelves by the brain's librarian. Where he goes to when he locks this library up and leaves for the night—in sleep—we do not know; but one thing is certain—not one of the books made itself or put itself where it properly is.



Cracks in the lunar crater Eratosthenes, with an extent of fifty-five miles.



Form of cracks in the surface of a mesa in Arizona. The cracks result from summer heat.



Mud cracks on the edge of a lake. The cracks extend two feet.

THE LINES THAT

LIFE LINES IN OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS



HE singular aspect of the markings on Mars, together with the absolute geometric precision of those markings, seems to have given to such eminent astronomers as Prof. Percival Lowell and Prof. G. V. Schiaparelli hints of some kind of organic existence on that mysterious planet. Now comes that noted member of the National Academy of Sciences, Mr. Edward S. Morse, contending that the whole question of the habitability of other worlds than ours can be answered—in the present state of human knowledge—only in the light of planetary markings. And it may be doubted, avers Mr. Morse in the volume he devotes to the subject,* whether, after all, the study of planetary markings comes within the province of astronomers.

In the study of the surface markings of the moon or of the planet Mars quite a different equipment from that of the astronomer is essential, so Mr. Morse is inclined to think, after much study of Mars through the great twenty-four-inch refractor at the Lowell Observatory. "It is no wonder, then, that astronomers, the

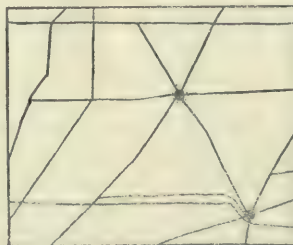
most conservative of all classes of investigators, should view with suspicion the results of the work of Schiaparelli, Lowell and others. Astronomers are immersed in mathematics. They trust in nothing that cannot be measured and reckoned. They hold their imaginations in abeyance. "Is it any surprise," asks Mr. Morse, "that they should present an attitude of indifference and even hostility to the work of those who, differently equipped mentally have attempted a definition and solution of the riddle of the Martian markings?" The trouble is that astronomy, the oldest and most conservative of all the sciences, has been the last to "subdivide."

Already one group of workers has justified by its labors a division of the science known as astro-physics. This natural division suggests to Mr. Morse the propriety of making another division, equally distinct. This should comprise the study and interpretation of the surface markings of the planets and satellites under the name of planetology. Once a science of planetology were soundly established it would be possible to approach with the necessary specialization of function and with the

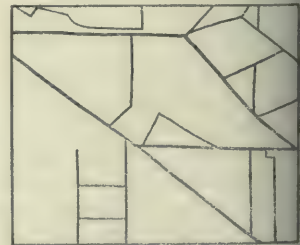
MARS AND ITS MYSTERY. By Edward S. Morse. Little Brown & Company.



Tracing of streets in a district of Montreal, covering an extent of half a mile.



Thirty-seven miles of railroad in Illinois. Note the convergence of lines to a common center.

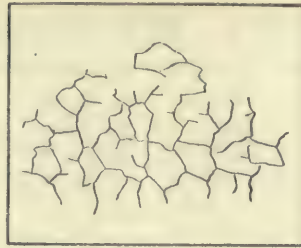


Irrigating canals near Phoenix, Arizona. The larger lines follow the terrestrial contour.

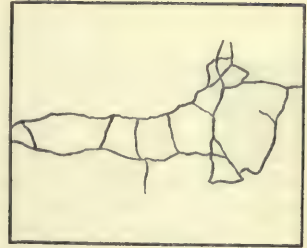
THE LINES THAT



a represents cracks in the moon.
b represents the great rift in southern Africa.



Cracks in the glaze of Japanese pottery ware. The cracks cover two inches.



Series of cracks in an asphalt pavement extending over an area of about two feet.

NATURE DRAWS

proper division of labor the problem of life on other planets.

As matters now stand, the lines on the surface of Mars demonstrate artificiality of origin, according to Mr. Morse. To quote:

"In order to pronounce the lines on Mars as simply cracks, one should study the various kinds of cracks in similar surfaces on the earth. In such a study he would be amazed at the similarity of cracks. When there is a grain in the substance, as in wood, the cracks follow the grain, tho even in this material they are discontinuous. In amorphous material they have essentially the same character. Whether in the almost microscopic crack of old Satsuma pottery or huge cracks in sun-dried mud, the areas enclosed are generally polygonal.

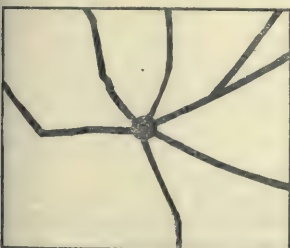
"Cracks arising from contraction never converge to a common center, and when not connected with another crack they taper to a point. They begin at indefinite places and end in an equally indefinite manner. That there should be a common resemblance in cracks due to contraction is evident, as they arise from a shrinking of the surface.

"The most ancient deposits, millions of ages ago, reveal mud cracks differing in no respect from those found to-day. We subjoin a few forms of cracks from various surfaces to show their essential resemblance. It will be found that the cracks in the moon are identical in character to those found on the mesa in Arizona. They start from some indefinite point, are irregular in outline and end as indefinitely. A poor asphalt pavement offers one of the best opportuni-

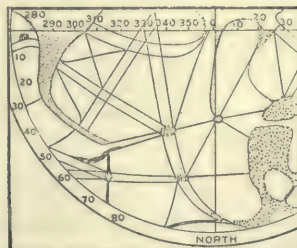
ties for the study of the formation of various kinds of cracks and fissures. On the edge of a sloping sidewalk one may see the cracks due to a sliding or lateral displacement of the surface. The effects of subsidence show a number of cracks around the area of depression. The growth of a tree crowding the asphalt shows the effect of lateral thrust and an enlargement of a root below, or the effects of frost show cracks due to elevation.

"All these various cracks reveal the same features; they are discontinuous, they begin and end without definition. Schiaparelli says in regard to the *canali* of Mars: 'None of them have yet been seen cut off in the middle of the continent, remaining without beginning or without end.' These lines on the surface of Mars, as a writer in *Nature* says, are almost without exception geodetically straight, supernaturally so, and this in spite of their leading in every possible direction. . . .

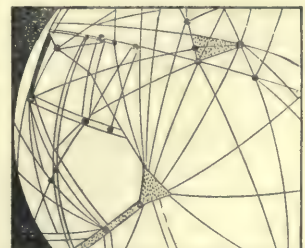
"But if we admit them to be natural cracks in the crust, we are compelled to admit that the forces implicated in such cracks must have been active many millions of years ago, as Mars, being a much older planet than the earth, must have long since ceased to show those activities which the earth, even to-day, exhibits in such phenomena as earthquakes, subsidences, elevations and the like. Now, cracks made at that early time in the history of the planet must have long since become filled with detritus and obliterated in other ways, and no evidence would show, even on close inspection, of their former existence, much less at a distance of 50,000,000 of miles, more or less."



Lines of canal system converging on the town of Groningen, in Holland.



Tracing from a hemispherical map of Mars. The original was made by Schiaparelli.



Section of globe on which Professor Lowell has drawn the canals of Mars.

INDICATE ARTIFICIALITY

A GEOMETRICAL THEORY OF OLD AGE



THE simplest form of life, a single-celled plant or animal, grows. Unless it grows, it dies. To grow, it must have food, and, with some exceptions, air. These factors in growth effect their entry through the entire bodily surface.

The consequence of growth is that when the cell has attained a certain size, it must divide into two. Perhaps this cell division gives rise to a pair of distinct individuals. The life of each is but a repetition of that of the single and simple cell from which both originated. Perhaps, on the other hand, the dividing cells remain united, in contact. The conditions of existence and of nutrition are changed. The divided cells in contact do not present the entire surface of two spheres for the reception of nutrition and air. Each cell has only a little more than half of its sphere surface presented for that purpose, the balance being taken up by the contact wall between. These two cells again divide.

But they do so transversely.

They form now approximately a square. The free surface of each cell is again reduced, that is to say, by another contact wall. With the third division, the direction of cleavage of the cells is again changed. The result is the formation of a double layer with four cells in each. The free surface of each cell is again diminished.

The nutrition of each cell is in direct proportion to its free surface. The smaller the free surface, the less the nutrition.

In the cluster of cells resulting from a fourth division, two interior layers will be formed, each containing two cells which have no free surface whatever. Two others will have but a very slight free surface. As the process goes on, there is an inevitable increase in the number of cells with no free surface. The number of cells which must be dependent for their nutrition upon such materials as they may gain from the cells adjoining them grows larger and larger. These interior cells—cells with no free surface—tend to atrophy and disappear.

Man is biologically but a complication of these primitive conditions. Man has his millions or billions of cells organized into a community of interest. All of man's cells have a like origin. Every human individual originates by successive cell divisions from the single primal germ cell. A man's whole process of development is a repetition of geometrical con-

ditions of associated cell growth. The atrophy of the interior cells leads to their destruction. In the developing mass are formed hollow spaces which coalesce into tubes. These eventually result in the ducts, arteries, veins and alimentary canal.

The whole process is dominated by a simple mathematical fact. While the mass of living material increases as the cube of unit dimension, the free surface exposed to the exterior or to the interior vessels and tubes, can only increase as the square. As a consequence, perhaps, of the physical and chemical organization of the cell, this insufficiency of nutrition gives rise to the complexity of arteries, ducts, glands and organs of which animal forms are made up. Growth continues, of course, for a period. An increasing difficulty in finding building materials, however, finally brings about a standstill.

This is the beginning of old age.

Such is the geometrical theory of the subject put forth by the eminent Russian scientist of German origin, Dr. M. Muhlmann. For many years prior to the appearance of his work* on the origin of old age, Dr. Muhlmann investigated the subject from his mathematical point of view, reaching conclusions which have been widely discussed by men of science in Europe. The beginning of cell degeneration according to Dr. Muhlmann, means the onset of true old age. Old age begins, thus, with growth. Old age is the geometrical result of the contact between dividing cells.

Evidences of senile decay will be found in the cells which, on account of their location with reference to the channels of nutrition, have the greatest difficulty in securing oxygen and food. The organs which lie farthest from the sources of supply are the nerves and the brain. This is the very part of the organism which first ceases to grow. In the human animal, the brain and nervous system reach full growth at the age of fourteen or fifteen. The bones of the skeleton attain their greatest weight at about the age of twenty. The muscles continue to grow up to the age of about thirty-five. The skin, the lungs, the lining of the alimentary canal—the outermost parts of the body—continue to grow up to a period of advanced age. From the first sign of vitality in the human organism, therefore, until the dissolution of the organism in senility, the progression is simply geometrical.

*DIE URSACHE DES ALTERS. Von M. Muhlmann. Leipzig.

Recent Poetry



THE foremost poet now living is undoubtedly Algernon C. Swinburne. Neither in Great Britain nor on the Continent is there a singer whose reputation or influence can compare with his. As for popularity, that is a different matter. Swinburne has never been popular in the way in which Tennyson and many other British poets have been popular, and he has never manifested any yearning for a large audience. "It is nothing to me," he once wrote to his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, "that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance." But the poetical output of his pen since his first volume was published forty-six years ago (he will be seventy next April) is as little negligible to the student of English literature as is Tennyson's or Browning's and the student of poetic form will find Swinburne more important than any English poet of the nineteenth century with the possible exception of Tennyson.

Two new volumes of selections from Swinburne's poems have just appeared in this country, one edited by Arthur Beatty, Ph.D., of the University of Wisconsin (published by Crowell), the other published by Harper's. Professor Beatty, in a brief and intelligent introduction to his volume, explains Swinburne's lack of popularity as due to his "aloofness from immediate contact with actual life in its more everyday aspects of thought and feeling." He distinctly rejects, for himself, the idyllic form of verse, in which Tennyson was a master, deeming it the best form for domestic and pastoral poetry, but on a lower level than that of tragic or lyric verse, and "somewhat narrow for the stream and somewhat cold for the fire of song." With some exceptions, Professor Beatty notes, Swinburne "writes on no subject which can be called domestic, or which has to do with the more simply human emotions."

From Professor Beatty's selections we choose for reproduction the beautiful poem below, written in 1876, but not so well known as many of the poems written earlier:

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and high-land,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the
graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's
hand?
So long have the gray bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make
way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turns to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have
rified
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of
time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls
not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are
dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the night-
ingale calls not,
Could she call there were never a rose to
reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovels and revels
In a round where life seems as barren as
death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weep-
ing,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look
thither,"
Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers
to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-
blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves
whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went
whither?

And were one to the end—but what end, who
knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love
them?

What love was ever as deep as the grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the
sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be;
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons
hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now
or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter

We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise
up never

Who have left naught living to ravage and
rend.

Earth, stones and thorns of the wild ground
growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides
humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand
spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

If we have in America any living poet worthy
to be named in the same breath with Swinburne
it is Bliss Carman. He has more of the idyllic
in him than Swinburne and far less of the sing-
ing tone; but he has given us work of high
lyric quality, and the range of his poetical
powers is astonishingly large. This is striking-
ly shown in the new volume of his verse, "Pipes
of Pan" (L. C. Page & Company). In this vol-
ume are collected Mr. Carman's five small vol-
umes, namely "From the Book of Myths," "From
the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the
Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Gar-
den" and "From the Book of Valentines." We
reprint the title poem of the second of these:

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

By BLISS CARMAN

There is a book not written
By any human hand,
The prophets all have studied,
The priests have always banned.

I read it every morning,
I ponder it by night,
And Death shall overtake me
Trimming my humble light.

He'll say, as did my father
When I was young and small,
"My son, no time for reading!
The night awaits us all."

He'll smile, as did my father
When I was small and young,
That I should be so eager
Over an unknown tongue.

Then I would leave my volume
And willingly obey,—
Get me a little slumber
Against another day.

Content that he who taught me
Should bid me sleep awhile,
I would expect the morning
To bring his courtly smile;

New verses to decipher,
New chapters to explore,
While loveliness and wisdom
Grew ever more and more.

For who could ever tire
Of that wild legendry,
The folk-lore of the mountains,
The drama of the sea?

I pore for days together
Over some lost refrain,—
The epic of the thunder,
The lyric of the rain.

This was the creed and canon
Of Whitman and Thoreau,
And all the free believers
Who worshipped long ago.

Here Amiel in sadness
And Burns in pure delight,
Sought for the hidden import
Of man's eternal plight.

No Xenophon nor Cæsar
This master had for guide,
Yet here are well recorded
The marches of the tide.

Here are the marks of greatness
Accomplished without noise,
The Elizabethan vigor,
And the Landorian poise;

The sweet Chaucerian temper,
Smiling at all defeats;
The gusty moods of Shelley,
The Autumn calms of Keats.

Here were derived the gospels
Of Emerson and John;
'Twas with this revelation
The face of Moses shone.

Here Blake and Job and Omar
The author's meaning traced;
Here Virgil got his sweetness,
And Arnold his unhaste.

Here Horace learned to question,
And Browning to reply,
When Soul stood up on trial
For her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits
Who read in the great book,
Then went away in silence
With their illumined look,

Left comment, as time furnished
A margin for their skill,—
Their guesses at the secret
Whose gist eludes us still.

And still in that green volume,
With ardor and with youth
Undaunted, my companions
Are searching for the truth.

One page, entitled Grand Pre',
Has the idyllic air
That Bion might have envied:
I set a footnote there.

The new *Putnam's Magazine*, in which is incorporated *The Critic*, starts out bravely, and gives us, among other choice things, the last poem written by R. H. Stoddard. It is preceded by a tenderly critical introduction written by his friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and the linked names of these two men make a sort of bridge that serves well to connect the new *Putnam's* with the old *Putnam's*, which died in the panic of 1857, when these two were just beginning to earn their laurels.

"Of all poets of his time," says Mr. Stedman, "Stoddard had most dwelt upon death." At the time he wrote this his last poem, his gifted son Lorimer had passed on and his gifted wife was hastening to the grave. He himself was not long in following, and his mind had already been somewhat shattered by the desolation that impended. The first four lines of the poem are strong enough, Mr. Stedman remarks, to carry the whole poem.

THRENODY

BY R. H. STODDARD

Early or late, come when it will,
At midnight or at noon,
Promise of good, or threat of ill,
Death always comes too soon.

To the child who is too young to know,
(Pray heaven he never may!)
This life of ours is more than play,—
A debt contracted long ago
Which he perforce must pay;
And the man whose head is gray,
And sad, is fain to borrow,
Albeit with added pain and sorrow,
The comfort of delay;
Only let him live to-day—
There will be time to die to-morrow!
Now there is not an hour to spare,
Under the uncertain sky,
Save to pluck roses for the hair
Of the loving and the fair,
And the kisses following these,
Like a swarming hive of bees
That soar on high,
Till, drunken with their own sweet wine,
They fall and die.
When dear words have all been said
And bright eyes no longer shine
(Ah, not thine!)
Close these weary eyes of mine,
And bear me to the lonely bed
Where unhonored I shall lie,
While the tardy years go by,
Without question or reply
From the long-forgotten dead.

The publication, in England, of the "Selected Poems" of Nora Chesson ("Nora Hopper"), in five volumes, has served to revive in the British reviews many of the captivating verses of this Irish poet who died too soon. She has not been adjudged one of the great poets, but her charm is freely admitted and her Celtic quality placed her among the first in the new choir from which so much is expected. We reprint a melodious little thing of which the London *Academy* remarks, "That has the true fire in it."

JUNE

BY NORA CHESSEON

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, colored like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hid-
den,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hope
forbidden—
That's the way of June.

Poetry in book-form may not be popular, but the most popular magazines still devote considerable space to verse. *Munsey's*, for instance. Here is something neat from a recent number:

TO A LITTLE WOODEN GOD

BY STUART DUNLAP

You queer little worm-eaten Japanese god!
 The dealer declared you the genuine thing,
 For ages neglected in darkness and dust;
 He saved you for art—and the price you would
 bring!

Who carved you so crudely these centuries since?
 Who placed you devoutly within the dim
 shrine?

What gratitude offered, what vows fondly sworn,
 What incense was burned for your favor be-
 nign?

Some sharp Eastern knife formed your wide,
 stupid face;
 Some soft, slender hand left you timidly there,
 Scarce daring to ask her dear boon of your grace,
 With pledges of love and sweet incense of
 prayer.

Your blind, wooden eyes and beneficent smile
 Bespeak you a love-god, for love is the same
 Blind and happy divinity. Pray, were you kind
 To the maiden of Nippon who first to you
 came?

Your uplifted hand tells the blessing you gave—
 'Tis ready, methinks, a new boon to confer—
 You kept her heart loyal to vows of true love;
 You brought back her lover with heart true to
 her.

Oh, dear little, queer little Japanese god,
 I burn you sweet incense, I build you a shrine;
 While the centuries pass there's no difference in
 love;
 You answered her prayers then—to-day answer
 mine!

Still more winsome is a poem in *The Bohemian Magazine*, not to a Japanese god, but to a Chinese lady:

MY CHINESE LADY

BY EUNICE WARD

Oh, my little Chinese lady has the smoothest silky
 hair,
 And the dearest, if the queerest, little pair of al-
 mond eyes;
 Through her dusky cheek there shows
 Just a glimmer of the rose,
 And her feet, like Cinderella's, are the very small-
 est size.

When she lifts the slender chopstick in her dainty
 little hand,
 As she deftly to her lips conveys the grains of
 snowy rice,
 I do nothing but admire,
 Tho the art I can't acquire,
 For it takes a Chinese lady to use chopsticks and
 look nice.

You may praise your darky sweethearts, and just
 now they're all the rage,
 With their red-and-yellow flounces you can see
 for half a mile!
 But my lady when on view,
 Wears a garb of modest hue,

And though part of it is trousers, yet it seems
 to suit her style.

Oh, my little Chinese lady, if Aladdin's lamp
 were mine,
 I would rub it, rub it, rub it till the metal fairly
 shone.

To the genie I would say,
 "A pagoda in Cathay,
 And the dearest Chinese lady in the kingdom for
 my own."

From China to Tyre is not such a long call
 and when it comes to a love-poem, Tyre, or
 Peking, or Yokohama, or New York,—what dif-
 ference does it make where it gets its local color?
 Clinton Scollard gets his in Tyre; and publishes
 his poem in *The Smart Set*:

BALLAD OF AGAVA

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

In the fair month of Nisan,
 (Month of the heart's desire),
 Adown the paths of twilight
 Sped Agava of Tyre.

Tinkled like moonlit fountains
 Her golden anklet bells,
 And nightingales made answer
 With rhythmic ritornelles.

Before her fleeting footsteps
 The almond flung its snow;
 The asphodel and poppy
 Were fain to see her go;

Were fain to catch the glinting
 Of those celestial eyes,
 As bright as shines Astarte
 From out the midnight skies.

Behind her in the sunset,
 A flood of rosy fire
 Uplifted tower and temple,
 The diadem of Tyre.

Before her reached the twilight,
 Its magic of perfume,
 Its mysteries of purple,
 Its hyacinthine bloom.

In all the sunset pageant
 Her longing had no part;
 It was the vast of twilight
 That held her yearning heart;

The attired lanes of twilight,
 With leaves that wooed above,
 And a sequestered altar
 Unto the God of Love!

Within a copse of myrtle
 That flawless altar rose;
 Gleamed in the dusk its marble
 As white as Hermon snows;

While ever doves about it
 Made iterative moan,
 And unseen lips cried "Thammuz!"
 In passionate undertone.

Into the sacred presence
Came Agava of Tyre,
A lily in the gloaming,
And breathed her soul's desire.

"I seek for Love!" she whispered,
And even as she spake
The deepest dells of twilight
With rapture seemed to shake.

A spirit from the shadows
With brow divinely bright
Touched her sweet lips. Together
They passed into the night.

The dean of Norwegian literature has become a champion of woman suffrage and has written a plea for the cause. It is in metrical form and has been translated into good English verse by Miss Ellen Arendrup, of Copenhagen, and is published in the Chicago *Evening Post*:

A PLEA FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

She rose up, saying: "In this world no justice
shall we see,
So long as you make all the laws, and ask no
help from me.
High have you flown since first on earth the
master you were made—
A tower now to Justice build! For you that
task is laid!

"Too long were you sole master here—too arro-
gant your word!
Too great the sphere you had to fill—too close at
hand your sword!
For justice and for peace, your course was never
set to steer,
Your compass never pointing true while steel was
lying near!

"The elements you conquered—ay!—and Na-
ture's secrets found;
By power and by wisdom's might as slaves you
have them bound!
But peace among you holds no sway—one hears
alone the call
To strife and war, as if in life the sword were
all in all!

"Our homes into the hands of debt in reckless-
ness you gave;
You crowned the money-power king, and made
yourself its slave!
But not you only bear those chains; in bondage
must repine—
I see you understand me now—your children—
yes, and mine!

"For them I ask you, on your way through life,
take me along!
Through Justice lies the only path to Peace—to
right your wrong!
For Peace it is you violate, and blindly fail to
see
That Justice points the only way—so give it now
to me!"

Here is something tender and touching from
Scribner's:

THE TRAVELLER

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

What matter that his crippled feet
About his room scarce carry him,
His spirit finds adventures meet
In Fez, Fashoda, Suakim.

How can his world seem small and bare,
When his brown eyes, so kind yet keen,
May welcome friends from here and there,
And see in them what they have seen?

When summer seethes in his confines
He dreams of woodlands cool and dim;
He strolls in Dante's haunts, the pines
Of San Vitale sing to him.

And yet at times, when hours creep by,
Measured by couch and crutch and chair,
His cloistered body seems to cry
For the free world of Otherwhere.

Ah! Some day, when he shall have drawn
The final, ineffectual breath,
He will set out across the dawn
On that great journey men call death.

Arthur Guiterman has found a treasure trove and is making good use of it. We have already had occasion to reprint a number of his "Proverbs of Ind." From a new instalment in the *New York Times*, we select the following:

PROVERBS OF IND

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Before thou hast forded the river, O Brother,
Reville not unduly the Crocodile's mother.

I live between perils, abandoned by friends,
Like an ant on a firestick lit at both ends!

By diverse creeds we worship, thou and I;
The Ear of One Alone receives our prayer.
Each turns his face in longing toward the sky
To see his secret soul reflected there.

The King shall beg, the beggar mount the throne;
Earth laughs at him who calls a place his own.

The Fool met Fate: "Fair maiden, say,
Where goest thou?" quoth he,
And Fate replied, "Hold on thy way,
Thou man—I follow thee."

Paint on water, plow the sky,
Wash the wind; or, thrice as blindly
Trust a trifter, trace a lie,
Treat a selfish craven kindly.

Small ills are the fountains
Of most of our groans:
Men trip not on mountains,
They stumble o'er stones.

Gems are lustrous. Youth is bold;
This is sure:
Pearls grow yellow, men grow old—
There's no cure.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Puck jestingly announces the appearance of Marie Corelli's new book, "The Treasure of Heaven,"* under "financial news."

TREASURE
OF
HEAVEN

This would seem to indicate that in the opinion of the editor the success of the book will be financial rather than literary. The majority of critics still refuse to take Miss Corelli very seriously, yet in at least two notable reviews strong words of praise are bestowed upon her. The New York *Saturday Times Review* observes that her situations are improbable and her characters exaggerated, but admits that she has constructed her story with skill. "The dialog is often pungent and racy, she commands her reader's attention and her ideals are high. It is saying much for an author, as one may say of Miss Corelli, that to accept her standards would be to lift life upon a higher plan of thought and action." The New York *Nation* is even more nearly enthusiastic in its praise. It finds in the book more dignity of substance and less indignity of style than in any of its predecessors by the hand of Marie Corelli, and detects in the theme a real "epical quality." "Not," the reviewer is careful to add, "that 'The Treasure of Heaven' is an epical power; but the book has, unlike most current novels, a certain animus, a suggestion, at least, of something large and sound."

We shall not attempt to discover whether Miss Corelli's charming picture appended to the book as a protest against "the various gross, libelous and fictitious misrepresentations which have appeared throughout Great Britain, the colonies, and America in certain lower sections of the pictorial press," or the inherent merit of the book, are responsible for softening the stern hearts of the critics quoted above. *The Nation*, at any rate, finds it necessary to apologize for its favorable attitude. "It would be easy to make game of this book, but we suppose Miss Corelli will admit that even a reviewer may have his better moments, and will allow us to express the opinion that there are many worse kinds of popular fiction than that of which she shows herself capable."

The hero of the book, David Helmsley, is a sevenfold millionaire who, at the advanced age of seventy, goes out to seek unselfish love—the "treasure of heaven." He proposes to a poor and beautiful girl of twenty-one, Lucy Sorrel, in order

to probe her soul. When she consents, instead of refusing the offer with indignation, he coldly repulses her. He tells her that inasmuch as she wanted to marry him she must remain poor. In case of an adverse answer he would have left his fortune to her. Thereupon he chooses to become what *The Literary Digest* describes as a sort of "Glorified Happy Hooligan," when disguised as a tramp he seeks to discover on earth the heavenly treasure. More than one hundred pages further on he meets with an accident. A kind-hearted girl, Mary Deane, plays the Good Samaritan to the lonely tramp. "Her character," says *Everybody's*, "was as lovely as her person. She gave him excellent soup in a delft bowl." When after some more long-winded chapters David Helmsley dies, his solicitor reveals the old man's identity and startles the girl with the news that he has left his millions to her. Here, however, the girl's betrothed, a somewhat overdrawn caricature of a man of literary aspirations, objects, and threatens to leave her if she accepts the legacy. Vainly she attempts to reject the wealth showered upon her and is near the point of committing suicide when, at last, the young author deigns to accept from her along with the treasure of heaven the treasure of David Helmsley.

The smooth course of the story is frequently interrupted by Miss Corelli's violent diatribes against the United States of America, the critics, Andrew Carnegie, automobling and the Church of Rome. These elements, while they may give her books a momentary notoriety, contain the germs of decay. It is Miss Corelli's besetting fault that she constantly introduces journalism into literature. This dualism is fatal in the end. The London *Outlook* hits the nail on the head when it remarks ungraciously that there seem to be two Marie Corellis. "One of them," it says, "could write a good second-rate novel, if she could be prevailed upon to drown the other in the nearest bucket of water."

A posthumous work is like a voice from the grave. We expect in it a touch of finality, an enunciation of the author's ultimate view of life. And in her last book* the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) undoubtedly touches upon some of the deepest problems that stir men's souls. "The Dream and the Business"

THE DREAM
AND THE
BUSINESS

*THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN. By Marie Corelli. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

*THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS. By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

portrays the struggle of hearts tossed hither and thither by cross-currents of love and religion. But from the confusion and entanglement rises one clear note—the faith in the unseen, the ideal as the one absolute reality. This world is the “business,” and the shadow cast by another world, the only thing worth striving for, is the “dream.” The ideal remains, even if its defenders lose heart and make compromises and end by despising themselves. Happiness must be sought not by suppression and suffering, but by acceptance of it in the true spirit of religion. “Suffering,” says one of the characters, epitomizing the philosophy of the whole, “can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, but, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ, not as beasts of burden and those who believe that all labor is in vain.”

The plot of the story is very slight. The book, while in many ways the best that Mrs. Craigie has written, is hardly a novel at all. Mrs. Craigie was pastmaster in the art of subtle character analysis, but when it comes to action her genius fails her; she becomes the merest bungler. The London *Saturday Review*, speaking of this point, says, that so long as her characters think and talk we believe in them, but when they come to anything else they cease to convince. “We know that they are mere puppets. Their action never seems inevitable.” Like the people in the old mystery plays, the personages in the novel present distinct and strongly contrasted forces—Non-conformity, Catholicism and Paganism—in deadly array. “It is,” says the London *Spectator*, “the old conflict between temperament and inherited convictions, between human passion and ingrained belief.”

The main characters in the book are six: Firmalden, the non-conformist minister, and his sister; the Roman Catholic Lord Marlesford and his wife; Lessard, the musician, a pagan, free and glad; and Nannie Cloots, the actress, a soulless creature with a slight cockney accent. These fall in and out of love continually or, as one critic humorously describes it, “all love the wrong people and are all afflicted by illicit passion.” But tho they make a mess of the “business” of life, the “dream” remains inviolate. This is Mrs. Craigie’s message.

The London *Academy*, summarizing its impression of the book, says that it is full of wisdom, clear thinking and illuminating discussion of states of mind and soul. In the earlier chapters, the *Academy* critic recognizes Mrs. Craigie’s old epigrammatic brilliance, but the perusal leaves him cold. “The sense of effort in construction, of labor in the working, rarely leave us; we close it with the feeling that here

is a fine novel marred by the old lack of sympathetic interest in human nature.” This charge is the penalty the psychologist must pay for applying the dissecting knife to other people’s souls and to his own. But may it not be that the heart of the dissector goes out all the while to the sufferer under his knife? Sensitiveness often hides its face under a mask resembling cynicism. It is from this point of view that the London *Outlook* renders the verdict that despite her numerous limitations, Mrs. Craigie was “an earnest and keen-eyed observer, a sad but tender critic of life, a true humorist.”

When we speak of modern Italian literature, the name of Gabriele d’Annunzio comes at once to our lips. This Mr. William Roscoe Thayer attempts to explain in his preface to “The Saint” by the fact that d’Annunzio

THE SAINT

speaks the universal language of sin. Such books, he says, sweep up and down the world like epidemics, requiring no passport, respecting no frontiers, while benefits travel slowly from people to people, and often lose much in the passage. Thence it comes that d’Annunzio has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who know Carducci merely as a name and have perhaps never heard of Fogazzaro. This was true a few months ago when Mr. Thayer’s preface was written. Meanwhile, Senator Fogazzaro’s new novel, “The Saint,” “has appeared in three languages. It raised no end of discussion in Catholic Italy, was placed on the “Index of Forbidden Books” by the Vatican and has carried the author’s name on the wings of fame to all parts of the globe.

Fame came not easily nor early to Antonio Fogazzaro. He is to-day sixty-four years old and author of six novels. “The Saint,” last of a trilogy, tho complete in itself, is the first book to carry his name beyond the confines of his own country, where for years he has been the idol of the “Christian Democrats.” The latter, we are told, are “a body of the younger generation of Italians, among them being a considerable number of the religious, who yearn to put into practise the concrete exhortations of the Evangelists.” Their desire to serve the king, as well as the Church, has so far been discountenanced by the “powers that be” in the Vatican. Fogazzaro himself cheerfully accepted the verdict of the “Congregation of the Index,” and the American publishers of his novel are careful to explain that Senator Fogazzaro’s sanction of the American edition was given before the sentence of the congregation had been passed.

*THE SAINT. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by Agnette Pritchard. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

The hero of "The Saint," Piero Maironi, is a cultivated, refined man of the world with the tendencies of a mystic, who, after a vehement love-affair, "experiences" religion, becomes penitent and devotes himself unselfishly to the service of God and his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay-brother, he serves the peasant population of the Sabine hills and the poor of Rome. Soon his fame spreads, and he is recognized by all the simple folk as a holy man, a "saint." He preaches righteousness, the supremacy of conduct over ritual—views undoubtedly slightly heretical—without for a moment denying the "validity of the Petrine corner-stone." "My friends," he remarks, "you say 'We have reposed in the shade of this tree, but now its bark cracks and dries; the tree will die; let us go in search of other shade.' The tree will not die. If you had ears you would hear the movement of the new bark forming, which will have its period of life, will crack, will dry in its turn, because another bark will replace it. The tree does not dry, the tree grows." Yet his utterances waken the suspicions of his superiors. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, instead of persecuting him openly and making a martyr of him, get rid of him quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of his experience as far as he regarded himself as a regenerator of the Church. Skilfully interwoven with the theme is a love-story. With a few deft touches Fogazzaro keeps up the dramatic tension and saves his novel from degenerating into a religious pamphlet. The New York *Sun*, voicing this opinion, finds the manner of the narrative "unusual and ingenious, the effects strong and curiously produced."

The critics on both sides of the water treat Fogazzaro's novel with the seriousness it deserves, almost as an event. The *Fortnightly Review* speaks of it as a novel which, both by the nature and bitterness of the controversy it has excited, can only be compared to the appearance in England of "John Englesant" a quarter of a century ago, or yet more precisely to that of "Robert Elsmere" some few years later. Walter Littlefield, in the New York *Times Saturday Review*, takes up the comparison with "Robert Elsmere" at some length. "Robert Elsmere," he says, was to the Church of England what "Il Santo" is to Roman Catholicism. "This proportion," he continues, "is still further sustained when it is recalled that, while Mrs. Ward appealed to reason and intelligence, Fogazzaro appeals to faith. Mrs. Ward attacked the tendency to accept without historical proof revealed religion. Fogazzaro attacks the human machinations, weaknesses and indifference by which this revealed religion is administered to meet human needs and emotions. In short, while Mrs. Ward wrote like an advanced

Lelio Sozzini, Fogazzaro has written like a modern Savonarola."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel,* while widely reviewed, has not been received with enthusiasm. The fact is, that in writing a study in realism and portraying the seamier side of life, Mr. Smith has fallen between two stools. The great majority of critics dislike soul-analysis and the remainder, capable of appreciating such efforts, seem to think that the author has not succeeded remarkably well in this particular field. The New York *Evening Post*, while bestowing high praise upon the coloring and the atmosphere of the story, remarks that Mr. Smith is less convincing in the arts that go to make a novel with a plot and a problem. "He seems to have sent his story ashore with its sea-legs on, to lurch about the conventionalities of fiction." The "Idle Reader," in *Putnam's Monthly*, on the other hand, feels "cheated and aggrieved" because "The Tides of Barnegat" is unpleasant from beginning to end, and declares a preference to rejoice with folk of coarser fiber rather than to see fine souls undergo a prolonged martyrdom. The background, this critic says, is certainly all that could be asked, but it is not exactly the "atmosphere of entire tranquillity and righteousness of the author's earlier novels."

The view-point adopted by most reviewers illustrates the inability on the part of professional critics, no less than the general public, to appreciate a favorite author in a new attitude. Mr. Smith has once written of the sea, hence to the sea must he confine himself. Perhaps it would have been wiser on his part to leave the sea altogether out of this novel. If he wished to appear in a new rôle, he should not have revoked reminiscences of his former books and carried into the drawing-room the scent of the sea-brine. Yet it is at the sea that the novel begins and ends. Mr. Smith's heroine is a woman who sacrifices her life's happiness, in order to conceal the indiscretion of her frivolous sister, Lucy, by adopting the latter's illegitimate child. Lucy marries in Paris a rich old Frenchman, and after his death returns to the simple village. Here she witnesses how both her child and its father, who had deserted her, perish in the tides of Barnegat. The moral of the novel, or rather the truth pointed out by it, is that a sinner must pay in person the wages of his sin, and that inexorable fate will not accept a bribe or sacrifice at the hands of another.

*THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Robert Chambers's new novel* largely consists of the elements which made "The House of Mirth" a sensational success. In fact, Mr. H. L. Brock, a writer in the New York *Times Saturday Review*, thinks that he has taken the material of Mrs. Wharton's novel and made it over. "The audacity of the proceedings," he says, "may startle, but the result is too satisfactory to admit of reprehension or reproach on that score." In fact, we gather from Mr. Brock's article the impression that he would rather give the palm to Mr. Chambers. The latter, we are told, understands the rottenness and rawness of a certain inchoate condition of American society quite as well as Mrs. Wharton, but regards the spectacle with a seriousness less portentous. "He sees, being a man and an optimist, that it is but a phase in a process. To him it is not an epic, not a tragedy, but a comedy—a comedy of pitiful errors, tragic episodes—but still a comedy—a comedy through which runs and survives in spite of the poisonous growths that would choke it, the old romance which is neither more nor less than the soul of humanity."

There are in Mr. Chambers's story, too, mis-mated couples, scandal, depravity, but, as Mr. Brock points out, the author adds charity to Mrs. Wharton's ingredients. His characters, though weighted down by the tainted blood inherited from their ancestors, are given at the least a "fighting chance." Ultimate decency is not altogether beyond their grasp, and finally it triumphs not throughout, but in a cheerful number of cases.

The atmosphere into which Mr. Chambers introduces us is putrescent enough. Miss Sylvia Landis, who marries Howard Quarrier for his


money, regards matrimony merely as an impersonal contract by the terms of which her husband has the privilege of paying her bills. The latter, who is described as possessing a silken beard, woman's eyes and a blonde pompadour, desires her as a piece of decoration intended to strengthen his social position. What wonder that Sylvia soon loses her heart to another. Unfortunately, her choice falls upon Stephen Siward, whom Miss Mary Moss, writing in *The Bookman*, describes as an hereditary dipsomaniac. The rest of the story leads up to Sylvia's and Stephen's salvation and subsequent marriage, strenuously aided by an automobile accident in which the last obstacle to their bliss is removed. Automobiles play a great part in this story, also beauty doctors and bathtubs. In portraying high life, Mr. Chambers has gone somewhat too much into detail and thus provoked the merri-ment of the reviewers. One touch especially fills the New York *Herald* with glee, a thing unat-tempted hitherto in prose or rhyme—a love-scene under water. It takes place at the occasion of a game of water-polo and the *Herald* reviewer is puzzled to know how Sylvia and Stephen avoided swallowing salt-water while indulging in a sub-marine kiss.

On the whole a feeling of disappointment is strongly pronounced in most of the reviews. Mr. Chambers, it is said, has not written this book carefully enough; he has indulged in cheap effects and introduced elements more appropriate in a yellow journal than in a serious novel. The general judgment seems to be that this is a good novel, but not good enough for Mr. Chambers.

*THE FIGHTING CHANCE. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

The Shadow and the Flash—By Jack London

A new volume of Jack London's short stories ("Moon-Face and Other Stories") has just been published (by Macmillan's), making eleven volumes in all that we now have from his pen, not counting the new serial, "Before Adam," which began in *Everybody's* last month. His first volume was published but six years ago, when he was twenty-four years of age, so that he has produced, in short stories and long, an average of two volumes a year. The following story* is taken, by permission, from the new volume. It was originally published in *The Bookman*.

HEN I look back, I realize what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender, and finely knit, nervous and dark. And then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender, and finely knit, nervous and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except color. Lloyd's

eyes were black; Paul's were blue. Under stress of excitement the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of coloring they were as like as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and endurance, and they lived at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable

friendship, and the third was short, and fat, and chunky, and lazy, and, loath to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle there was no limit either to their endeavors or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in their studies and their games. If Paul memorized one canto of "*Marmion*," Lloyd memorized two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimming hole—an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool and holding on by submerged roots to see who could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down, I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the longest-winded boy had been exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation; for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath and came to the surface, badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half a dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorne entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specializing on chem-

istry, and at the last moment he switched over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences and especially for chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did even students before—so deep, in fact, that ere they took their sheepskins they could have stumped any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and even him they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the "death bacillus" of the sea toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting ameba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilization through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris Van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course, they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardor and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student-body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss, one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris Van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between them because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not permitted in the United States, she would be compelled to forego the honor and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to pass. Both were men of means, with little inclination and no necessity for professional life. My friendship and their mutual animosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very

often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances, that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood arrived. Clipping and pruning and tacking the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of which have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Color is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see neither colors nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—ay, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said non-committally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastic for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable!" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so. Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the play of stock-gamblers, the plans of trusts and corporations. I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world. And I——" He broke off shortly, then added, "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd," he said. "Forget what?"

"You forget," Paul went on—"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly, "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you."

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't lay fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now I shall go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of my proposition the shadow will be eliminated——"

"Transparency!" ejaculated Lloyd, instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the brier-rose path.

This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancor and bitterness that made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long weeks of experimentation that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorizings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to either the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips.

Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize-fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that red-whiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest in the United States. He has on a black overcoat buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and took that seat. As soon as he sat down he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as though addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double-crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp-blacks, tars, carbonized vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats, and the various carbonized animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven primary colors," he argued to me. "But it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects do it and the objects become visible. But only that portion of it that is reflected becomes visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box. The white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colors—violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange and red—are absorbed. The one exception is *blue*. It is not absorbed, but reflected. Wherefore the tobacco-box gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colors because they are absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is *green*. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses, we do not apply color to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances that have the property of absorbing from white light all the colors except those that we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colors to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colors, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. All the colors are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example." *

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal man ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—and see it!"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tich-

lorne plunged as deeply into the study of light polarization, diffraction, and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for me. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves—that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but, since it reflects no light, it will also be invisible."

We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses, which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said, "Oh! I've dropped a lens. Stick your head out, old man, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and gazed with reproachful inquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartzose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate glass in the world, and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it! You can't see it. You don't know it's there till you run your head against it."

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object-lesson—certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic."

"Here!" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

"Or here!" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test-tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine color, and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue.

"The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its molecules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colors from the light but red, its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colors except blue. And so it goes, *ad infinitum*. Now, what I purpose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I purpose to seek—aye, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find, and for that matter upon which I already have my hands, will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency. All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went hunting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog—the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was aroused. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swish-swish of grass being shoved aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once.

But he shook his head, and thrust his feet steadily forward.

While climbing a fence I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling. "Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"Nonsense, old man," he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a

clump of cottonwoods, some object brushed against my legs and I stumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter," he asked. "Tripping over your own feet?"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped; but, when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of vari-colored, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-colored lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down, weak and shaky.

"It's all up with me," I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air.

"Here! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth, short coat of a pointer.

Suffice to say, I speedily recovered my spirits and control. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the vari-colored light-flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated and which he doubted could be overcome.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray, and no end of things; and I am afraid they are the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

A couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source—a mass of putrescent matter on

the doorstep which in general outlines resembled a dog.

Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog, or, rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by some heavy blow. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Remarkable! Most remarkable! Well, the only thing is not to die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast that he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture. He claimed that the thing, whatever it was, was invisible, that with his own eyes he had seen that it was invisible; wherefore his tearful wife and daughters shook their heads, and wherefore he but waxed the more violent, and the gardener and the coachman tightened the straps by another hole.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic path. But I had traveled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint shed structure with its red sandstone chimney was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no débris, nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door." Barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that *felt* very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It *was* a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole

interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door, at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior were visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and color.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside yesterday afternoon to see how it worked. How's your head? You bumped it pretty solidly, I imagine."

"Never mind that," he interrupted my congratulations. "I've something better for you to do."

While he talked he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said, "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I moved it, and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight. To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open."

I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid-air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said, "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and

I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as tho my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly, I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said, "Now I shall conquer the world!" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul, asking me to come up immediately, and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tennis court, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there, gaping open-mouthed, a tennis ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about, another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack, I realized the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I took out after it, and when I laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out:

"Enough! Enough! Oh! Ouch! Stop! You're landing on my naked skin, you know! Ow! O-w-w! I'll be good! I'll be good! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun, and me, were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then. But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond, dazzling, blinding, iridescent.

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts, such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I

saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emitted a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realized that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead), moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in uncanny battle.

I cried a warning to Paul, and heard a snarl as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-colored light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together and there was the sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang toward the fighters, crying:

"For God's sake!"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees, and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness. And then Paul's voice crying, "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily, "Now will you keep away?"

Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and the swift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled headlong to the ground. With despairing shriek and a cry of "O Lord, I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noon-day sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis court. And it *was* naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining foot-grips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become long and stationary; and I remembered their set boyish faces when they clung to the roots in the deep coolness of the pool.

They found me an hour afterward. Some inkling of what had happened got to the servants and they quitted the Tichlorne service in a body. Gaffer Bedshaw never recovered from the second shock he received, and is confined in a madhouse, hopelessly incurable. The secrets of their marvelous discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research, and science is a tabooed topic in my household. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colors are good enough for me.

The Humor of Life



Mama, I don't believe grandpa is in heaven, or he would have sent me a souvenir postal card.

—Der Floh (Vienna)

PALMS.

SHE: Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant?

HE: The only palms I saw were the waiters'.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT COULD SHE DO?

DAUGHTER: He said he'd die if I refused him.

FATHER: Let him die, then.

DAUGHTER: But, papa, he's insured in your company!—*Smith's Magazine.*

A MONOCHROME

Johanna White and Johnny Black
Were wed one summer day,
And when their little daughter came,
They called her Nellie Gray.

—Life.

SYNONYMOUS?

A young teacher was striving earnestly to increase the vocabulary of her charges. She had placed a list of words upon the blackboard to be used in sentences. Billy, a notably lazy child, was called upon first.

"Billy, you may give a sentence in which the word dogma is correctly used," said the teacher.

Billy hesitated. Finally, in a burst of confidence, he replied, "Our old dog-ma has seven pups."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SERENISSIMUS

His Highness is visiting the public institutions in the capital of a neighboring potentate. He is first conducted to the historical museum. After Serenissimus has closely inspected everything there, he turns to the Director of the Museum: "Pretty good, my dea—er—my dear man, only the soup should have been stronger."

Here Kindermann, his confidential ad-

viser, hastens to his side wildly excited, whispering into his ear: "But, your Highness, that you should have said when we come to the hospital!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

MARY'S MISHAP

A young lady organist in a certain city was anxious to make a good impression on a visiting clergyman one Sunday. Her organ was pumped by a self-willed old sexton, who had his own ideas as to how long an organ voluntary should last, and so would "shut off the wind" when he thought fit.

On this particular Sunday the organist thought she would forestall any such accident by writing an appeal in the early part of the service and giving it to the sexton. The old man received the note, and supposed it was for the minister. In spite of her frantic beckonings he went straight to the pulpit with the note, and the astonished preacher read this message:

"Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop. MARY A—."

—Tit Bits.

THE GENEROUS-MINDED ALDERMAN

Congressman James Breck Perkins on a visit to New York the other day called on an old friend downtown, an alderman. While they were chatting, an Italian couple came in and asked in broken English if the alderman would unite them in marriage. The alderman performed the ceremony, and, after accepting the modest fee, politely handed the bride an umbrella.

The Congressman observed the proceedings gravely, and after the couple went out, asked:

"Do you always do that, Charles?"

"Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes."

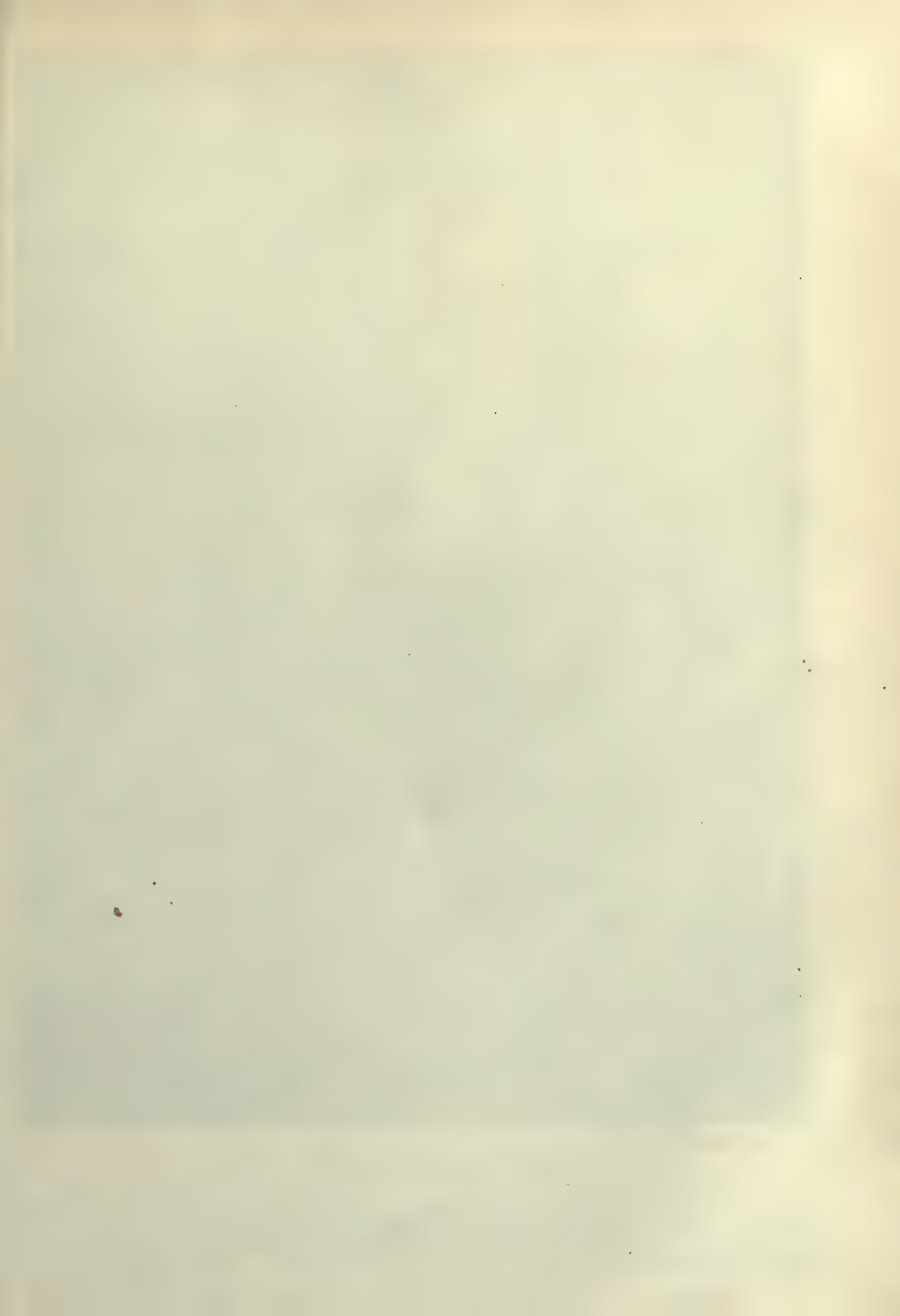
"No, I mean give the bride a present."

"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the alderman.

"No, it was mine," replied the Congressman, sadly.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



THE FOREMAN, "The Jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—*Punch.*





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"DON'T FLINCH; DON'T FOUL; HIT THE LINE HARD

In the recent elections, President Roosevelt was held up by Republicans as "the issue," and to that fact Mr. Bryan and Democrats in general, as well as Republicans, attribute most of the Republican success. The words quoted above (from his Georgetown University address last June) have been selected by him as the inscription for a new bas-relief bust made for the Jacob Riis Neighborhood House, on the East Side, New York. It contains the Roosevelt philosophy in a nutshell: "Don't flinch"—courage; "don't foul"—the square deal; "hit the line hard"—the strenuous life.

Current Literature

VOL. XLI, No. 6

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

DECEMBER, 1906

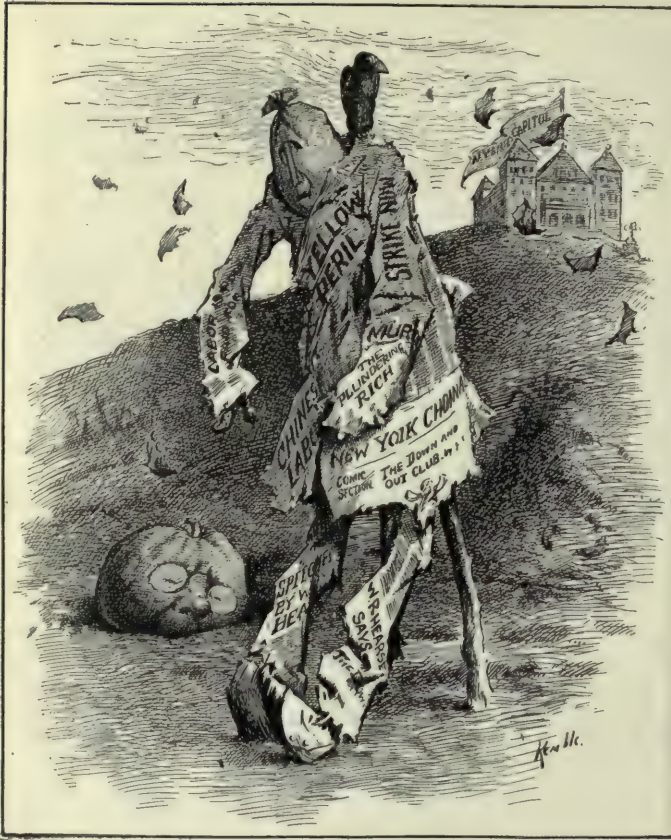
A Review of the World

HAS an end been made to William Randolph Hearst as an aspirant for political honors? His defeat for governor of New York by about 60,000 plurality, while all the rest of the Democratic ticket was elected by a small margin, is variously interpreted. To Mr. Hearst's papers it signifies that the corporations concentrated all their opposition upon him. To Mr. Bryan it means that Mr. Hearst was "vindicated," inasmuch as it was "his heroic struggle" that brought success to the rest of the ticket, and the rest of the ticket "stood for the same principles for which he contended." Mr. Hearst's own defeat is construed by Mr. Bryan as the result of the personal opposition of McCarren, McClellan, Jerome and Croker. "His personal enemies," says Mr. Bryan, "have contributed to his defeat, but the triumph of his ideas still leaves him in a position to continue the fight for the protection of the public against the encroachments of predatory wealth." "As a matter of fact," remarks the *New York Press* (Rep.), "he [Hearst] has polled the biggest vote ever polled by a Democratic candidate for governor of New York, except in the famous presidential year of 1904." It thinks he could have won as an independent candidate.

ON THE other hand the *New York World* (Dem.) points out that "in New York City, where Mr. Hearst is better known than elsewhere, he ran nearly 60,000 behind his associates. Instead of being a source of strength he was a burden too heavy for the rest of the ticket to carry." The one thing really clear, it thinks, is that he has been soundly beaten on the issue of his personality; and not only in New York but elsewhere Hearstism, it thinks, was a blight on the party. In Massachusetts, where Moran was nominated for governor by the same convention that indorsed Hearst, the Republican plurality shows an increase of fifty per cent. over

last year, "in spite of the fact that up to the time Hearst dragged his Independence League into the contest there was a more than favorable prospect that a Democratic governor could be elected. . . . The returns from Illinois and California show similar results of Hearstism." "He remains a peril and a portent to the Democratic party," says the *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.), "but not to the State of New York. Like Bryan, he can command and control Democratic party machinery, but he cannot poll the Democratic vote or command a majority in the State, and, like Bryan, he will be worse beaten every time he runs." The *Birmingham Age-Herald* (Dem.) thinks that Hearst's defeat "has cleared the way again for Mr. Bryan." The *New York Sun* (Rep.) thinks differently. It says: "Among the innumerable familiar figures that are seen emerging from their cyclonic sanctuaries there is no Bryan to be discovered. He has passed from the scene. He is as a blot of ink that is effaced by a larger blot of ink; both, in the mercy of Providence, already somewhat mitigated by the beneficence of the blotting-pad."

IT IS evident that the size of Mr. Hearst's vote is taken as a significant warning, whatever may be the political future of Mr. Hearst himself. That vote was obtained despite the widespread revolt of conservative Democrats, the open opposition of McCarren, Democratic leader of Brooklyn, and Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany Hall; and despite the tremendous indictment of Hearst as an instigator of assassination made by Secretary Root in the name of President Roosevelt in the closing days of the campaign. Mr. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, and soon to be Attorney-General, regards the Hearst vote as "ominous," and as proving "that we must be prepared to deal with the questions he has been agitating in a spirit at once liberal and



"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME, THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR"

—Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

conservative." From all directions come similar notes of warning. Says the *New York Times* (Dem.):

"There are sobering lessons enough in Mr. Hughes' victory to occupy the best minds of the country for a long time to come. Socialism stands just around the corner and it is the aim of socialism to beat it into the heads of labor that when the two make common cause their victory is won. Labor in this election has accepted Mr. Hearst. It has evidently paid little or no attention to what was said against him. It will continue to listen to his appeals. It will cease to listen only when the material out of which he constructs them has been destroyed, when the minds in which his ideas now find lodgment have been enlightened and put on their guard against him. The work to be done is one of sane and wise reform and of public enlightenment."

MR. HEARST "has been fully vindicated as a danger signal," remarks the *Charleston News and Courier* (Dem.), which thinks also that "the chatter about a third term for Mr.

Roosevelt will probably cease" now that Mr. Hughes has been raised "to the rank of a presidential possibility." "They greatly deceive themselves," the *Richmond Journal* remarks, "who suppose that the movement he [Hearst] represented is beaten or turned back." But in the very strength of this movement the *Baltimore News* (Ind.) sees evidence of the personal weakness of Mr. Hearst, for "he has manifestly failed to poll a vote anything like as large as would have been polled by any representative Democrat who had championed with sobriety the cause that Hearst represented in hysterical, inflammatory and demagogic fashion." The *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) takes the same view. "But for Hearst's intervention," it observes, "the chance of electing a Republican governor would have been absolutely nil. He saved the Republicans," it goes on to remark, "while ruining the bright opportunity of the Democrats and getting himself the most direct slap in the face that any candidate for governor ever received."

ON THE whole, the majority of the American papers are of the opinion that Mr. Hearst has by no means been ended as a potent political factor. Here and there are journals like the *New York Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Ledger* that think he is practically done for, but that is not the prevailing view even in newspaper offices where he is most cordially hated. "Practically repudiated by the party they sought to debase and misuse," says *The Ledger*, "the Hearsts and Morans and their kind cease to be a menace. Their appeals to ignorance and passion will gradually lose effect." If Mr. Hearst had been beaten, thinks *The Tribune*, as Bryan was, because of the unpopularity of an issue, he might appeal to the public again on some new and popular issue; but the defeat in his case is "for reasons as immutable as his personality." But the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) thinks that Hearst "is placed ahead of Bryan in the race for the Democratic presidential candi-

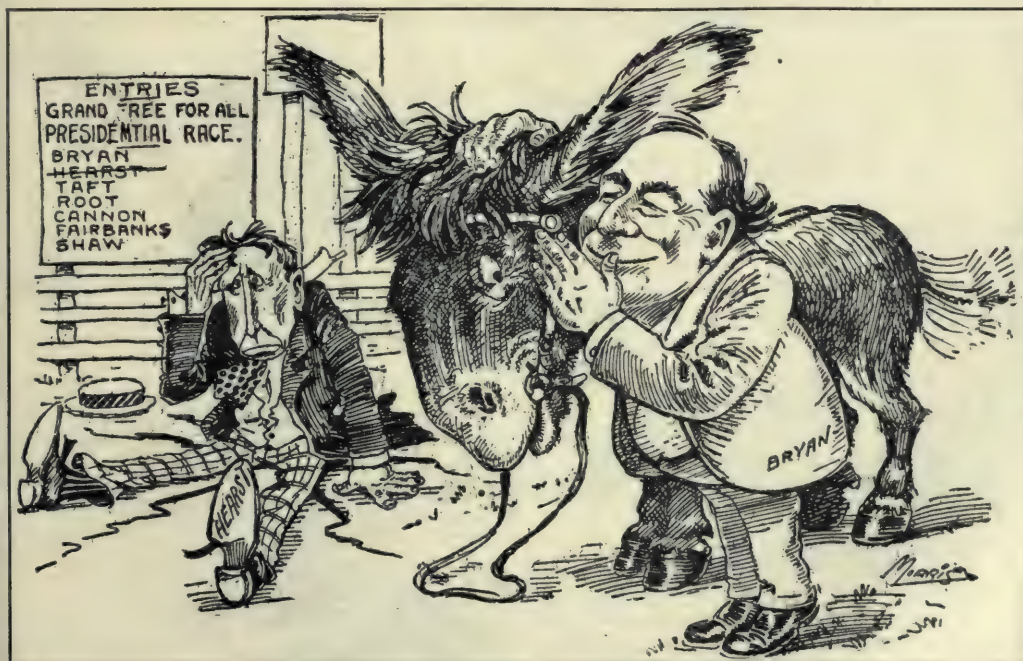
dacy." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Democratic but anti-Hearst) thinks that his "pernicious activity" has been only curtailed," and there will be "as much mischief in Hearst barely beaten as in Hearst elected governor." It regrets that he was not politically killed, instead of being scotched. The *Chicago Post* (Ind.) thinks that he now becomes "more than ever a figure to be watched, a figure to be met at every one of his tricky turns by the genuine Americanism and patriotism of the nation, a figure to be banished finally and completely from American politics." These, and many others that might be quoted to the same effect, are all anti-Hearst papers. As for the comparatively few Hearst papers in the country, such as the *Buffalo Times* and *The Georgian* (Atlanta), they have not abated their loyalty because of his defeat, but still hail him as a possible savior from the ills of corporation abuse.

SIMILAR ideas are extensively entertained in London, which followed the Hearst campaign with an unusual degree of interest. Hearst is defeated but not crushed as a presidential candidate, says the *London Saturday Review*. The *London Spectator* thinks he



THE NEXT MISTRESS OF THE GUBERNATORIAL MANSION AT ALBANY

Mrs. Charles E. Hughes has shunned all newspaper notoriety, and not until her husband was elected governor was she willing that her picture should be published. She was Miss Antoinette Carter, of Brooklyn.



OF COURSE MR. BRYAN IS INCONSOLABLE

BRYAN (to Democratic donkey): "I've half a mind to lam the life out of you for throwing that good man Hearst!"

—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"remains a vigorous and dangerous force in American politics." Says the *London Times*:

"The State and the Union have been saved for the present from the consequences which would have been likely to follow a victory for Hearst, but unless the warning which the vote of so many thousands of electors for such a man contains is taken to heart in season those consequences may only be deferred. It is the monstrous and ostentatious employment of money as an engine of oppression and wrong among a people who are intelligent and devoted to freedom which alone has made the career of Hearst possible, and which will assuredly make the career of him or another of his kind one day successful unless the unmitigated sway and flagrant worship of the dollar be checked."

Much the same view is expressed in Canada by the *Toronto Globe*. Speaking of Hearst and his papers, it says:

"That the spirit of revolt among the American people should accept such mouthpieces and such a champion shows that discontent is deep, that antagonism is bitter, and that among a dangerously large class despair has destroyed all sense of political responsibility."

MR. HEARST'S own comments on the results, either in person or through the editorial utterances of his papers, are very brief. On the morning after election he issued this personal statement:

"I am enlisted in this fight against the control

of government by the trusts and corrupt corporations, and I will fight it out to the end. But I will serve in the lead or in the ranks, just exactly as the people desire, and as earnestly and loyally in one place as in the other. The people have decided to retain the Republican party in power. I will make my fight in the ranks, therefore, and, as a private citizen, do my best to promote the interests of my fellow citizens."

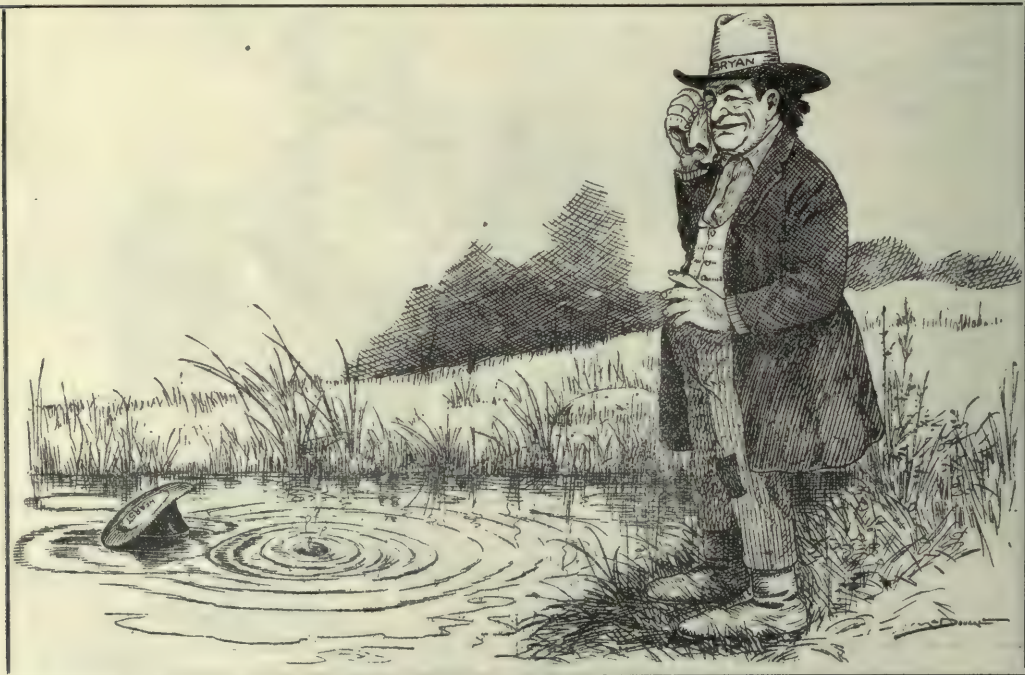
Later on, he declared that he would never again be a candidate for any office. And his *Evening Journal* said on the day after the election:

"You will be pleased to learn, friendly readers, that this column of the *Evening Journal* will try to forget politics and politicians for a while. A majority of the votes, or a majority of The Dollars (it seems to be about the same thing in this happy land, have declared for a continuation of Trust government. We have expressed our opinion as to the probable result of such a government. There is nothing to do but look on, and—regretfully—see the people get another lesson.

"They will get it."

Mr. Hearst's personal expenditure for the campaign was over \$256,000.

MR. HUGHES as a presidential possibility elicits some attention. The fact that he was President Roosevelt's personal choice for candidate is thought to make him a possible residuary legatee of the President, placing



INCONSOLABLE (Almost)

—McDougall in Philadelphia *North American*.

him in the same category with Secretaries Taft and Root. It is an open secret that the President was expected to stand for re-election had Mr. Hearst been elected governor of New York. That situation being averted, speculation as to his successor is again becoming more active. The hold which Senators Foraker and Dick maintain in Ohio is regarded as a serious obstacle to the selection of Mr. Taft, and the prominence which Mr. Root has had as a corporation lawyer is held by many to be a very grave difficulty in his way. Says the *New York Press* (Rep.): "It is understood that the Administration's purpose has been to provide a residuary legatee for the White House in the person of a Mr. Root or Mr. Cortelyou. We guess the people of New York and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes have settled this matter of succession." And the *Springfield Republican* says:

"The outcome thus forces into national prominence a new personality on the republican side that may be made large with possibilities for the party leadership next presidential year. A strong, fearless, progressive, reformatory administration of New York state by Mr. Hughes will bring him into such consideration for the national republican nomination two years from now as may overshadow Secretary Taft. It will all depend upon Mr. Hughes."

FROM a journalistic point of view, the recent elections were not a success. They have failed to furnish even one first-class topic for newspaper and magazine discussion. The situation in the country at large remains substantially what it was, and if the Republican majority in Congress has been cut down from 112 last year to about 60 this year, that was not unexpected and seemed almost to be desired by the Republicans themselves. If there is any general observation to be made of the results of the voting in the country at large it is that the country "stands pat" on the Roosevelt program. Even Mr. Bryan, who sees in the election returns "a trend in favor of the Democratic party" so marked as "to make it probable that the Democrats will control the Congress to be elected in 1908," bases his hope of such an event on the fact that Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office March 4, 1909, and, consequently, "standing by the President" cannot be made an effective cry in the next congressional campaign as Mr. Bryan concedes that it was made this year. "The Democratic gains in Congress," he admits "have not been as great as the [Democratic] party expected." Forecasting the result some time before elec-



ON THE HOME STRETCH

—Wilshire's Magazine (Socialist).

tion, the *New York Tribune* said: "On the face of the apportionment of 1901 the Republican majority should be between thirty and forty. This year, with the Democratic party disheartened and disorganized, a majority of sixty would not be surprising." This latter majority is about what was obtained. "The result of the Congressional elections," says the *New York World* (Dem.) "seems to be as complete an indorsement of him [Roosevelt] and his policies as he could wish."

THE next Congress will be deprived of the services of several Republicans who set themselves in opposition to the Roosevelt program. Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who was leader of the "insurgents" in the late session, must hereafter do his insurrecting on the outside. James W. Wadsworth, of New York, who has held his seat in the House for eighteen years, and who did his best last spring to block the legislation for more rigid inspection of the meat-packers, has been sent packing for his mistake. The independent Republican

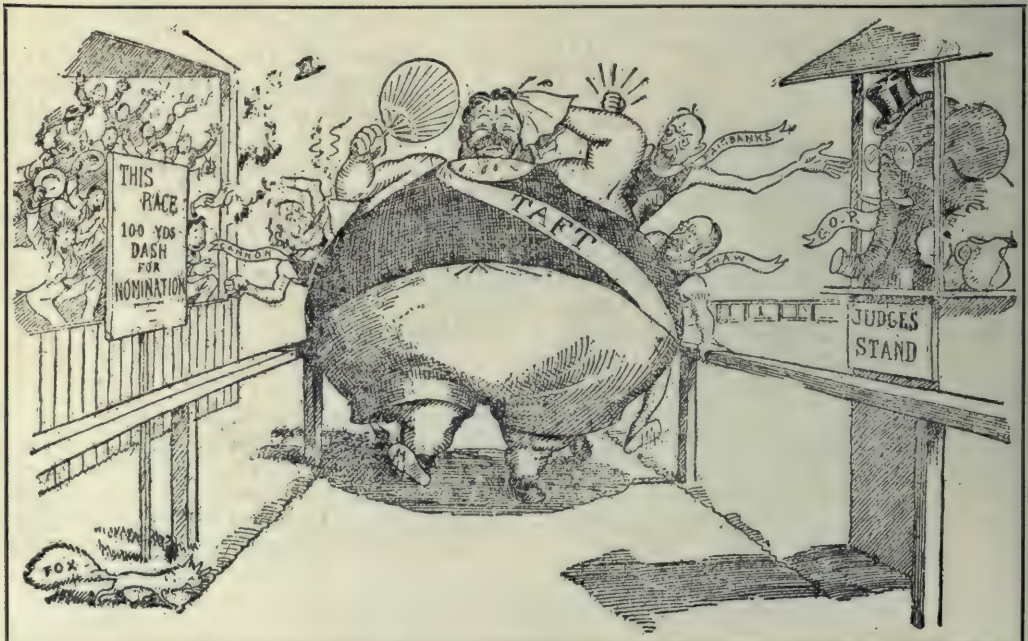
who has defeated him took a cow for his emblem on the ballot and in that sign conquered. The advent of the Federation of Labor into politics has produced no startling results. Cannon goes back with a large off-year majority. Sherman had little difficulty in securing his re-election. So of Gardner (New Jersey), Mudd (Maryland), and Lilley (Connecticut). Longworth, of Ohio, the President's son-in-law, won handily, the reputed opposition to him by the Federation being disclaimed by Mr. Gompers. The Socialist party, which had hopes at one time of electing a member of the House in New York or Chicago, must continue to live on its hopes. "Small improvement was made in the character of the House," says the *New York Press* (Rep.), whose ideas of improvement are of the radical type, "but even less is promised for the Senate. . . . It is the same old Senate, slightly tempered by indictment and prosecution, and it will do things in pretty much the same old way."

ON March 4 next the terms of thirty Senators will expire, fifteen of them being Republicans and an equal number being Democrats. "It is reasonable to expect," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York World* (Dem.), "that nineteen of these thirty seats will be filled by Republicans and eleven by

Democrats." That would give the Republican party a two-thirds majority in the upper house (sixty-one Republicans to twenty-nine Democrats) and enable the party to pass the San Domingo treaty or do anything else as long as it kept its forces intact. Twelve of the Senators who take their seats March 4 will do so as a result of the movement for the selection of Senators by popular choice. In these twelve cases nominations were made at the party primaries. All but two of the Senators so nominated—Cullom, of Illinois, and Mulkey, of Oregon—come from Southern States where there is no serious political contest outside the Democratic primaries. Commenting on the Democratic congressional campaign, the *New York Tribune* remarks:

"The party, in fact, is too busy now with other political problems to think seriously of capturing Congress or even to desire a victory which would involve the acceptance of any national responsibilities. No such situation has arisen in the memory of the present generation, and the curious self-effacement of the Democratic party as a national organization this year may perhaps be taken as a sign that its vitality is exhausted and that it is destined to suffer before long some radical transformation, if not in name, at least in character."

The *Philadelphia Ledger* (Rep.), however, sees signs of change in both parties—premonitions of a division that must ultimately occur,



THE PRESIDENTIAL HANDICAP

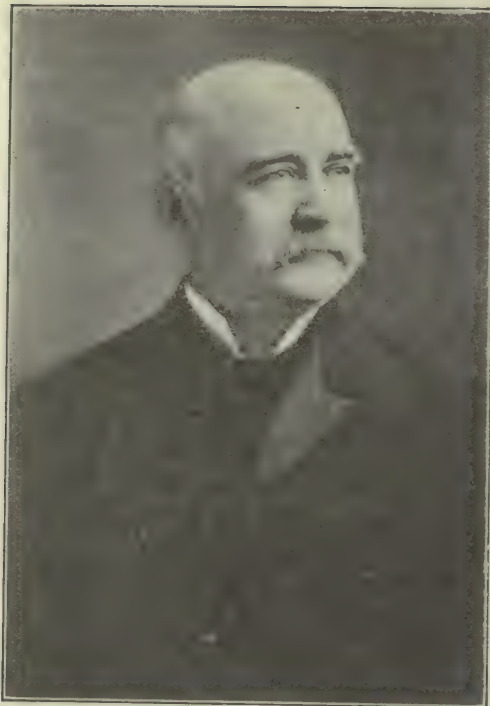
—Louisville Herald.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, Copyright 1900, by New York Times,

AN ELECTION NIGHT SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY

The tall structure is *The Times* building. The shaft of light from the top is directed to the east, indicating the election of Hughes. In the crowd below are tens of thousands of men massed in Times Square to read the election bulletins. On the reader's left, Broadway stretches to the south, brilliantly illumined by electric lights. On the right is Seventh Avenue. The line of light down the middle of each street is caused by the continuous line of moving trolley-cars.



BOOKSELLER—MAYOR—GOVERNOR

Edwin S. Stuart's personal popularity and reputation helped to overcome the bitter opposition to the Republican machine and to insure his election as governor of Pennsylvania.

for "it is not conceivable that we can long continue with only one party, or with two parties, professing the same ideas."

AS FOR the question of tariff revision in the next Congress, the *Boston Herald* (Ind.), which ardently desires revision, sees but one hope for it:

"So far as the question of tariff revision is involved, the hope of those who favor it will rest largely with the President. Under the rule of the caucus and the speaker, the small minority of Republicans who favor immediate limited revision will be unable to accomplish anything unless the President shall take the lead. If he comes to believe, as it is not impossible that he may, that it will be good policy to take this issue away from the Democrats before 1908, as he has already deprived them of the anti-trust and railroad regulation issues, he could no doubt secure enough Republican and Democratic support to put through a measure of relief from some of the worst of the tariff exactions. It would be one of those cases where justice is the best policies. And Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself capable of playing that high sort of politics successfully, even against the open and the covert opposition of once powerful but now subordinated party leaders."

The *New York Evening Post* confesses to

"distinct disappointment." It sees nothing in the elections to induce the President to resurrect his long-buried tariff reform message. "The two most devout worshipers of the Dingley tariff," it says, "Messrs. Cannon and Dalmzell, have been triumphantly re-elected and there is nothing in the result to make them abate their adoration for their idol."

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ASIDE from the contest in New York State, there were no State elections that excited general national interest. The trend in all the Northern States was toward a decrease in Republican pluralities from the phenomenal vote registered two years ago. It is in this decrease that Mr. Bryan discerns a tide running in the direction of the Democracy. Yet every State legislature in the North remains Republican and every governor elected last month is a Republican with two exceptions. In Rhode Island James H. Higgins, the Democratic candidate, defeated Governor Utter, and in Minnesota Governor John A. Johnson, Democrat, was re-elected. In each of those States, however, the rest of the Republican ticket was

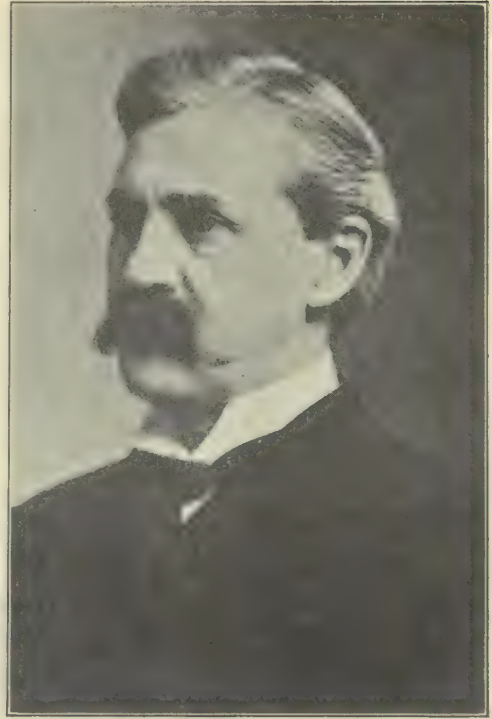


GOV. OF KANSAS

Re-elected governor by a small plurality after a bitter fight with Standard Oil interests.

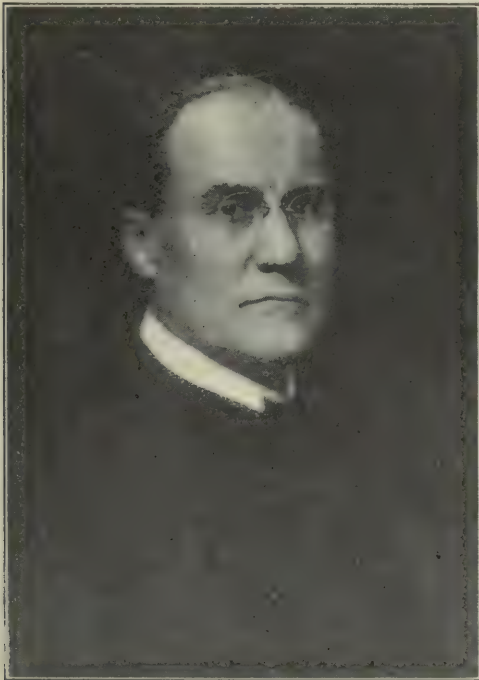
successful. In Kansas, Governor Hoch, Republican, is re-elected by a narrow margin, the rest of the Republican ticket being elected by handsome pluralities. In New Jersey, the Republicans retain a slight majority of the legislature. Interest there centers on the fight against Senator Dryden's re-election to the United States Senate. As five or six Republican members of the next legislature declare that they will not vote for him, a lively hope of his defeat is entertained. He is an insurance president and his corporate connections have aroused the hostility of all the radicals in the party, Senator La Follette coming all the way from Wisconsin in the late campaign to help defeat him.

IN THE State of Pennsylvania the "reformers" were deeply disappointed by their failure to elect Emery. The regular Republican candidate, Edwin S. Stuart, elected by a plurality of about 75,000, is "conceded by the warmest friends of Mr. Emery"—we are quoting the *New York Times* (Dem.)—to be "a man of high character and of considerable ability; the kind of a man, in fact, that the machine would never have thought of naming in ordinary times." The local election in Phil-



THE EXPONENT OF THE "IOWA IDEA" IN
TARIFF REFORM

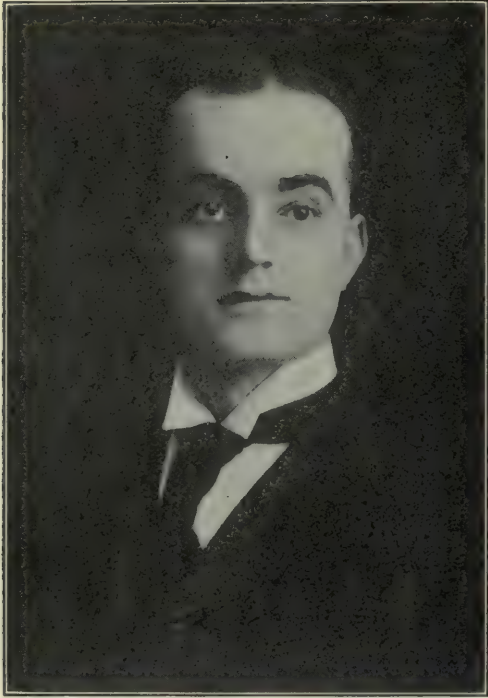
Albert B. Cummins has just been re-elected governor of Iowa on a "stand-pat" platform, tho he is an ardent tariff reformer.



PREACHER—CHANCELLOR—GOVERNOR

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, chancellor of the University of Denver, has been elected governor of Colorado. The radicals call him a corporation candidate.

adelphia was also marked by a victory of the regular organization. Mayor Weaver, whose fight against the bosses of his party brought him last year into national prominence, deserted the reform party in the middle of the campaign, charging that it was a "newspaper combine" and "a vicious coterie of would-be bosses." The general opinion of the press is that he has by this act become—to use the phrase of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"excessively dead." In Wisconsin, Governor James O. Davidson, whose renomination was generally accepted as a defeat for Senator La Follette and a triumph for Senator Spooner, was re-elected by a large plurality. In Idaho, where the administration at Washington was so deeply interested as to send Secretary Taft to make a speech, Governor Gooding (Republican) is re-elected and the legislature is Republican. New Hampshire's vote was so close that no candidate seems to have received a clear majority over all, and the selection of a governor will be thrown into the legislature, which is Republican. Governor Guild is re-elected in Massachusetts by a handsome ma-



ONE OF THE TWO DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS
IN THE NORTH ELECTED LAST MONTH

John H. Higgins will soon take the oath of office in Rhode Island, a fact due to the revolt against the blind "boss" of the Republican party, Chas. R. Brayton.

jority over John B. Moran, candidate of three parties. Oklahoma, however, where constitutional delegates were elected, begins its career as a State by going Democratic, much to the chagrin of the Republican leaders. They attribute the result to the Prohibition issue. In Arizona a big majority voted against union with New Mexico in one State, so that New Mexico and Arizona will remain Territories. As for the rest of the country, it is sufficient to say that every other Northern State that voted (including Nebraska) went Republican, and every Southern State that voted (including Missouri) went Democratic.

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WITHIN the five and a half years since he entered the White House, President Roosevelt has had (or will have had when the new Cabinet changes take effect) two Secretaries of State, three Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Interior, five Secretaries of the Navy, one Secretary of Agriculture, five Postmasters-General, three Attorneys-General, and three Secretaries of

Commerce and Labor. One sole survivor (beside the President himself) of all the changes remains—James Wilson, the gentleman who tells us such things as how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and how to inoculate the day's churning with bacteria that will insure first-class butter. The number of changes made by the President have broken all records. In his Cabinet of nine, six changes were announced last month, three of them consisting of shiftings from one place to another, and three consisting of new accessions. Root, Taft and Wilson "stand pat," so to speak. Shaw, Moody and Hitchcock drop out, their places being taken respectively by Cortelyou, Bonaparte and Garfield. The three new men are Oscar S. Straus, James R. Garfield and George von L. Meyer.

THESE rather sweeping changes have excited very considerable comment, most of it expressive of satisfaction. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, however, sees no occasion for enthusiasm. It does not object to the men or their assignments, but such an extensive change, it thinks, "indicates a want of continuity in the direction and control of the great departments of the Federal Government that is, to say the least, regrettable. In the fact that New York State now has three men in the Cabinet, besides the President, the *Chicago Evening Post* sees evidence that the President thinks it better to study men than geography. "It seems to be his thought that two good men from one State are to be preferred to two possibly indifferent men from two States. The people won't quarrel with his conclusions." The *New York Times* considers the changes "reassuring." They "indicate a disposition to take conservative counsel. . . . To say that President Roosevelt is slowing up a bit might be the wrong way to put it. But these changes in his Cabinet indicate that, at least, he is not quickening his pace."

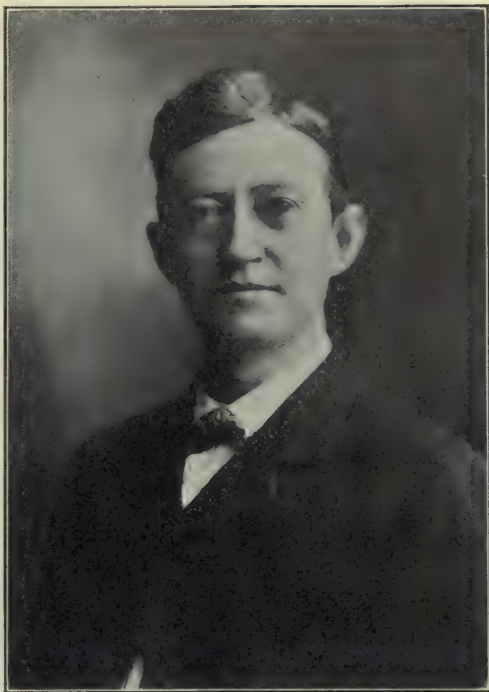
MOST of the adverse criticism of these Cabinet changes is called forth by the transfer of George B. Cortelyou to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Mr. Cortelyou is the chairman of the Republican National Committee. He held that position two years ago, and it was at him that Judge Parker, Democratic candidate for President, directed his attack in regard to the collection of campaign funds from corporations. The money contributed by the big insurance societies for the

Republican campaign also went to his committee. He was then in charge of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and the suspicion was freely expressed that the knowledge obtained in that official capacity was used to "squeeze" the corporations. His transfer to the Treasury Department is criticized for the same reason. The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) remarks:

"There is no branch of the Government which would be so useful in securing campaign contributions as the Treasury Department. It has supervision of more than 6,000 national banks. The administration of the customs and internal revenue service is under its control. There is no other department of the Government which affords so many opportunities to the practical politician to strengthen his party by obtaining for it the favor of corporations. There is a widespread belief that the appointment of Mr. Cortelyou is not made with the view of depriving his party of any advantages which it might derive from the control of the Treasury Department by the experienced and resourceful politician who is now chairman of its Republican National Committee, and has been ever since Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in 1904. It may be possible that this belief is not well founded, but the President has only himself to blame for its existence."

The *New York Press* (Rep.) savagely disapproves of Mr. Cortelyou in any Cabinet post. The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) thinks he has shown "perfect fidelity to his trust and marked ability and adaptedness"; but a decent respect for public opinion requires that he should resign his position as chairman of the Republican National Committee. The *Florida Times* (Dem.) admits that nothing was done during the campaign of which he was in charge that had not been done before time and again by the Republican party. It had been for years the uninterrupted practise; but if President Roosevelt is to be a leader in reform, "he should have found some man for the position of Secretary of the Treasury who had not received money that the conscience of the country, if not the laws of the land, branded as stolen."

THE surprise in the Cabinet changes is the appointment of Oscar S. Straus to the Department of Commerce and Labor. This surprise is due not only to the fact that he is the first Jew ever appointed to a Cabinet post in this nation, but also to the fact that he is a "Cleveland Democrat." Like many other "Cleveland Democrats," however, he has voted the Republican ticket in recent national campaigns, and he has a particularly high personal regard for Mr. Roosevelt. "I have known four Presidents intimately," Mr. Straus said in



GOVERNOR PATTERSON OF TENNESSEE

He had a stiff fight to defeat the Republican candidate, H. Clay Evans.

1904, "but I have never met a public man more exacting in adjusting his judgment to what he considered the right side of the case. I do regard him, while a very quick thinker, as very conservative in arriving at his conclusions." Mr. Straus has had a career of wide and varied success. His father lost all he had in Germany, because of the part he played—along with Carl Schurz and Professor Kinkel—in the revolution of 1848. He came to this country in consequence and recuperated his fortunes rapidly. Oscar was sent to Columbia University, where he developed a literary bent that has stayed with him amid all his other activities. He is an author of several serious works. One is "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States." Another is "The Development of Religious Liberty in the United States." A third is "The Reform of the Diplomatic Service." He is an L.H.D. and LL.D., and has delivered lectures at Yale, Harvard and Annapolis.

MR. STRAUS entered the profession of law, and when the Chamber of Commerce of this city appointed a committee to investigate the subject of discriminations by railroads, his firm was retained by the committee.

That was back in 1878, and the result of that committee's work, aided by the labors of Mr. Straus and his partners, had a marked effect upon the course of railroad legislation, which led to the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But he broke down under the strain and abandoned the legal profession in consequence, entering his father's business house, L. Straus & Sons, with which he has been connected ever since. But his civic and philanthropic activities have been of the widest. He is vice-president of the National Civic Federation, and was for years president of the Social Science Association. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. He is a trustee of the Baron de Hirsch fund and was the first president of the Jewish Historical Society. He was appointed minister to Turkey by President Cleveland and reappointed by President McKinley. He was appointed by President Roosevelt as a member of the Hague Court of Arbitration, and is one of the most ardent peace advocates in the country.

ONE theory held in Washington as to the motive for the appointment of Mr. Straus is that it was "in the nature of a pawn in the New York political game." *Collier's Weekly* attributes it to a higher motive. It says:

"Mr Straus becomes, by his position, the foremost American member of his race. Young Jews, ambitious to get forward in the world, will emulate the Cabinet member, not the sordid type of unscrupulous success. . . . To help forward as racial leaders men of the character of Mr. Straus is probably the longest step toward the Americanizing of our immigrants that could be taken by a single act. There are ten thousand men in the United States whom Mr. Roosevelt might have put in his Cabinet. In so far as his singling out of Mr. Straus had for its motive the furnishing of an ideal to a million Jews already here, and another million coming, it was an act of far-seeing statesmanship. And the appointment is all the more to the President's credit since he must have foreseen the resentment of many powerful old-line Republicans at the appointment to a Cabinet office of a man who was a Cleveland favorite and voted the Democratic ticket as late as nine years ago."

Needless to say, the Jewish journals comment on the appointment in terms of enthusiasm. Says the *New York American Hebrew*: "Whether so intended or not, President Roosevelt's action will be regarded by the diplomatic world as a well-deserved rebuke to those autocracies of Europe where a Jew's creed bars him from public office." *The Chronicle*, a Jewish journal of New York, is especially pleased since the appointment shows that a Jew in

America does not have to repudiate his faith in order to receive such honor.

LITTLE noteworthy comment follows the selection for the Cabinet of Mr. Garfield (as Secretary of the Interior) and Mr. Meyer (as Postmaster-General). Mr. Garfield's selection is well received, but the dominant feeling caused by his appointment is one of regret over Mr. Hitchcock's retirement. Here is a tribute from a Democratic paper—the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—to Mr. Hitchcock's administration of affairs:

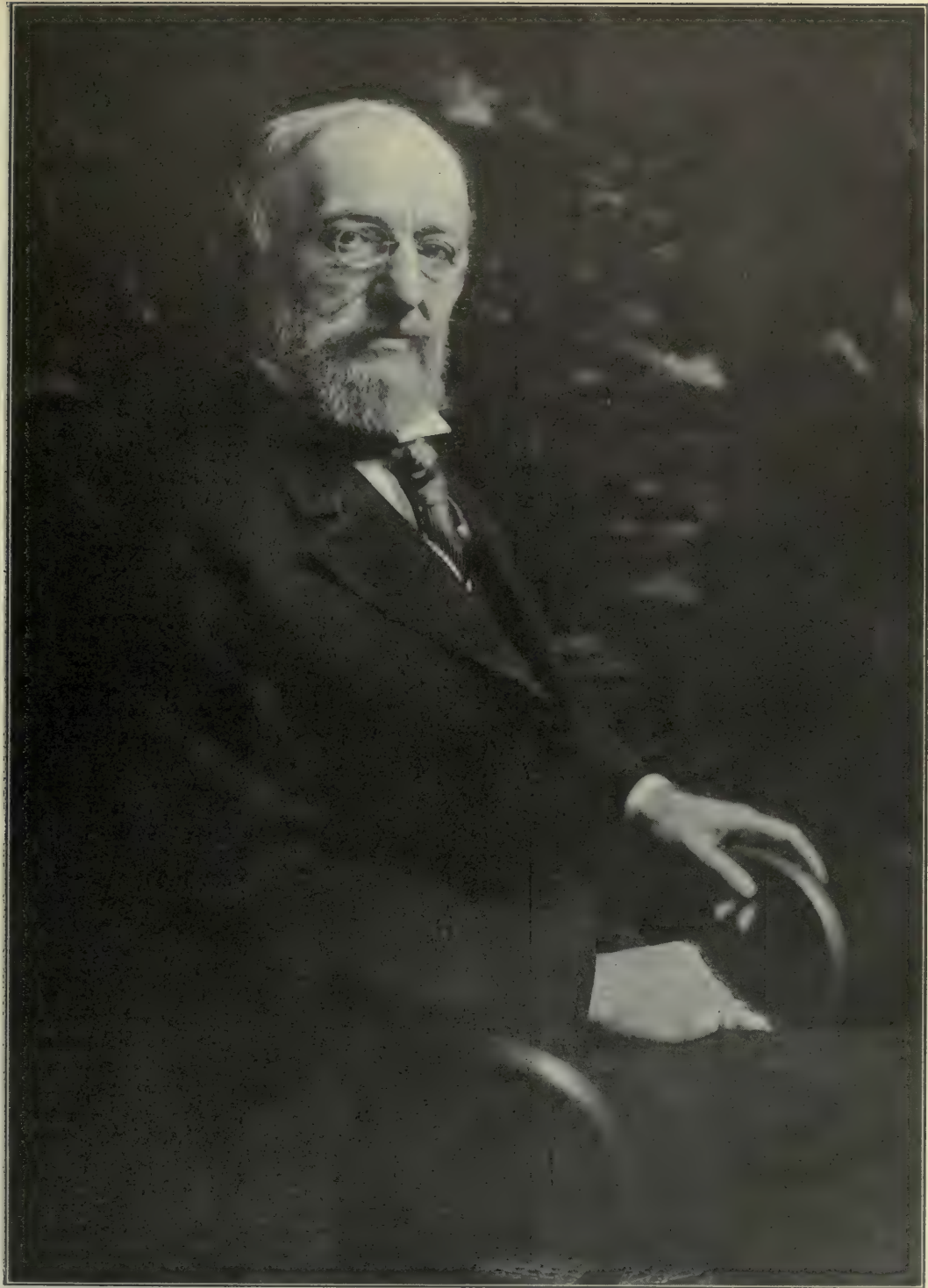
"The retirement of Secretary Hitchcock of the interior department will be viewed with regret by all citizens except those whom he has sent to jail or otherwise restrained from continuing their impudent raids upon what little is left of the public domain. For many years this unassuming but indefatigable public servant has stood between the people and their despoilers, and with no beating of drums or blowing of horns has conducted a campaign against the land thieves which approaches a triumphant conclusion. He has never received full credit for this service, but it has long been apparent to those who chose to see. His work, whether appreciated or not, will live after him, and is left in such shape that it can be easily carried to a conclusion by his successor."

The *Boston Herald* does not think that those who have learned to dread Secretary Hitchcock's keen scrutiny will gain much comfort from Mr. Garfield's appointment to succeed him. It says: "Mr. Garfield has done such fearless and excellent work in finding out the devious ways of violators of law, that good men will regard his promotion with favor."

As for Mr. Meyer, his appointment is attributed by the *New York Evening Post* to his wealth and social alliances; but it is assured that he will make "a plodding and diligent Postmaster-General." Mr. Meyer has been ambassador to Italy and to Russia, serving efficiently at St. Petersburg during the Russo-Japanese War and especially during the negotiations conducted by President Roosevelt for the restoration of peace. He hails from the "Sacred Cod district" of Massachusetts and is a political protégé of Senator Lodge.



GREAT legal contest has been initiated by Attorney-General Moody which may become one of the most important in the history of the nation. It is a contest between the Roosevelt Administration on one side, and the Standard Oil Company on the other. The contest begins in the form of a suit instituted by the Government for the dissolution of the Standard Oil



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THE FIRST JEW EVER CHOSEN FOR THE CABINET

Mr. Oscar S. Straus, L.H.D., LL.D., lawyer, author, merchant, diplomatist, philanthropist, becomes the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and will have charge of the Immigration Bureau, among other things. He is "a Cleveland Democrat and Roosevelt Republican," and his selection is commended by the press of all parties.

Company of New Jersey, the "holding company" formed a dozen years ago to take over the stocks of the companies (sixty-nine in number), whose consolidation by this means constitutes what is called the Standard Oil "Trust." The charge is that this holding company is one of a series of devices to maintain in large sections of the country a monopoly in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890. The officials of the company deny this, calling attention to the fact that there are 125 competitors of the Standard Oil, who are earning more than the latter in proportion to the capital invested. These officials, it is said,

IT IS not too much to say that the eyes of the industrial and financial world will be on this contest as it develops. The Standard Oil Company is a corporation of world-wide activity. In the first week after this suit was begun the market value of the company's stock fell off 72 points. If the suit is successful on final adjudication, the officials of the company are likely to be prosecuted in criminal proceedings and, in addition to that, any persons damaged by the acts complained of may sue the company and recover threefold the amount of damages thus sustained. It is evident that a vital blow is intended at this the very heart



TO LOOK OUT FOR THE LAND THIEVES
HEREAFTER

James R. Garfield, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, now becomes Secretary of the Interior in place of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, resigned.

have paid several personal visits of late to the President, presumably in the attempt to dissuade him from allowing this suit to be instituted. If that was indeed their purpose, their efforts have been in vain. The suit has been instituted in St. Louis, and comes in part as a result of the facts elicited last winter by Attorney-General Hadley, of the State of Missouri, and in part as a result of the investigation more recently made by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations. It promises to be a fight of legal Titans.

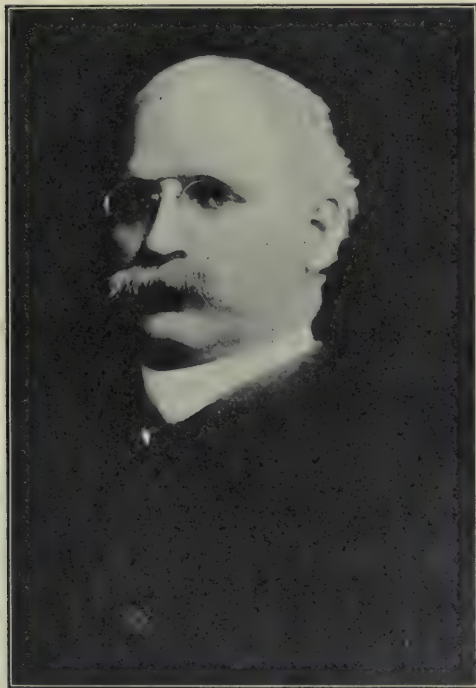


THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL

George von L. Meyer, as Ambassador to Russia, helped the President to arrange for peace negotiations between Russia and Japan. "He is a wealthy New Englander, and hails from the Sacred Cod district."

of the present system of vast industrial combinations in America. President Roosevelt, remarks the *New York World*, "cannot set back the economic tendency of the times and abolish great corporations and prevent concentration of industry and capital," but he can "prove to a doubting and cynical public that the law applies with equal force to all, and neither grants privilege nor assures immunity to rich and talented lawbreakers." It may take years to reach a final decision of the case by the court of last resort; but pending that di-

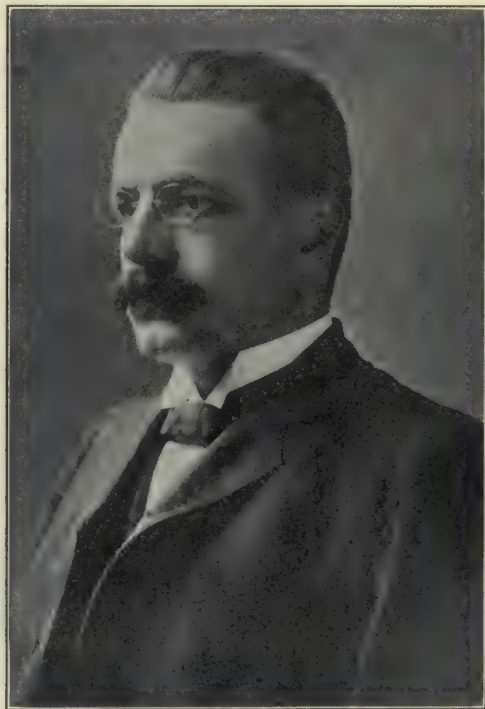
cision, the court may issue such temporary restraining order as it considers just. In a statement issued by the secretary of the Standard Oil Company to its stockholders the statement is made that "the legal organization of your company is of essentially the same nature and character as that of the other important industrial interests of the country." This fact increases the importance of the suit. If a success, it may strike down the whole "trust" system in America and compel a readjustment of our financial and industrial system.



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Victor H. Metcalf was but forty-one years of age when he resigned his seat in Congress two years ago to enter President's Roosevelt's official family as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He is a Californian (but born in New York State), and his report as a special commissioner on the exclusion of Japanese from the public schools of San Francisco is awaited with interest.

lations with the United States. Washington correspondents represent our administration as worried over the situation that confronts it, and Secretary Metcalf was despatched to San Francisco to ascertain by personal inquiry the facts in the case and report to the Cabinet. And our newspapers are pointing out the ease with which Japan, with her army fresh from the victorious fields of Manchuria, could seize the Philippines and Hawaii, and invade our whole Pacific coast.



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The transfer of George B. Cortelyou to the Treasury department has occasioned vigorous protest because of his active connection with party politics as chairman of the Republican National Committee.

THE occasion for this bellicose talk is created by the Board of Education in San Francisco. It has decreed that hereafter the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, children must be educated in separate schools, and cannot be admitted to the public schools attended by white children. The Japanese resent this as a racial insult. They are taking the matter into the Federal courts, and out of it is likely to grow a weighty constitutional question for the Supreme Court to decide, namely, to what extent a State's control of its domestic affairs may be superseded by treaties negotiated with foreign nations by the Federal Government.



HAT a grim joke it would be if the Czar of Russia in the not distant future were to find occasion to offer his services to bring about an end to war between the United States and Japan! The suggestion of such a thing seems far-fetched, and yet only the other day a member of the British Parliament addressed an interrogation to Earl Grey in all seriousness to ascertain whether, in the event of such a war, Great Britain would be forced by her treaty obligations with Japan to enter into hostile re-

In addition to this action, the Japanese ambassador at Washington, Count Aoki, has entered a protest claiming that the Board of Education is infringing on the rights accorded to Japan by the "most favored nation" clause of her treaty with us. And, further still, active efforts have been made in Japan to start a popular boycott on American trade until the little Japs in San Francisco are allowed to learn that "the cat is on the mat" and "the bug is on the rug" under conditions similar to those surrounding the pursuit of knowledge by German children and Italian children, or any other children of foreign parentage.

IT WAS but a short time before the President's departure for Panama that Viscount Suize Aoki, the first diplomatic representative to come from Tokio to Washington with the rank of ambassador, appeared at the Department of State one morning to let Secretary of State Elihu Root know that a teacher in the Pacific Heights Grammar School had sent Yasumaru home for being a little Japanese boy. That was the first time Mr. Root had ever heard of Yasumaru. But Tokio was ringing with his name. The little boy had already become a *casus belli* under the treaty of 1894 between the United States and Japan. To this effect argued the *Kokumin Shimbun*, one of the most influential of Japanese organs. It quoted the first clause of the treaty itself, which provides that citizens of either the United States or Japan have a right to all the privileges of the natives of the other. *The Nichi Nichi*, a daily long inspired by the Marquis Ito and supposed to be in touch with official, or at least responsible opinion, pointed to a contrast between America's attitude in the days of Perry—"who with the cannon's mouth proclaimed the doctrines of universal brotherhood and the common right of all nations to nature's gifts"—and the attitude of a section of Americans today who violently advocate the expulsion of all Orientals from the American continent. However, the *Jiji Shimpō*, the daily founded by the celebrated Fakuzawa and edited by the faculty of the university he established, refused to regard the expulsion of little Yasumaru from the grammar-school as an index to the great heart of the American people.

VISCOUNT AOKI is understood to have shown clippings from these influential organs of Japanese opinion to the Secretary of State, and additional extracts from the *Hochi* (furious at the belief that Japan's honor was

impugned) and the *Yorozu Choho* (which is to Tokio what Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal* is to New York). Ambassador Luke E. Wright had also been favoring Mr. Root with Japanese newspaper extracts. They poured in by cable from Tokio and appear to have been pointedly anti-American. Long before Yasumaru had been sent home from school, however, the Secretary of State had realized that any friction with Japan at this time would seriously embarrass the trade of the United States with the Far East. Relations were already somewhat strained. As far back as last summer Washington had remonstrated with Tokio for the failure to open Manchuria to international commerce. Tokio's answer is described on high authority as "not exactly pleasing" to our Department of State. There had been the additional unpleasantness due to those Japanese poachers who attempted recently to land on the seal islands off Alaska. Before the poachers got away home a few had been killed in an affray with United States forces. Mr. Root asked Tokio to cause the arrest and punishment of the surviving poachers. The reply he received was "correct" from a diplomatic point of view, but it does not seem to have been particularly satisfactory in any other sense. It began now to be inferred that Yasumaru's teacher had sent him home at a very opportune time for Viscount Aoki. Tokio was not at all disinclined to have a grievance.

CALIFORNIA is not cowed. So far from it, her Representatives are getting ready to carry the opposition to the Japanese to much further length. Several bills will be introduced in the next session of Congress for the exclusion of the Japanese in a manner similar to that now applying to the Chinese. Treaty rights or no treaty rights, the San Franciscans are represented as saying, the Japanese will not be allowed in the white schools even if they go to war over the question. In the first place, the earthquake and fire destroyed twenty-seven schoolhouses in San Francisco, and the accommodations for the white children are in consequence sadly inadequate. Then in the next place a State law passed five years ago requires separate schools for all Mongolians, and the Board of Education decides that that applies to the Japanese and Koreans as well as Chinese. Then in the third place many of the so-called Japanese "school-children" are men from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and Californians object to their presence among their boys and girls on moral as well

as racial grounds. If the black children in Southern States may be forced into separate schools, say they, why may not California treat yellow children in the same way? The legal answer to that probably is that the blacks have no special treaty rights such as the Japanese have; but the Californians contend that any treaty is null and void that interferes with a State's constitutional rights to attend to her own domestic affairs.

BACK of all this is the labor question. The Japanese are increasing on the Pacific coast, it is said, very rapidly. The padrone system, or something like it, prevails in Hawaii and there the Japanese laborers now exclude all other laborers on most of the large sugar plantations. In California they are invading various branches of industry, such as cutting, drying and packing fruit, clam and abalone digging, railroad building. In the cities they run non-union barber-shops and restaurants, and do non-union carpentry work. If San Francisco is anything, it is a union city. The mayor was president of a labor union. So was the chairman of the Board of Education. The Union Labor party almost controls the State legislature. This irruption of non-union labor, therefore, is forcibly and effectively resisted. An anti-Japanese and anti-Korean league has been formed that declares that unless the next national Republican convention adopts a Japanese exclusion plank in its platform, all the Pacific coast States and half the mountain States will go Democratic. In the meantime it calls for the enforcement of the State school law, and the Federal Administration is warned to keep its hands off.

SO INTENSE has the feeling become that half a dozen reports have been submitted by Japanese consuls complaining of violent treatment of Japanese residents of San Francisco. The windows of Japanese restaurants are stoned and agents are placed before the doors to intercede with patrons and induce them not to enter. A Japanese resident of New Haven, Conn., by the name of Z. Wataube, writes to the *New York Times*, saying that the change for a Japanese going from California to the Middle or Eastern States is "like that from hell to heaven." He writes: "A Japanese consul in dignified style, or any other respectable Japanese when walking in the street, will find himself confronted by the derisive calling of names from scores of the native 'whites.' Every Japanese is at best 'Hello, John!' or 'Hey, Charley!' Cases are very nu-

merous in which young, spirited Japanese were insulted, and more or less disastrous events ensued." Another Japanese, by the name of Kaju Nakamura, writes to the *New York Sun* as follows:

"My year's experience in California convinced me that the Americans of that State are entirely different from those of other States, and still more was I convinced by my nearly five years' experience in the Eastern and Southern parts of the United States and in Europe that the mass of Californians are nothing short of barbarians!

"If any Japanese goes around the streets of San Francisco he is not only scornfully called 'Jap,' a term despised by the Japanese, but he is stoned and blackeyed and often dragged around the streets. Your policeman in that State not only pays no attention to the poor fellow, but he also will kick him and drive him to the station like a dog!

"A few months ago the well-known Japanese scientists Drs. Omori and Nakamura, who came to San Francisco to study the disastrous catastrophe which recently befell that city, were several times stoned and injured by Americans; and the Mayor of San Francisco and the Governor of California, together with the leading scientists of California, were obliged to issue letters of apology to them."

MR. ROOT'S readiness to prod the school board in San Francisco contrasts markedly with the attitude of former Washington administrations in international incidents of a similar nature. Thus note the European dailies, including the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*. During the past score of years mob fury, entailing death, has expended itself, we are reminded, upon subjects of China, Italy, Germany and Great Britain residing in the United States. Representations have been made to Washington by the respective governments concerned, and the reply has invariably been that, while Washington deplored the sanguinary event, it had no power to interfere in purely State affairs. "Compare that action with the action in the present case," says the *London Post*, "and it is obvious that something more than respect for treaty rights animates President Roosevelt." That something more is broadly hinted in more than one foreign newspaper to be the Japanese navy. It is growing at a greater relative rate than the navy of the United States. Washington must concentrate its squadrons with reference to defense of the Atlantic seaboard as well as of the Pacific. Tokio could seize the Philippines—an archipelago she covets—with far less difficulty than the capture of Port Arthur entailed. It is an interesting question, observes a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, whether the navy of the United States is to-day in a position to make good the

policy of the United States. At present rates of growth, it will be outclassed by the German navy in 1917. Yet the German navy is not superior to the Japanese navy in effective striking power for a campaign in the waters of the Pacific. Is that of the United States? The *Figaro* gives it up. But Tokio, it conjectures, has no doubt at all. It "smiles superior."

LAST month, for the first time in the history of the United States, the President was on foreign soil, the guest of a foreign potentate. President Amador of Panama had the privilege of receiving him and of calling him to his face what he had been calling him behind his back, namely, "that indefatigable struggler for humanity's progress and welfare, who has initiated a new era of fraternity and union between the American republics." It was on November 8 that President Roosevelt, disregarding the earnest entreaty of the New York *Sun* not to leave us, steamed away on the battleship *Louisiana*, carrying the big stick to the big ditch. Before starting, he went down into the engine-room, seized a shovel and helped the stokers stoke. Result: the *Louisiana* arrived at Colon November 14, half a day ahead of time! *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Chairman Shonts and President Amador had to be sent for to come and make speeches of welcome. The next day he began his tour of inspection. All suspected anarchists were first corralled lest they might run up against the strenuous President and get hurt, and screens were placed on all the windows and doors of the Tivoli Hotel where he stopped, to prevent

undue familiarity on the part of mosquitoes bearing yellow-fever germs in their little tum mies. For four days the President inspected, consulted, dined and was orated at. He saw pretty much everything there was to see, from Gatun, on the Atlantic, to La Boca, on the Pacific. He viewed the site where a large reservoir with 110 square miles of area is to be constructed to receive the waters from the Chagres River, and the site where Sosa Lake, eight square miles in area, is to be constructed at the mouth of the Rio Grande. He observed the degree of progress made on the locks and on the channel, inspected the sanatoriums and hospitals, saw the thirty steam shovels in action on Culebra cut and elsewhere, and greeted most of the 17,000 laborers who are reported to be at work daily.

NOT engineering problems alone confronted the Canal Commission and engaged the mind of the President. The labor question is still a serious one. All over the world, so the commission reports, the demand for laborers is unprecedented and there is a universal dearth in the supply available. It is this condition of affairs that has led the commission to resort to Chinese coolie labor, contrary to the advice of Governor-General Magoon, the protests of American labor unions, the opposition of the Chinese Government and the large-type editorials of the various Hearst newspapers. Governor Magoon's objection was to the employment of coolies directly by our Government, for "Chinese laborers will not do a stroke more than they are driven to do," and nothing less than the peonage system will get satisfactory results out of them. It is this fact, doubtless, that has led to the adoption of the contract system of labor, and proposals are now under consideration from various contractors to furnish coolie labor at prices running as low as nine cents an hour. The Chinese Government's opposition is supposed to be due to its resentment over our Chinese exclusion laws. That of the American labor-unions is from fear that Chinese labor at Panama will prove an entering wedge, forcing a modification of our laws regarding Chinese labor here.

The Hearst papers furnish harrowing pictures of American workmen who will stand in the bread-line this winter in New York at midnight, while coolies with uninviting physiognomies are stepping up to Uncle Sam's paymaster's office in Panama to get their money. The San Francisco *Chronicle* doesn't see the force of all this. It remarks:



UNCLE SAM: "You're going to have company, but don't drink, he wants to see you just as you are."

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo *Blade*.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

DIGGERS OF THE BIG DITCH

Some of the men in Panama who escorted the President. The gentleman in front in a frock coat is President Amador of Panama. On his left is Chairman Shonts, and next to him is Chas. E. Magoon, now in charge of Cuba. Second to President Amador's right is John F. Stevens, chief engineer.

"We do not want them [Chinese laborers] in America, no matter how valuable their labor, for our workmen can only compete with them in certain classes of work by adopting their standard of life, which is unthinkable. But our workmen will not go either to the canal zone or to any other tropical country, and we cannot imagine why any of them should object to the employment of Chinese to do work which they will not do, and in a country to which they will not go. The American workman cannot drink a glass of beer or fill his pipe with tobacco without contributing to the cost of the isthmian canal, and one would suppose that since they pay so great a share of the cost, our workmen would like to see the most effective labor employed, so only that it did not compete with their own labor or bring them into contact with an obnoxious race and a hateful civilization. At any rate, if we are to have the canal, some people other than Americans must build it."

ANOTHER problem that confronts the commission is one that suggests very forcibly some of the trouble which we may expect to encounter when Mr. Bryan's suggestion of Government ownership and operation of the trunk-line railroads is carried out. The Canal Commission controls and operates a small fleet of ships carrying supplies from this country to Panama. The question has been raised, and in New Orleans especially is being discussed with

an energy almost passionate, why these ships should make New York City alone their shipping port. "To select that city for the line of 12 steamers," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "and to deny the other ports an equal opportunity is discrimination which has not been approved by a paper outside of New York and has not been wholly approved even by the New York press." It appeals to all the towns and cities of the Mississippi Valley to protest against this "outrage," and some of them have already responded. The Louisville Board of Trade, for instance, has unanimously protested to the Secretary of War, and the reply from Chairman Shonts to their protests is not considered satisfactory. On this subject, it is to be presumed, as well as on that of labor supply, President Roosevelt conversed carefully with the men in charge of the big ditch, and the results will doubtless appear in a few days in the message to Congress.

* * *



NO GLIMMER of what was in store for the Monroe doctrine dawned upon the mind of United States Ambassador Charlemagne Tower as he rode over to the University of Berlin to lis-

ten to the lecture of the first incumbent of the Roosevelt professorship at that seat of learning. Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, was to be installed as first occupant of a chair that symbolized Emperor William's desire for a cordial understanding with the United States. Germany and America were at last to banish all sources of friction by swapping university professors; and Berlin had got Burgess by the operation. Emperor William himself was on hand with the Empress. All the notabilities of the court pushed in. In five minutes after the professor arose the Monroe doctrine and the protective tariff had been pronounced "almost obsolete" and "nearly useless." He prefaced these observations with an account of just who he is. In the first place he is the warm personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. The professor took his auditors back to the year of his appointment to the chair of Political and Social Science at Columbia. There dwelt in the great American metropolis at that time a boy. That boy had come one day to hear the professor lecture. Then he came again and yet again. At last the youth could restrain himself no longer. He rushed up to the professor's desk. "I am extraordinarily interested in the subject of your lec-

tures, professor," he cried. "I hope to be able to devote my life to their study and realization. My name is Theodore Roosevelt." (Sensation. German Empress waves her lace handkerchief. William II cries "Hoch!" United States ambassador claps his hands.)

THE words just quoted shot out of the mouth of Theodore Roosevelt, to use the phraseology of Professor Burgess, like cannonballs. Theodore Roosevelt had no time to waste. The presentiment of his great destiny had already dawned in his mind. He was already occupied in preparing himself for it. William II, his consort, the United States ambassador and the Prussian Minister of Education were next told about the share Professor Burgess had taken in the Civil War. That share, declared the professor, was active. He next referred to the final union of the German Empire. The professor had witnessed it, he said. To Ranke he referred feelingly; Ranke had taught him. With Curtius his intimacy had been delightful. Then there was the great Mommsen. Professor Burgess had been his pupil, too. He had been taught to generalize by Droysen. He had been taught to think by Zeller. He had



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

WHERE THE PRESIDENT STAYED WHEN HE STAYED ANYWHERE

The Hotel Tivoli, Ancon, Panama, had all its windows and doors carefully screened to keep mosquitoes from depositing yellow-fever germs in the presidential veins.

been taught to meditate by Treitschke. Then referring to the plan for an interchange of professors, he termed it "the most pregnant idea that has come forth in our time." Why? Because it "makes it possible to subject questions of the highest importance, which can scarcely be touched upon in a diplomatic way, to the most fundamental examination, and the most friendly consideration." And he proceeded to fulfil his mission by denouncing the Monroe doctrine and protection.

THE Prussian Minister of Education lost no time in letting everybody know that America's great Pan is dead. The Burgess lecture was printed and circulated with the explanation that it had the official American sanction. The Monroe doctrine was pronounced obsolete and useless by the man who had taught the young Rooseveltian mind how to shoot. But the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* dismissed the subject with indifference. It did not think Burgess was to be taken so very seriously. Nor did the business-like *Vossische Zeitung*. German official and semi-official organs did not, indeed, get the news as promptly as did American dailies. Even the London *Times* printed a version in which the obsolescence and uselessness of the Monroe doctrine had been edited out. Only the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten* took the professor at his own valuation. It briefly noted that university professors in the United States are not all of Burgess's mind. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, a Berlin daily edited by one of Emperor William's advisers in foreign affairs, noted the intellectual isolation of Professor Burgess in all that pertains to the Monroe doctrine. The radical *Frankfurter Zeitung* thinks the doctrine very much alive. Is not Great Britain applying a Monroe doctrine in the Persian Gulf? Has not Japan vindicated her Monroe doctrine in Korea? Is not Australia proclaiming a Monroe doctrine in the Pacific? America will not unlearn the lesson she has taught the world.

PROFESSOR BURGESS was to have been the orator of the day at the Thanksgiving dinner of the American colony in Berlin. This dinner is annually given under the auspices of the United States Embassy. But the American residents of Berlin were so incensed at the utterances of Professor Burgess that his name was dropped from the list of speakers. Mr. Roosevelt had taken the trouble to declare that he did not share the views expressed by Professor Burgess. Berlin thoroughly understands that the occupant of the Roosevelt chair



THE DISCOVERER OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE'S OBSOLESCENCE

Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, the first incumbent of the Roosevelt professorship in Berlin, excited two nations by telling his first audience in Germany that the Monroe doctrine and the protective tariff are nearly obsolete and useless.

was flying in the face of American sentiment when he spoke as he did. It is said on good authority that the United States ambassador took steps to eradicate any misapprehension that may have been left upon the German official mind regarding the real position of any one of the innumerable warm personal friends of President Roosevelt who may undertake to pronounce the Monroe doctrine obsolete. And a very prominent member of the American colony in Berlin is declared to have cabled Secretary of State Root that the language of Professor Burgess has caused the United States an injury that may prove irreparable. And a special cablegram to the New York *Sun* says that hope is even expressed in some quarters that Professor Burgess, if he is not recalled, will be socially ostracized this winter.

BUT if Professor Burgess were, perchance, to be recalled, he would find on returning home a buzz of half-amused indignation that might gall him fully as much as the more serious tone of the American colony in Berlin. It is notable that on the same day he was declaring the Monroe doctrine obsolescent, the real "spokesman of the Administration" was speak-



THEY DO NOT WANT MEN TO BOW AND
SCRAPE BEFORE THEM

What these ladies say they desire is a genuine chivalry taking the form of a bestowal by the sterner fraction of the population of England of the right to vote upon the disfranchised fraction. Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, at the right in front, is the daughter of the illustrious English champion of free trade, Richard Cobden. She was arrested and jailed for demonstrating outside the House of Commons.

ing in a very different key. Secretary Taft it was, who, speaking at Baltimore, referred to the Monroe doctrine as follows:

"There seems to be one point upon which Democrats and Republicans agree. It is with regard to the Monroe Doctrine. They don't want any European countries interfering with our independence. The first thing to do is to assert the Monroe Doctrine, and if it is denied

enforce it. That is why we need the army and navy."

Certainly reference to Democratic and Republican dailies sustains Secretary Taft's view rather than that of Professor Burgess. The *New York Times* calls the professor "a missionary of mischief," who lacks common sense and who, instead of delivering the message of America to Germany, as he should have done, "has delivered the very contrary of it." And *The Times* is both Democratic and anti-protection. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.) comes pretty near to the use of unparliamentary language. The professor, it says, "not only went far beyond his commission, but also took liberties with what Americans at home well know to be the truth."

EVEN the *New York Evening Post*, which lies awake at night to hate the protective tariff and which agrees that "morally" the Monroe doctrine is drooping, yet calls the professor's utterance "premature and even dangerous," because it meant to the Germans quite another thing from what it meant to him. He spoke academically. They took it as a declaration of a revolutionary change in American sentiment and policy. As a matter of fact, the Monroe doctrine is, if anything, more formidable than ever. The *Springfield Republican* speaks a word for the professor, on the ground that, however unpopular his views, he has established a valuable precedent of free thought and free speech in the Roosevelt professorship. One journal goes the full length of indorsing Professor Burgess *in toto*. "Professor Bur-



SHE CLIMBED UP ON THE RAILINGS

Thereupon the London police begged Miss Christabel Pankhurst to get down. This she declined to do. Finally the constables carried Miss Pankhurst out of the lobby of the House of Commons. She belongs to the eminent Pankhurst family of Manchester, is a university graduate and lately attempted to induce the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to call her to the bar.



"SEX SHOULD BE NO DISQUALIFICATION"

Miss Theresa Billington, well known as the organizer of the female-suffrage movement in many of the English shires, is here addressing a crowd in London. She placed herself at the head of a committee of her supporters in London last month and tried to storm the House of Commons. She was dragged out into the fresh air.

gess is right," says the *Florida Times*; "the protective tariff and the Monroe doctrine are both outgrown and should be cast aside."

* *

SCARCELY had the Lord Chancellor taken his seat upon the wool-sack in the House of Lords at the opening of the present session of Parliament a month ago when a daughter of Richard Cobden, leading a band of women young and old, but all distinguished in the British female-suffrage movement, made an effort at forcible entry into the House of Commons, crying, "We want votes!" At this signal, Mrs. Montefiore, England's representative at the international woman's conference, held recently in Copenhagen, whose refusal to pay taxes led to a famous siege of her house in London, stood upon the shoulders of others of her sex and cried: "Anything that has trousers can vote—so should we." Miss Christobel Pankhurst, of the eminent Pankhurst family of Manchester, herself a university graduate of distinction, who unsuccessfully attempted to induce the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to call her to the bar, climbed upon the railings in the lobby and began to make a speech. She said women do not want men to bow and scrape to them. What women want from men is the right to vote. There now ensued wavings of banners bearing devices expressive of female-suffrage sentiment. The police put in an appearance at this juncture and commanded the ladies to disperse. They immediately formed a ring around their speakers and prevented the officers of the law from approach-



THE HEROINE OF THE SUFFRAGE CAUSE

She is Mrs. Montefiore, lately released from a London prison for making a demonstration outside the House of Commons in favor of votes for women. She was put into a convict's suit and fed on cocoa and biscuit.

ing the railings and statues from which the orators were declaiming. Squads of consta-



"WE WANT VOTES"

A typical procession of the advocates of woman suffrage through the streets of London. The ladies seen here belong in many cases to families of the highest distinction in England. The paraders usually end their demonstration by visiting the home of a cabinet minister. On one recent occasion the cabinet minister refused to receive the ladies. They were arrested for disorderly conduct when they refused to go away.

bles were brought up, but the women knocked several of them down. By this time suffragists were clinging tenaciously to statues and other fixed objects, resisting all efforts to induce them to retire.

MEANWHILE, other ladies were striving to break into the inner lobby of the House of Commons. Crowds of members, attracted by the riotous scenes, effectually stopped their progress. But some of the women had to be caught by the skirts to prevent them from crawling under the barriers that separated them from the floor of the house. Miss Mary Gawthorp, who has figured so prominently in the politics of Wales and who is a distinguished educator, began to scream for help, crying out to the crowds of men about that they were cowards. Miss Theresa Billington, the well-known organizer of the female-suffrage movement in England, placed herself at the head of her supporters and charged the police. The ladies lost their hats, their coats and their jewelry, which lay scattered upon the ground as they were driven before the re-enforcements brought up by the authorities. Numbers of the women had to be lifted bodily in the arms of policemen, with whom they fought and kicked and struggled all the way to the station-house adjoining Scotland Yard. They explained their vehemence as the result of a curt message sent to them a few hours before by the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. They professed to have come to the House of Commons in the capacity of a deputation. They had sent to Sir Henry a respectful request for his personal assurance that the government would deal with the subject of female suffrage in the present session of Parliament. Sir Henry sent back word that the time at the disposal of the government during the present session would be fully occupied with other matters and that a pledge had been given that no new business would be dealt with this session. The result was a squad of police bearing feminine burdens. Some of the suffragists continued their harangues to the spectators on woman's rights while clinging tightly to their captor's necks.

TEN of the women, some belonging to prominent families and not a few bearing names known all over England, were sent to jail for two months each. They refused to pay fines that would have brought them liberty, preferring, they explained, a prison cell, to

which they were driven in the police vans. The result is extremely gratifying to the *London Times*, which terms the proceedings of the suffragists "unseemly and disgraceful." Even that section of the Liberal British press which is, theoretically, favorable to woman suffrage, finds the extremes to which the ladies permitted themselves to be led "ill advised." As for the *London Times*, it is quite savage. "The conduct of the defendants at the police court," it observes in the leading article devoted to the subject, "was as outrageous as at the Houses of Parliament. They shouted and gesticulated, declared that they did not acknowledge the authority of that or any other court and appeared to have taken leave of common sense and of good manners." Of course, adds the great British daily, a large banner was waved—"they seem to have pathetic confidence in the mystical powers of a banner." Cheering the banner delighted them all to such an extent that they could not be induced to move and at last they had to be pulled out of the dock by policemen. Finally they landed in prison. "It is all excessively vulgar and silly," proceeds our unsympathetic commentator, "but it offers a very good object-lesson upon the unfitness of women to enter political life." The *London Times* concludes with the hope that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—who has more than once on the platform favored woman suffrage—will take to heart "this timely reminder of the essential disabilities imposed by the feminine organization." The ten ladies spent their time in Holloway prison, where they were treated like ordinary criminals in every respect, sleeping on hard straw bedding and wearing the garb of convicts, until the spirit of martyrdom died within some of the bosoms. First one, then another, gave bonds to keep the peace. Meanwhile the female suffragists of England are divided as to the expediency of the tactics which gave these martyrs to the cause.

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OF FEWER than nineteen occupants of the bench of bishops attended the session of the British House of Lords at which the Archbishop of Canterbury last month branded the new English education bill as no mere suggestion of chaos, but the thing itself—a confusion of crude elements of irreligion, dashing, rumbling, howling against Christianity. The bill will, undoubtedly, be sent back to the House of Commons. But the Campbell-Bannerman ministry has publicly vowed to fling the bill

back to the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury means thereupon to go into conference with the "godless" ministry. The non-conformists are told that they must tolerate a moderate appropriation from public funds for the support of the sectarian schools they detest. The non-conformists reply that the Lords must recede from their present position of defiance. Otherwise the constitutional crisis so long predicted by many London dailies will have arrived. The new year would then bring a fiercely contested parliamentary election.

NO SEDATE formality of manner could hide from the listening House of Lords the swelling indignation of the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury as he got upon his feet for perhaps the tenth time to anathematize the bill which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman means to enact in the teeth of all the hostility of the peers of the realm. One conservative hereditary legislator had affirmed that the Lords have no mind to outrage the man in the street by making over this bill to accord with their own aristocratic ideas of the kind of education to be imparted to the children of the common people. To do such a thing might inflame democracy. The demagog would hail with delight so welcome an opportunity to insist that noble lords are anachronisms. And the peers do not want to be abolished. They will not, therefore, amend the education bill to death. They concede with grief that the majority of British voters demand modifications of the denominational school system set up by Mr. Balfour when he was Prime Minister in 1902. Nevertheless, they cannot bring themselves to think that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bill, as it stands, reflects the sentiments of the nation. It reflects merely the prejudices of potent political factions clamoring in the name of the non-conformist conscience that they are the people of England.

SHOULD the passionate partizan fulfil his threat of appealing to the country on this issue, the Lords are unterrified by the prospect. Let Sir Henry hold his general election. The Lords defy him. All this was put with the geniality characteristic of the conversational debates which make the atmosphere of the House of Lords so urbanely aristocratic. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself disavowed any intention of treating a subject so portentous in its influence upon the well-being of the land from the point of view of the peculiar

interests of the ancient church in which his own dignity is the highest. But he wished the Campbell-Bannerman ministry to understand that the children of Great Britain must be "Christianly brought up." To this end he insists that the bill be amended. This revolutionary measure, added his Grace, has not been explained by its authors at all. It contains clauses which his Grace does not understand. Those clauses were put through the House of Commons in a hurry. The Commons were prevented from debating them by the application of the parliamentary guillotine. The Lords are prevented from amending them by constitutional tradition. His Grace of Canterbury declines to go from Herod to Pilate in this fashion. Nevertheless, replies the Prime Minister in effect, he must.



UCH unforgiving wrath as burned in the bosom of William II when he read in page after page of the recently published Hohenlohe memoirs that he lacks consideration; that his mother was afraid of him; that he once thought Bismarck was going to hit him on the head, could expend itself only through a furious telegram. It was sent to Prince Philip von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, eldest son of the late Imperial Chancellor, in whose posthumous diary these and various other similar unpleasant details appear. "Have just read with amazement and indignation," so ran the telegram, "the published account of the most private conversations between your father and myself concerning Prince Bismarck's retirement." The publication, William went on to say, was tactless, indiscreet in the highest degree, entirely inopportune. It was unheard of that incidents which concern the reigning sovereign should be published without his consent. Thus Jove hurled his thunderbolt, and the prince in his castle of Podjebrad, near Prague, quaked. It was his brother's fault, he pleaded. That wealth of letters, of diaries, of documents, in which, with Boswellian brilliancy, the late Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe, third Imperial Chancellor, had set down everybody's secrets, was bequeathed to his youngest son, Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe. Alexander acted as his father's secretary during the period of the third chancellorship. The late Prince Chlodwig was engaged in the revision of his reminiscences until the last week of his long life. Yet he left them unfinished. Prince Alexander, therefore, handed the mass of papers over to that eminent historian, Pro-



REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

KAISER WILHELM: "Donnerwetter! I thought I'd seen the last of you!"
 SHADE OF BISMARCK: "The last of me? Wait till you see my revelations!"
 —London Punch.

fessor Curtius, who guilelessly entrusted them to a publisher. Philip blamed Alexander. Alexander blamed the professor. The professor blamed the publisher.

BISMARCK in these pages enacts the part of a bellowing bull to the picador William II, who waves the red rag of his own personal policy until the infuriated foe has fallen. The young German Emperor had just come aching with good intentions to his throne. He was the working man's friend. But he could not alleviate the laborer's lot without assistance. He must summon an international conference. Every head in the council of state was swimming giddily at the prospect of a coming industrial paradise. Then Bismarck comes in and sneers. He has framed a Draconian law against the Socialists. He is told that the Reichstag will have none of it. Then Bismarck will dissolve the Reichstag.

They tell him there will be strikes, a whole proletariat roving through Berlin in a hubbub of red flags. Then Bismarck will bring up the infantry to pour its heavy fire upon the great unwashed. William winced at the suggestion and remarked deferentially that he was not his own grandfather. That good old man, William I, after reigning long and gloriously, might put bullets into strikers and still remain venerable. But William II was but a young chief of state whose rising sun must not be imbrued in his people's gore. The soul of the Iron Chancellor was too unpoetical for all this. Bismarck's revolt began. He secretly assured the diplomatic corps that no international conference or the labor question could make the wage-earner's life all beer and skittles. He even alluded sarcastically to the godlike hero on the imperial throne. "It was a question," as William II con-

fided years later to his third Chancellor—the Prince Hohenlohe of these memoirs—"whether the Hohenzollern dynasty or the Bismarck dynasty should rule." Bismarck went on with his Draconian law. William proceeded with his Utopia.

THE Emperor and his advisers grew so delightfully intimate as they planned night after night to ameliorate the lot of the working man that Bismarck became jealous. He suddenly broke in upon them with a decree, dated many a year before, forbidding ministers to have audience of the Emperor unless the Chancellor was present. Bismarck next went into diplomacy on his own account. He wanted Austria left in the lurch. William II made up his mind to go with Austria, tho war with France and Russia were the result. The Czar comes vaguely into view here with longings to occupy Bulgaria. Would Germany, he asks, be neutral? Delighted, says Bismarck. Never!

shouts William. His Majesty was now convinced that the Iron Chancellor had been playing a lone hand for months—had even secretly warned St. Petersburg that the new German sovereign was anti-Russian. Bismarck threatened to resign. William quailed—at the thought that the threat might not be executed. In the course of one violent scene it seemed to him that his Chancellor meant to fling an inkwell at his head. Emperor William, who had long ere this ceased to play the lamb, now sent his aide-de-camp to Bismarck with a peremptory order to rescind that decree concerning audiences in the Chancellor's presence. This was an ultimatum. Bismarck was to rescind or resign. He had been saying for weeks that he would resign, but he always changed his mind. Now he went out of office. Bismarck's own version of these events lies unpublished in the vaults of the Bank of England.

ALL the ladies of the imperial family had been living through the long crisis with fluttering bosoms. "He is a rather boyish, inconsiderate young man," wrote Hohenlohe of William II a long time prior to these events, "of whom his mother is afraid. He also has rows with his father. His wife is said to have a softening influence upon him." Three months after William had ascended his throne his grandmother—widow of William I—was found by Prince Hohenlohe in the depths of wo. She could hardly speak through her tears. The memory of her lately deceased son—Emperor Frederick III, father of the reigning William II—was maligned everywhere. People about the court were saying that he had never been capable of ruling. Prince Herbert Bismarck, son of the Iron Chancellor, had had the impudence to tell the Prince of Wales—now Edward VII—that an emperor unable to carry on a conversation was not fitted to rule. The British prince is represented by Hohenlohe as disgusted with the arrogance of the two Bismarcks in those days. If he had not attached importance to the good relations between Great Britain and Germany, he would have thrown young Bismarck out of the room when he spoke "so impudently" of Frederick III's incapacity to reign. As for the Iron Chancellor, the grandmother of William II said he had ruled for twenty years unopposed and could not bear to encounter a show of will from his monarch. Bismarck had dealt with the dying Frederick cruelly. Visiting the Emperor's sick-room just before the latter's death, Bismarck seemed moved. "It



THE PRINCE OF WALES WANTED TO THROW HIM OUT OF THE ROOM

Herbert Bismarck, son of the Iron Chancellor, said to the Prince of Wales—now Edward VII—that a man who could not carry on a conversation ought not to rule a nation. This was an allusion to Frederick III, German Emperor, then suffering from cancer of the throat. The British prince wanted to kick young Bismarck out of the room, it is said in the Hohenlohe memoirs. However, he decided not to. He did not want to interrupt the continuity of good relations between Britain and Germany.

is most affecting," remarked Prince Radolin, when all was over. "Just now," replied the Chancellor, "I have no time for sentiment."

IMMEDIATELY after her husband's death, the widowed Empress Frederick asked for Bismarck. He, in the plenitude of power, sent word that he was too busy. But when later the Iron Chancellor had fallen from his high estate he dropped in to tea. He had time for sentiment now. He wallowed in it. The Empress Frederick subsequently received Prince Hohenlohe and "seemed not to approve of the manner of Bismarck's dismissal." Hohenlohe next visited Bismarck himself. The Iron Chancellor's resignation had come as a great surprise to Hohenlohe. "To me, too," said Bismarck. "Three weeks ago I had not thought it would end like this. I ought to have expected it, tho. The Emperor now means to govern alone." Hohenlohe spoke of the possibility that William II might one day recall Bismarck. That stern being answered that not for the

world would he live through three such weeks again. William later told Hohenlohe that he had put up with Bismarck's rudeness until human nature could endure no more. Doors had banged, tables had been pounded with fists and oaths had come in volleys until the Emperor thought he would yet receive a thrashing. "It was an awful time," commented the descendant of Frederick the Great.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE'S memoirs began to circulate as rapidly as a yellow journal after a crime of passion. All Europe saw at once that this Chlodwig, who had been Chancellor for six years, was no attic scribbler about high life at long range. "It is futile to deny," writes the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, "that the book is a great performance." An uncompromising frankness in the expression of his opinions enriches the prince's character studies of the owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs at court. What portrait in the vast gallery of the elder Dumas can compare with Hohenlohe's William II? A blend of brute and brigand, dashed with poetical streaks, his abnormality is almost too fantastic in some of these glittering scenes. We go in with him to luncheon exactly as if he were a puppet in some historical novel. We laugh at the English when he laughs, we fool the Sultan, we build a big navy out of hand so as not to be caught as poor Spain was by those dreadful United States. William II is rude, yet royally so. We feel that it is an emperor who is kicking us. The point of his boot has nothing in common with the shoe tips of the vulgar herd. Very vivid, too, are the sketches of the jostling interests at the court of the Czar, with the band blaring all through dinner so that Nicholas II is scarcely audible as he complains that he has to bear the burden of empire alone. The nicest little Czar, this, that ever was. He told William to snatch a coaling station in the Far East. William snatched it thankfully. When the talk got this far Hohenlohe mentioned the Chusan Islands. The English were eying these islands. "Yes," laughed Nicholas, "they always want everything for themselves. When anybody takes anything, the English want to take more." The Czar was in fine fettle. There had been no serious Japanese trouble yet. He expressed immense sympathy for the Japanese; but let them have a care. He had no wish to hurt Japan, yet he would take no impertinence from that quarter. Verily, were these memoirs de-

pendent for their interest only upon the personal revelations of this mob of kings and queens and chancellors, they would be well worth the money expended in telegraphing them around the globe.

OF course they have created excitement in various European courts. English papers began drawing the conclusion that Emperor William's world policy has picked up everything that is hateful, repulsive and pettily deformed from sheer incapacity to uphold the Bismarckian tradition. French dailies exclaimed that a sudden invasion of the third republic was averted in 1875 by the mere flash of purpleal illuminations for a fancy ball, some jingle of cap and bells at the court of Berlin. Italian organs asked if the Triple Alliance be really subordinated on occasion by William II to the hysterical prejudices of royal valetudinarians with disordered organic functions. Is the centralized thing in the Prussian capital a genuine government or do we behold petulant wearers of motley dancing out their frenzies upon the broad back of Germany? "The court, indeed," comments the *London Tribune*, "seems to pass its time amid perpetual dreams of war, and the point of approach is always personal. The Germans themselves, whom this court misrepresents and misgoverns, may, perhaps, reflect that a court of this character is little better than our own Stuart régime, where the highest affairs of state turned on the whim of a royal mistress or the size of a foreign bribe." The spectacle, we are assured, of all these decorated generals, hot-tempered princes, weeping widows and raging chancellors—"each more egotistical than the other"—intriguing, scheming and betraying all the rest, while not one refuses to bow before the tyranny of irresponsible might, is enough to disgust a much less critical people than the Germans with an autocratic system of military sway.

IN Berlin, the discussion evoked refers mainly to the motives that have led to the publication of the memoirs. One theory is that it was due to a court intrigue. Another is that it is part of an attempt to encourage an anti-monarchical movement. It is all, "to speak frankly," complains the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, organ of the solidly respectable business interests, "the greatest political scandal that has been known for a long time." There has flamed forth the hottest kind of journalistic discussion throughout Germany as to whether the Bismarck family should now drag forth the

third volume of the Iron Chancellor's memoirs from its grim repose in the Bank of England vaults. The closing chapters of this Bismarckian Iliad are to repose unread in the family archives, says the Berlin *National Zeitung*, as long as its Agamemnons and its Nestors live to ornament the world. Provision is made for one contingency, however. If there is put forth in disparagement of the Iron Chancellor any authoritative version of the heroic events in modern German history, Bismarck's own story must be despatched immediately to the printer. It is inferred, nevertheless, that William II means to protect himself from fresh exposures of his feet of clay. His protest against the publication of the Hohenlohe memoirs was simply a dike set up to stop impending floods of indiscretion from the dreaded Bismarckian source. It was at first believed that the Hohenlohe volumes were given to the world with the Emperor's blessing. He had been subtly reflecting upon the unbalanced state of his policy in Europe, and he would thus demonstrate his fidelity to Austria by revealing Bismarck's sympathies with Russia. For the time being, his Imperial Majesty looks askance at the present Chancellor of the German Empire, whose literary tastes are well known. Does he, too, keep a diary?

THE battle that must grow furious when the law separating church and state in France goes into effect this month inspires no apprehension in the new Premier of the third republic, Georges Clémenceau. "We offered you privileges," he exclaimed in one of his defiance of the Vatican uttered in the presence of a great anticlerical gathering. "You haughtily rejected them. Let us talk no more!" The plaudits of his listeners were deafening at this point, and they grew still more so when Clémenceau hinted at the possibility of taking the offensive in the contest with the Pope. But a clerical daily in Paris consoles itself with the remark that history is full of glorious victories won by a smaller force in battle through boldness of movement and timely courage. In this battle, however, the Pope has sent his force of French bishops forth to fight contrary to the advice of the majority of them, observes the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. A well-known French priest is quoted to the effect that some of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the republic, "firmly convinced that the Vatican's



"THE MAN THE PAPACY DETESTS"

That is the characterization of George Clémenceau, Prime Minister of the French Republic, which seems most accurate to the well-informed *London Spectator*. Clémenceau is here shown at the extreme left in a favorite attitude as he emerges from a parliamentary division.

policy is unwise," follow the example of certain French generals at Sedan in leading their troops into an engagement which they regard as practically hopeless. "The question is how far these papal generals will be followed by the rank and file of the laity and whether the Pope's new army does not contain about as many officers as soldiers." The fundamental error upon which the attitude of the Pope and his advisers appears to be based, according to the same hostile authority, is that they continue practically to regard France as an exclusively Roman Catholic country and feel bound to treat it as such. The Pope has not yet realized the numerical weakness of the genuinely Roman Catholic element in France.

PIOUS X is said to have run his eye down the list of names in the new Clémenceau ministry with the remark: "This means a new reign of terror." Indeed, as the *London Spectator* says of the new Premier, "the papacy detests him," and he is held to have revealed by the anticlerical tendencies of the men he has about him that he detests the papacy no less. His Minister of Foreign Affairs, Étienne Pichon, was trained in that witty anticlericalist school of journalism now dominant throughout the republic and of which Clémenceau is the founder. Pichon began life as a journalist on the staff of the *Paris Justice*, then edited by Clémenceau. As a reporter in the press gallery of the Senate, he sat side by side with Delcassé, destined in time to become

the greatest Minister of Foreign Affairs the third French republic has ever had, but in those days reporting the debates for the *Paris République Française*. It was Clémenceau's policy in that long ago to gather about him all the talent in the service of French journalism. He has put it now into his new ministry.

OF ALL the sensations of the Clémenceau ministry, the appointment of General Picquart to the War Department stunned Parisians most. It is the same Picquart to whom Dreyfus owes his vindication. It was he who, after assuming control of the secret service, lighted upon the famous little blue document so conclusive as to the guilt of Esterhazy. Colonel Picquart, as he then was, almost alone among his military colleagues, kept his head amid the feverish agitation of the time, and manifested his capacity to see the truth as it revealed itself when the vision of the staff-officers around him was distorted by caste prejudice. "Not only did he form a just opinion on the real value of the evidence before him," the *Aurore* reminds us, "but he had the moral courage to declare it and to adhere to it regardless of all interests save those of justice and of truth." Picquart was well aware how thoroly he was compromising his career in the army by insisting upon justice for Dreyfus. For years he was condemned to professional inactivity, but since last summer, when he was restored to the army, he has become in turn general of brigade, general of division and now Minister of War.

GREAT as he is as a soldier, Picquart, say the Paris critics of Clémenceau, would never have been put into the ministry did he not combine with his anticlericalism the personal brilliance of the Premier's other associates in office. Picquart, avers General de Gallifet in the *Paris Gaulois*, is an artist, a literary man, a poet, a musician, who has missed his vocation in each capacity in order to become a splendid soldier. He is placid. He is calm. He is modest. He is studious. He is well informed. He is obstinate. "Fancy! I have seen him several times at manœuvres in ecstasies before a landscape." Picquart has a taste for misty distances, thinks De Gallifet; "they are his strong point." De Gallifet adds that he once had to command with severity: "My dear Picquart, give me a rest on the subject of misty distances!" He knows, however, concedes the critic, how to reconcile his artis-

tic temperament with the exigencies of a military career. It is affirmed in some German dailies that Picquart is the ablest living student of the tactical problems connected with infantry in the field. His articles on that subject in the *Revue de Paris* and other periodicals have been studied in every military academy in the world, including West Point. Yet General Picquart cannot endure the sight of blood. "There are things," reflects De Gallifet further in the *Gaulois*, "which console one for being unable to make up one's mind to die." One of them is the spectacle of Picquart as Minister of War—"curious, excessively queer." Luckily, they are all poetical in the Clémenceau ministry, all lovers of the stage, of music, and of letters.

CLÉMENCEAU is informed by clerical organs that he wholly mistakes the character of the sovereign pontiff if he counts upon overawing Pius X at this time. The Pope is quoted as declaring that the separation of church and state about to be put into effect throughout France is contrary to Catholic doctrine. Catholics are therefore forbidden to recognize it. "It is not I who have condemned the law," the Pope is made to say, "but Christ, of whom the Pope is but the vicar. It is Christ himself who has reprobated the law in giving the Catholic Church a constitution and a doctrine against which no human law can prevail." The practical workings of separation of church and state upon which Vatican objections are based is best exemplified by the trouble in a small village where there was a quarrel between the parish priest and his bishop. The inhabitants availed themselves of the separation law by organizing one of the "public worship associations" against which the Pope's face is set. The interdicted priest was set up in his former parish by this objectionable body. The clerical mayor led an attack upon the priest only to find himself voted out of office. The public worship association next reduced the fees connected with the ecclesiastical administration, says the *Paris Figaro*. At this the faithful from neighboring parishes flocked to the church notwithstanding the bishop's ban. In fact, avers the *Figaro*, were the bishop to appear in the village, he would be mobbed. Innumerable other incidents of the same sort indicate the coming confusion before the burning question of public worship associations is settled—as Clémenceau insists it will be settled, if need be—with the aid of the troops.

ALREADY the Pope's relations with the sacred college have been affected by the strain of the crisis in France. The older cardinals at the Vatican are represented in the *Paris Débats* as dissatisfied with the whole course of pontifical diplomacy. Nay, these elders of the church regret, says the *Temps*, the mistake they made in placing the tiara upon the head of a peasant with only piety and a spotless character to recommend him. The outcome of these sentiments is a significant accord between Cardinal Rampolla and those who opposed him in the conclave from which Giuseppe Sarto emerged as Pius X. "Everyone here," writes the best-informed of Vatican newspaper correspondents, "looks upon Cardinal Rampolla as the Pope of to-morrow." The Vatican has, rightly or wrongly, brought itself to a belief that the reign of its sovereign will end in some apoplectic stroke or failure of the heart that cannot be warded off for more than a few years at the longest. Were Pius X to disappear from the scene thus summarily, his successor would be chosen on the first ballot by an overwhelming majority. "The reactionary and irreconcilable pontificate of Pius would become a mere parenthesis and the church would find at her head a Leo XIV true to the enlightened traditions of the statesmanship of Leo XIII." Gone will be the influence of the cliques of German and Spanish prelates who have drawn the Vatican within the pale of the Triple Alliance. Cardinal Rampolla—or Leo XIV, to employ the title bestowed upon him by this conclave of newspaper correspondents—intends to uphold the world politics of the Dual Alliance at every stage of his pontificate. Nevertheless, observes the *Figaro*, the policy of a Pope who is not yet dead may prevail over the policy of a Pope who is not yet elected.

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SPAIN'S Cortes reassembled this winter to find the nation more involved than ever in the dispute with the Vatican which began months ago and has already occasioned scores of excommunications. Alfonso XIII astonished all classes of his subjects by the energy with which, from the very beginning, he came to the aid of the first Spanish ministry which has openly defied the Vatican since his Catholic Majesty was born. Such are the consequences, it is hinted in the land, of a marriage negotiated in a Protestant country by the traditional enemies of Spain. The friends of the youthful Queen Victoria have begun a cam-

paign in her defense. They argue that she has had nothing to do with the present struggle between Madrid and the Vatican and that it is not fair to make her a victim of the prejudices arising from it. His Catholic Majesty left the joys of newly wedded life in his San Sebastian retreat long enough to visit Madrid and sign the decree of the Lopez Dominguez ministry which makes a civil marriage as legal in his dominions as any wedding in church with nuptial mass and priestly blessing. It was to a distracted series of cabinet councils that Alfonso came. The latest of his many short-lived ministries had at its head that urbane and lettered military grandee, Marshal Lopez Dominguez, who reconstructed the cabinet last July with the aid of the most convinced anticlerical in Spain, Señor Canalejas. Canalejas has fought Roman Catholic religious orders in his native land for years. Quite unexpectedly he found himself last summer a factor in the policy of his country's government. The Dominguez ministry wished to convene the Cortes for this coming month. The marshal was supposed to be a figurehead serving only until the conservatives were prepared to resume the power they have not long laid down. Dominguez was known to be democratic—for Spain—in his policy. But his anticlericalism has only lately revealed itself in the form of much truculence to the papal nuncio, who was reminded, in the heat of the month's controversies, that so absolute a king of Spain as Ferdinand VII himself did not hesitate to expel the Vatican's diplomatic representative from the country when that step seemed necessary as a vindication of the national dignity.

AS LONG ago as last March, when the Moret ministry still governed in the King's name, the nuncio had raised this issue of mixed marriages. A proviso in the civil code dating many years back recognized two forms of marriage—one Catholic, the other "civil." Civil marriage was held legal and binding even when both parties happened to be Roman Catholics. Such a state of the law, says the Madrid *Heraldo*, tended to break down a "monopoly" most irksome to Roman Catholics who desired to dispense with a priest at their weddings, altho how persons unwilling to be married by a priest can be called Roman Catholics is more than the Madrid *Epoca* professes itself able to understand. However, the Vatican in 1900 induced the Marquis del Vado, the conservative minister of the day, to issue a "circular" to the effect that one, at

least, of the contracting parties must be a non-Catholic to render a civil marriage binding. To the Madrid *Heraldo* the Vadillo "circular" seems a thing null and void. In a constitutional country with a law-making parliament, it argues, a ukase by a mere minister cannot thus amend or abrogate a statute. It is replied to this that the minister acted in accordance with the provision in the constitution of Spain which makes the Roman Catholic religion that of the state. The anticlerical retort is that this very constitution forbids all discrimination against a Spaniard on account of his religious belief. The matter was already agitating the Dominguez ministry when it received a formal demand from the Vatican, transmitted through the nuncio at Madrid, that all civil marriages be declared null and void, unless it could be shown that neither of the contracting parties professed the Roman Catholic religion.

IT HAD already been contended by the nuncio in one of his official communications that, since Roman Catholicism was the religion of the state, every Spaniard must be presumed a Roman Catholic and subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the matter of marriage. Meanwhile the Vatican had instructed its representative to insist that the cemeteries be taken out of the hands of local municipal authorities and placed under ecclesiastical control. There has been fierce controversy over the cemeteries for some months. The clerical papers explain that when cemeteries are consecrated ground, the church reserves them for the burial of those only who have died in the faith. The municipal authorities are accused of defying this law of the church by interring heretics in consecrated soil. The Dominguez ministry professed itself incensed at what it deemed the "arrogance" of the demand respecting the cemeteries. On the subject of the marriages, it abrogated the Vadillo "circular." The result was to make the civil marriages of Spanish Roman Catholics binding by the law of the land, altho the Church refuses to recognize them. Matters had arrived at this stage when the King came down from San Sebastian and signed the decree of his Prime Minister. It was the first openly anticlerical act.

PIUS X was taken wholly by surprise at this proceeding on the part of his predecessor's godson, and his Majesty's mother, according to the Madrid *Pais*, shed tears. Señor Canalejas, the famous democratic and anticlerical leader in the Cortes, is understood to

have won Marshal Lopez Dominguez over to the bold course he adopted. Canalejas was not a member of the ministry. He had no official connection with its policy. But he pledged himself to support Dominguez in the Cortes when that body is called upon to deal with the matter this winter. This was not a matter of much moment to the conservative opposition until the King himself upset so many calculations by appearing in the highly original character of an anticlerical

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ILDIZ KIOSK opened its reluctant gates a few weeks ago to troops of cavalry escorting the first ambassador ever accredited by a President of the United States to the visible head on earth of that holy religion of which Mahomet is the prophet. Long had the Hon. John G. A. Leishman held in Constantinople the imposing but impotent dignity of an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Government of the United States to that of the Sublime Porte. As ineligible, in that capacity, as an ordinary man to call upon the Commander of the Faithful without an invitation, Mr. Leishman has, for the best part of a year, concentrated his gaze upon the point at which patience ceases to be a virtue. Ill treatment of American citizens within the dominions of the Sultan was growing flagrant. Spoliation of educational and religious institutions supported by American funds throughout the Ottoman Empire proceeded apace. Mr. Leishman intimated to the Sublime Porte that his invitation from Yildiz Kiosk was overdue. He was favored with pessimistic accounts of the health of the Commander of the Faithful. Every suggestion of an interview with Mr. Leishman sent Abdul Hamid to bed. United States officials were refused, as before, their treaty privilege of visiting American captives in Constantinopolitan prisons. One citizen of this republic had been sentenced to death under circumstances that set the terms of a treaty at flat defiance. Mr. Leishman's protest had gone to the Minister of Foreign Affairs weeks before. That functionary had referred matters, it seems, to the Department of Public Worship. Thither the American legation staff repaired for fresh experience of the evasiveness for which the Sultan is famous.

ONE word from Abdul Hamid, Sultan and Khalif, would permit American hospitals, schools and churches to exist undespoiled in Turkey. A nod from Yildiz Kiosk would fa-

cilitate inquiry into the Sublime Porte's denial that certain of its prisoners hold American passports—a denial contradicted by evidence in possession of the United States Government. Evaded in a dozen attempts to gain an audience of the Sultan, referred by the Grand Vizier to the Sheikh-ul-Islam and by the Sheikh-ul-Islam to Abdul-Rahman Pacha, Mr. Leishman spent his days in resisting official instructions through which the Sublime Porte sought to close all American schools that failed to secure permits within an impossibly brief interval. He had likewise to demand the surrender of American prisoners in accordance with the Washington claim that our citizens are by treaty removed altogether from the jurisdiction of native courts. This claim is based upon a covenant made in 1830, but urged in cases of unsparing abuse of power alone, since our Department of State has been imposed upon in the past by men who acquire American citizenship as a bulwark behind which to organize revolution within the dominions of the Turk. The evidence upon which Mr. Leishman based his demand for surrender of a prisoner was, accordingly, carefully scrutinized. The Sublime Porte replied that its prisoner had been made an American citizen without the Sultan's consent. The surrender was not made. Mr. Leishman's answer was curt. A rupture of diplomatic relations was in sight.

TIME after time Mr. Leishman has made arrangements to close the United States Legation in Constantinople, to place the official archives under the protection of a friendly power and to quit the capital of the Khalif. He went so far as to refuse to negotiate with the Sublime Porte—the council of ministers, that is to say, constituting the nominal government of Turkey—and to threaten a direct appeal to that Yildiz Kiosk behind the walls of which the secluded Commander of the Faithful conducts the most personal despotism on earth. The menace did not greatly concern the Sublime Porte. Mr. Leishman then, to its dismay and the Sultan's horror—for a dozen diplomats make Abdul Hamid's life a burden as it is—was elevated by Washington to the rank of ambassador. Audience of the Sultan is not an ambassador's privilege merely. It is his right. Abdul Hamid had pleaded his own poverty when Mr. Leishman's elevation was mooted. The Commander of the Faithful seemed himself too poor to afford an ambassador in Washington. His present representa-

tive in that capital has not received his stipend regularly for months. But the Sultan's resistance was as futile as his real wealth is vast. Some diplomatists at Constantinople supported the Sultan's resistance, it is said. Russian influences and Hohenzollern dynastic influences are suspected in Europe of employing gentle suasion in Washington to secure days of grace for Turkey. But Minister Leishman became Ambassador Leishman none the less. As the personal representative of the President of the United States, he could not be kept out of Yildiz Kiosk forever. To the American Embassy—no longer a despised legation—came Haireddin Bey with his suite and the state coach and the cavalry escort. Mr. Leishman was conveyed magnificently into the presence of a Commander of the Faithful who cannot have wept with joy at sight of him.

CONSTANTINOPLE witnessed Ambassador Leishman's progress from the embassy to Yildiz with amazement. Abdul Hamid's illness, it was inferred at once, must have been exaggerated. Washington awaited Mr. Leishman's report with genuine curiosity. The ambassador's despatch must have reached the Department of State many days ago. Europe is convinced that it tells the old story of evasion. Many an ambassador has preceded Mr. Leishman to that small but richly furnished apartment where the audience is ordinarily had. Abdul Hamid is discovered in the uniform of a Turkish colonel, his gloved hand reposing upon the hilt of a sword. The long and pensive countenance wears its subtle smile. The dark, sad eyes fix themselves intently upon the visitor. That exquisite urbanity which sweetens the Khalif's manner always is said to transform the most suspicious diplomatist into a trusting friend. The custom is for the Sultan to seat himself alone upon a divan. Some few feet away the chief dragoman at Yildiz Kiosk occupies a chair. There is a sofa for the ambassador. Abdul Hamid begins the audience with words of welcome in most musical Turkish. The dragoman interprets. The ambassador answers. The dragoman interprets again. The Commander of the Faithful is believed to understand French perfectly. Some diplomatists suspect him of knowing English well. But in these ambassadorial audiences he sticks to his Turkish and his interpreter—to the subject never. Ambassador Leishman, conjecture the European dailies, got everything at Yildiz Kiosk except satisfaction.

Persons in the Foreground

A COMPOSITE PICTURE OF MRS. EDDY

ELEVEN newspaper reporters sat in the big reception room at Pleasant View, the home of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. The hall and the stairway were hid from their sight by curtains and folding-doors. The time was afternoon, the date October 30th.

There came a tap at the folding-door. "She is here," was the announcement. Then, according to one of the reporters (in the *New York Sun*), this is what transpired:

"The folding doors slid back, the curtains lifted—and a stately figure in white stood bowing at the door.

"Stately at first sight, but a very feeble old woman at the second.

"Her skin was dead white, her cheeks sunken, every ounce of spare fat was gone from her face.

"The long, pointed chin characteristic of Mrs. Eddy's face in youth was as beautiful as ever; so, indeed, were the large brown eyes and the long, finely cut nose.

"Over the face rose a mass of perfectly white hair, crowned by a white bonnet, and the woman was enfolded in a huge black velvet and ermine cloak.

"She was grasping the curtains with one hand, and Calvin Frye, her secretary, stood at the other elbow. Both hands were shaking and the head and lower lip constantly trembled a little, as with a slight palsy.

"The effect of her voice was startling. It had a slight senile quiver, but it was deep and level. The combination gave it an unearthly quality. It intensified the feeling—which all the reporters confessed to each other afterward—that this was not a woman, but an apparition."

The picture as described by the other reporters does not vary greatly. "Almost without exception," says the *Boston Traveler*, "the newspaper correspondents were of the opinion that Mrs. Eddy is a very feeble old woman in the last stages of physical and mental decay."

"A physical wreck, tottering, pallid, like a vision from beyond the grave," is the description given by the *Boston Journal*. "A decrepit, enfeebled woman of eighty-five, a woman whose physical and mental condition was not what one might expect even at that advanced age," says the *Boston Herald*. The *New York American* says: "Her face showed little change in expression as she greeted her visitors, but she bowed low and with ceremonial precision, reminding one of the en-

trance of a great diva before an audience mad up of fashion and wealth."

One more pen-picture—that of the *New York Times*:

"The portière flew back. There was Mrs. Eddy, standing at the foot of the stairs, arrayed in finery suitable for a Marquese. White plumes nodded in her hat, silk ribbons fluttered from her neck. She was as extravagantly dressed as any elderly lady in an English novelette, and she resembled one, too. Her whole costume was so obviously costly that it was in bad taste. People would have stared at her had her carriage driven down Fifth Avenue or through Central Park.

"Mrs. Eddy's cheeks were rouged. There is a hectic flush that sometimes comes with old age, but this color was not in the place where that flush usually appears. It was too high and too far forward. The rest of the face was deathly white, save under the eyes, where there was a rather healthy red color. The white curls were as they have been for many years past, no whiter, no thinner. In a word, Mrs. Eddy looked healthy, and even tho her cheeks had been touched up a little there was nothing to indicate that this was due to anything but the vanity that had inspired the wearing of such a dress and such a hat on a rainy day.

"It was when Mrs. Eddy sat in her carriage while the faithful Strang wrapped rugs about her and placed footstools under the feet, that the palsy was most noticeable. She reached for a ribbon that hung from her throat and could not get hold of it; her fingers drummed ceaselessly on the rug or on her garments; she motioned with wavering hands to have the door closed and finally, muff on lap, she set herself primly in repose, but still the wrinkled, white-gloved hands shook perceptibly."

This visit of reporters, and this detailed description of an old woman's personal appearance, which would seem in another case in very bad taste, were occasioned by a long article appearing a few days previous in the *New York World*, describing Mrs. Eddy as dying of cancer, too feeble even to stand except under the influence of a galvanic battery, and daily impersonated in her carriage by a Mrs. Leonard. The article was apparently of the "fake" character for which *The World* long ago became notorious, but it stimulated curiosity and led to this brief public appearance of the leader of Christian Science—the last, probably, that will ever be given. Commenting editorially on this appearance the *Chicago Evening Post* remarks:

"How many persons of eighty-five could have conducted themselves as Mrs. Eddy did during this trying newspaper inquisition? To attain such an age, to carry it gracefully, to be able to go for a drive daily, to walk with a 'stately, languid grace,' usually means to have lived a clean and wholesome life. Such a life unquestionably has been that of Mrs. Eddy. . . . Physically she shows the ordinary marks of age; mentally she appears to be as young and as strong as ever. One does not need to subscribe to her teaching to see in her a woman of extraordinary force of character, a woman who has followed her ideal of what life should be, a woman who has earned the respect that all right-minded people pay to old age."

The story of Mrs. Eddy's life yet remains to be told in anything like an adequate manner. Her autobiography, entitled "Retrospection and Introspection," published in 1891, gives us nothing whatever of intimate personal revelation. Here is an instance of the meager way in which important personal affairs are dismissed in a few unrevealing words:

"My second marriage was very unfortunate, and from it I was compelled to ask for a bill of divorce, which was granted me in the City of Salem, Massachusetts."

That is all about that, and there is but little more than one page of dispassionate writing to tell how her little son was sent away from her when but four years of age to be taken care of by a nurse, and how, after her second marriage, a plot was consummated to keep

her and her child apart. "Every means within my power," she writes, "was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived and came to see me in Massachusetts."

Think of the tragedy such an event must mean to a mother! As told in this book it seems like a mere incident, dismissed in less than 400 words, and having no special effect upon her life or character. Her attitude toward such events is illustrated in the following observation:

"Mere historic incidents and personal events are frivolous and of no moment, unless they illustrate the ethics of Truth. To this end, but only to this end, such narrations may be admissible and advisable; but if spiritual conclusions are separated from their premises, the *nexus* is lost, and the argument, with its rightful conclusions, becomes correspondingly obscure. The human history needs to be revised, and the material record expunged."

Numerous biographical sketches have been written of Mrs. Eddy, but they are equally unilluminating. One of them, purporting to be by Hon. Henry Robinson, ex-mayor and postmaster of Concord, published in pamphlet form, is simply a rehash of Mrs. Eddy's own meager tale, using the same words and phrases for the most part. Another sketch appears in "The Bibliophile Library of Literature, Art and



THE MECCA OF EIGHTY THOUSAND CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

This is Pleasant View, the home of Mrs. Eddy, whom some of her devotees call—and "not without reason," says Elbert Hubbard—"the Queen of the World."

Rare Manuscripts" (Vol. XXVIII), written by W. D. McCrackan, now first reader of the "Mother Church" in Boston. Mr. McCrackan is a man of some literary ability, but he prefers to give us a eulogy rather than a biography. The incident of the separation of Mrs. Eddy and her boy elicits from his pen just four and one-half lines—no more. Evidently he agrees with Mrs. Eddy that "mere historic incidents and personal events are frivolous and of no moment unless they illustrate the ethics of Truth."

But it seems that for two years the staff of *McClure's Magazine* has been engaged in gathering material for a complete biography of Mrs. Eddy, and the first instalment, in the form of an editorial introduction, appears in the December number.

Born in 1821, in Bow, N. H., Mrs. Eddy was fifty-four when the first Christian Science organization was formed in Lynn by ten or a dozen disciples who pledged in all ten dollars a week for its support. In the thirty-one years since then she has become "one of the richest women in the United States," and "the most powerful." Says the writer in *McClure's*:

"If she is genuine in her professions, as her followers ardently believe, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, as the enemies of Christian Science maintain, she is the queen of charlatanny. The devotees of Christian Science have printed whole libraries in her praise; the enemies of Christian Science have written even more in ridicule of her contentions and in detraction of her career. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is shot, illumined, with romance. The very fact that she, the daughter of a poor farmer, and an unknown dependent at fifty-five, has become rich and great in the nation at eighty-five—that alone is a romance. Yet there exists no impartial story of this life and of the cult into which it has flowered. . . .

"Wilful, ungoverned, and dominant in her youth, she became all-dominating in her age. Her associates in the early years of the Church have told how nothing could stand against her when her blood was up; how she overmastered everyone. They have testified, further, to her persuasive sweetness and to the inspiration of her presence when things were going well between them. 'After I left her I seemed to be walking on air,' wrote an unbeliever who met her in the time when she was founding her church. Others talk of her extraordinary physical beauty, 'which seemed illuminated from within.' She has not only blazing will, but persistence—will to beat down the temporary obstacle, persistence to clear away the wreckage of a cause and begin rebuilding. Three times she has been beaten to the earth; each time she has arisen and triumphed.

"These are only the main facets in a character which shines with all the angles of genius. She has other traits, more subtle. There is the mystic quality which shows in her obscure writings and

still more in the genuine fears of 'mental influence,' which haunted her nights during the period when she and her leading student had their historic quarrel. There are feminine hesitations and inconsistencies at variance with her real strength, unaccountable attachments, strong aversions. Above all this, there seems to reign a kind of megalomania—a thirst for great achievements and for great glory.

"Perhaps these are only surface qualities in the character of a woman whose deepest motives must always remain a mystery. Those who are nearest her and most competent to know are silent or silenced; those in the next stratum of her acquaintance believe in her as holy, and cannot see her truly for the glamor with which they have surrounded her. For altho the church, and most of all its head, denies that she is claiming divinity, the more enthusiastic and less orthodox members are in the process of making her, if not a prophetess, at least a saint."

Mrs. Eddy, we are told, had a "strange hysterical childhood" and an equally strange youth. The story leads through phases of clairvoyance and vague mysticism. All the world knows that she was married three times, but it has not known that "once the husband of Mrs. Eddy was arrested, charged with plotting to murder one of her rebellious students in Christian Science." The case was brought into court, but was dropped after "a mass of strange evidence" had been elicited.

While waiting for the further unfolding of this story in *McClure's*, we may take a glance at Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy," published in *The Philistine* last July. Mr. Hubbard does not underestimate the value of personal details. Indeed, he has been known to invent them at times when the artistic demand for them was strong and the supply meager. His "Little Journey" is replete with detail and is written in a sympathetic tone. "A great and noble personality," he quotes Senator Gallinger as saying of her, and Mr. Hubbard himself describes her as "the most successful and the greatest woman in the world to-day." But unfortunately Mr. Hubbard does not appear to have had more than a fleeting glimpse of her. That glimpse, a few months ago, produced the following impression on his mind:

"I stood with six others on the lawn when the driver stopped the carriage with the big brown horses at the south door of Pleasant View. On the minute the door opened and Mrs. Eddy walked down the steps, unattended, and with no hand on the railing. Mrs. Eddy's step is light, her form erect—a slender, handsome, queenly woman.

"She is fifty, you would say. The fact is she was born in 1821, and altho she keeps no birthdays, she might have kept eighty-five of them. Her face shows experience, but not age. The corners of her mouth do not turn down. Her eyes



Courtesy of *McClure's Magazine*.

Mary Baker Eddy

This picture of Mrs. Eddy was made in 1882. Subsequent photographs, it is said, have been extensively retouched. At this time, those who met her spoke of her extraordinary physical beauty, as well as of her indomitable will and persistence. "Three times she has been beaten to the earth, says a recent writer, each time she has arisen and triumphed. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is short, illumined with romance. If she is genuine in her professions, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, she is the queen of charlatanry."

are not dimmed nor her face wrinkled. She was dressed all in white satin and looked like a girl going to a ball. Her hat was a milliner's dream; her gloves came to the elbow and were becomingly wrinkled; her form is the form of Bernhard; the rich embroidered white cloak carried carelessly on her arm cost eight hundred dollars.

"Drays pulled in to the curb, automobiles stopped, people stood on the street corners, and some—the pilgrims—uncovered. Mrs. Eddy sat back in the carriage, holding in her white-gloved hands a big spray of apple blossoms, the same half smile of satisfaction on her face—the smile of Pope Leo XIII.

"The woman is a veritable queen, and some of her devotees, not without reason, call her The Queen of the World."

Other details Mr. Hubbard gives us are to the effect that Mrs. Eddy pays her coachman fifty dollars a week, and her cook and other servants in proportion. She never answers the telephone. She goes to bed with the birds and rises with the dawn. At five in the morning she works in her garden or walks alone across the fields. She knows her horses and cows and sheep by name, but she does not like dogs or cats. She calls her servants "my helpers" and they go to her at will to tell their troubles.

On November 4th and 5th, the *New York World* devoted several pages to another "exposé" of Mrs. Eddy. It relates to the writing of "Science and Health," her book, and consists chiefly of the publication of an alleged confession by Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, of Boston, as to his part in the preparation of the book. If this exposé is another "fake" it is an exceedingly clever one. Mr. Wiggin was a literary adviser with an office in the old Boston Music Hall. He died a number of years ago, but this confession, it is said, was made in 1899 in a series of interviews with his friend Livingstone Wright, who put it into manuscript in 1901. It has never before been published, but the manuscript was shown to Mark Twain in 1903, who wrote a letter to Mr. Wright expressing his opinion that it was "convincingly strong," and expressing surprise that it had not been published before. Now it appears for the first time.

The sum and substance of it all is that Mr. Wiggin was engaged to revise the manuscript for the sixteenth edition of "Science and Health" late in August, 1885. He found the manuscript in a frightfully bad condition. He is represented as saying:

"Well, I was staggered! Of all the dissertations a literary helper ever inspected, I do not believe one ever saw a treatise to surpass this. The misspelling, capitalization and punctuation were dreadful, but those things were not the things that feazed me. It was the thought and

the general elemental arrangement of the work. There were passages that flatly and absolutely contradicted things that had preceded, and scattered all through were incorrect references to historical and philosophical matters."

In addition to rewriting the whole work, Mr. Wiggin added one chapter entitled "Way-side Hints," which was first used by Mrs. Eddy as a sermon, afterward incorporated in her book and then in later editions dropped out entirely. According to W. G. Nixon, of 15 Court Square, Boston, for four years the publisher of "Science and Health," Mr. Wiggin continued to revise Mrs. Eddy's work until 1891, and to him was due whatever style or literary polish is to be found in the book, "for Mrs. Eddy certainly had no education requisite to the writing of a book even in ordinary English."

On this point of Mrs. Eddy's education, Mr. McCrackan, in the sketch previously referred to, declares that Mrs. Eddy had an education exceptional for a girl of her period, "She was a pupil of Mrs. Sarah J. Bodwell, the principal of Sanbornton Academy, and finished her course of studies under Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, author of 'Sanborn's Grammar.'" Mr. McCrackan also declares that "as long ago as the forties of the century just past"—no more specific date is furnished—the Rev. Albert Case, then editor of *The Odd Fellows' Magazine*, offered Mrs. Eddy a yearly salary of \$3,000 to become a regular contributor to his periodicals. Mrs. Eddy herself says (in "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 20) that at ten years she was "as familiar with Lindley Murray's Grammar as with the Westminster Catechism," and the latter she had to repeat every Sunday. She received lessons from her brother Albert in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; but:

"After my discovery of Christian Science most of the knowledge I had gleaned from school-books vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed."

Not only is Mrs. Eddy's authorship of "Science and Health" disputed as regards its literary form, but the philosophy of Christian Science, it is claimed, was obtained from Dr. Quimby, a magnetic healer, whose patient and pupil she was at one time, and who, according to Rev. Dr. J. D. Burrell, obtained his ideas in turn from one Andrew Jackson Davis, a Poughkeepsie spiritualist and clairvoyant, whose "ponderous volumes," published in the early forties, were declared by Theodore Parker to be "the literary marvel of the nineteenth century."

THE CHOICEST LIVING EXAMPLE OF A ROYAL GENTLEMAN



N the sense in which Shakespeare put a splendid dramatic genius into the melancholy of Hamlet, in the sense in which Napoleon put a splendid military genius into snatching victory from defeat at Marengo, the reigning British sovereign may be said to put a splendid social genius into being a perfect gentleman. As in Cleopatra's case, we think chiefly of the blandishments of the woman, her vivacious wiles, the spell of her grace and beauty, and only incidentally remember that she was likewise Queen of Egypt, so, in the case of the present head of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the fineness of the personal qualities combining in this choicest living example of a royal gentleman entrances the English mind into almost forgetting that he is likewise his Majesty Edward VII, "by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith."

This note of good breeding imparts its tone to the reign of the seventh Edward most humanly, perhaps, at Windsor Castle, whenever the restless court of the sovereign halts there for repose. Life at this royal residence was somber, silent, even Puritanical, in Queen Victoria's day. A widow's weeds subdued all but the fiery liveries of the two Indian men servants majestically erect behind the chair of her Majesty whenever she took her tea. The pomp of a state dinner at Windsor had become as extinct as the dodo in the years during which Queen Victoria lived in almost unbroken seclusion after the death of the Prince Consort. Only a taste as flawless as the King's could have lent a becoming gravity to the transition from a reign which had seen the coming and going of forty years without one opening of Parliament in full state to the present era of ceremonial color and precision. The stateliness of life at Windsor is dazzling, says Prof. Arminius Vambery, who has been the King's guest more than once, but it is a soulful pomp, without that weight of grandeur which arranged ladies and gentlemen in lines and half-circles when Louis XIV shone at Versailles. King Edward's guests come to dinner at Windsor in resplendant uniforms, to be sure, unless civilians are of the company. In that event, evening dress, knee-breeches and "decorations" are prescribed for all the men save soldiers. At half-past eight guests are presumed to have assembled in one of the

salons off the dining-hall. The gold-stick in waiting and his Majesty's master of ceremonies, when they attend, are in prescribed gold lace with jeweled swords. There is always a functionary—whether captain of the gentlemen-at-arms or the keeper of the privy purse, or a simple equerry—to lend the staring hue of some official coat to color effects in ivory satin when titled ladies appear in embroidered chiffon showered with opal paillettes or in pale tulle embroidered with silver. But whether the swathed bodice be draped in Venetian lace caught in twists of velvet, or the manly bosom be afire with whole series of rhythmically behued ribbons, the stiffness and the swagger of upstart courts are missed.

Conversation ceases when one of the gold-sticks announces the coming of the King. The ladies range themselves on the right, the gentlemen on the left. The court marshal says simply: "Their Majesties!" High doors at the upper end of the salon gape wide. Edward VII emerges with the Queen at his side. The royal dame bows right and left, smiling, extending a hand to a few of the favored. King Edward's black coat is relieved with purple and red at lapels and sleeve ends only—or so it was when Professor Vambery was commanded to the castle. The eminent Hungarian had been disconcerted by the prescribed knee-breeches. He has a withered limb. But the King exempted the professor from the sartorial canon, for *étiquet* is not with Edward VII a thing absolute of which he is himself, after the fashion of Louis XIV, high priest and inspiration.

When another pair of portals had opened wide, when the monarchs and their guests had seated themselves, the dining table, as Professor Vambery describes it in the *Pesther Lloyd*, became so poetical a piece that its features could be structurally analyzed like those of a sonnet. The turtle-shaped salt-cellars, the flower vases—whence perfume hit the sense like zephyrs from a mead—the ewers, the knives, the soup tureens and the oyster-forks were all of solid gold. Not less than thrice was the service of gold plate changed as the dinner proceeded. Many a year has the eminent professor spent in Oriental lands, marveling at the pomp of despots in the East. Often has he dined from plates of purest gold in the Merasim Kiosk of the Sultan Abdul Medschid; but, says he, all this was tawdry to the burnished brilliance of the British King's

most unregarded nut-pick. To the strains of Bizet's pastoral a corps of voiceless lackeys placed mutton cutlets on precious metal. When the hock came up, Gounod's "Le Soir" was ravishing the ear. Not once did his Majesty so much as sip any of his priceless wines. Conversation was unrestrained, literature, art, travel and some science, but no politics, comprising its themes. His Majesty listens well, joins in the laugh when a good story is told and sometimes has an anecdote himself. At the conclusion of the meal the King rises—the ladies at this quit the scene—and goes to a small salon near by to be alone with his cigar. The men remain to talk until, one by one, they are bidden to the royal presence. King Edward is discovered smoking and sipping lemonade or soda-water. Alcoholic stimulants he has almost forsworn. Conversation starts afresh and it is long after midnight before the last diner ascends to bed. An invitation to the castle usually implies a night under its roof.

In the selection of his personal guests, the King of England, observes Professor Vambery, absolutely ignores such adventitious circumstances as social position, difference of religious creed or the possession of wealth. The impecunious man of letters or of learning, the musician, the artist, the merchant and the proudest peer in the realm can dine together at his Majesty's table in the capacity of gentlemen who are the guests of a gentleman like themselves. There is no constraint whatever in his presence. His love of ideas as ideas, his knowledge of the theory of music as distinguished from its practise, and his familiarity with the best writers of English prose and verse indicate to Professor Vambery that King Edward, with whom the professor became personally acquainted before his Majesty ascended the throne, is a true scion of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The princes of that house have ever inclined to art, to science and to literature. Rarely have they sought power in the Senate or on the battle-field. King Edward's own personal gifts are so distinctly social that he is at his best when conducting a party of guests through the famous Vandyke gallery of the castle. Professor Vambery's impressions of one such occasion remain ineffaceable. King Edward stopped before the canvas on which the artist has rendered Charles I and his Queen so youthfully mature and pointed out Henrietta Maria nursing the baby, while a little Prince of Wales stands shyly by. Not a detail but had its historical signifi-

cance for the reigning King of England as he indicated some salient effect in Vandyke's realization of the monarch who lost his head. For two hours the King conducted the party from hall to hall, speaking in lively fashion all the while, showing, thinks Professor Vambery, a connoisseur's knowledge of the treasures on every side. King Edward has inherited the distinctness of voice and the musical intonation for which his mother was admired. Here was an ideal opportunity to note the circumstance, as Edward VII descanted upon the merit of Dobson's portrait of James, Duke of York, or dwelt with enthusiasm upon the rarities in the castle collection of porcelains.

In a variety of ways, and more than any other monarch who ever held sway, has his Majesty, declares Lady Jeune, in one of her studies of King Edward as a social leader, broken down the barriers which in a former age made English society exclusion itself. The King will not have English society broken up into coteries like those of France. He will not fashion a court outside the pale of which there shall be no society at all, as is the case in Russia, in Austria and in Germany. Nor will he countenance a clique of the extremely rich refusing social recognition to human worth in any form and thus toning society to the imperial Roman pitch affected in some parts of the United States. For Edward VII insists upon being pervasive throughout England's entire social life. All kinds of human distinction in the British Isles, scientific, literary, clerical, and even histrionic, receive the stimulus of royal recognition. Thus literature has its knights like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (what would Dr. Johnson have said to a Sir Oliver Goldsmith?); medicine has its knights like Sir Frederick Treves (imagine Charles I bestowing a title upon the physician who discovered the circulation of the blood!); and even the stage was given its Sir Henry Irving by the great-grandson of a monarch to whom a Sir David Garrick would have signified the world upside down. Only a social genius as brilliant as King Edward's could in this fashion have laid the foundation and have reared the superstructure of the most ambitious edifice in which the highest society ever revealed how agreeable it can be.

Edward's governance of his devoted aristocracy is symbolized by his own white hat with its black band and by the gray frock coats with which London society is so familiar. These things proclaim the simplicity of the perfect gentleman he is and he remains every inch a



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

His Majesty Edward VII "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith," is personally the most popular sovereign in the world. He is the undisputed despot of English society. He is ruler of the British turf. His influence in world politics is perhaps greater than that of any one other individual alive.

king in a plain sack suit, double breasted, with derby hat, swinging the stick in one hand, carrying an unlighted cigar for an hour in the other, the only visible jewelry being the familiar ring on the little finger of the right hand. Such is the attire in which his Majesty seems most at ease. The pointed beard has grown white, the hair on the crown of the head is scant, the countenance healthily florid, the person portly. In this aspect, the monarch is merely a country gentleman with a passion for sport. At the Sandringham estate, where pomp of power is not, thrive the well-stocked coverts with their flights of partridges and their nyas of pheasants, their falls of woodcock and their walks of snipe. Nearly opposite the Norwich gates on the Sandringham estate is the "avenue wood" and there the King, in dun brown or gray cap and knee-breeches, goes forth to slaughter. The King is considered a good shot. On a holiday the inhabitants, including school-children from the villages near by, flock to view the sport.

The King's Christmas is now usually spent at Sandringham in homelike fashion. The ball-room has its tree upon which hang the presents for his Majesty's grandchildren and for every member of the household to the humblest governess. There is no elaboration of entertainment. Quantities of beef are distributed to the workpeople and cottagers on the estate, the head of each household receiving a splendid joint with the King's compliments. At the service in Sandringham church on Christmas morning every member of the King's family down to the youngest child of the Prince of Wales is expected to attend. No member of the household fails to put in an appearance without risk of the royal displeasure. In the evening the King with his family eats his Christmas dinner, saying grace himself before and after meat.

The racing season finds Edward VII most conscientious in his patronage of the turf. The grand stand at Epsom is surmounted year after year by the royal standard. The example set by his Majesty of wearing a light summer frock suit at the Derby has modified English male turf attire profoundly. The King has been in one year's Derby lists with as many as five colts bred at Sandringham. At the royal Ascot the state procession from Windsor Castle—most quaintly picturesque of visions out of merry England—streams up with its postilions in red and purple liveries in a cavalcade of which Edward VII is delighted to form the center. The King's stables are at Sandring-

ham, where the memory of that world-famous mare, *Perdita II*, is affectionately cherished. In the surgery of the stables is also treasured the telegram despatched by Lord Roberts in the name of the army in South Africa during the progress of the battle of Brandfort, congratulating his Majesty upon the famous victory of Diamond Jubilee. For all England knows that the royal stud is maintained to secure the pre-eminence of the British thoroughbred, and that Edward VII is the most generous sportsman of the age.

In Buckingham Palace are borne the purely pompous loads of the kingly office. Swaying thither comes that ancient structure of gilt and glass and painted panel, the state coach, drawn by its mediævally harnessed cream-colored steeds, each attended by its walking groom. The King's most excellent Majesty is graciously pleased to open Parliament in state. Smiling, yet dignified, the sovereign issues from the palace in field-marshal's uniform. Hours before the King leaves Buckingham for Westminster, the stretch of roadway is lined by cheering Britons. Through gorgeous confusion the King rides to the base of the Victoria Tower, where captains of cavalry and majors in the foot guards race back and forth among peeresses alighting prettily in velvet mantles bordered with pure white fur. Up the staircase to the robing room moves the long procession, headed by a rank of pursuivants with fine old Norman titles—rouge croix, portcullis, blue mantle, red dragon. The lord president of the council stalks slowly with the sword of state. Norroy, king of arms, is no sooner by than the gilt mace, sloped across a shoulder silked in black, introduces the lord chancellor. Surrounded by such magnificence, never extinguished by it, Edward VII walks firmly and straight, with perfect beauty of manner. In the robing room, his Majesty dons the ermine. The pages support the train. The crown is borne on a silk cushion by the lord privy seal. The cap of maintenance is carried immediately before his Majesty. To doff and don, in the presence of a company of England's best and greatest, whose eyes watch every movement, his chasuble-shaped dalmatic robe of four breadths of yellow cloth of gold, his cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, his armilla fringed with gold bullion and the dozen other insignia of his regality, seems never disconcerting to the perfect poise of the monarch. Brought up at the rear by the plumed gentlemen-at-arms, marked by the clash of halberds when the yeomen of the guard



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"THE POWER OF CLEAR STATEMENT IS THE GREATEST POWER AT THE BAR"

That rule was adopted early in his professional life by William H. Moody. It has done much to make him, as Attorney General, the most efficient "counsel of the American people" seen in that office of late years, and to give potency to his crusade against great combinations of capital conducted in disregard of law. To it he owes, in great measure, his coming promotion to a seat in the United States Supreme Court.

appear, announced by trumpeters from the door of the robing room, the procession ad-

vances into the House of Lords. Another London season has begun.

THE NEXT MEMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT



HERE is one objection to the appointment of William H. Moody to the Supreme Court of the United States. He has been so active an Attorney-General that he will find himself unable, during the next few years, to sit with propriety in a number of cases that come before the court, because he has already figured as prosecutor in those cases. They are the cases against railroads and against trusts, and their name is legion. The latest and most sensational of all is his suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company, announcement of which brought the market value of its stock down seventy-two points in one week. For Mr. Moody has been a very strenuous Attorney-General. "He not only bears a strong physical resemblance to President Roosevelt," says a recent writer, "but has very much the same strenuous manner."

The judicial robe which he will soon put on will drape a sturdy, stocky, broad-shouldered figure that was not so many, many years ago clad in the garb of a member of the Harvard baseball team. He still has a love for outdoor life, but he takes it out now in long tramps and in horseback rides rather than in wielding the willow and running bases. But for years after he graduated he kept up his baseball enthusiasm and became head of the New England Baseball League. But his brain was as strenuous as his muscles. After but eighteen months' study of the law he applied for admission to the bar of Essex County, Massachusetts. "How long have you studied?" was the first question. When he told the committee, it demurred and refused at first to examine him until he had studied three years. He insisted, and the examination proceeded. Mr. Isaac F. Marcossan (from whose article in *World's Work* most of our material for this article was obtained), says: "His knowledge of law amazed the committee. He was the best prepared student who had ever applied, and his performance at that examination has become a tradition of the Massachusetts Bar."

He opened an office in Haverhill, and his fees the first month were \$6.85. He became district attorney later on and at the age of

thirty-five was known as "the best district attorney in the State." When the Congressman from his district died, Moody was the unanimous choice as successor. He served for four terms and, we are told, displayed prodigious capacity for digesting vast quantities of evidence in a short time. He was a member of the very important Appropriations Committee when Cannon was chairman, and one day, when a vexatious claim was pending, Mr. Cannon rushed up to him with a document of 900 pages on the subject, saying: "Here, Moody, take up this fight." He took it up, says Mr. Marcossan, mastered the case overnight and debated it brilliantly the next day.

He was a party man, yet when the House committee reported in favor of ousting the one Democratic member of the Illinois delegation, Moody, a life-long Republican, fought against the report and the Democrat was seated.

His career as Secretary of the Navy began in 1902. He found that a large part of the Secretary's time was taken up in personally signing all orders affecting the transfer and assignment of officers. "I can't spend the whole day signing documents," he said, and he issued instructions that no orders but those affecting captains and rear-admirals be referred to him. "But precedent is against this," said old-timers. His answer was: "Never mind precedent; service is the thing"—a pretty good answer for a lawyer and a future judge.

After two years service as Secretary of the Navy he became Attorney-General in 1904, and his activity in enforcing the laws against rebates and against trusts has made unlimited "copy" for the press of the country, especially during the last few months.

His home is still in Haverhill and his neighbors still call him "Bill." His favorite room in the large colonial house which is his home is the library, and he discusses history and biography as one familiar with them. He knows his Kipling, Stevenson, Balzac and Thackeray. But he has a rule about buying books that if followed generally would wreck most of the publishing houses in a short time. "I never buy a book until I have read it," he says.

Literature and Art

THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR ON LITERARY PRODUCTION



GERMAN poet and medical student, Dr. F. van Vleuten, has lately been conducting an inquiry among the leading writers of Germany as to how far their literary productivity is influenced by liquor. This question is one of world-wide interest, but has peculiar significance in Germany. For among the Germans, more than among any other people, the Anacreontic spirit has always prevailed. Next to love, it is wine that has been most often celebrated in German poetry. Lessing embodied this spirit in one of his epigrams:

Whether I shall live to-morrow
That I cannot tell.
But, that if I live to-morrow,
I shall drink again to-morrow,
That-I know full well.

Germany, it may be added, is the greatest beer consumer and one of the greatest wine producers of the nations of the world. Among the German students a man is not held valiant unless he can drink down his fellow, and the man who can drink most receives honors which American college boys are wont to bestow only upon the heroes of the football field. Such, at least, was, and still largely is, the sentiment even among men of culture. Lately, however, a strong reaction has set in, and even total abstinence finds its advocates among the younger generation.

It is in accordance with this new movement that Dr. van Vleuten's inquiry has been undertaken. He addressed to one hundred and fifty eminent German writers the following questions:

1. Do you regularly take alcohol in any form before productive work; if so, what effect do you ascribe to this practise?
2. If you do not take alcohol regularly, but have taken it incidentally before working, have you then noticed an increase or a decrease in your productivity?
3. What are your views on alcohol in general, and on the reciprocal action between alcohol and literature in particular?

The results of the inquiry are published in the *Literarische Echo* (Berlin). It seems that one hundred and fifteen authors replied. Of these fully ninety per cent. declare that they avoid all alcoholic drinks before work, but that in their hours of recreation they find a

glass of wine or beer stimulating and refreshing. It is significant that the older men are inclined to regard a moderate indulgence in liquors, even during working hours, as comparatively harmless whereas among the younger men a tendency toward total abstinence is evident.

Peter Rosegger, the well-known Austrian novelist, writes that a glass of light red wine, which he has been in the habit of taking every day, in no way reacts upon his productivity. "When, as sometimes happens, I take two glasses," he says, "the immediate effect is that work comes easier to me, and my spirits are high. My general experience makes me inclined to oppose the use of alcohol. But perhaps I am not justified in taking this point of view, as I personally have always found a glass of 'Tyrolean' essential to my health and welfare." Paul Heyse, the celebrated short-story writer and dramatist, says that he never takes wine to stimulate his poetic productivity, and that his use of alcohol is limited to half a glass of wine with water for dinner and half a bottle of beer at night. Adolph Wilbrandt, dramatist and novelist, replies with laconic briefness: "I drink wine, I also drink beer, because they increase my joy of living and intensify my emotions; but I never take a drop of liquor in any form before work." Johannes Trojan, a poet who has often sung in praise of wine, makes several important distinctions: "It sometimes happens when I do my work at home that I drink a glass of wine in business hours, but it has been my invariable experience that this reacts unfavorably upon my productivity. It may, however, occur that when I am under obligation to finish a certain piece of work at a certain hour, and I am exhausted, a glass of wine helps me to be ready in time. This is true, however, only when the task before me is to elaborate a plan that is already completed in my mind, and no demand is made upon the powers of imagination." The poet Rudolph Presber says that for a time he became a teetotaler, but that the work he produced during that period seems dryer than his other work, and that he has been reconverted to drinking wine. On the other hand, Richard Dehmel, who is pronounced the greatest living German poet of the modern school, remarks:

"I have attempted several times to write poetry under the influence of liquor, but the next morning it appeared to be mere word-play, monstrous fancies or confused unconscious reminiscences." Herr Dehmel has now become a total abstainer and a vegetarian.

In connection with the last-quoted opinion, it is interesting to note that the poetry of our own greatest imaginative genius, Edgar Allan Poe, possesses in a marked degree the three

qualities attributed by Herr Dehmel to the influence of liquor. It is also interesting to speculate what his unique talents might have achieved if he had not been a slave to drink. And, drawing even wider inferences, it becomes a fascinating theme for inquiry how far the whole complexion of the world's literature would have been changed, for better or for worse, if the stimulus of liquor had been removed from this planet.

A MASTERPIECE THAT WAS NEVER PUBLISHED



HE record of the last days of that eminent Englishman, Sir Richard Burton, yields a story than which, it has been said, "there is none more pathetic in the history of literature." Sir Richard was one of the most picturesque figures of his age. He was ethnologist and anthropologist, writer and traveler. He visited the plains of the Indus, the slopes of the Blue Mountains, and the mephitic swamps of Eastern Africa. He worshiped at Mecca and Salt Lake City. He translated "The Arabian

Nights." He was absorbed in elucidating the dim mysteries of the East, and he planned as the crowning work of his life a closely annotated translation of a rare and strange Oriental manuscript entitled "The Scented Garden."

"The Scented Garden," as we learn from a newly published biography* of Burton, by Thomas Wright, was the work of a learned Arab sheik and physician named Najzâwî. It was probably written about the year 1431, and is at once religious and erotic in subject-matter. Moslems would see nothing incongruous in the combination. Indeed, Najzâwî praises Allah for amorous pleasures just as other writers have offered thanks for a plentiful harvest or an iridescent sunset. His imagination dwells on the houris promised to the faithful after death, and he says that "their pleasures are part of the delights of Paradise awarded by Allah as a foretaste of what is waiting for us, namely, delights a thousand times superior, and above which only the sight of the Benevolent is to be placed." The book is divided into twenty-one chapters. It contains stories of a Rabelaisian type, descriptions of "Praiseworthy Men" and "Praiseworthy Women," interpretations of dreams, medical recipes and lists of aphrodisiacs. One chapter treats of the dark history of "homogenic" love.

Now all Sir Richard's friends agree in describing him as a man of high motive and almost ascetic habits. His interest in Oriental sex-lore was scientific and academic. But several of his associates, and, in particular, his wife, were seriously perturbed by his increasing preoccupation with what they regarded as "morbid" subjects. They tried to dissuade him from translating "The Scented Garden." They



LADY BURTON

Who thought that she could best honor the memory of her illustrious husband by burning the manuscript of his "masterpiece."

*THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON. Two volumes. By Thomas Wright. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

only succeeded, however, in stimulating him to further effort.

Sir Richard was seventy years old, and in frail health. During the period we are describing, he was living with his wife in Trieste. He took long journeys to Tunis and Algiers for the purpose of conducting exhaustive researches among the ancient manuscripts. He paid large sums to copyists. He was working with a feverish energy and beyond his strength. According to Mr. Wright's account:

"At no work that he had ever written did Sir Richard labor so sedulously as at 'The Scented Garden.' Altho in feeble health and sadly emaciated, he rose daily at half-past five, and slaved at it almost incessantly till dusk, begrudging himself the hour or two required for meals and exercise. The only luxury he allowed himself while upon his laborious task was 'a sip of whisky,' but so engrossed was he with his work that he forgot even that. One day, as he and his doctor were walking in the garden, he stopped suddenly and said: 'I have put my whole life and all my life-blood into that "Scented Garden," and it is my great hope that I shall live by it. It is the crown of my life.'

"'Has it ever occurred to you, Sir Richard,' inquired the doctor, 'that in the event of your death the manuscript might be burnt? Indeed, I think it not improbable.'

"The old man turned to the speaker his worn face and sunken eyes and said, with excitement, 'Do you think so? Then I will at once write to my friend Arbuthnot and tell him that in the event of my death the manuscript is to be his.'

"He wrote the letter the same day."

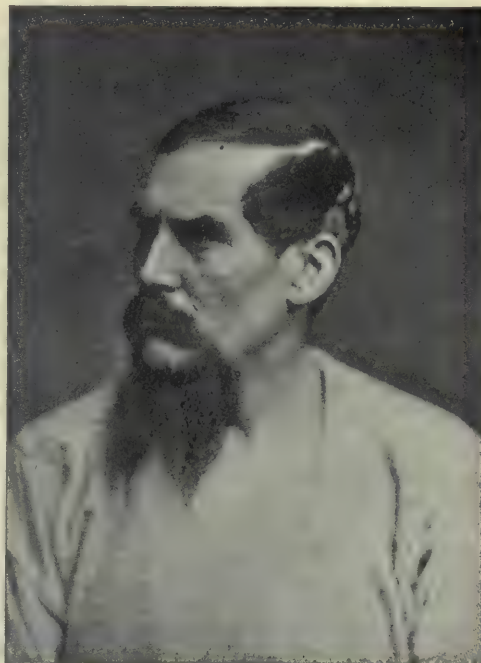
Sir Richard was becoming daily weaker, but he kept at the book until the very end. Before he died, he had the satisfaction of handling a "fair copy" of the first twenty chapters of the work and of preparing them for the printer.

For sixteen days after his death Lady Burton remained in the house examining and classifying his manuscripts and packing up his books. She was a timid and rather conservative lady, a Roman Catholic in religion, and she seems to have suffered much agony of mind when brought into contact with her husband's strange documents. As Mr. Wright tells the story:

"Her mind was uneasy about 'The Scented Garden,' and she took out the manuscript to examine it. Of the character of the work she had some idea, tho her husband had not allowed her to read it. Fifteen hundred persons had promised subscriptions; and she had also received an offer of six thousand guineas for it from a publisher. She laid the manuscript on the floor, 'two large volumes worth.' When she opened it she was perfectly bewildered and horrified. The text alone would have staggered her, but Burton had trebled the size of the book with notes of a certain character."

Then a strange thing happened. To her dying day Lady Burton maintained that, at this juncture, the spirit of her husband appeared before her three times, and bade her burn the manuscript. "Her excitement," says Mr. Wright, "passed away, and a holy joy irradiated her soul. She took up the manuscript, and then sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, she *burnt it, sheet after sheet*, until the whole was consumed. As each leaf was licked up by the fire, it seemed to her that 'a fresh ray of light and peace' transfused the soul of her beloved husband." It is significant, however, that when a friend entered the library a few hours later and looked reproachfully at the ashes, Lady Burton had nothing to say about spirits. She said instead: "I wished his name to live forever unsullied and without stain."

A few months later the news of the burning of the manuscript became public property and excited much indignation. Lady Burton wrote two letters to the London press, defending her action. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the critic and poet, took her part. On the other hand, Burton's friend Arbuthnot claimed that the manuscript should have been given to *him*; and Mr. W. F. Kirby, of the British Museum,



SIR RICHARD BURTON

He has been called "the greatest Oriental scholar England ever had and neglected." He was the author of some fifty volumes, and wrote, as the crowning work of his life, a book that has never been published.

thought that it ought to have been presented to the College of Surgeons.

Lady Burton is dead now, and, in the nature of the case, the full facts can never be known.

WHITMAN AFTER FIFTY YEARS



WHEN Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" first appeared, in 1855, it was denounced by the journals of Boston as "bombast, egotism, vulgarity and nonsense." A quarter of a century later, the district attorney of the same city tried to suppress it, on the ground that it was "obscene." To-day, the most conservative publishing house in Boston stands sponsor for a book,* written by Bliss Perry, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and a Harvard Professor of Literature, in which Whitman is characterized as "upon the whole, the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth." The significance of Mr. Perry's volume is but heightened by the fact that it is the fourth notable appreciation of Whitman to appear within a year. The other three are Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden," H. B. Binns's "Life of Walt Whitman," and Edward Carpenter's "Days with Walt Whitman." The time has gone by when Whitman can be lightly dismissed. He takes his place, says Mr. Perry, "with the immortals."

The reasons for the revolution in the public attitude toward Whitman are carefully analyzed by Mr. Perry, and the first great fact that he notes in this connection is that Whitman, whatever his eccentricities, was a true child of his age. His writings reflected the two most striking tendencies of the last half-century—the development of science and the world-wide spread of democracy. Like William Blake, he was a Mystic, "innately and intensely conscious of the reality of spiritual things." Like Rousseau, he was a Romanticist, "uttering wonderfully fine things about nature, education, religion." And, above all, he was an American. As Mr. Perry puts it:

"A Mystic by temperament and a Romanticist by literary kinship, Whitman came to intellectual maturity in the period of American Transcendentalism. Both the mysticism of the Orient, and the extremest forms of German and English romanticism, found congenial soil in Concord and Cambridge, in Philadelphia and New York. The periodical literature of the forties was Whitman's only university, so far as intellectual stimulus was concerned. To the twentieth century reader, many aspects of this literature seem as fantastic as anything in 'Leaves of Grass.' Margaret Fuller's

Dial, the Fourierite and perfectionist journals, even the files of *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's* contain the extremest assertion of unchecked individualism, and a total disregard of conventional forms. . . . To appreciate 'Leaves of Grass' as a product—albeit a belated product—of Transcendentalism, one should read it, not after a course in Nietzsche and Ibsen, much as they enforce and illuminate its teaching from various points of view, but after Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' and Emerson's 'Essays' and Thoreau's 'Journal.' Its eccentricities, like its nobleness, are a part of the sansculottism and the exaltation of the time."

The two great obstacles to the popular acceptance of Whitman's work have been its uncouth form and its naturalistic dealing with sex; and in connection with each of them, observes Mr. Perry, the years have gradually brought the conditions for a more sympathetic judgment. On the first point he writes:

"So far as form is concerned, it is clear that since the middle of the nineteenth century there has been a fairly steady progress toward a greater freedom in the whole field of esthetic sympathy. The sudden expansion of sympathetic feeling toward the wilder aspects of nature, which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England and elsewhere, has since then been paralleled in the field of painting, of music, and of the other arts. A generation trained to the enjoyment of Monet's landscapes, Rodin's sculptures, and the music of Richard Strauss will not be repelled from Whitman merely because he wrote in an unfamiliar form."

The shock caused by Whitman's gospel of nudity has also grown less with time. Mr. Perry contends that the "objectionable" lines in "Leaves of Grass" have been condemned largely because they have been misunderstood, and that most of them "are as innocent of poetry as a physiological chart." "To a healthy-minded person," he says, "these lines are like accidentally opening the door of the wrong dressing-room: one is amused, embarrassed, disenchanted or disgusted, according to one's temperament and training." He continues:

"At worst, Whitman was immodest rather than indecent. No reputable critic, considering his writings in their totality, would to-day accuse him of eroticism, altho he has sometimes been read, no doubt, by those who are pathologically unfit for that kind of reading. But he has paid, and long will continue to pay, the penalty which attaches to breaches of conventional decorum."

*WHITMAN: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Bliss Perry Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

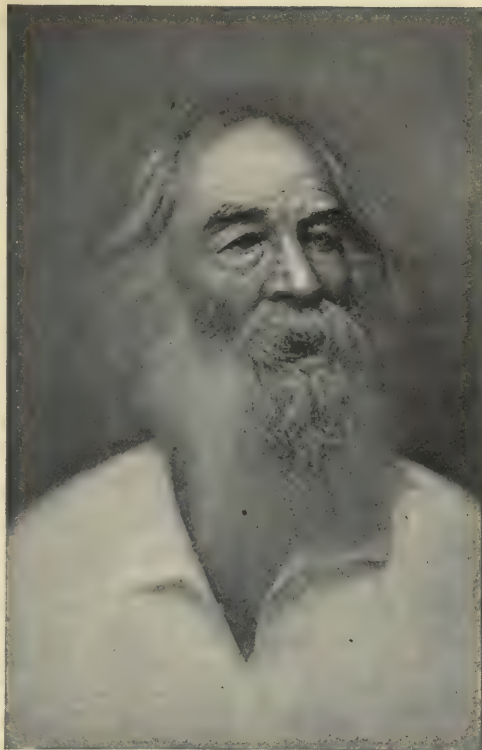
A longer interval than fifty years must elapse, says Mr. Perry, before the permanence of Whitman's rhapsodic verse can be adequately tested. Page after page, of "Leaves of Grass," he thinks, is doomed to transiency. "It is at times turgid, sprawling, extravagant; here are bathos and vulgarity; a vanity like Whistler's; Byron's rhymed oratory without even the clever rhymes; Hugo's vague humanitarian theorizing without the sustained sonorous splendor." And yet imperishable stuff is also here. Mr. Perry concludes:

"Whitman will survive, not so much by the absolute perfection of single lyrical passages as by the amplitude of his imagination, his magical tho intermittent power of phrase, and the majesty with which he confronts the eternal realities. Upon the whole the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth, he gazed steadily, like Wordsworth, upon the great and permanent objects of nature and the primary emotions of mankind. Of the totality of his work one may well say, 'The sky o'er arches here.' Here is the wide horizon, the waters rolling in from the great deep, the fields and cities where men toil and laugh and conquer. Here are the gorgeous processions of day and night, of lilac-time and harvest. The endless mystery of childhood, the pride of manhood, the calm of old age are here; and here, too, at last is the

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,"

the hush and whisper of the Infinite Presence.

"These primal and ultimate things Whitman felt as few men have ever felt them, and he expressed them, at his best, with a nobility and beauty such as only the world's very greatest poets have surpassed. Numbers count for nothing, when one is reckoning the audience of a poet, and Whitman's audience will, for natural reasons, be limited to those who have the intellectual and



"THE GOOD GRAY POET"

Walt Whitman, so constantly depreciated during his own lifetime, is now characterized by Bliss Perry, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, as "the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth."

moral generosity to understand him. But no American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years."

GEORGE MEREDITH AS A POET OF LOVE

"**L**ATE in his life the general public discovered George Meredith's novels; in his old age, it is beginning to do justice to his poems," says Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, the new interpreter of Meredith, in the introduction to a scholarly and sympathetic study* which has lately been receiving high praise from the reviewers. And it is as a poet of love that Meredith to-day seems to be exciting most interest. His "Love in the Valley"—"the loveliest love-song of its century," as Mr. Quiller-Couch declares—is now almost popular; while "Modern Love," which "slept for twenty years in a first edition," is no longer read by the poets only.

*THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.
By G. M. Trevelyan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

For Meredith has always been a poet's poet, just as he has been a novelist's novelist, and it is still a question whether, with the exception of the love poems, he will not remain so. Even his most impassioned admirers have to admit that both in prose and verse the Welsh genius is very difficult reading. Writes Mr. Trevelyan:

"His metaphors sometimes strive, one on the back of another, like fierce animals in a pit, and deal each other dismembering wounds in the struggle for existence. . . . The picture must be seen, the idea read, in an intellectual flash of lightning. . . . In consequence of his combined intellectual and imaginative power, the reader must be prepared for the close neighborhood, in the same poem and even in the same stanza, of very different aims and qualities; a few lines of consummate beauty—the majestic or sheer lyrical—are followed by some passage of close thought

or subtle psychology. Sometimes, at his best, he will make one and the same passage a masterpiece both of poetry and intellect. This is one of the means by which he so often triumphs in a new field of his own discovery. But readers of books are little accustomed to this admixture; it bewilders them; they look to have beauty, psychology and ethics served up to them under separate covers. At least only on such an hypothesis can one explain the comparative indifference of the public."

Mr. Trevelyan calls Meredith "the inspired prophet of sanity." Earth, our great Mother, from whom springs the triad—"blood, brain and spirit"—is the source, good and evil, of his inspiration. Like Whitman, Meredith is fleshly, yet spiritual. "His philosophy of love, and his attitude toward the various ethical problems depending on it, are connected with his evolutionary doctrine of the relation of flesh and spirit," writes Mr. Trevelyan. "Asceticism and sensualism, the two antagonists of love, are based theoretically on a supposed impassable division between sense and spirit, between natural and divine. Asceticism, of which Tolstoy is in our day the revered prophet, is a heavenly and hellish doctrine. Mr. Meredith prefers temperance, the earthly."

In the "Hymn to Color" we find this mingling of earth and spirit, nature and love, in what Mr. Trevelyan considers a triumph of the poet's art. "If there is one phenomenon of nature which has more charm and more significance than another for Mr. Meredith, it is dawn," he writes. "And this is the subject of the 'Hymn to Color': it tells first of the gray twilight, and then of the miracle that clothes the air, for a few flying moments, with the many-colored garments of dawn. But a dualism runs through the thought of the whole poem. Light, Darkness and Color answer, respectively, to Life, Death and Love. Color is to Light and Darkness, as Love is to Life and Death. In the first verse, the poet, walking between Death and Life, is met by Love, in the pale 'land of dawn' between night and day, at the moment when the 'transforming sky' is about to be flushed with color." . . . So Love comes, and Life and Death disappear. Dawn rises, and when the colors of dawn have faded away, Love ends, and Life and Death return.

The song had ceased; my vision with the song.

Then of those Shadows, which one made descent
Beside me I knew not: but Life ere long

Came on me in the public ways and bent

Eyes deeper than of old: Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through.

Of Meredith's masterpiece, "Modern Love," a long and complex poem of many sonnet-like divisions, Mr. Trevelyan writes as follows:

"'Modern Love' stands in contrast with the other sonnet sequence of his contemporary and friend, Rossetti. The 'House of Life' holds us by its oneness, 'Modern Love' by its variety: the former stands or falls by the cumulative effect of its reiterated note of all-absorbing love; the latter presents a map of all the passions and moods that spring from, surround or militate against love and all the comedy that is the daily accompaniment of the tragedy of two souls. All the real emotions of life are put down in Mr. Meredith's great poem as literally as in his novels. For 'life some think, is worthy of the Muse.' . . . The story concerns a man and wife who loved each other once, but have ceased to love. It is no easy to name a writer who can, like Mr. Meredith in this poem, tell, with harrowing psychological detail, the most maddening of all forms of tragedy, the growing up of evil where good was planted, and the springing up of division out of the sacred heart of love,—and yet never let the tale decline from the majestic heights of poetry. Here is one of our modern 'problems' treated, like some ancient tragedy, with the same kind of spiritual and intellectual beauty as saves 'Othello' from being morbid, and 'Hamlet' from being decadent. Perhaps the secret is that the author, who, after his usual fashion, at once pitifully understands and pitilessly exposes the victims of his creation himself through it all *believes in love*."

We quote, in addition, the great sonnet of momentary reconciliation than which, says Swinburne, "a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out."

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.

We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye:

But in the largeness of the evening earth

Our spirits grew as we went side by side.

The hour became her husband and my bride.

Love that had robbed us so thus blessed our dearth

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud

In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood

Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood

Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,

This little moment mercifully gave,

Where I have seen across the twilight wave

The swan sail with her young beneath her wings

But for the love poetry of George Meredith, which is now almost popular, we must turn not to "Modern Love," in all its beautiful subtleties, but to the "impetuous and choric 'Love in the Valley.'" "In its first form, as the youthful poem published humbly enough among the 'Pastorals' in the volume of 1851, 'Love in the Valley' was liquid, simple and in places very childish; such a poem as a Richard of genius might have written to Lucy," says Mr. Trevelyan; "but in riper years, with sureness of judgment and exquisiteness of art, he took this crude, lovable thing, removed all that was immature, more than doubled it in



Photograph by Frank Eugene

THE FATHER OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz has been actively interested in the photographic movement for twenty-two years. He publishes *Camera Work*, and presides over a photographic salon in New York.

length, and so built up, on a happy inspiration of boyhood, his great lyric of twenty-six

stanzas." Of the one beginning, "When her mother tends her," Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "It haunted me and made me drunk like wine." And we quote the classic stanza which poets, critics and popular taste seem to unite upon as being one of the loveliest that ever poet sung:

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star,
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;

So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling
well-spring,

Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

In this poem, love completes its cycle, as the year its seasons, ending with the following joyous outburst of the young lover in expectation of returning spring:

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the
reed.

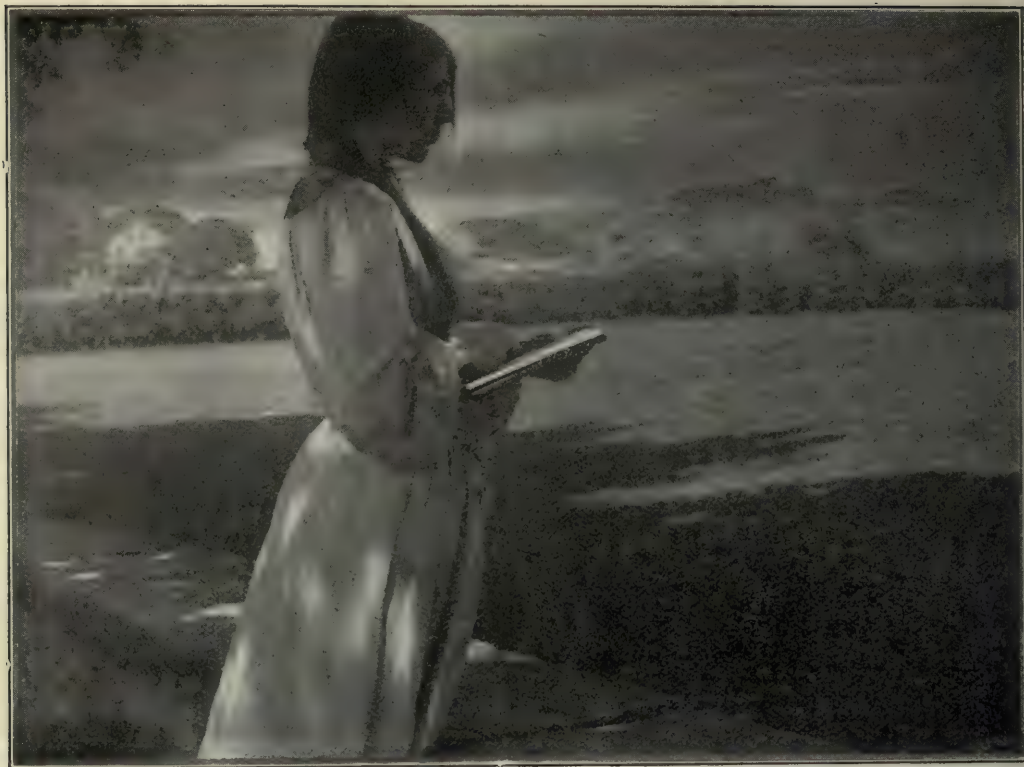
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

"In the face of this poem, as nowhere else in Mr. Meredith's enchanted woods, criticism drops its weapons," says Mr. Trevelyan. "One can only be thankful that so great an inspiration has been clothed in a form so nearly perfect."

INSPIRED PHOTOGRAPHY—A NEW ART

OUT of America has come a miracle in modern life—the photograph transfigured by the light of the artist's dream. This miracle has not been wrought without travail and struggle, and it is the result of woman's effort, as well as man's. Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence White, Eduard J. Steichen, Alvin Langdon Coburn and Alfred Stieglitz are the names most prominently identified with the new photographic art. Mr. White made some of his earliest experiments in photography while employed in a grocer's store in an Ohio village. Mr. Steichen used to be a printer's devil in Milwaukee. Now he lives in Paris, and his portfolio includes marvelous portraits of Rodin, Maeterlinck and Duse. Mr. Coburn, the

a comparatively young man, is characterized by Bernard Shaw (himself a dabbler in the art of the camera) as "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living." Mr. Stieglitz may be described as the father of the whole movement. He lives in New York and publishes there a sumptuous quarterly entitled *Camera Work*. He also presides over a little "Photo-Secession" salon on Fifth Avenue, where photographs are exhibited and receive the serious consideration that has hitherto been given only to paintings. Last winter the work shown in the little galleries attracted hundreds of visitors and excited much interest and appreciation. It is no exaggeration to say, with Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the well-known art critic, that the best



THE SKETCH

(By Gertrude Käsebier.)

An admirable example of poetic and pictorial photography.

of this work is "the best that photography has yet accomplished."

The American photographic movement represents the high-water mark of a movement that is now established in most of the countries of Europe. The new art may be said to have attained to the dignity of a "school," with its living exponents and "old masters." David Octavius Hill, a Scottish painter who used the photographic method with consummate skill nearly seventy years ago, might be termed the Rembrandt of the school, and Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, the friend of Herschel and Tennyson, its Van Dyck. Dr. P. H. Emerson, a nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was a pioneer in the movement in England. Nowadays pictorial photography has its salons and its devotees in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and even Russia.

The difference between artistic and commercial photography is defined by Mr. R. Child Bayley, of London, in a newly published book,*

*THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER. By R. Child Bayley. Methuen & Company, London.

which is illustrated by many notable examples of the new work. He says:

"The broad line of distinction between pictorial work and the good 'technical' photograph is that the former is intended solely to give esthetic pleasure by conveying some feeling or suggestion from the artist to his public, while the latter is limited strictly to a statement of facts. It is the difference between the click of the telegraph and a sonata, between the price list and the poem. Esthetic pleasure is the aim of one, instruction of the other."

A writer in *The International Studio* (London and New York) amplifies the foregoing statement as follows:

"The belief that actuates these photographers is that the camera can express as well as record that the aim of a photograph is not to present a meaningless conglomeration of detail and garish contrasts, but to portray the subject with the same feeling for breadth, simplicity and tonality that characterizes the efforts of painters and other artists to-day. To this end any photographic means are employed that suit the convenience of appeal to the taste of the photographer. The 'straight negative' and the 'straight print' forbid any manipulation other than photographic, but



"RODIN, LE PENSEUR"

(By Eduard J. Steichen.)

Regarded by competent critics as the finest photograph ever taken. Rodin is portrayed facing his own creation, "Le Penseur." Behind is his statue of Victor Hugo.

the modifications possible in the result by choice of lens and plate, by control of lighting, exposure, development and printing, are more various than anyone not abreast with the present refinements would for a moment imagine."

A third student of the movement, Mr. C. Howard Conway, declares that "personality" and "self-expression" are the watchwords of the new school. He continues (in *Munsey's Magazine*):

"To an unpractised or prejudiced eye, many of their pictures look like the results obtained by a beginner who has made his début on a cloudy day with a cheap camera. Further study shows that there are effects in the pictures which no tyro could have produced. They have meanings—subtle, elusive meanings, written in the language of the artist. Naturally, those who have learned nothing whatever of this language can find no meanings, and see little in each picture except a good opportunity thrown away. It is not our fault, say the photo-artists, if some people can see no value in our work.

"In illustration of this point they tell a story: Recently two critics were looking at a picture in a Photo Secession exhibition. 'Well,' said one, 'if that is high art, I'm an idiot.' To which the other responded, firmly but gently, 'That is high art.'

"At first the Secessionists were cast out by artists and photographers alike. The former distrusted their methods and the latter their results. They had no standing among any school of art-workers. But now that their pictures are being hung in the best art galleries of Europe, their claims are being more fairly considered on all sides."

The same writer has this to say in regard to the future of the movement:

"As to what the long future has in store for these photo-artists, no one can say. Their school may create a field of its own, with distinct boundaries. Or, on the other hand, it may prove to be an interesting phase in the evolution of photography, becoming modified as its ideas are more clearly understood.

"At present, it is unquestionably pushing photography to new expressions of artistic beauty. . . . The camera, it says, should not be used as a yardstick. Rather place it on the same plane with the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the artist. To run a photograph factory, according to the Photo Secessionists, is one thing, and well enough in its place. But it is quite different from taking photographs of things as they really are, in such a way as to express their meaning. Life, after all, is more than logic and statistics and clear-cut fact. It is imagination also, and beauty, and reverence."

BALZAC AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL ENIGMA

THE mystery which envelops the personality and artistic career of Balzac appears to have been deepened by the publication of another volume of his "Letters to the Stranger." The stranger in question, as all the world knows, was the Polish countess, Eveline Hanska, whom the great novelist loved for eighteen years and finally married five months previous to his death. After he had died, Madame Balzac published some of his letters to her, carefully edited and "censored," but public curiosity was not satisfied. The rest of the voluminous correspondence was lost and recovered by a strange accident many years later by M. de Lovenjoul. The selected letters now

given to the public cover a period of but three years—1842-1844. There is much that is puzzling about them, inconsistent with known facts of Balzac's life and his letters to his sister and friends. Paul Bourget, the "psychological novelist," analyzes the "Balzac mystery" in a four-column essay in *Le Figaro* (Paris). Balzac, he says, has remained an enigma all these years and decades, and his correspondence, his "true memoirs," might have been expected to clear up the mystery; instead, the problem is more obscure and difficult than ever, for the letters have raised new difficulties.

In regard to the general Balzac mystery, Bourget writes:

"The man remained a profound enigma to his contemporaries, as the contradictory estimates of Sainte-Beuve, Sand, Gautier, Gavarni, Lamartine and others testify. His work, too, by its enormity and its abundance, augments this impression of mystery. Where, when, how could this slave of 'copy,' who erected his 'Human Comedy' in eighteen years, make any observations? When did he find leisure to live? What became of reality in passing through the brain of one who was always undergoing the pains of production?"

The particular enigma of Balzac's life, as emphasized by the letters and M. de Lovenjoul's book, "Un Roman d'Amour," a study of the Hanska-Balzac affair, is explained at great length by Bourget.

Balzac's letters to Countess Hanska, he remarks, are full of lyrical outbursts, of evidence of suffering, ardor, sincerity, passionate yearning. It is impossible to doubt that the writer of such glowing love-letters was deeply in love with the woman to whom they were addressed. For eighteen years Balzac carried on this passionate correspondence, and was personified devotion and nobility and fidelity to the countess. But from other letters, written to his sister at the same time, we learn that Balzac not only had all sorts of amorous adventures, flirtations and serious "affairs"



A CHRISTMAS SCENE NEAR NEWARK, OHIO

(By Clarence White.)

Clarence White's earliest photographic work was done as an amateur. His latest pictures give him a prominent place in world-photography. "The play of light and shade in his work," says a writer in *The Craftsman*, "is at times suggestive of the depth and richness of a Rembrandt, and again as misty and delicate as a Corot."

with women of every class and degree, but that he boasted of his "conquests," spoke of them cynically, joked about them; what is more, he spoke of Madame Hanska in these letters in anything but a worshipful tone—flippant and gaily, and compared her to a flighty, capricious heroine of a novel audacious in its libertinism. Now what would one say if evidence of the same sort against Madame Hanska had been found—if it had been shown that her overmastering, profound love for Balzac was a sham, and that in reality her morals and manners were of the loosest? The answer is obvious. But, if Balzac was untruthful and insincere in his "romance" of eighteen years' duration, if his burning words were without meaning, without sincerity, what are we to think of *his* character and his conduct? It seems that Zola, an intense, ardent disciple of Balzac, had a suspicion that the famous romance had a "comic element" in it. When the literary world talked about its tragic side, Zola smilingly said that the "comedy" was yet to be revealed. What did that imply? asks Bourget. Must we lose our respect for Balzac the man and declare him a preacher, poseur and deceiver?

No, answers Bourget. There is, he says, a psychological explanation of the enigma which does not impugn Balzac's sincerity. There was a comedy in the romance, but not an intentional one, not a dishonest one. Balzac was sincere in every line he wrote—only he imagined things instead of really living them.

Balzac was too lucid a thinker, declares Bourget, too strong intellectually, to be classed with the degenerates. But normal he was not. He has himself left us ample testimony to the effect that his power of imagination attained a singular, a "monstrous" degree, analogous to that state of ecstasy that we find in certain visionaries like Swedenborg. He repeatedly spoke of the displacement of his personality. He identified himself with his characters; he

suffered with them; he experienced "intoxication of his moral faculties." His soul passed into the souls of imaginary beings; he was often like a man dreaming in his waking hours. Reality disappeared for him, and fiction became reality. Once, when a friend was telling him of family sorrows, he said, "Oh, let us return to reality. Who is to marry Eugénie Grandet [one of his heroines]." He *saw* the dramas he was imagining, like a man possessed, hypnotized.

Now what could happen to such a man, continues the French analyst, when he re-entered into his own existence? Was he likely to be matter-of-fact, absolutely cool, accurate? Clearly not. No; he was certain to deceive himself about himself. He was a victim of what Prof. Dupré has called *mythomania*. The



"THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE"—AN ALLEY-WAY OFF
AN EDINBURGH STREET
(By Alvin Langdon Coburn.)

Mr. Coburn is the youngest of a group of Americans who are doing wonders with the photographic medium. Bernard Shaw pronounces him "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living."

mythomaniac has a tendency, more or less voluntarily and consciously, to create fictions and fables out of his own words, thoughts, actions. There are, science tells us, degrees of mythomania, ranging from slight alteration of truth to systematic fraud and self-deception, to complete self-mystification.

Incontestably sincere as Balzac was in his romance with Madame Hanska, it is yet probable, thinks Bourget, that he, by the force of habit, created for himself a different Madame Hanska from the real one he accidentally encountered. He obliterated certain of her traits, imagined others, believed in these in spite of himself, and in the same way recreated his own personality in relation to the imaginary Madame Hanska. He idealized her and himself. He wrote to her as the mythical Balzac would have written. He and she lived an unreal life. When she showed herself egotistic, indifferent, cold; when she made him follow her from one end of Europe to another, neg-

lect his work, gratify her whims; when she postponed their union again and again, without apparent cause, he submitted without demur, for he had ever before him another Madame Hanska. The real one he did not know.

In short, concludes the French writer, this romance reveals to us one of the most tragic spectacles of the mind—that of a great man who was the victim of his own strange mental faculties. In his literary life, he demanded too much of his faculties, and died from these excessive self-exactions; in his emotional life, like Midas of old, his singular mental faculties caused ordinary bread to change to gold. But one cannot live on gold, one needs bread for daily existence, and, who knows? Perhaps Balzac died from lack of bread, as the result of the destruction of a sentimental image that had been the inspiration of his life for eighteen years, the marriage having awakened him to a real knowledge of the woman of his imagination.

WHY "HANS BREITMANN" HAS BECOME A CLASSIC



It is safe to say that no American poem—not the "John P. Robinson, he," of Lowell's satire, nor the "Excelsior" of Longfellow's model youth, nor the comic "Heathen Chinese" of Bret Harte—has ever attained the world-wide popularity achieved by that immortal ballad of Charles Godfrey Leland's, beginning:

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Where ish dot barty now?

And yet, remarks Mr. Leland's niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in a newly published biography,* no lines were ever less premeditated, ever more wholly the result of chance. She goes on to give the origin of the ballad in her uncle's own words: "While editing *Graham's Magazine* [in Philadelphia, in 1856], I had one day a space to fill. In a hurry I knocked off 'Hans Breitmann's Barty.' I gave it no thought whatever. . . . I never expected that anyone would notice it." This derogatory tone characterized Mr. Leland's attitude toward the "Ballads" until the end of his life. Despite the fame that they brought him, he could never quite persuade himself to take them seriously. Like Lewis Carroll, who depreciated his "Alice in Wonderland" in the in-

terest of certain works on the higher mathematics, Mr. Leland confessed himself "highly pained" when people who knew nothing of his books on Industrial Art, Language and Tradition, treated him as "merely Hans Breitmann." In the light of our later knowledge, however, it can be prophesied with a confidence that amounts to certainty that "Hans Breitmann's Ballads"—a book which James Russell Lowell once said had added "a new chord to the lyre of humor"—will outlive all Mr. Leland's studies in Gipsy and Indian lore, witchcraft, psychology, and the mysteries of sex.

The case of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" was that of a man building better than he knew; and in an interesting account of the history of the poems, to which she brings some hitherto unpublished data, Mrs. Pennell endeavors to distinguish the qualities that contributed to their enduring success. She writes:

"I have heard it said that the 'younger generation' does not read the 'Breitmann Ballads.' But, for all that, Breitmann has in him the stuff that endures, the stuff that ensured his success from the start, tho to us, looking back, the moment of his appearance seems one when Americans could have had least time or inclination to try what Dr. Holmes described as the 'Breitmann cure.' For the first Ballad was written in 1856, the first complete collection was published in 1870. Therefore, the earliest and gayest verses cover the

*CHARLES GODFREY LE LAND: A BIOGRAPHY. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

period when the national self-consciousness, always alert, had reached its most acute stage, when the country was engrossed in its own affairs as it had never been before, as, pray Heaven, it may never be again. Hans Breitmann reflected nothing American, he satirized nothing American. Anything more unlike that long, thin, lank, nervous, almost ascetic Uncle Sam America has evolved as its national type, could not well be imagined. . . . No figure could have been more unlooked for in American literature."

It was because Hans Breitmann transcended national boundaries and took on the guise of the universal that he has become a permanent figure in literature. The story of this "German with his head in the heavens of philosophy and his feet in the ditch of necessity, spouting pure reason over his beer-mug, dropping the tears of sentiment on his sausage and sauerkraut," was the parable of Leland's own life at a time when the practical necessities of journalism held him from his heart's desire. It is also the parable of many other lives than Leland's. "Like all popular types," says Mrs. Pennell, "from Macchus, through the innumerable Pulcinellos and Pierrots, Harlequins and Pantaloons of centuries, Breitmann had in him the elements of human nature. Broad caricature there might be; never was there a popular type without it. But he was a man, and a very real man—if with an unusual thirst and 'the heroic manner.' He lived in the 'Ballads'; that is why the 'Ballads' have lived." To quote further:

"Had the 'Ballads,' like the 'Biglow Papers,' been intended to convey a moral satire or preach a patriotic sermon, Breitmann would have been intolerable to Americans; they could not have stood the cynical indifference with which he drank and rioted his way through scenes and events so little of a laughing matter to them. But the beauty of Breitmann was, that he was not an American. They could laugh at him, to relieve the strain, without the shadow of reproach—could watch him play his part in the great national drama, and still laugh—the laughter which blends with tears. Besides, in no native adventurer would there have been the mixture of philosophy and sentiment, beer, music and romance, that made it possible for one American in particular, with his German training and traditions, to laugh a little at himself as he laughed with Breitmann. The native adventurer would have left sentiment at home when he went looting; he could not have drunk his beer to the murmur of metaphysics, nor searched for contraband whisky to the symphonies of Beethoven, nor played the game of politics on the romantic stage. He might, I do not deny, have got 'troonk ash bigs' at his own or any other man's barty. But only the German could have moralized at the end of the orgy,—

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dot barty now?



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Whose "Breitmann Ballads," Lowell once said, have added
"a new chord to the lyre of humor."

Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Only those familiar with German philosophy and literature, says Mrs. Pennell, can appreciate the learning crammed by Mr. Leland into what, to the casual reader, seems mere "comic verse"; and "tho Breitmann's creator thought little of him, other people, fortunately, began to think a great deal." When he achieved the dignity of publication in book form, "he took the world by storm. His success was immediate and enormous." The "Ballads" went into edition after edition in America and England, and were read and discussed all over Europe. "Breitmann had the secret of perennial youth," we are told, "and he was a true cosmopolite. That was why Mr. Leland could send his hero everywhere he went himself without risk of repetition, why Breitmann retained his freshness in every fresh adventure found for him, whether it was in singing a Gipsy song, in going back to the Munich and Paris of 1848, or in starting on new travels through Belgium and Holland, down the Rhine, to Rome."

As late as 1894, Mr. Leland wrote a book on Hans Breitmann in the Tyrol, but it was in prose, and "somehow," remarks Mrs. Pennell, "does not give the same impression of reckless enjoyment." She says, in concluding:

"Breitmann even had an eye to affairs in South Africa. For the Rye [Mr. Leland], a very old man in Florence when the Boer War broke out, in looking back to his many years in England, remembered only the pleasure they had brought

him, and, as his special envoy, sent Breitmann there, with a word of sympathy that not many other Americans I know could have offered with him. These verses were published in 'Flaxius' (1903), a book brought out a few months before his death. There they were called 'Breitmann's Last Ballad,' and they really were. Breitmann has passed through his last adventure, through his last debauch of beer and pure reason. But he still lives, and he will live as long as the American retains his sense of humor, which will be as long as America is—America."

THE LETTER AS A FORM OF LITERATURE, AND ITS FUTURE



EGRET has often been expressed at the decline and virtual disappearance of "the art of letter writing."

Who, it is asked, now writes literary, graceful and polished letters? Who writes in the manner of Madame Savigny and the other famous French letter-writers? Who takes the trouble to write letters that a later age might study as significant, impressionistic, spontaneous "human documents"? It is generally concluded that the newspaper, the quick mail, the telegraph and telephone, the fast trains—the whole trend of our strenuous and mechanical civilization—inevitably put an end to the letter-writer's occupation.

A French author, M. Roustan, has written a book, however, to disprove this conclusion and to predict a revival of the art of letter-writing. His book is entitled "La Lettre Evolution du Genre," and in its pages he discusses every aspect, historical and other, of the questions indicated.

Originally, he says, the letter as a literary species encountered little recognition. Pedants thought that its freedom and its unpretentiousness robbed the letter of literary importance. But owing to great talents and gifts which certain letter writers manifested, this hostile view had to be abandoned. Not to speak of Pliny, Cicero and the days of the Roman Empire, letter writing acquired a high literary rank in the France of the seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries; and it is admitted that the productions in that form are of great value to every historian of French culture, politics and society.

But the extraordinary development of printing in the nineteenth century lessened the significance of the letter. The question now is whether the correspondence of that century, and of our own, will have any interest and value to future readers and students. Is there still some place in literature for the letter; can

it, under modern conditions, retain some distinction and charm as literature?

M. Roustan positively answers that the letter is still a significant literary form, and that it will enter upon a new career of usefulness. It will undergo a change and adapt itself to the new material conditions, but it will remain.

For example, letters avoid more and more mere matters of news. This has become the property of the daily press, and there is no inclination to write idly about such matters. Again, war, diplomacy, politics, claim less and less space, and for the same reason. But no possible development of reporting and news-gathering will do away with or replace that exchange of thoughts and sentiments the need of which is felt by all men who are spiritually kin. The letters of exceptional men will always command interest as the reflection of peculiar and rare psychological moods.

Indeed, it may be asserted that the modern conditions of life and communication, far from having injured the letter *genre* of literature, have rendered it a real service. The telegraph and telephone have emancipated letters from routine and prosaic matters of detail and business. A message of a few words, a telephone conversation, settles a mere formal affair. A letter will be written when "the spirit moves," when there is something serious and intimate to be said. We travel more, we observe more, we have a greater variety of impressions and ideas; therefore we should have more material for interesting correspondence. But we demand that such correspondence should be sincere, entirely unaffected, natural. Stilted and formal styles are out of fashion; writers of private letters must not consciously try to be "literary"; they should be true to themselves and express their inmost thoughts and emotions. When this is done, letters are intrinsically valuable as literature, biography and psychology.

Music and the Drama

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH



F it is true that in the verdict of foreign critics can be read the judgment of posterity, the outlook for the American theater is rather discouraging. Ludwig Fulda, the celebrated German dramatist, tells us in his recently published American impressions (*Vienna Freie Press*) that, culturally, at least, we are still colonial. A new Columbus, he says, must yet discover this continent for art. He continues:

"The American drama still stands on a pretty low level. Gorgeous scenery and always elaborate, often excellent, acting furnish a splendid frame for an inferior picture. Altho America has produced so far no real dramatist, productions of domestic playwrights prevail. The chief function of the latter consists in writing light burlesques and conversation-comedies, and in supplying popular favorites with grateful rôles in melodramas and spectacular shows. The prudery of the American public excludes the whole field of erotic problems, and psychology, too, is wholly barred from the boards. What adultery is in French comedy, namely, the quintessence of the drama, that the revolver becomes in the hands of the American playwright. Our nervous ladies who shiver at the thought of a shot being fired on the stage would faint at the very sight of the gigantic posters which preferably depict climacteric moments of the theatrical murder scenes. Now and then Shakespeare is played, but he is nowhere cultivated systematically. The other great masters of the world's literature are totally unknown to the American stage and its blissful ignorance of the work of modern European countries is almost equally marked."

Dr. Fulda seems to have little hope that any reforms will be initiated by the theatrical trust that forced Sarah Bernhardt to play in a tent for want of a play-house, and concludes with the hope that the projected National Theater in New York may, at last, give us a drama in which "the blood of American life will pulsate, without, however, dripping from the ceiling."

While Dr. Fulda's criticism is suggestive, an actual survey of the dramatic conditions in this country induces more optimistic reflections. Forbes Robertson's production of Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (New York) and Mansfield's appearance in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" (Chicago), Viola Allen's impersonation of Imogen in "Cymbeline" (New York), the Philadelphia success of Sothorn and Marlowe in a poetic play by a young American poet,

Percy Mackaye, and Mercedes Leigh's presentation of "Salome," at a special matinée in a Broadway theater, seem to take some of the edge from our German critic's remarks. It is announced, moreover, that Mr. Sothorn has underscored for production before the end of this season several poetic dramas from the pens of Mackaye, Henry Wolcott Boynton and William Vaughn Moody. This fact makes pertinent Henry Tyrrell's observation, in *The Theatre Magazine*, that "to-day, simultaneously with the rise of Stephen Phillips in England, the younger disciples of acted poetic drama in America begin to emerge." The success of Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" proves that the American public, in large cities, at least, are no longer afraid of bold treatment of sex-problems, while the failure of Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth" is attributed by the critics not to a lack of interest in its psychology, but to its ineffectiveness as a play.

Forbes Robertson's production of Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, is pronounced by the critics a triumph for both the actor-manager and the playwright.

However, opinion seems to be divided as to whether Shaw's historical play should be treated as serious drama, or as merely an exceedingly clever *tour de force*. *The Evening Post* is inclined to take the latter view. It says:

"With a characteristic contempt for everybody's intelligence but his own, Mr. Shaw, in a program note, warns readers, critics and playgoers not to suspect him of trifling with fact until they have familiarized themselves with the chief ancient authorities on his subject. This, of course, may beguile a few of the very innocent, with its intimation of vast research and conscientious purpose, but is just as much a part of the whole theatrical trick as all the rest of it. Even if corroborative evidence were forthcoming in support of every salient incident, it would not avail to give to the piece any real verisimilitude, so freakish is Mr. Shaw's imagination—nor would it be half so enjoyable if there were any obligations to regard it seriously. When Mr. Shaw is masquerading as a reformer or satirist, having some high moral or social purpose in view, his



THE MAN FOR WHOM "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" WAS WRITTEN

Mr. Forbes Robertson, who takes the part of Cæsar in Bernard Shaw's drama, regards his rôle not as a burlesque, but as an authentic interpretation of the character of this "Superman of the ancient world."

empty platitudinosity, his reckless generalizations, misrepresentations and falsifications, his manifold insincerities and impudence soon become tiresome

and then exasperating, in spite of any amount of witty sauce.

"But this 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' with its touches of pure fantasy here and there—as in the Sphinx scene—its flow of comic fancy, and its one scene of highly effective melodrama on the palace roof, in the third act (or what is really the fourth act), affords genuine entertainment from beginning to end, not only for the thoughtless crowd, but for all those intelligent persons capable of appreciating caustic or witty humor, a lively and irreverent imagination and striking but unconventional stage 'methods.'"

Shaw, however, undoubtedly studied Mommsen and other historians very carefully before writing the play and presenting to the world what he regarded as the real Cæsar stripped of imperial glamor and romantic falsehood. In other words, he attempted to do for the drama what Mommsen had done for history. In this, however, *The Sun* avers, he fails. For, it says, where the German has transposed his hero into the apotheosis of the practical, Shaw has made his a leading man in burlesque. Shaw's "kittenish" Cleopatra, too, has little in common with the conventional "queen of Ethiope" known to poets. In fact, all his people, historical or otherwise, are extremely modern and Mr. Shaw receives no little praise for the admirable skill with which he contrives to make his ancient Romans and Egyptians discharge their diatribes much in his own peculiar manner without, however, exposing himself to the charge of anachronism.

One or two critics, among these "The Patron" in *Town Topics*, are inclined to take the play as a sincere exposition of the character of Cæsar. And Mr. Robertson, for whom the part was written, reinforces this impression. He says in an interview with a representative of the *New York Times* that "Cæsar and Cleopatra" does not strike him in any way as satire, tho there is much satire in it. The words that Shaw puts in Cæsar's mouth do not seem unnatural to Mr. Robertson when he delivers them. But the most remarkable comment on the play we find in a rhapsody by Alfred Kerr, a brilliant young German critic, in the *Neue Rundschau* (Berlin). To-day, he says, there no longer exists a savior monopoly. "Saviors in this age are widely distributed. Shaw is one of the most valuable. . . . On reading two new pages or scenes of Shaw's we realize that a liberator is at work laying the new foundations of society." Then, summarizing his impression of Shaw's Cæsar, Herr Kerr observes:

"Magnanimity and graciousness with him are partly due to a kind disposition. But fully one-half is craftiness. He magnanimously sets free

his prisoners; but only because to take care of them would be an expense. He permits the Egyptians to save their library; only to keep them away from the light-ship. He refuses to pursue his Roman opponents; it costs less time to conciliate them. He suffers the familiarity of his subordinates; only to see through them. He confers favors upon every man; only provided he is not a rival.

"His chief strength is work. Genius is assiduity. This also makes him strong; he cannot be disappointed. For Cæsar expects nothing that he may not expect. He looks upon the world from the very start, hopeless, cheerful. He does good without love . . . and kills without hate. He is kindly by nature, but he neither loves nor hates. (Only subordinates foam and rage; the subordinate of Cleopatra slays the subordinates of Ptolemy, to be slain in turn by the subordinate of Cæsar. . . .)

"The man is enveloped by sadness—not sentimentality. Without happiness and almost without sorrow he *sees* and *knows*. It is not care that hovers about him, but the reflection of care over which lies serene cheerfulness. He carries upon his shoulders the weight of a world . . . and sees life ebb away from him. He is prepared for daggers—but his loss of hair galls him. (A supreme poet has written this play—one who knows.) And once, in a moment when you would least expect it, this matter-of-fact man, with his superior ways, toys with the idea of going away into the unknown, far from the common road, to found a distant kingdom by the distant sources of the Nile. . . . But then the globe that he carries, drudging, upon shoulders turned away from life, might break down and roll somewhere into the night, who knows whither? And he . . . ? He would be sitting mythical (and redeemed) by the sources of the Nile. (A divine poet has written this play. . . .)

"He founds no distant kingdom. He departs only to be stabbed—this world-encircling schemer. (A truthful poet has written this play.)"

If "Cymbeline" were Shakespeare's only play, and "Cæsar and Cleopatra" the only work from the pen of Bernard Shaw, New York critics, at least,

CYMBELINE

would undoubtedly admit the justice of the cartoon which we reprint from *Punch*, representing the brilliant Irishman mildly patronizing England's "Other Playwright." For, when Shakespeare's most unplayable drama was given for the first time after ten years at the Astor Theater, New York, the same New York press that only lately applauded the cleverness of Mr. Shaw, expressed its disgust with the "weary length of 'Cymbeline,'" that "laggard among modern plays." Unequivocal and unstinted praise was, however, given to Viola Allen for her impersonation of that loveliest of Shakespeare's characters—Imogen. In the opinion of *The World*, it was her potent charm and infinite graces of youth that provided the happy bal-



A "KITTENISH" CLEOPATRA

Gertrude Elliott's impersonation of Cleopatra, in Bernard Shaw's play, has little in common with the usual poetic conceptions of the Egyptian Queen.

ance in a production which must otherwise have taxed the patience of a most long-suffering audience. *The Evening Post* says that the performance was, at times, very flat and tedious, but throws the blame on Miss Allen's fellow players. It concedes, on the other hand, that "Cymbeline" is not entitled to particular reverence as a drama. "The story which it tells is curious, clumsy, involved and incredible, and, besides being laden with barbarous details, is so long that it is impossible to play it under modern conditions without abridgment, even if it were desirable to do so." *The Times*, however, remarks that any performance of "Cymbeline" would be worth seeing, if only because of the infrequency of the play's presentation on the stage. But, it continues, when to the opportunity of viewing the unfamiliar material is added the charm of such an Imogen, the occasion becomes really noteworthy. To quote further:

"Miss Allen has long enjoyed the reputation of being an essentially womanly actress, and as Imogen is essentially a womanly woman—an ideal of womanliness in fact—it might have been as-



Courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*

A NEW EXPONENT OF THE POETIC DRAMA IN AMERICA

Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," recently produced by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Philadelphia, is pronounced "the worthiest, most human, and most interesting of the various stage histories of La Pucelle."

sumed at the outset that the rôle would prove a sympathetic one for her.

"But Miss Allen's previous achievements, in many cases most worthy, have hardly led one to expect quite so much of refined sensibility and expressive sympathy as she here displays. One may set the fact down promptly, then, that in this exquisite and appealing rôle the actress is revealing the ripe and mellow fruit of her years of study and experience, and that she brings to her task an intellectual appreciation of its requirements, combined with a variety of utterance considerably beyond anything she has previously disclosed."

Mansfield's production of Ibsen's fantastic drama, "Peer Gynt" (Grand Opera House, Chicago), is hailed by the Chicago critics as a dramatic event of the first order. This Norwegian version of "Faust" seemed unactable even to the author when it was first written. Nevertheless, he asked the celebrated composer Grieg to set it to music. The play was subsequently given

in European theaters with a fair measure of success, and Mr. Mansfield's presentation, or at least the first half of it, is pronounced "an unqualified delight." The second part, it seems, is much less dramatic and, in the opinion of the critics, the ultimate influence of "Peer Gynt" in the American theater will depend much on the measure of Mr. Mansfield's success in knitting the straying strands of the latter half of the play. The English rendering is Mr. Archer's, who will probably have a voice in the matter.

While the value of the play as such is variously estimated, there is but one opinion as to Mr. Mansfield's masterful interpretation of the part of Peer Gynt. James O'Donnell Bennett (of *The Record-Herald*) pays a glowing tribute to the actor-manager. As Peer, he says, Mr. Mansfield denotes his mastery of the art of acting and his powers of poetic interpretation in a manner so brilliant and profound that he has begun a new chapter in his career. The same critic goes on to say:

"The mere catalog of the exterior adornments he flings over the part is bewildering. He frolics; he presents a frozen epitome of the terrors of a credulous and ignorant mind confronting the spectral and the horrible; he utters the cry of love and yearning, grief and despair, and the glib, sardonic speech of comfortable materialism; he is vibrant with youth and the joy of living; he shakes with the palsy of broken age; he is by turns easy, nonchalant and bland, and by turns a hunted creature; he dances; he sings; he speaks German; he speaks French; he jokes and he cowers; he is poet and promoter; he pervades a play that is everything from 'Everyman' to 'Faust'—with a dash of Bernard Shaw—and he animates a figure that is as remote as medievalism and as contemporaneous as Dowie."

Peer, we learn from the same authority, is the symbol of fallible man, and is lifted above the level of the clods among whom he has dwelt in his remote mountain village solely by the enormous sweep of his imagination. But—this is the essence of his nature—these aspirations, these intoxicating raptures, take him nowhere. To quote again:

"He touches no moral heights. Riches, pleasure, the low bows of men, the absolute and perfect satisfaction of his basest self he does win and wring from the world. But self-discipline, self-knowledge, self-respect elude him always, because always he eluded them. And so at the last—shattered, sodden, querulous, very old and very feeble—he confronts death in the form of a Button Molder, and into the casting ladle of that inevitable one he must go to be reshaped, with the rest of the trumpery derelicts of humanity, into something definite, something that has meaning, something that has self in it because it shall not

be all selfishness. From the first, from the introductory utterance of the jocund ribaldry of Peer the youth in his twenties, this emblem of vaporous aspiration combats nothing. Feats of bravado he does rise to, but they only conduct him deeper into the maze of infamy, irresolution, compromise and surrender."

But the play does not end here. In the end this sick-willed Faust with a strain of Hamlet is redeemed by a woman.

There is much that is symbolic and difficult in "Peer Gynt," but it is not necessary to look for hidden meanings. The real import, says



VIOLA ALLEN AS IMOGEN

To the interpretation of this rôle Miss Allen is said to bring "an intellectual appreciation of its requirements, combined with a variety of utterance considerably beyond anything she has previously disclosed."



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF "JOHN BULL'S OTHER PLAYWRIGHT"

After certain hints by G. B. S.

—E. T. Reed in *Punch*.

Percy Hammond, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is always clear and uppermost:

"Peer Gynt, the lovable liar, the braggart, the unscrupulous man of the world, the weak self-worshiper and the victim thereof, and the broken old man reaching his haven when he finds himself at last in the true love of a true woman, is a human transcript, covering phase after phase of life, ending in the triumph of soul over self. 'Troll, to thyself be-enough,' says the Dovre king. 'To be oneself is to slay oneself,' says the button molder, Death. Self-immolation to be oneself is the fundamental sermon of 'Peer Gynt.'"

Mansfield's success, observes W. L. Hubbard in the *Chicago Tribune*, proves that the play was clear, vital and interesting to all who saw and heard. Mansfield's chief service, however, consists, in this critic's opinion, in the fact that he made plain to a good portion of the American public that Ibsen was something more than a dealer in social and pathological problems. He concludes:

"The man who could write the first half of 'Peer Gynt' had a kindly humanness, a sweet humor, and a charming fantasy in him which are far removed from the analytical corrective spirit made known in 'Ghosts,' 'Hedda Gabler,' 'A Doll's House,' and kindred problem plays. And to bring about this understanding of Ibsen is to do a worthy service for one of the great minds of the century and benefit the public through straightening its vision and giving it a correct point of view."

Percy Mackaye's poetic play, "Jeanne d'Arc" (Lyric Theater, Philadelphia), is pronounced a decided success. This success, we gather from *The Saturday Evening Post*, comes after a full portion of disap-

JEANNE
D'ARC

pointment on the part of the young playwright. His first play, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," was accepted by Mr. Sothern with enthusiasm on account of its humor and poetry; but after progressing almost to the point of production he found that his part, Chaucer, gave very few opportunities to the actor, consisting mainly of beautiful lines. Mackaye's next play, "The Scarecrow," was rejected by Sothern, twice considered and then refused by Mansfield, and finally accepted but never produced by Mr. Hackett. "Jeanne d'Arc," however, has not only been produced by Sothern and Julia Marlowe, but was issued simultaneously in book form by the Macmillans. The play, remarks *The North American*, may be classed as a literary one, but never as a drama for the closet. "There are actions with the words, and there are actors back of the action."

Philadelphia critics place Mr. Mackaye's treatment of that "good Joan whom Englishmen at Rouen doomed and burned her there" in point of truthfulness above Schiller's, and in point of justness above Shakespeare's, treatment of the subject. Says *The Bulletin*: "In variety of treatment and collective impressiveness, Percy Mackaye's drama is the worthiest, most human, and most interesting of the various stage histories of La Pucelle." It is not too much to say, remarks *The Inquirer*, that his treatment of the Maid of Orleans is at once the most convincing and sympathetic yet accorded to her by poet or dramatist. The same paper says further:

"Shakespeare in the first part of 'Henry the Sixth,' through his never-failing sense of justice, added just the barest touch of gentleness at the same time he paid tribute to her as a woman of unusual qualities, but it should be remembered that he wrote for an age still imbued with the spirit that led Froissart and the other chroniclers to dub her 'Limb of the Fiend,' 'A devilish witch and satanical enchantress,' and so on. Schiller, in representing her as a vengeful creature, falls short of giving a just estimate, and she has been equally misrepresented in other dramatic versions, among them that given by Fanny Davenport here nearly a decade ago. The present author's estimate is much like that of Michelet. Mr. Mackaye has made the skeleton of his drama the principal events in the Maid's life, from Domremy to Rouen, and covering it with an almost reverential appreciation of the woman, a bold, poetic imagination and a vigorous grasp of

dramatic effect has recreated a living Jeanne D'Arc."

The first production of Langdon Mitchell's satire-comedy, "The New York Idea," with Mrs. Fiske in the leading rôle, has drawn shouts of delight from Chicago critics. The author holds up to ridicule the

THE
NEW YORK
IDEA

quick-marriage and divorce habit. The New York idea, as reflected in the play and in the actions of the heroine, Mrs. Karlslake, seems to be epitomized in the statement, "Follow your whim and leave the rest to the man." Mrs. Fiske, it seems, admirably rendered the part of Mrs. Karlslake. James O'Donnell Bennett in *The Record-Herald* speaks of her acting as dazzling and bewildering, and continues: "She fluttered so wonderfully and constantly from smiles to glances that fell from eyes wet with tears that the people didn't know whether to laugh or cry with her." The dramatist, too, receives a full measure of praise. Mr. Bennett says of him:

"Mr. Mitchell has written an audacious composite of farce, idyl, high comedy and tragedy. All the elements are more or less veiled. Pathos springs from laughter and reverts to it in the twinkling of Mrs. Fiske's eyes. And always Mr. Mitchell's play is clever—almost uncannily, crazily clever. Half the time you are doubtful whether he is laughing at life or about to cry over the botch people so often in these feverish times make of life. He is now bizarre, now bitter, now sorry, now grave and sweet. Then he smiles and passes on, and with him his characters pass on—along the crazy highway of modern American life. Call it a farce he has written, a defiant farce, with a melodramatic interlude of 'No wedding bells for her.' Well, so, perhaps, it is, sometimes. But at its most farcical it is a farce done on silk with beautifully illuminated letters—and little fantastic fireflies and strange butterflies and pretty gewgaws strewn all over the pages."

Mr. Hubbard remarks in *The Tribune* that not even in Shaw's comedies is to be found greater and more constant wit. Moreover, we are told, Mr. Mitchell has the better of the clever Britisher in that his wit is invariably good-natured. Even more glowing is Mr. Hammond's account in *The Evening Post*. He says:

"At the risk of being over-enthusiastic, we propose to declare in the horsey language of 'The New York Idea' that Mr. Langdon Mitchell in his merry comedy of that name romps away from Mr. Clyde Fitch in shining small talk and the satire of society, breezes past Mr. Augustus Thomas in creating atmosphere of the same environment, is closely bunched with Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the perfection of play construction, and is in a fair way to gallop home with the season's first money."



NEW YORK'S MONUMENT TO VERDI

Erected by popular subscription of Italians living in New York. It is the work of Pasquale Civiletti.



THE VERDI STATUE IN TRIESTE

Unveiled recently in the presence of a vast concourse. The sculptor is Signor Alexander Lafcret, of Milan.

THE ENDURING INFLUENCE OF VERDI

ALTHO Giuseppe Verdi, the world-famous composer of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "Aida," died in 1901, subsequent years have only added to his reputation. A few months ago, Austria signally honored his memory by unveiling a statue in Trieste. Now America has followed suit by erecting a splendid monument, of purest Carrara marble, in New York. The New York *Sun* speaks of this latter tribute as most fitting, and comments further:

"For half a century the music of the great Italian composer has delighted Americans. Even today, despite the production of operas by the younger generation of Italian musicians, the works of Verdi are the backbone of the immense popularity of Italian opera in this city. Those who look beneath the surface discern in Verdi's operas all the elements which combine to make interesting and vital the creations of such writers as Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni.

"There has been no other such towering figure

as Verdi in the recent history of Italian music. To find one like him the music-lover must go back to Palestrina, Corelli, Lotti and the Scarlattis. Even Rossini's theatrical brilliancy pales before the refulgence of Verdi's flaming passion, his captivating melody and his dramatic sincerity. His best works hold the stage and delight all audiences. He has conquered America as he has conquered Germany.

"Not the least striking feature of Verdi's career was his majestic advance in keeping with the progress of modern music. He abandoned his old manner and revolutionized Italian opera when he wrote 'Aida,' but he went still further toward the untrammelled music drama of to-day when he composed his noble 'Otello.' Finally, in his extreme old age, at a time when he might well have been contented to rest on his laurels, he wrote his astonishing 'Falstaff,' a comic opera of which Mozart himself would have been proud and which will undoubtedly hold a permanent place as a classic of lyric art.

"One of the loftiest figures in music, Verdi was also distinguished as a patriot, a philanthropist and a man of pure and simple life. Americans will be glad that the composer's countrymen



THE NEW CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck comes to us from Berlin, where he has been associated with Richard Strauss in the direction of the Royal Opera.

have set up in New York a lasting memorial of this illustrious tone poet."

A third tribute to the great composer has not been so widely heralded, but is, perhaps, even more significant than the two mentioned. It took the form of a demonstration in Roncole, the little Italian town where Verdi was born, and it was distinguished by unusual features. A procession of peasants, with the parish priest at their head, marched to the humble dwelling in which their distinguished fellow-townsmen first saw the light. At a signal from the priest they kneeled reverently, and, after prayers had been said, unveiled a tablet recording the gratitude of the "poor of the village." The tablet was paid for by the fifty poor families whom Verdi remembered in his will.

Verdi wrote twenty-seven operas. There stand to his credit besides: a few romances and songs; two odes, one composed for a great exhibition in 1862; one quartet; and the famous Mazzoni Requiem.

"When all this present rhapsodical, turgid, over-sensitized and hectic work in music," predicts the editor of *The Musical Courier*, "has passed through its time, which is the present only, the powerful lyric and dramatic music of the constructive genius of Verdi will appear greater than ever."

THE VISIT OF LEONCAVALLO



HE first of a series of eminent foreign composers to visit our shores this winter has been Ruggiero Leoncavallo. In his own country he shares the honors of musical leadership with Mascagni and Puccini; in America he is well known, by reason of the enormous success of his opera, "I Pagliacci." He is accompanied on his present tour by singers and an orchestra from the leading Italian opera-house, La Scala, in Milan, and is giving concert excerpts from his operas in many of our cities. While the technical side of his concerts has been severely criticized, the composer himself is everywhere being greeted with the respect and recognition due to a "master" of acknowledged genius.

Leoncavallo is described as an Italian of Italians, and the distinguishing characteristic of his music is its pure melody. But he is an Italian of the modern spirit, standing as a

link between two generations. As *The Musical Courier* (New York) puts it:

"'I Pagliacci' was one of the dominating factors which accomplished the recent revolution in Italian opera, and gave it new life by seeking to combine the ancient heritage of melody left by Verdi, Donizetti and Rossini, with the modern orchestral and dramatic reforms of Wagner and his followers. Leoncavallo was not a mere imitator, however, and while he was intelligent enough to adopt the manner of the Neo-Germans, he was original enough to break away from their subject matter and to strike out boldly in a direction of his own. Speaking birds, megaphonic dragons, flying horses, and mystical, mythological and zoological figures of the distant past did not appeal to Leoncavallo as the best texts around which to write the full-blooded, richly-corpuscled music with which he felt himself inspired. He looked into the life around him, and found there the material he sought. 'Where there are human beings there is drama,' said Leoncavallo; 'and why not write the story and the speech of the persons around me, the ones I know and have met in the flesh, with whose thoughts, and motives, and feel-

ings, and hopes, and ideals I am most familiar?" That is in the main what Leoncavallo did, and his success is now a matter of musical history."

"I Pagliacci" is the reflection of an incident in Leoncavallo's own life. While still a child, under the care of a peasant named Silvio, he was the unwilling participant in a tragedy that left indelible impress on his imagination, and in later years suggested the motive for an opera. To the city in which he was living with his guardian came a traveling circus troupe, led by one Canio, and his beautiful wife, Nedda. Silvio became involved in an *amour* with Nedda, and the two were one day surprized by the husband, who, in his rage, killed them both. The boy Leoncavallo was a witness of the murder, and never forgot the cry of the outraged husband:

"Are we actors not human—like you?

Have we not our loves, our passions, our sorrows?"

These lines, it will be remembered, were afterward incorporated in the opera with intense dramatic effect.

The most famous of Leoncavallo's operas, after "I Pagliacci," is probably "Roland of Berlin." It was written and first presented under the patronage of the German Emperor, who showed his disapproval of the "morbid" tendencies of Richard Strauss and his school by entrusting a German theme to an Italian composer. "Roland of Berlin" was produced on a magnificent scale, but has never been regarded as a great success. It lacks the poetry and passion of Leoncavallo's earlier work, and is said to show signs of having been "made to order."

Leoncavallo's other operas include "Chat-



LEONCAVALLO

The eminent Italian composer, who is now conducting concerts of his own music in this country.

terton," an adaptation of Alfred de Vigny's drama; "Zaza," based on the well-known play by Berton and Simon; and "I Medici," the first part of a projected trilogy dealing with the history of the Renaissance in Italy. Of these the most popular is "Zaza," which has been warmly received not only in Italy, but also in Germany, France and Holland.

SIR HENRY IRVING AND HIS KINGLY CIRCLE

DURING the heyday of his dramatic career in London, Sir Henry Irving was king in his own domain, and established a truly regal court in the Lyceum Theater. Never before in the history of the stage, it may safely be said, have actor and theater played so important a part in national life; and the account of this brilliant period, given by Mr. Bram Stoker, for thirty years Irving's manager and confidential friend, in a newly published book of "Reminiscences,"*

recalls the pomp and splendor of the Roman Emperors.

Sir Henry used to meet his friends after the evening performances, sometimes in a little dining-room at the back of the theater; at other times, when the company was larger, on the floor of the stage. Royalty, it seems, was frequently welcomed to these dinner-parties. Says Mr. Stoker:

"The Prince of Wales dined there in a party of fifty on May 7, 1883. The table was a round one, and in the center was a glorious mass of yellow flowers with sufficient green leaves to add to its

*PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HENRY IRVING. By Bram Stoker. The Macmillan Company.

beauty. This bouquet was thirty feet across, and was in the center only nine inches in height, so that it allowed an uninterrupted view all round the table. On this, as on other occasions, there was overhead a great tent-roof covering the entire stage. Through this hung chandeliers. On three sides were great curtains of crimson plush and painted satin, ordinarily used for tableaux curtains; and on the proscenium side a forest of high palms and flowers, behind which a fine quartet band played soft music.

"One charming night the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary and their three sons and Princess May Victoria, whose birthday it was, came to supper. In honor of the occasion the whole decorations of room and table were of pink and white May, with the birthday cake to suit. Before the princess was an exquisite little set of Shakespeare, specially bound in white vellum by Zaehnsdorf, with markers of blush-rose silk."

A list of the names of those who, at one time or another, partook of Irving's hospitality would form an index to the most gifted and famous personalities of our age. Sir Henry was the intimate friend of Tennyson and Robert Browning. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour came to visit him behind the scenes. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, co-operated with him in his stage productions. At his banqueting board sat admirals and generals, ambassadors and potentates. His sympathies were broad enough to include peers and nihilists. The Duke of Devonshire and Sergius Stepniak were united in their admiration for his genius. Gounod, Liszt, Paderewski, Sarasate, Adelina Patti, felt honored to be his guests. Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse graced his table. Whistler and Sargent, James Russell Lowell and Henry Ward Beecher, "Buffalo Bill" and H. M. Stanley, accepted his invitations.

Irving never knew how many personal friends he had, says Mr. Stoker, "for all who ever met him claimed acquaintance for evermore—and always to his great delight." Mr. Stoker goes on to expatiate on the inconveniences, as well as the privileges, of entertaining so vast a circle of friends:

"In the late 'eighties,' when Irving took a house with an enormous garden in Brook Green, Hammersmith, he had the house rebuilt and beautifully furnished; but he never lived in it. However, in the summer he thought it would be a good opportunity of giving a garden-party at which he might see all his friends together. He explained to me what he would like to do:

"I want to see all my friends at once; and I wish to have it so arranged that there shall be no one left out. I hope my friends will bring their young people who would like to come. Perhaps you may remember our friends better than I do; would you mind making out a list for me—so that we can send the invitations. Of course I should like to ask a few of our Lyceum audience

who come much to the theater. Some of them I know, but there are others from whom I have received endless courtesies, and I want them to see that I look on them as friends.'

"I set to work on a list, and two days afterwards in the office he said to me:

"What about that list? We ought to be getting on with the invitations.'

"No use,' I said, 'You can't give that party—not as you wish it!'

"Why not?' he asked amazed; he never liked to hear that anything he wished could not be done. I held up the sheets I had been working at.

"Here is the answer,' I said. 'There are too many!'

"Oh, nonsense, my dear fellow. You forget it is a huge garden.' I shook my head.

"The other is huger. I am not half through yet, and they total up already over five thousand!'

"And so that party never came off."

Irving's social power, we learn further, lay not merely in his hospitality. By reason of his almost kingly prominence he was constantly in demand for all sorts of public and semi-public functions, such as unveiling monuments, laying foundation stones, opening bazaars, libraries and theaters. To quote again:

"The public banquets to him have been many. The entertainments in his honor by clubs and other organizations were multitudinous.

"And wherever he went on any such occasion, whatever space there was—were it even in an open square or street—was crowded to the last point.

"This very popularity entailed much work, both in preparation and execution, for he had always to make a speech. With him a speech meant writing it and having it printed so that he could read it—though he never appeared to do so.

"All this opened many new ways for his successes in his art, and so aided in the growth of its honor. For instance, he was the first actor asked to speak at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy; thus through him a new toast was added to the restricted list of that very conservative body.

"The 'First Night' gatherings on the stage of the Lyceum, after the play, became almost historic. . . . There were similar gatherings of a certain national, and even international, importance; such as when the members of the Colonial Conferences came *en masse*; when the Conference of Librarians attended the theater; when ships of war of foreign nations sent glad contingents to the theater; when the Guests of the Nation were made welcome."

Irving's last reception at the Lyceum took place on a July evening four years ago, in connection with King Edward's coronation festivities. After the play, the body of the auditorium was rapidly cleared. The stage was hung with imperial purple. Fairy lights and floral decorations soon transformed the interior into an enchanted garden. Two "set pieces" of dazzling brilliancy—a great Union Jack, composed of thousands of colored lights,

and a resplendent crown—were put in place. And then the guests began to troop in.

"They were from every part of the world and of every race under the sun. In type and color they would have illustrated a discourse on ethnology or craniology. Some were from the center of wildest Africa, not long come under the dominion of Britain. . . .

"The premiers of all the great colonies were present, and a host of lesser representatives of King Edward's dominions. Also a vast number of peers and peeresses and other representatives of the nation—statesmen, ecclesiastics, soldiers, authors, artists, men of science and commerce.

"The most gorgeous of all the guests were the Indian princes. Each was dressed in the fullest dress of his nationality, state and creed. The amount of jewels they wore, cut and uncut, was perfectly astonishing. . . .

"When one entered at the back of the stage, the *coup d'ail* was magnificent. The place looked of vast size; the many lights and the red lights of

the tiers making for infinite distance as they gleamed through the banks of foliage. The great crown and Union Jack seemed to flame over all; the moving mass of men and women, nearly all the men in gorgeous raiment, in uniform or court dress, the women all brilliantly dressed and flashing with gems; with here and there many of the Ranees and others of various nationalities in their beautiful robes. Everywhere ribbons and orders, each of which meant some lofty distinction of some kind. Everywhere a sense of the unity and glory of the Empire. Dominating it all, as though it was floating on light and sound and form and color; the thrilling sense that there, in all its bewildering myriad beauty, was the spirit mastering the heart-beat of that great Empire on which the sun never sets.

"That night was the swan-song of the old Lyceum, and was a fitting one; for such a wonderful spectacle none of our generation shall ever see again. As a function it crowned Irving's reign as Master and Host.

"Two weeks later the old Lyceum, as a dramatic theater, closed its doors—forever."

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S ADVICE TO STAGE ASPIRANTS

FOR the guidance of unnumbered girls who crowd her letter-box with pathetically eager little notes asking, "What shall I do to get on the stage?", Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known actress, offers the following word of counsel: "Nothing counts but the dramatic instinct." If a girl has that instinct, she will succeed; if she does not have it, she will fail. In the meanwhile, "there are innumerable emotions to confuse with that great primal requisite. The love of excitement, the youthful spirit of adventure, the desire for applause, for flattery; all these have convinced many a young girl before her own dressing-table that she had the dramatic instinct, the dramatic genius, when she had nothing in the world but the ordinary gifts and impulses of girlhood."

The great majority of stage aspirants, Miss Barrymore states emphatically, have *not* dramatic instinct. Ninety-nine out of a hundred girls with theatrical ambitions "may expect Failure spelled with the largest capital in the type-setter's outfit." Even the hundredth, who has some talent and "gets her chance," is not to be envied. She is likely to know all the discouragements and hardships, without sharing in the privileges, of her profession. Hers are the small parts, the unimportant rôles.

But what of the woman of supreme talent, of genuine dramatic instinct—the one in a million? For such, Miss Barrymore admits,

the highest delights are in store. She writes (*Harper's Bazaar*, November):

"No one but a churl—in fact, no one at all—can fail to be pleased, flattered, touched to the heart by the spontaneous admiration of the public. To feel that people like one, smile when one smiles, grow teary when one weeps, give one their affection for no more cogent reason than because they cannot help it—which is the most cogent reason on earth, after all—is a delight. To escape from oneself every night, to thrill with the emotions, think the thoughts, play the games, use the words of another woman—to be another woman, interesting, plaintive, charming, tragic, witty, or whatever her creator has made her—is the fulness of joy. To feel the electric currents of sympathy play back and forth across the foot-lights is—well, it is an intoxication of pleasure.

"Of course, materially, the star is extremely well off. She can, if she has any business instinct whatever, easily become a rich woman. She earns, we will say, \$500 a week and a percentage of the box-office receipts. At that rate she need not be miserly to accumulate a tidy fortune in the course of a few successful years."

Miss Barrymore thinks that "there is no school of acting comparable to a company engaged in producing plays," and she has no patience with those who talk about the degrading associations of theatrical life. On this point she says:

"When I hear moans about the demoralizing influence of the stage, when I hear parents bewailing their daughter's ambition for a theatrical career on the ground that it does not offer a proper life for a well-bred woman, instead of on the often obvious ground that the daughter in question has no glimmer of talent, my brain refuses to follow.

The woman who goes upon the stage and who succeeds upon the stage must live a regular, orderly life. She has constant rehearsals, and each night at a given hour she has to appear in a given place in the absolute 'pink' of condition. She cannot foolishly dissipate her energies.

"As for the people whom she will meet behind the scenes and the associations that she will form—it is a byword that there is no profession in the world where self-forgetful, self-denying kindness is so common. She will encounter generosity in every form—tolerance of judgment and kindness of expression as well as a positively reckless prodigality of kindness in money. A woman who could meet such cordiality, such honest sisterliness as is met in the

theatrical profession and fail to be touched, to be deepened and broadened by it, has not the makings of a fine character in her—in other words, she is incapable of demoralization."

And there are other compensations:

"To live all over the world, to see all sorts of people, to be most intimately associated with a class famous for brilliancy of mind and kindness of heart—even to learn little things such as how to enter a room, how to offer a cup of tea, how to dress, how to talk, how to smile—all this must make for improvement in a woman who has any native material susceptible to improvement.

"But it is only for the thousandth woman that the possibility exists."

SCENES FROM WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S DRAMA

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S new play has been said to mark a new epoch in American drama. It is certainly bolder and more vital than anything that has been offered us for a long time from the pen of an American playwright. Many who came to see Mr. Moody's play at the Princess Theater had feared that this coiner of difficult Æschylean verse would find it hard to gain a footing on the boards. But if success proves anything, Mr. Moody has certainly shown that with the gift of the lyrist he unites that equally rare gift which might be termed the "dramatic instinct." We may find much in the play that is not entirely sympathetic, but it certainly grips the attention and holds it to the end.

By permission of the author we are enabled to reprint the three crucial scenes of "The Great Divide" from the original manuscript. The play, we are informed, will not be printed in book form for some time to come.

The first act introduces us to Philip Jordan's log cabin in Southern Arizona. Packing is going on. Scattered on the floor are various articles of clothing, for Polly, Jordan's wife, is impatient to exchange her present abode in the desert for her Massachusetts home. Jordan has been living here in Arizona with his sister Ruth, the heroine of the play, in the hope of retrieving out of cactus fiber the shattered family fortune. He is about to take his wife (who has been visiting them) to the railroad station several miles away. Polly questions Ruth as to whether she is in love with Winthrop Newbury, a young doctor who has been a friend of the Jordan family for many

years, and who is now living with them in their cabin. But Ruth had, only the moment before, rejected his suit. She cannot tell why. Perhaps because he is so good—too good, in fact. "Do you think," she asks, "that if I wanted to flirt I would select a youth I've played hookey with and seen his mother spank?" Moreover, he is too finished. He is a completed product of the civilization that produced him. But Ruth's heart goes out to the man whom she sees in her dreams, who, like the environing country, is big and incomplete, the "sublime abstraction of the West—the desert—the glorious unfulfilled." Polly inquires whether by any chance she has ever beheld that divine abstraction in a blue shirt and jumpers, but Ruth severely shakes her head.

After Polly and Philip have departed, it occurs that Ruth is left alone in the log cabin. She darkens the room so as not to attract the attention of desperadoes, who are swarming in the neighborhood, when suddenly a muttering of voices is heard from the outside. A heavy lunge breaks the bolt of the door. A man pushes in, but is hurled back by another man with a snarling oath. A third figure advances to the table to strike a match. Ruth snatches her gun, but it misses fire. The gun is struck from her hand by the first man, Dutch, who attempts to seize her. The second man, Pedro, prevents her from taking hold of a revolver, while the third, Stephen Ghent, the hero of the play, at last succeeds in lighting the lamp. They are all three intoxicated. Pedro, a half-breed Mexican, proposes to raffle her out between them. She realizes that she is lost, and appeals to Ghent, the most decent looking of



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

William Vaughn Moody unites with the gifts of the lyricist the equally rare gift of dramatic instinct. His verse has given him a place in the front rank of American poets, while his first popular play marks, by its boldness, a new epoch in American drama.

the trio, who has been gazing at her in a fascinated semi-stupor. She promises to be his, under the law, and follow him, if he will not abandon her to her fate. The others object, and Ghent proposes to buy her from them. He throws all the money he has with him on the table. Pedro ("Shorty") rejects the offer and the following conversation ensues:

Dutch: Don't blame you, Shorty! A ornery buck of a Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw.

(Ruth covers her face shudderingly. Lashing himself into maudlin rage, Dutch takes a step or two backward toward Ruth, as if placing her under his protection. She shrinks away, and again gazes at Ghent, who stands pondering, watching the two men under his brows, and slowly gathering up the money. As if on sudden thought, he opens his shirt and unwinds from his neck a string of gold nuggets in the rough, strung on a leather thread.)

Ghent: Well, it ain't much, that's sure. But there's a string of gold nuggets I guess is worth some money. *(He throws it on the table, speaking to both men.)* Take that and clear out.

Dutch (draws up angrily): I've given you fair warning!

Ghent: Everything friendly between me and you. A square stand-up shoot, and the best man takes her.

Dutch (mollified and flattered): Now you're comin' to.

Ghent (to Pedro): Then it's up to you and you'd better answer quick!

Pedro (eyeing Ghent and Ruth, points to gun lying on floor): I take him too.

Ghent: No, you don't. You leave everything here the way you found it.

Pedro (after a pause): All right. *(Pockets the chain and starts for the door.)*

Ghent: Hold on a minute. You've got to promise to tie the man who falls, on his horse, and take him to Mesa Grande. Bargain? *(Pedro nods.)* And mouth shut, mind you, or—*(He makes a sign across his throat.)*

Pedro (nods): Alla right.

Ghent (moving toward the door): Outside.

Dutch (surprised): What for?

Ghent (sternly): Outside! *(They move toward the door.)*

Dutch (stops and waves his hand to Ruth): Don't worry, my girl. Back soon.

Ghent (threateningly): Cut that out!

Dutch: What's eating you? She ain't yours yet, and I guess she won't be, till hell freezes over. *(Taps his pistol. They go out.)*

(Ruth stands beside the table, listening. Four shots are heard. After a short time Ghent appears and watches from the door the vanishing horses. Comes to table opposite Ruth.)

Ruth (after a long pause, in a low voice): Is he dead?

Ghent: No; but he'll stay in the coop for a while. *(She sinks down in a chair. Ghent seats himself at the other side of the table, draws a whisky flask from his pocket and uncorks it awkwardly, using only his right hand.)*

Ruth (as he is about to drink): Don't!

Ghent (lowering the bottle and looking at her in a dazed way): Is this on the square?

Ruth: I gave you my promise.

(Gazing at her, he lets the bottle sink slowly by his side; the liquor runs out, while he sits as if in a stupor. Ruth glances toward the door, and half starts from her seat, smiling back as he looks up.)

Ghent: Give me a drink of water.

(She brings the water from a bucket in the corner. He sets the empty bottle on the table, drinks deeply of the water, takes handkerchief from neck, wets it and mops his face.)

Ghent: Where are your folks?

Ruth: My brother has gone out to the railroad.

Ghent: Him and you ranching it here by yourselves?

Ruth: Yes.

Ghent: Write him a note. *(Shoves paper, pen and ink before her.)* Fix it up any way you like.

Ruth: Tell me first what you mean to do with me.

Ghent: Have you got a horse to ride?

Ruth: Yes.

Ghent: There's a Justice of the Peace at San Jacinto. We can reach there before sun-up. Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that will buy you the City of 'Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it! *(She shrinks and shudders.)* What are you shivering at?

(She does not answer, but begins to write. Ghent takes from his pockets the weapons previously gathered up by the Mexican, examines them, reloads one, and lays them all carelessly on the table, within Ruth's reach. He rises and goes to the fireplace, rolls and lights a cigarette, and examines the objects on the mantel-shelf. Ruth stops writing, takes up a pistol, then lays it down, as he speaks without turning round.)

Ghent: Read what you have written.

Ruth (reads): "Have gone away to be married. Forgive me for deceiving you. Do not attempt to find me. Comfort mother, and both of you try to think as well of me as you can—" *(Pause; Ghent still has his back turned. Ruth has taken up the pistol again and stands trembling and irresolute.)*

Ghent: Why don't you shoot?

Ruth drops pistol and sits down in chair.

Ghent (turning round): You promised on the square, but there is nothing square about this deal. You ought to shoot me like a rattlesnake!

Ruth: Yes, I know that.

Ghent: Then why don't you?

Ruth (slowly): I don't know.

Ghent: I guess you've got nerve enough for that or anything. *(Ruth does not answer.)* Answer me; why not?

Ruth (pause): You must live. You must suffer.

Ghent (comes slowly to the table, pauses): As a punishment? *(Ruth does not answer.)* Don't you think a couple of them capsules would serve the purpose?

Ruth (slowly): You have no right to die. You must live—to pay for having spoiled your life.

Ghent: Do you think it is spoiled?

Ruth: There is no more happiness for you on earth.

Ghent: Does this make any difference to you? *(Ruth does not answer. Pause.)* And how about your life?



THE MOST TRAGIC MOMENT OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

Ghent: Speak plainly, for God's sake! I don't understand this talk.

Ruth (looking steadfastly as at an invisible shape, speaks in a horrified whisper): There—he stands behind you now!—the drunken ravisher, the human beast.

Ruth: I tried to do it.

Ghent: To do what?

Ruth: To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die. But I cannot, I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In torment and darkness—it doesn't matter. I want my life. I will have it! (Shoving the weapons toward him and covering her eyes.) Take them away! Don't let me see them. If you want me on these terms take me, and may God forgive you for it; but if there is a soul in you to be judged, don't let me do myself violence. (She sinks down by the table, hiding her face in her hands.) O God, have pity on me!

(*Ghent puts the pistol back into his belt, goes slowly to the outer door, opens it and stands for some moments gazing out. He then closes the door, takes a step or two toward the table. As he speaks Ruth's sobs cease, she raises her head and looks strangely at him.*)

Ghent: I've lived hard and careless, and lately I've been goin' down hill pretty fast. But I haven't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. But that ain't all. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it. Say your promise holds and I'll go away now.

Ruth: Oh, yes, go, go! You will be merciful? You will not hold me to my oath?

Ghent: And when I come back? (*Ruth does not answer. Nearer.*) And when I come back?

Ruth: You never—could—come back.

Ghent (after a pause): No, I guess I never could.

Ruth (eager, pleading): You will go?

Ghent: For good?

Ruth (low, hesitating): Yes.

Ghent: Do you mean that?

Ruth (wildly): Yes, yes, ten thousand times!

Ghent: Is that your last word?

Ruth: Yes. (Pause.) Oh, why did you come here to-night?

Ghent: Because I was blind-drunk and 'sun-crazy, and lookin' for damnation the nearest way. That's why I came—but that's not why I'm stayin'. I'm talkin' to you in my right mind now. I want you to try to see the thing the way I do.

Ruth (breaks out): Oh, for God's pity go away and never come back! There can never be anything between us but hatred and misery and horror!

Ghent (in a changed, hard voice): We'll see about that. Are you ready to start? (*Ruth, as if aware for the first time of her undress condition, shrinks and folds her gown closer about her neck.*) Go, and be quick about it.

(*She rises and goes into the side room, closing the door. Ghent gets more water from the bucket, drinks deeply, mops his face, rolls up the sleeve of his left arm, which is soaked with blood. He tries awkwardly to stanch a wound in his forearm, gives it up in disgust—rolls down his sleeve again, takes Ruth's saddle and bridle from the wall, and goes out. Ruth comes in; her face is white and haggard, but her manner determined and collected. She comes to the table and sees the bloody handkerchief and basin of water. As Ghent enters she turns to him anxiously.*)

Ruth: You are hurt?

Ghent: It's no matter.

Ruth: Where? (*He indicates his left arm. She throws off her hooded riding cloak, runs impulsively, gathering together water, towels and bandages; approaches him, quite lost in her task, flushed and eager.*) Sit down and roll up your sleeve. (*He obeys mechanically.*) Now hold still. (*She rapidly and deftly washes and binds the wound, speaking half to herself, between long pauses.*) Can you lift your arm? The bone is not touched—it will be all right in a few days . . . This balsam is a wonderful thing to heal . . .

Ghent (Longer pause. Watching her dreamily—she sits at his feet): What's your name?

Ruth: Ruth Jordan. (Long pause.) There, gently . . . It must be very painful. (She rises and puts things away. As she comes to the table again, he shakes his head slowly, with a half-humorous protest.)

Ghent: It's not fair!

Ruth: What isn't fair?

Ghent: To treat me like this. It's not in the rules of the game.

Ruth (as the sense of the situation again sweeps over her): Binding your wound? I would do the same service for a dog.

Ghent: Yes, I dare say. But, the point is I am not a dog! I'm human—the worst way—(He starts up and holds out his hands with an impulsive gesture.) Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret it! I'm a strong man! (He holds out his arm rigid.) I want to feel sometimes, before I go to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt her over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word. I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em—won't you? (She covers her face with her hands.)

Ruth (taking the words with difficulty): Do you remember what that man said—just—now?

Ghent: What about?

Ruth: About the Indian and his squaw.

Ghent: Tho, yes, there was somethin' in it, too. I was a fool to offer him that mean little wad.

Ruth: For me!

Ghent: Well, yes, for you! You want to put it that way.

Ruth: But—a chain of nuggets—that comes nearer being a—fair—price?

Ghent: Oh, to buy off a greaser!

Ruth: But to buy the soul of a woman—one must go higher. A mining claim! The kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them! (Breaking down in sudden sobs.) Oh, be careful how you treat me! Be careful! I say it as much for your sake as mine. Be careful!

Ghent (turning from her, his puzzlement and discomfiture translating itself into gruffness): Well, I guess we'll blunder through. . . . Come along! We've no time to lose.

(He picks up the saddle-pack which Ruth has brought out of the room with her and starts toward the door. She follows. As they are about to pass out, she stops and looks around.)

Ruth (taking a hammer from the window ledge and handing it to Ghent): Fix the bolt. My brother must not know.

(He drives in the staple of the bolt, while she throws the blood-stained water and handkerchief into the fire. He aids her in replacing the weapons on the walls, then takes the saddle-pack and goes out. She picks up her mother's picture. There is a sharp whistle outside. She thrusts the picture in her bosom. There is another impatient whistle. She takes the picture out, kisses it, lays it on the table, face down, extinguishes the lamp, and goes out hastily, closing the door.)

(The curtain falls in darkness.)

The second act introduces us to the home of Stephen Ghent and his wife, high on top of a hill. The whole aspect is described as one of

rude materials touched by an artistic hand, bent on making the most of the glorious natural background. Against the cabin wall is a large hand-loom of the Navajo type, with a weaving stool and a blanket half woven. Cactus plants in full blossom fill the niches of the rocks and lift their fantastic forms above the low line of piled stones which wall the cañon brink. It is here that Philip Jordan discovers his sister living with Stephen Ghent. Ghent is worshipping his wife, but Ruth cannot forget that he bought her, and bought her like a squaw. In vain he showers upon her the wealth that has come to him from his new-found gold mine. She has never been able to use a penny of the money he has given her, but chooses to sell her handiwork rather than take his money, while he thinks that she has been weaving blankets and baskets only to pass away the time.

Ruth champions him before her people when occasion arises, but cannot conceal from him that she can never forgive and forget. When this truth dawns upon him he is utterly dumfounded. A tremendously stirring scene ensues:

Ghent (after a pause): Surely it hasn't all been—hateful to you? There have been times, since that . . . The afternoon we climbed up here . . . The day we made the table, the day we planted the vines . . .

Ruth (in a half-whisper, doubtfully): Yes—! (She puts her hands suddenly before her face and sobs.) Oh, it was not my fault. I struggled against it. You don't know how I struggled!

Ghent: Against what? Struggled against what?

Ruth: Against the hateful image you had raised up beside your own image—

Ghent: What do you mean?

Ruth: I mean that—often—when you stood there before my eyes you would fade away, and in your place I would see—the Other One!

Ghent: Speak plainly, for God's sake! I don't understand this talk.

Ruth (looking steadfastly as at an invisible shape speaks in a horrified whisper): There—he stands behind you now!—the drunken ravisher, the human beast that goes to its horrible pleasure as not even a wild animal will go—in pack, in pack! (Ghent, stung beyond endurance, rises and paces up and down. Ruth continues in a broken tone, spent by the horror of her own words.) I have tried—Oh, you don't know how I have tried to save myself from these thoughts—while we were poor and struggling I thought I could do it—then (she points to the cañon), then that hole down there began belching its horrible stream of gold. You began to load me with presents—to force easy ways upon me—

Ghent: Well, what else did I care to make money for?

Ruth (does not answer for a moment, then speaks slowly, taking the words with loathing upon her tongue): Every time you give me any—

thing, or talk about the mine and what it is going to do, there rings in my ears that horrible sneer: "Dirt-eating Major would pay more than that for his squaw!" (*She rises.*) I held myself so dear! And you bought me for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street! You drove me before you like an animal from the market!

(*Ghent has seated himself again, elbows on knees and sits with face in his hands. Ruth takes slowly from her bosom the nugget chain and holds it crumpled up in her hand.*)

Ruth (*quietly, almost matter-of-fact*): I have got back the chain again.

Ghent (*looks up*): Chain?—what chain?

Ruth (*in the same tone, as she holds it up, letting it unwind.*) The one you bought me with.

Ghent (*dumfounded*): Where the devil—

Ruth: It would have had no meaning for me except from his hand.

Ghent: So that's what you've been doing with this rug-weaving and basket-making tomfoolery? (*Points to the loom. Ruth does not answer, but continues looking at the chain, running it through her fingers and weighing it in her hand.*)

Ghent (*after pause*): How long has this been going on?

Ruth: How long? How long can we live without breathing? Two minutes? A few lifetimes? How long!

Ghent: It was about a month after we came here that you began to potter with this work.

Ruth (*draws her hand about her neck as if loosening something there; convulsively*): Since then this has been round my neck, so that I could not breathe or speak, around my limbs so that I could not move, chains of smothering fire, chains of white eating fire. Link by link I have unwound them. Look at my hands, they are bitten to the bone. I would not have thought I was worth so much as this has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. (*She tries to make him take it. In wailing entreaty*) Take it, take it, I beseech you!

Ghent (*rising, under stern control*): You are killing yourself. You must not go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk of this to-morrow.

Ruth: Rest! To-morrow! Oh how little you have understood of all I have said. Say that it is only a symbol—a make-believe. Say that I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free. (*He remains motionless. She continues in a bitter and searching tone.*) You did not have to plead when you made the bargain, you commanded; well, I also command. (*She drops the chain at his feet.*) Take it. There it lies.

Ghent (*picks the chain up, stands for a moment looking at it, then advances to Ruth. Pause*): Your price has risen. This is not enough. I refuse it. (*Throws the chain about her neck and draws her to him by it.*) You are mine, mine, do you hear? Now and forever! (*He starts toward the house. She holds out her hand blindly to detain him.*)

Ruth (*in a stifled voice*): Wait! There is . . . something else . . . (*She bows her head; he comes to her, anxiously, stands waiting. Touching the chain, brokenly.*) It isn't only for my sake I ask you to take this off me, nor only for your sake. (*Pause.*)

Ghent: Ruth! . . . Thank God!

Ruth (*putting him off with lifted hand*): Now will you take—this off?

Ghent (*starts to do so, then draws back*): No. Now less than ever. For now, more than ever, you are mine.

Ruth: But—how yours? Oh, remember, have pity! How yours?

(*Philip appears at head of cañon path. Hearing their voices, he waits, half-concealed.*)

Ghent: No matter how! Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like! Mine by Almighty Nature, whether you like or not!

Ruth: Nature! Almighty Nature! (*Takes chain slowly from her neck.*) Not yours! By everything my people have held sacred! Everything by which man has struggled up from the caves of beasts, and imagined justice, and honor, and immortal life! (*She drops the chain.*) Not yours! Not yours! (*She turns slowly and walks back, sees Philip and stops.*)

Philip (*supporting her as she sinks half-fainting upon his neck; to Ghent*): I came back to get my sister for the night—I don't know by what ugly spell you have held her, but I know, from her own lips, that it is broken. (*To Ruth*): Come! I have horses below.

Ghent: No!

Philip (*measuring him*): Yes.

(*Pause.*)

Ghent: Let her say!

Ruth (*looks long at her husband, then at the house and surroundings. At last she turns to her brother*): Take me—with you. Take me—home!

(*Philip, half-supporting her, leads her down the cañon path. Ghent stands gazing after them as they disappear below the rim. He picks up the chain, and goes back, looking down after the descending figures. He sinks down on the rocks on the cañon rim, still gazing below. At last he turns away, lifts the chain, and laughs a short, dry laugh as he hides his face in his hands.*)

CURTAIN.

The last act takes place in Massachusetts at the home of the Jordans. Ruth, who is a mother now, has completely broken with Ghent and her heart is torn by conflicting emotions. The conventional notions of the East are struggling with her love for her husband. For, tho she hardly dares to confess it to herself, she loves this man. She loved him from the beginning. He was in very truth the incarnation of the dream-man to whom Polly so jestingly referred—the glorious unfinished in a blue shirt and jumpers. This point, we gather from Mr. Moody, has been missed by a majority of his critics, and yet it is on this point that the whole play hinges. For if Ruth did not love Stephen Ghent she might have killed him when he gave her the chance; she might have fled; at any rate, she would under no circumstances have acted as she did. Meanwhile, Ghent, apparently in response to a telegram from Polly, but without the knowledge of Ruth, has followed his wife to the East and is secretly dogging her footsteps and those of his child. He is very good to her mother, who,

but for his timely assistance, would be compelled to vacate her house, and as the old lady knows nothing of the history of the marriage, she seeks to bring about a reconciliation, and gives Ghent a chance of seeing his wife. Before his arrival she tells Ruth what he has done for the family. The idea of having, in a measure, been bought a second time so exasperates Ruth that she betrays the secret. It is, however, too late to prevent a meeting. Stephen Ghent appears at the door. They look at each other in silence across the width of the room.

Ruth: Before you speak to me, you must hear what I have done. I have told mother—our—story!

Ghent: That was wrong.

Ruth: Worse than wrong. Base!

Ghent: What did she say?

Ruth: She said—I ought to have died—rather than purchase life as I did.

Ghent (slowly): Then she said what she'd no business to say.

Ruth: She spoke the truth. I have always seen it.

Ghent: Ruth, it's a queer thing for me to be saying, but—it seems to me you've never seen the truth between us.

Ruth: What is the truth—between us?

Ghent: The truth is (*pauses, then continues with a disconsolate gesture*)—well, there's no use going into that now. Besides, I guess it's only of myself I'm thinking.

Ruth: What is it—about yourself?

Ghent (after a pause): I drifted into one of your meeting-houses last Sunday, not knowing where else to go, and I heard a young fellow preaching about what he called "the second birth." You can believe me or not, but the way he went on he might have been behind the door that night in the little justice den at San Jacinto, saying to the Recording Angel, "Do you see that rascal? Take notice! There isn't an ounce of bone nor a drop of blood in him but what's new man."

Ruth: Then you think it has been all my fault—the failure we've made of our life?

Ghent: It's been no failure! However it is, it's been our life, and (*solemnly*) in my heart I think it's been—all right!

Ruth: All—right! (*She repeats the words this time with a touch of awe and wonder.*) If you had only heard my cry to you to wait, to cleanse yourself and me—by suffering and sacrifice—before we dared begin to live.

Ghent (steps impulsively nearer her, sweeping his hand to indicate the portraits on the walls): Ruth, these fellows are fooling you! It's they who keep head set on mortgages and the wages of sin, and all that rubbish. You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whisky, and sun and the devil. Well, I tell you now I'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you, by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way, if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin

or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me—the man you've made of me. (*Ruth's face is hidden in her hands, her elbows on the table. He stands over her, flushed and waiting. Gradually the light fades from his face. When he speaks the ring of exultation which has been in his voice is replaced by a sober intensity.*) If you can't see it my way give me another chance to live it out in yours (*He waits, but she does not speak or look up. He takes a package of letters and papers from his pocket, and runs them over, in deep reflection.*) During the four months I have been East—

Ruth (looking up for an instant): Four months! Mother said a week—

Ghent: Your sister-in-law's telegram was forwarded to me here. I let her think it brought me, but as a matter of fact I came East in the next train after yours. It was rather a low-lived thing to do, I suppose, hanging about and bribing your servant for news. (*She lets her head sink in her hands. He pauses and continues ruefully*) I might have known how that would strike you! Well, it would have come out sooner or later. You ask me to suffer for my wrong. Since you left me, I have suffered, God knows. You ask me to make some sacrifice. Well, how would the mine do? Since I've been away they've as good as stolen it from me. I could get it back easy enough by fighting; but suppose I don't fight. Then we'll start all over again, just as we stand in our shoes, and make another fortune for our boy. (*Ruth utters a faint moan, as her head sinks in her arms on the table. With trembling hands and voice Ghent caresses her hair lightly, and says between a laugh and a sob*) Little Mother! Little Mother! What does the past matter, when we've got the future and—him? (*Ruth does not move. He remains bending over her for some moments, then straightens up with a gesture of despair.*)

Ghent: I know what you are saying there to yourself, and I guess you are right. Wrong is wrong from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in heaven working overtime can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heart beat! (*He approaches her again, taking the chain of nuggets from his pocket.*) You've fought hard for me—God bless you for it. But it's been a losing game with you from the first. You belong here and I belong out yonder—beyond the Rockies, beyond the Great Divide. I've here the chain that's come, one way and another, to have a kind of meaning for us. It means that you were once mine—keep it, won't you? Some day show it to the boy and tell him about me—Good-by.

Ruth: Wait! Listen! I've been wicked and wrong. It's you who have paid our debts. (*Rises.*) O Steve, tell me that done is not done, and lost is not lost. (*Puts on chain.*) Look, I have put on the chain!

Ghent: Of your own free will?

Ruth: No, because I can't help it!

CURTAIN.

Religion and Ethics

MAN'S STRUGGLE TOWARD PERFECTION

HUMAN beings have existed on this planet for unnumbered centuries, but as yet no final or universally accepted answer has been given to the most important of all questions, Wherefore do we live? The three most definite answers have been made by schools of thought, which may be broadly designated pessimist, optimist and stoic. According to the pessimist view, life is a weariness; we live because we have to, and the sooner we can die, the better. The optimist teaches that life is good; we live because we ought to and because life is a privilege. The stoic holds that we live both because we have to and ought to, and that, since we are here, the best thing we can do is to resign ourselves to the inevitable. In the opinion of many, however, no one of these three views sums up the truth. Mr. F. Carrel, an able London writer, feels that pessimism overstates the evil of life, that optimism overstates the good, and that stoicism tends to become a narcotic, deadening the vital forces. Perhaps, he suggests, we shall find that we need to draw upon *all* of these schools of thought in the construction of a rational life-philosophy.

Mr. Carrel passes on to a definition of the diverse qualities that go to make up a human being. He says (in *The Monthly Review*):

"Exponent of a vital principle having its origin in the early stages of the earth's history, composed of some of the principal elements of that earth and of the universe, man in all probability reached the human condition after long stages of transition from other forms of life, with the highest of which he still has common traits. Born, like all mammals, from ova, he acquires a consciousness before his birth, a consciousness which continues to develop afterwards until he eventually appears in the world as a rational being of a highly elaborate nervous system, liable to diseases due to climatic or hereditary causes, to errors of his judgment, or faults in his knowledge, a being possessing a mind that is capable of unravelling natural secrets which were not revealed to him by intuition, but which has hitherto proved itself unable to discover the reason of existence or the primary source of life, a mind which is at times a torment and at times a solace to itself, but which is always conscious of the necessity of ending life in a cessation of the personality, in a separation from earthly interests. Finally, man is a being so conditioned that he is in daily need of maintaining the forces of his body by food, the consumption of which is itself one of the causes

of his physical decay. And yet the life state itself, the actual sense of existence, is in the absence of ills a condition of enjoyment, a satisfaction of the nature of a privilege, a condition to which no termination is desired. So that we have a constant contradiction between the state considered in its essence, and the state considered in relation to the causes by which it is affected."

It is this contradiction in man's nature, this perpetual and irritating consciousness of the difference between what he is and what he might be, that gives a purpose to life. He knows the meaning of pain, and is at times compelled to submit to it; but he also knows the meaning of ecstasy, and aims for higher and higher ends. Evil, he begins to realize, can be diminished, and perhaps even abolished. Disease, hunger, social injustice, are stubborn enemies, but not invincible. Preventive medicine, hygiene, sanitation, dietetics, social reform, conscious and conscientious selection in marriage, are all serving to increase happiness, to decrease pain. All have helped to engender a new hope, the hope of more perfect being. As Mr. Carrel puts it:

"Given that greater equalization of the world's wealth had been reached than exists at present, and that morals had so progressed that material misfortune, due to organized deception, had become unknown, it is plain that man, born healthy, wisely reared and nourished, freed from organic disease and from mental maladies, living in an uncongested world, would lead an existence approaching the ideal. Less engrossed by the sustentative necessity, unexposed to the predatory enterprizes of neighbors, preserving a better balance between his forces and the demands of his daily life upon them, he would be enabled to experience more fully than hitherto the essential pleasure of existence. Life, subject to less vicissitudes, might be planned more surely; there would be a greater confidence in human things. The complexities too thoughtlessly accumulated by civilization would give place to a greater simplicity, which, though not synonymous with a rudeness no longer possible, would be a nearer approach to natural conditions. Such an existence is not without the bounds of possibility, and it is certain that its foundations have been laid."

There is one arch-enemy of human happiness, however, that can never be abolished, namely, death. Yet even the pains of death are being mitigated in our day and generation. Says Mr. Carrel:

"Among those who have studied death, es-

pecially in its bearing upon human happiness, Metchnikoff has alone the merit of having made what may be called a practical attempt to divest it of its gloom. Discarding metaphysical assumptions and placing himself on the ground of science, he reached the conviction that the pain of death was largely due to the fact that old age, being pathological in the vast majority of cases, death which resulted from it was not physiological, but accidental, and that if by hygiene, sobriety, suitable pure diet, rational living, and the use of certain sera, we could attain to an old age free from organic malady, then we should arrive at the natural termination of existence, which is rarely reached at present, and that we should acquire the instinct which we do not now possess, the thanatic instinct. Gradually, without pain, at-

taining to a longevity of a century or considerably more, man, he considered, should reach a period when, surfeited with life, he should come to will what nature wills, and the greatest of the disharmonies which have hitherto existed in his state would cease. No longer would death surprise him before he had finished his 'physiological development,' but it would receive him at a time when, from natural causes, from the attainment of the natural span of life, the instinct of life would have become replaced by that of death. Morals, legislation and science should co-operate toward this end, which would be the true object of existence. The achievement of this result, combined with the prudential regulation of childbirth, must, according to its author, improve the human lot, conquer pessimism and regret."

HAS THE LORD'S PRAYER A PRE-CHRISTIAN ORIGIN?



THE fact that the different petitions in the Lord's Prayer can be found, in forms more or less similar to those used in the New Testament, in the liturgical prayers of the Jewish synagogue has led to the astonishing claim, on the part of a leading Jewish savant, that this prayer is nothing but an adaptation by Jesus of common and current Jewish formulas. The savant in question is the well-known Berlin rabbi and teacher, Dr. Eschelbacher, whose new work, entitled "Judaism and the Essence of Christianity,"* is one of a large number of books from Jewish sources evoked by Harnack's "Essence of Christianity." Eschelbacher insists that Harnack has prepared the way for a perfect reconciliation of Christianity and Judaism, by demonstrating that the teachings which have made Christianity offensive in the eyes of the Jews were not a part of the primitive Christian doctrine, and by showing that it was the Greek mind which took possession of original Christianity, added such doctrines as those of the Trinity, the Resurrection and the Divinity of Christ, and made the Christianity of Paul and of the Christian church at large something quite different from that which the Master Himself had inculcated. Eliminating these foreign elements, says Eschelbacher, what remains as original Christianity is practically Jewish in origin and character.

In particular, it is claimed, can the Lord's Prayer be adduced as evidence of the fact that Jesus' original teaching was essentially Jewish. Eschelbacher examines in detail every one of the petitions of the prayer, and parallels

them from Jewish sources. He draws the conclusion that the Lord's Prayer was not, in any real sense, originated by Jesus and cannot be regarded as a specifically Christian prayer.

Dr. Eschelbacher's attitude is typical of that of a whole school of modern Jewish scholars who maintain that all that is really good and genuine in Christianity is to be attributed to Jewish sources. Their claims have been lately met in a series of vigorous and scholarly articles by Dr. Fiebig in the *Christliche Welt* (Marburg). In a spirit similar to that shown by Eschelbacher, he takes up each of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer. He admits that Talmudic and other Jewish parallels can be found, altho none are perfect parallels in wording or in thought, and the bulk of these parallels date from a period later than that of Jesus, which at least proves that He could not have drawn directly from these sources. Fiebig goes on to say:

"One thing is perfectly clear, namely, that none of these parallels is of such a nature as to show that Jesus actually depended on or used them. Then again, the old saying must be remembered that if two do the same thing, they are, nevertheless, not the same; and if two say the same thing, they are not the same. One fact must not be overlooked, because it is all-important, namely, that nowhere in Jewish literature do we find all these petitions united in one prayer. Then, too, in each one of these parallels there is found something that is specifically Jewish that neither could nor would have been incorporated in the Lord's Prayer. Furthermore, the originality of Jesus lies less in the constituent elements of the prayer than in the selection of just these and no other elements, and in their arrangement. All the petitions mean a great deal more, coming from the lips of the Lord, than when used by the Jews. This fact Eschelbacher and other Jewish rabbis entirely overlook, as they seem to be in-

*DAS JUDENTUM UND DAS WESEN DES CHRISTENTUM. M. Poppelauer, Berlin.

capable of understanding the deeper thoughts that the Lord has embodied in these petitions. Even if they could claim the individual elements of the Lord's Prayer as their own, they could not at all claim the whole."

In more conservative circles the arguments depriving Christianity of its historical originality are employed as a weapon against the "advanced" critics. Such a periodical as the *Alte Glaube* observes that if only modern theology would teach that the "Father" of the

Lord's Prayer is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Jews would not think of arguing that Christ's teaching was no different from that of their own synagogues. But the elimination of fundamental evangelical teachings by advanced theology "only invites Jewish arrogance." From the conservative standpoint, says the *Alte Glaube*, each and every petition in the Lord's Prayer signifies something that is infinitely above what Jewish thought ever dreamed of or conceived.

THE CHURCH AS A BUSINESS INVESTMENT



HE man who desires continued and widespread prosperity is advised by John Hutchison, a New York clergyman, to "buy stock in the church or increase his present holdings." This counsel is based on a careful analysis of the material returns, as well as the spiritual value, of church work. Mr. Hutchison calculates that the average annual investment of a religious man, living in New York, is about twenty dollars for church administration, and about twenty-four dollars for missions and varied forms of philanthropy. He goes on to comment (in *The Van Norden Magazine*, November):

"The worshiper paying twenty dollars annually may be paying all his privileges are worth, tho that is doubtful, since he is then a non-participating partner in the concerted activities represented by the average beneficent gift of twenty-four dollars. The church is not only a preaching and teaching force, but also a great collecting, administering and distributing agency, sustaining by the gifts she elicits schools, homes, refuges, hospitals and unclassified charities which occupy exempted properties valued at thirty-three million dollars, within the city's bounds. Beyond cavil this is a splendid social service for any man to share in at a tax of one dollar a week, even if he be indifferent to the distinct evangelistic and religious work carried on."

Even more remarkable, from a strictly business standpoint, are the "returns" from the missionary investment in foreign lands. Hawaii, for instance, whose civilization is peculiarly a church product, has sent to this country in trade more money than has been spent by all the American churches in world-wide missionary propaganda. Many other examples of the same kind are cited by Mr. Hutchison:

"One religious body put a million dollars into the Pacific Islands. Sixty per cent. per annum has been paid on that investment. Statistics prove

that every missionary to those islands has created an annual trade of fifty thousand dollars. The missionaries stuck to their peculiar task, but by indirect promotion, stimulus and co-operation, these results are obtained. They first made mere living possible there by many martyrdoms. Trade came afterward. There, as at home, the church has provided the indispensable moral basis for industrial prosperity. The industrial training which is so large and increasing a part of the education given to strange peoples, as well as to our homefolk, by missionaries, ought to be applauded by any practical man. It is in view of the results of this sort of work that the Canadian Government Blue Book for 1903 is able to say: 'As a Pagan the Indian was a liability, but as a Christian he becomes a national asset.' We are teaching Hindus not only our theologies and ethics, but, among other things, carpentry, printing, metal-embossing and wood-carving; the Burmese are taught coffee-raising; blind Koreans weave mats and baskets; the natural skill of destitute Japanese girls is turned to flower-making, silk-raising and embroidery; famine-stricken Turks were taught to make stoves and then were turned into bakers; the savage Malay is taught agriculture and lumber-cutting; in fact, arts and crafts in endless variety are taught by artisan missionaries, both at home and abroad. That this is a paying investment, increasing trade clearly shows. That it is appreciated is proven by the great demand for the trained scholars of our mission schools in foreign commercial centers."

Mr. Hutchison thinks that the enormous increase in Indian trade during the Victorian era was due more to missionary effort than to governmental protection or "drummers'" enterprise and that the present commercial progress of Japan is a direct result of missionary occupation. It was missionaries, too, he says, who prepared the way for England's finest colony—New Zealand. He concludes:

"The pioneer explorers, pilots and boat builders on the six thousand miles of waterway on the Congo were missionaries. The trade on that river is now thirty-three millions annually; only nine of that is rubber. Missionaries explored Uganda,

made it habitable, saved it at a crisis with their money, and that, too, will soon pay for the thirty millions there invested. It is the key to the Nile valley and Central Africa. With the savages of Nyassa-land, whom the missionaries tamed, a trade of a million and a half annually is now carried on. Samoa in the South Seas has, through like service, been reckoned part of Christendom for sixty years, and its trade is a million yearly.

The Fijians, once fierce cannibals, are now the 'banner church-going people of the world,' nine out of ten being regular church attendants.

"More could well be said, but evidence enough has been piled up that the church in her effort to Christianize the pagans succeeds at least in adding tremendously to the world's wealth, and on this lowest possible ground she is to be regarded as a good investment."

WHY THE BIBLE SHOULD BE KEPT FROM CHILDREN



ON the ground that Bible stories, when read without explanation, may become "an actual hindrance to the development of the religious spirit in children," Miss Florence Hayllar, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), urges the necessity of keeping the Scriptures out of the hands of young people. The message of the Bible, she affirms, requires, for any tolerable comprehension, "faculties in full play and well-established links of association." It "belongs to maturity, not to childhood."

Even the New Testament, says Miss Hayllar, has its pitfalls for the young. We commonly assume that its message is a simple one, and "it does undoubtedly lend itself to expression in very simple sentences"; but "on a closer examination it will be seen to presuppose so much, and to have a significance so far-reaching and profound, that its first semblance of simplicity becomes merely an erroneous impression." To quote further:

"For one thing, it strikes right athwart the strong natural impulses which man has inherited from innumerable ancestors, whose line reaches into a past beside which the history of Christianity is a thing of yesterday. That, as a whole, man has not yet grown up to the Christian level is shown by the steady antagonism between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. So inveterate is this that all grown-up minds, some more and some less fully, accept it as inevitable. No Christian community attempts to regulate its proceedings by the Sermon on the Mount, and even individuals who do so are extremely few. This hiatus between conviction and conduct cannot but be due to mental defect—to a long-standing, deleterious habit of entertaining mutually contradictory opinions, and living on without any attempt to harmonize them or to discover whether one or the other is false. All observers of children have noted that the child does not, to begin with, display this defect. On the contrary, he makes strenuous efforts to reconcile the contradictions which come within his ken; and these efforts are nowhere more strenuous or more touching than in the sphere of duty and religion. He is quick to see the difference between precept and practise, and the ancient problem of the prosperity of the wrongdoer presents itself to him

very early. The sensitive, thoughtful child broods over these questions, and may make himself intolerably unhappy; the others, after some honest little struggles, throw the whole thing aside, and by degrees, following the example of their grown-up friends, learn how to entertain mutually contradictory beliefs in, so to say, water-tight compartments."

So much of Christ's teaching as is plainly and directly contrary to the common conduct of ordinary reputable persons, continues Miss Hayllar, should not be brought to the notice of young children in the hasty, general and absolute manner now prevalent. "It is irony to tell them, on the authority of the Son of God, that the poor are blessed; that everyone that asketh receiveth; or that for every idle word men shall give account in the day of judgment. The deep, underlying truth in such sayings, which vindicates itself at last in the eyes of the grown-up, is entirely beyond a child." Again:

"What is the use of bidding children 'turn the other cheek' when we ourselves consider any child who acts in this way either as an insufferable prig or as deliberately trying to 'aggravate'; while the child himself very soon sees that grown-up people hardly ever carry such a precept into practise? What is the use, amid all the show and luxury, the want and degradation of modern life, of telling him to take no thought for the body? Or how dare we set forth to him the doctrine that a man cannot serve God and Mammon?"

"It is not possible to 'explain' such matters to a child; he is not physically capable of following one's ratiocinations. The only possible result of this premature introduction to difficulties is mental discomfort, passing into indifference, and further into a subtle attitude of distrust toward that high Authority in Whose Name they are pronounced."

The Old Testament presents even greater difficulties, for the books of poetry and philosophy are over the heads of young children, and the historical books breed "contradiction" and "confusion." "One day," says Miss Hayllar, "you make it clear to a child that graspingness and underhand dealing are wrong; that to take advantage of another's ignorance or weariness

is a shameful thing; the next you read him the story of Jacob—or it may be of David." In this connection she writes further:

"It seems a perfectly amazing thing that any children should ever hear of the story of David and Bathsheba—unless indeed the simple intention is to hold David up to execration. His repentance is something quite outside the reach of any child's comprehension.

"In fact, any one to whose lot it has fallen to teach a child under thirteen or fourteen the historical Books of the Bible, and who has seriously endeavored to realize the impression made by them upon the child's mind, must have come to the conclusion that stories really edifying and helpful from a child's point of view are in these books the rarest exceptions."

In concluding, Miss Hayllar states her conviction that Christian children should be taught the Apostles Creed, or some similar formula, expressing the general Christian belief; should

be told as much as they can understand of Christ's life and teaching; and should be firmly grounded in practical morality. The real study of the Bible could be undertaken at adolescence:

"The time for distinctively religious teaching, and for beginning the study of the Gospels and of the Bible generally, is adolescence—taken roughly as extending from the thirteenth or fourteenth to the eighteenth or nineteenth year. A well-nurtured boy or girl is at this time capable of some real comprehension of the life and character of Christ and of the Christian ideal; while explanations of the dogmas embraced in the creed with which he is familiar, will at least not present such grotesquely impossible difficulties as they do when introduced some years earlier. At this period of life there is a natural and healthful welling up of feeling unknown before, a readiness to follow a trusted leader, a generous ardor of devotion, which, if rightly dealt with, may lift the whole character permanently on to a higher plane."

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN STATE AND CHURCH IN SPAIN



SPAIN is just now convulsed by politico-religious differences that threaten to bring the country to an acute crisis not unlike that through which France has just been passing. No country in Europe, it is said, not even Austria or Belgium, is so completely under the influence of the Roman Curia as is Spain, and the friction between the Spanish state and the Vatican, so far from diminishing with the years, is only becoming more pronounced. On the one hand, the state complains that its legitimate development has been hampered by church influences; it proposes to gain complete control of the civil power and even to bring about ultimately the separation of state and church. On the other hand, the church is determined to strengthen its supremacy over the people, to have this supremacy recognized by the law, and to make the will of the Vatican the controlling factor in Spanish national life.

The state has already sanctioned civil marriage. It now demands the complete secularization of public education and of burial rights, an acknowledgment of the principle of religious liberty, establishment of freedom of worship, abolition of the religious oath, and other reforms of a similar nature. It also demands that the constitution and state laws be brought into harmony with the Concordat of 1851, which would mean that all the religious orders

not covered by that agreement would become subject to the common laws of the state.

Over against this, the church demands that it shall retain control of education and the conditions of burial. It claims for itself the right to recognize the orders authorized by the Vatican, and for the orders themselves independence from state control. It emphasizes the obligation of all citizens of Spain, unless they have formally severed their connection with the church, to submit to the church regulations in reference to baptism, marriage, burials, etc. It insists on abolition of civil marriage, retention of the present church budget and the ecclesiastical oath, and more decided emphasis on the fact that the Roman Catholic is the state religion.

The existing Spanish Government believes that its objects can be secured without interfering with any special or essential rights of the church. The present Minister of Justice, Count de Romanones, has recently given official expression to his program. He declares that he is well aware that he is antagonizing deeply rooted prejudices, and that he is compelled to do so because the church has been gradually depriving the state of its autonomy and independence, thereby forcing the controversy upon the authorities. The sole purpose of the state, he continues, is to regain the rights and privileges which originally belonged

to it and should now belong to it, namely, sovereignty in its own sphere. The new civil marriage law is only the restoration of such an ancient right belonging to the state. The purpose of the present reforms, concludes the minister, is to correct the anomalous situation by which Spain occupies a position different from that of other European states in its relation to the church.

Naturally this program does not meet with the approval of the Vatican. In correspondence from Rome, printed in the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, we find the following sentiments expressed:

"The action of the Spanish democracy has provoked not only dissatisfaction in the Vatican, but intense indignation. The civil marriage law is an outspoken hostility to the known wishes of the Pope, and the government of Spain need not expect that the Vatican will yield a single iota. In the interests of the inner peace of Spain it would be wise if the government would abstain from further innovations hostile to the church. It is a mistake on the part of the Republicans and Liberals to believe that they can destroy the church's hold on the affections of the Spanish

people. The realization of the plans of the 'reformers' will only tend to undermine society in Spain, and the 'reforms' will only end in a revolution."

The Hamburg *Nachrichten*, a well-informed German paper, sums up the whole situation as follows:

"That the condemnation of the Spanish people and government by the Vatican has called forth the most determined indignation in all thinking and liberal classes, goes without saying. If the Roman authorities believe that the present quiet in Spain is a symptom of indifference toward the clerical question, they are most grievously mistaken. There is absolutely no question in public life which the people at large are more anxious to see solved finally and satisfactorily than this. The matter is being discussed far and wide and in all circles of society. Newspapers publish views and opinions in endless numbers and editorially all take some decided stand *pro* or *con*. It is noteworthy that the whole controversy is being carried on with less animosity and hostility than were displayed in 1901, when the anti-clerical agitation assumed threatening proportions. This fact alone shows how thoroly the people of Spain are in earnest in the matter."

THE CORRECTIVE INFLUENCE OF RATIONALISM UPON RELIGION

RATIONALISM has been tersely and accurately defined as "the mental habit of using reason for the destruction of religious belief"; and yet, says a recent writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, "there is not a step in the advance of rationalism on which religion is not to be congratulated." The writer explains this apparent paradox by affirming his conviction that the majority of religious apologists have spent their energies in attempts to "defend the indefensible," and that religion, without rationalism, tends to become superstition.

No one will deny that meretricious elements have often entered into the constitution of religion; that faith is constantly associated with falsehood; and herein, we are told, lies the justification of the rationalist. His criticism may seem, at times, to be prejudiced and unfair, but it is nevertheless salutary. For he compels us to reckon with a truth we are sometimes apt to forget—that human progress is a gradual development. He makes us realize that knowledge is fluid and ever changing, and that religion inevitably shares the limitations

and shortcomings of the period which gives it birth. Says the *Edinburgh Review* writer:

"The Bible is the literature of the Old Covenant, a literature at once inspired and inspiring, in which we discern new treasures as our knowledge of it grows; the Papacy is a politico-ecclesiastical institution which has been framed by history, the product of many ages, a thing neither to be mended nor ended in a day; the Mass is the historical form which the Lord's Supper has taken, the earliest and most central act of Christian worship, a rite round which many strange but very human developments have accumulated. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely; but the line of thought which they suggest is clear. It is this: that the fabric of Christianity, doctrinal and institutional, forms part of 'that fixed order of the world in which we live, which surrounds us on every side with its restraints, social, legal, moral; which, if it is not very good, is not very evil; which "leteth and will let" as long as human nature lasts' [Jowett's "Epistles of St. Paul"]. This concrete Christianity is to the mystic what the external world is to the idealist—a hard nut to crack. It is there, and cannot be thought out of existence; it is in possession, and therefore has certain claims upon us; it falls short, very short, of its ideal, and so calls for reconstruction. As a fact, indeed, it is always in process of reconstruction,

rationalistic criticism being a factor in the process."

There can be no doubt, thinks this writer, that in the age-long conflict between religious apologists and rationalists the latter have won most ground. "No serious defense of religion," he remarks, "can be based to-day upon miracles and prophecy; miracles and prophecy explain nothing; they are difficulties to be explained." He goes on to say:

"The apologists have been defeated all along the line. It does not follow that religion has been defeated. It has not. The apologists were defending beliefs which, though held by Christians, were not Christianity. It is their vocation to fight for what has passed, or is passing, into desuetude; they did it yesterday; they are doing it to-day. Hence the sterility of apologetic. At most it serves a temporary purpose; and here even it is a question whether it does not confirm those only who do not need confirming, and alienate rather than retain the weak in faith. . . .

"An historical religion, like Christianity, is weighted by a certain content the value of which is relative, and which is dropped, tacitly if not avowedly, as time goes on. And this is just what the apologist undertakes to defend. Hence, the more successful his defense for the moment, the more mischievous its effects on religion in the long run; like the chemicals with which the beef kings of Chicago are said to doctor diseased carcasses, it disguises the putrefaction which it is powerless to arrest."

To the traditionalist, continues the writer, the reformer, whatever his pretext or purpose, is bound to be a profane person, "an Uzzah laying hands on the ark." But to say this is not to deny the need of the reformer's work in the world.

"The coarseness of Luther, the sourness of Calvin, the violence of Knox are commonplaces of controversial history. We need neither defend nor deny these things. The virtues of men who play a prominent part in human affairs are seldom of the claustral or academic sort; such men are not commonly burdened with scruples; they make or mar with a strong hand. It has been so in the church. Its great figures—a Constantine, a Theodosius, a Pepin—were not modeled on the Jesuit novice type of sanctity, anemic, their eyes downcast, with lilies in their emaciated hands. Loud-voiced, rather, and choleric; men of blood and thunder; used rather to the camp and its battle-ax than to the pulpit and the pen. The most representative popes have been statesmen, not theologians or ascetics; the Leos, the Gregories, the Innocents, religion was their instrument; a pawn on the chessboard on which they played for more material stakes. Power meant much to them, ideas little; they molded abstract theory undisguisedly enough in the interests of concrete fact. And so throughout. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Cavour—such are the men who uproot tyrannies, disperse darkness, diffuse light. Not professional pietists,

but men cast in a big mold, full-blooded human animals, ruthless often enough and unscrupulous, who love and hate, purpose and accomplish on a larger scale than ours. To criticize them from standpoints which were not theirs is as easy as it is futile. The question is, Did they stand for light or darkness? If for light—well, a man's life must be judged as a whole. Readers of Merestjowski's 'Death of the Gods' will remember its essential tragedy. The old civilization claims our sympathy; but it is evident from the first that the effort to restore it must break against forces that cannot be gainsaid, that the new has with it the essential movement of history, and must prevail. How often our hearts go out to the conquered cause! But its defeat is inevitable and irrevocable; 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.'"

The most considerable names in English apologetics are Butler and J. H. Newman, and these thinkers are adduced by the *Edinburgh Review* writer as typical examples of the religious apologist. "The one, an Anglican bishop, the other a Roman cardinal," he says, "they have much in common. Butler, brought up a Presbyterian, left the narrow surroundings of dissent for the larger atmosphere of the national church; Newman was drawn from the somewhat provincial Anglicanism of his generation into what seemed to him the wider and more majestic orbit of Rome." To quote further:

"The succession from Butler to Newman is unbroken. In each there is the same stubborn resistance to the march of mind and of events, the same acuteness to detect weak points in detail, the same somber view of life and history, the same unquestioning reliance on objectivity—external formulas, external institutions, external proofs. But, while the name of Butler is associated with a book, Newman's is identified with a movement, weakened indeed, but not yet exhausted, which derailed English religion and put English thought back a hundred and fifty years. Such reactions are not causeless. There was a certain narrowness of outlook and aridity of temper in the liberalism of the first half of the nineteenth century; it lacked spaciousness and horizon, it took little count of the mystery of life and of the world. Intent on practical reforms—the need for which was imperative—it did not look much beyond them; it undermined many a mischievous superstition, but it provided no outlet for the elements of our nature to which these superstitions corresponded; it forgot that he who would destroy the temple must build it up again within three days. The natural movement of thought brought about the negation of this standpoint, a negation relative indeed and temporary, but deep-rooted and widely spread. . . . Unfortunately, the movement rejected the sounder elements in its parent system—those that were brought into prominence by Schleiermacher in Germany and Arnold and Maurice in this country—and assimilated the mischievous: the sectarianism, the morbidity of temper, the ethical one-sidedness, the reversion to the past.

The past, as such, never returns. It lives, indeed, in the present; but to endeavor to recall it under the form of pastness is the idlest of dreams."

Newman's contemporary and fellow convert, F. W. Faber, is next cited. For "frankly barbarous religion" we are informed, neither Calvin nor Jonathan Edwards can approach him. It was Faber who said that "Hell will horribly astonish and amaze its victims," and added: "God can find unimaginable capabilities of pain in the immortal body, and yet more unimaginable capabilities in the soul. . . . He intensely individualizes our punishment, fits it to us, makes it grow out of ourselves, and takes care to inflict it with a considerate purpose to make it unbearable to our peculiar selves." On these utterances the *Edinburgh Review* writer comments:

"The key to these evil dreams is physiological; the same perversity of imagination is to be found in more than one novel of M. Huysmans. What is significant is not that they should have been conceived by a Catholic writer—no theological or anti-theological opinions constitute a guarantee of sanity—but that they should have passed without protest from ecclesiastical authority or from the religious world. Condemnation is dealt out unsparingly enough to real or supposed offenders; M. Loisy and Signor Fogazzaro are silenced, Fr. Faber and M. Huysmans are acclaimed. It is a strange taste both in theology and in literature. Till it is corrected, rationalistic criticism has its place."

Timid believers are wont to assume that when religious formulas perish, religion itself is undermined; but "the ever-recurring rise of new and larger forms of faith from the ruins of the old," says the writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, "should suggest a new interpretation of the facts." Religion was before those things were, and survives them. "There is a relation between the two, but it is not that of identity; rather it is that of plant to foliage, of life to its infinitely various manifestations." Moreover:

"Religion is an instinct in human nature which postulates its object, an object which the growing experience of life verifies. It is open, of course, to the skeptic to argue that the nature of things is an elaborate conspiracy to deceive us. But the supposition is too paradoxical to be taken seriously. A natural instinct passes beyond itself: its object is given with it, though this object may not be realized in the form under which we conceive it: 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.' The beliefs which this particular instinct implies, though capable of wide and legitimate developments, are in themselves simple. That neither evil, nor fate, nor chance, but an intelligent and benevolent Purpose—the Lord—reigneth; that this Power, despite appearances not a few to the contrary, is friendly to us; that our relations to it are filial, and that in the last

resort it prevails—these are the root-certainties of which consciousness, properly interrogated, assures us, and on which the historical religions are built. It is not necessary to suppose that every man possesses them explicitly; but they form part of our human heritage, and a Socratic questioner would elicit them from the normal nature; they may be latent, but they are there."

In an eloquent closing passage, the writer compares religion with art and poetry. Saints, artists, poets, he observes, may be rare; but "few, if any, are without the instincts which reach so lofty a development in those gifted persons." Their work is not for the elect, but for mankind. The instinct that drives men on in the quest of the highest truth, the highest beauty, is a universal instinct; without it we are "abnormal, incomplete."

"Knowledge, love, achievement call, and we follow—to be deaf were death. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even desirable, that all who hear it should move in the same direction. Temperament, circumstance, and heredity attach a man to this or that religious society or lead him to take up this or that form of religious activity. The essential thing is that it shall be religious. And this is not to be taken for granted or decided on surface grounds. There is an irreligious orthodoxy as there is a religious herodoxy: names, about which religionists dispute so fiercely and so interminably, are the least important things in religion; what matters is not the name but the thing. Few retain unchanged the religious symbols and beliefs of infancy: becoming men, they put away childish things. But the gracious simplicity of childhood may and should remain: with the man's maturer understanding we may unite

The childlike heart,
The childlike soul.

For it is the perspective, not the picture, that is altered; life is fuller, its horizon vaster, heaven at once greater and nearer than we thought. The barriers are thin, and from time to time foregleams of the Beyond fall upon us. Some touch of nature—the splash of a passing shower; the wind on the hill; the rustling of leaves in wood or garden; a sunset on the sea—and every nerve is sharp set with undefinable longing; some transient contact with our fellows—the beauty of a fair girl's face, strange, yet familiar, that speaks to the heart, revealing things unutterable; the pressure of a hand; the melody of a voice; the light of beloved eyes that meet ours—and the veil is lifted. Alas! a moment only. Oh, to arrest the glory! the

vision bright
As sunshine flooding all the clouded seas
With light and fragrance!

It passes, but it will return, brighter, more fragrant, more abiding, shining to the perfect day. Are these things dreams? If so, they are dreams wondrous lifelike; dreams of which, comparing them with what we call reality, we ask, "Which is reality, and which is dream?"

THE ANOMALOUS POSITION OF THE CLERGYMAN IN MODERN LIFE



WHY is it becoming so difficult to secure active, energetic young men of forceful personality for the work of the Protestant ministry? This question comes up again and again in religious circles, and never fails to excite discussion. It is prompted by a growing uneasiness in regard to the status of the clergyman. There is a widespread belief that the Protestant clergy in America have declined both in numbers and vitality during the past half-century, and the statistics gathered by successive religious investigators have only served to confirm this conviction. One of the latest investigators, the Rev. W. F. English, a Congregational clergyman, declares that, within his own denomination alone, the number of theological graduates entering Eastern seminaries since 1896 has fallen off nearly one-half. He attributes the decrease, firstly, to the inadequacy of ministerial incomes; secondly, to the loss of prestige and influence in the minister's calling. A Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Adelbert Lathrop Hudson, of Newton, Mass., thinks that these are "only subordinate factors of a more fundamental objection." From a young man's point of view, he declares, the fatal objection to the choice of the ministry as a profession lies in this—that "it has come to be regarded as somehow unrelated to the main currents of the world's progress." He continues (in *The Christian Register*, Boston):

"The remark of a business man to an eminent educator whose son had decided to enter the ministry, is typical. 'I supposed,' said he, 'your son would go in for something real.' Now it is quite useless for us who have already committed ourselves to the ministry to deny the implication contained in this remark. If we are to meet the objection successfully, we must seek out and overcome the underlying causes which create and keep alive this impression of unreality. If we cannot do this, then we must sit helplessly by and see our noble profession relegated to the limbo of outgrown things, while its ranks, so long made up of men as robust, mentally and physically, as the land produced, are refilled by mediocre and effeminate apologists, whose calling has degenerated into that of mere functionaries."

The main reason why the work of the ministry seems unreal, says Mr. Hudson, is to be found in the popular indifference to religion. On this point he writes:

"A large and growing majority of the people

in so-called Christian countries, if we except the communicants of Greek and Roman churches, have ceased to look upon religion as absolutely essential to the individual or collective life. To their minds it may still have its uses, but these uses lie at one side of the large activities which occupy the lives of busy men and women. More than this, in their view it not only has been thrust aside by the world's work, but it has been left behind by the world's progress. It belongs with the concerns of a past age, an age of individual superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny. In that age the church maintained its supremacy because it was supposed to hold the keys of eternal life, with power to bestow immortal joy and immunity from endless suffering. With the passing away of this view, religion has become remote from the vital interests of our time, along with alchemy, astrology, and other outgrown fancies of the race. The church has become a negligible quantity, and the minister merely an eminently respectable functionary who may be called upon at fitting occasions to read the burial or marriage service, comfort the sick and unfortunate, and maintain appropriate services in the churches for those who still care to attend them."

The prevalence of such an estimate of the minister's place among men ought only, in Mr. Hudson's view, to spur clergymen "to disprove so mistaken an opinion and overcome so unfair a prejudice." But how? "Manifestly," he says, "if the minister is to pluck the mote of prejudice out of his brother's eye, he must cast out the beam that is in his own eye." And the first thing that he needs to do is "to recognize the necessity of making a serious effort to comprehend the point of view of laymen, and to gain some information concerning the practical interests which occupy all their faculties for six days in the week and a large share of their thought on the seventh." Mr. Hudson goes on to say:

"A minister is apt to hesitate about going to the office or place of business of any of his laymen, and such hesitation is right and prudent. As a rule, he should not go without an errand or an invitation; but, if he has any tact, it ought not to be difficult for him to make an errand or secure an invitation. He may have to overcome a preliminary suspicion that he is going to be a bore; but he will be fully compensated by the cordiality which will be extended all the more heartily when he has disproved the suspicion. . . . Whenever time and leisure permit, a genuine and unobtrusive interest on the part of a minister is sure to win a hearty response from any of his laymen; and almost without exception the gain to the minister from such a visit is greater than he would get from the same

amount of time devoted to the most up-to-date and able treatise on economics, philosophy, or ethics. For what he may learn from such a visit is not an isolated set of unrelated facts, but quite the contrary,—an insight into the common commercial, industrial, and financial currents of the life of the time, which will enable him, through first-hand information, to correct or supplement the false or incomplete deductions of theorists, while at the same time gaining the point of view of practical men who are doing the world's work instead of theorizing about it."

One of the greatest obstacles to a better understanding between clergy and laymen, remarks Mr. Hudson, is "professional peculiarity" in speech and dress and manner. "The clerical garb, the unctuous tone, the use of churchly phrases, the professional manner, which proclaim, in social gatherings or on the street, 'Here comes the minister,' draws around him an invisible but effectual barrier, which hinders mutual understanding, and confirms in the mind of everyone who meets him the impression of unreality against which we must strive." Another difficulty is presented by what Mr. Hudson calls "pulpit exaggeration."

"The exaggerations of the pulpit have become proverbial. The reports of sermons in the Monday morning papers afford ample occasion to make the judicious grieve. Has the serving of wine at some private dinner been chronicled in the society columns of the preceding week, then the fashionable women of the metropolis are condemned *en masse* by some sensational preacher as tipplers, inebriates, and thoroly immoral persons, tho the preacher may have no personal knowledge whatever as to the character or habits of a single member of the class he so wantonly attacks. If the playing of bridge at social gatherings has been mentioned in the press, then some pulpit is found denouncing this dragging of young women into the mire of moral degradation by means of this wide-spread craze for gambling. Should the sermon theme touch on the distribution of wealth, we are quite sure to find a sweeping statement that all great fortunes have been amassed by methods worse than piracy or highway robbery, and that the possessors of such fortunes are men unworthy to be recognized among decent people. . . . Let me not exaggerate this evil. At its worst it is a weak and senseless striving after sensational effects. At its best it is a mistaken effort at forcible and convincing speech. In any event it is seriously prejudicial to the standing of the pulpit; for, altho the purpose of the exaggerated statement may be to strengthen the influence of moral verities, its actual effect will be to weaken the influence of the preacher, especially among men who in their own conversation are accustomed to keep their statements of fact carefully within the limits of those things that are personally known to them to be true. It is not sufficient that the minister shall refrain from stating as true that which he knows to be false. A higher standard of accuracy than this may reasonably be expected

of him; namely, that he shall never give the sanction of his own statement to any assertion which he does not know to be true of his own personal knowledge, and that he shall not repeat upon information any statement which he has not ample reason to believe to be true, and which he could not verify if challenged."

Mr. Hudson confesses that he approaches with some hesitation "the most delicate phase of the limitations of ministers, their willingness to become the beneficiaries of special privileges as such." Of this tendency he writes:

"Too often, I fear, it begins in the divinity school, owing to the mistaken kindness which has found expression in the form of aid for worthy young men preparing for the ministry. It would be far better in most cases for the young man to take more time and pay his way, the loss of time being more than compensated by the independence acquired, as well as the practical knowledge gained. The evil effects of this kind of a start for the ministry are well set out by J. G. Holland in his description of the character of Peter Mullens, an extreme illustration of the type. 'Having, as he supposed,' says Dr. Holland, 'given himself up to the church, he was always looking for gifts. No gift humiliated him. He lived by them, and his willing dependence on others had robbed him of the one thing which could make him of any use to the church,—his manhood.' This disposition to receive gifts which are bestowed merely because he is a minister, and not in the ordinary way of personal friendship, becomes worse as he enters the active ministry, because it places him in an attitude toward other men, which differs chiefly in degree from that of the Mendicant Friars. But worst of all is our position when, in sickness or old age, we are forced to become beneficiaries of some fund, however designated, which is charitably provided for 'Ministerial Relief.' I am compelled to admit that such provision is a present necessity. . . . But let us frankly acknowledge that in principle such a fund is as absurd as would be a similar provision for infirm and indigent lawyers, decrepit and destitute doctors, or worn-out and broken-down statesmen. If the minister is to stand on the same self-respecting basis as men in other professions, then he must have the same opportunity for independent self-support. . . . If ministers are to give their time to the demands of their profession, and rely upon it for support, then their salaries should be sufficient to support their families in a manner suitable to their surroundings, and still leave a margin for investment to meet those contingencies which it is the duty of every man to provide for."

Passing on to a consideration of the fundamental difficulty which confronts the church, the indifference of the modern world to religion itself, Mr. Hudson registers his conviction that "the pulpit has always commanded attention when it has spoken with authority." He adds:

"Religion is the fundamental unity which binds all life in one with the universal. It is founded on eternal truth and must survive all mistakes

and changes in the doctrines put forth in its name. It is a vital principle growing and expanding in the soil of human need and in the atmosphere of moral progress, and its function is the sympathetic service of mankind in all the processes of its upward growth. It cannot be discredited by advancing thought, for it is itself the very heart of evolution. Its need is greatest in an age of greatest progress, and its authority should not be less, but more, because it appeals to the enlightened reason rather than to the lower faculties of fear and superstition. Never before has there been such an opportunity as that which belongs of right to the prophet of the new faith to speak with a note of clear and positive authority when he proclaims the laws of the living God as the controlling sanction of the moral order. But he must recognize the fact

that this is no time for feeble apologetics or the presentation of religion as a tentative philosophy of life. He must be the exponent of a living creed, one who has realized in his own experience the vitalizing power of rational religion, and has comprehended in his contact with the world the universal need of such religion as the only adequate solution of the complicated problems of the time."

Is it too much to expect, asks Mr. Hudson in conclusion, that with renewed courage and larger comprehension the minister's calling can be restored to its honorable place and ancient prestige, and that the pulpit of the future may again attract to itself "strong men filled with a passion for righteousness?"

A PROPOSED REVIVAL OF "FAITH HEALING" IN THE CHURCHES



HERE could be few more striking testimonies to the growth of Christian Science and the metaphysical cults than that afforded by a movement that has sprung up within the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country for the purpose of reviving the "rite of unction." For centuries, as is well known, the Christian Church practised faith-healing and "anointing with oil," as enjoined by the apostle James. For centuries these practises have been in abeyance. And now a convocation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara, Cal., is using its influence to bring about a restoration of the ancient rite. The Protestant Episcopal organ in Milwaukee, *The Living Church*, has thrown open its pages to a discussion of the question. Much interest has been evinced, and all the letters printed favor the proposed revival. One correspondent, the Rev. Walter Archbold, of Brooklyn, cites the following utterance of the Bishop of London, recorded in a recent issue of *The Church Times*:

"The Bishop of London (Dr. Ingram) speaking at a public meeting, narrated an incident as follows: . . . He pointed out that there was an extraordinary longing on the part of sick persons for visits, and that there was in the inner being of everyone—and this had a bearing on Christian Science—a personality that could be strengthened to bear suffering, and even to recover health, by bringing the right influence to work upon it. As an instance of this he related the case of the wife of a clergyman who, at the prospect of a severe operation, lost all hope and faith and courage, and the great doctors of London were absolutely paralyzed, because they

dared not operate while the patient was in this state of utter collapse. By God's help, he (the Bishop) in the course of half an hour, was able to bring about such a change, that two days afterwards the patient walked from her room to the operating table without a tremor, to the utter astonishment of her physicians. 'What is it,' they asked, 'that the Bishop of London has done to you?' 'Something that it is beyond your power to do,' was the reply."

On this Mr. Archbold comments:

"The secret of that was that he, by Christ's immediate healing power, had been able to bring about a re-invigoration of her central being, and by that means had restored her faith, and hope, and courage; she became herself again a Christian woman, who could look death in the face. In many a case it would be found that, by invigorating faith, hope, and courage in the sick, a great effect was produced upon the bodily system of the patient. The Church honors the healing art as the gift of God. And surely the approaching festival of St. Luke, the beloved physician, is a good opportunity to bring this before the people of the Church."

Another correspondent, Mr. L. H. Grant, scouts the idea that "the age of miracles has passed," and that "the 'extraordinary gifts' of the Spirit ceased with the Apostles." He continues:

"It is easy to see why Protestants, who do not believe in the Church, should deny that she possesses this power [of healing], but how any priest, who has promised to uphold the faith, and especially one who calls himself a Catholic, can teach such things, is hard to understand. It is certainly contrary to the constant teaching of the Church, and is condemned by the most plain word of Holy Scripture. Our Lord says: 'Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater

works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father' (St. John xiv, 12). There is nothing here about miracles ceasing with the Apostolic age. Again: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature'—surely none will presume to say that this commission has reference only to the Apostolic days; but notice that the next verses follow directly on the preaching of the Gospel: 'And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My Name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover' (St. Mark xvi, 15-18). He whose word cannot fail has spoken it, and true to His word these signs have, through all the ages, followed them that believe. The blind have been seen, the lame walked, the lepers have been cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead have been raised. Even the gift of tongues has been made use of in the Church whenever the Spirit has seen it to be needful (witness St. Louis Bertrand among the Indians and St. Philip Benizi at the Council of Lyons).

"We may feel sure that when all our priests teach the whole faith, and show themselves ready to obey the Word of God in using the Sacrament of Holy Unction, our people will not be compelled to ally themselves with the followers of Mrs. Eddy or Joseph Smith or other sectarians who manifest more faith in the power of the Christ than many who profess to be of the true Israel of God."

The Living Church lends its editorial support to the movement in these words:

"Churchmen are, we believe, seeing more and

more that cults outside of the church which perform physical cures by psychical and spiritual methods have obtained their foothold because the Anglican churches have been false to their own traditions in permitting that sacrament to fall into disuse.

"Technically and potentially the Anglican churches have never abandoned the healing office, for at the consecration of a bishop a part of the commission given is, 'Hold up the weak, *heal the sick.*' The bishop's authority to administer the *charismata* of the church is therefore explicitly recognized, while the commission to a priest at his institution into the rectorship of a parish gives him full authority 'to perform every act of sacerdotal function among the people of the same.' In theory and potentially, therefore, the Anglican churches undoubtedly vest the authority in their bishops and, by delegation from them, in their priests, to perform the healing office. It is only in practise that the rite has fallen into disuse; and it needs practise, therefore, rather than legislation, to revive it."

The Boston Baptist paper, *The Watchman*, also thinks there is much to be said in favor of religious healing. It comments:

"Even if one does not go so far as *The Living Church* in regarding the practise as a sacrament, there does not appear to be any reason why a common use of prayer for the sick in connection with the healing properties of oil should be objected to. It stands on the same religious basis as prayer in connection with the use of other remedies for disease and should be administered for such diseases and in such a manner as to realize its medicinal effects."

A PLAYWRIGHT'S APPEAL TO CHURCHMEN TO SAVE THE DRAMA



ACCORDING to Henry Arthur Jones, the eminent English playwright, the "one great obstacle to the rise and development of a serious, dignified, national art of the drama" in England and America is the prejudice of religious people against the stage. "We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama to-day," he says, "to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see nothing in the theater but a terrible, unholy thing to be crushed and stamped out of existence." And he appeals to churchmen in behalf of a new crusade for the redemption of popular drama.

The appeal is made in the form of an impassioned address on "The Cornerstones of Modern Drama," delivered recently at Harvard University and printed in the *New York Times*. Mr. Jones deals at some length with what he calls the "present pitiable condition"

of the Anglo-Saxon stage. He echoes the exclamation of a book-collecting friend who pointed to three slim volumes in his library—"The Rivals," "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer"—and who said: "There! That's all the harvest of your English drama for the last two hundred years." He goes on to compare the dramatic output of England during the same period with that of the great French playwrights and asks: "Why have we made such a beggarly mess of our drama?" To this he replies:

"The fundamental reason is to be found in the character of our race. We are a dramatic race; we are also a deeply religious race. Religion easily runs riot to fear and meanness and madness, and creates abominable hells in its panic. After the mellow pomp of the Elizabethan age religion ran riot in England. We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama to-day to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see

nothing in the theater but a horrible, unholy thing to be crushed and stamped out of existence. Let our Puritan friends ask themselves how far their creed is responsible, by the natural and inevitable law of reaction, for the corruption of the national drama at the Restoration, and for its pitiable condition ever since. The feeling of horror and fright of the theater, engendered at the Restoration, is even to-day widely prevalent and operative among religious classes in England and America. It muddles and stupefies our drama, and degrades it from the rank of a fine art to the rank of a somewhat disreputable form of popular entertainment."

There must be thousands of religious people, continues Mr. Jones, who, having been nurtured to regard the theater as frivolous and empty and evil, have never taken the trouble to examine their stock prejudices against the drama, and to inquire whether there is any ground for them. To this large body of American and English citizens, to the heads and leaders of religious sects in America and England, to church-goers who, if not actively hostile, are cold and indifferent toward the possibilities of the dramatic art, Mr. Jones especially addresses himself:

"Brother Puritans, brother Pharisees, the dramatic instinct is ineradicable, inexhaustible; it is entwined with all the roots of our nature; you may watch its incessant activity in your own children; almost every moment of the day they are acting some little play; as we grow up and strengthen, this dramatic instinct grows up and strengthens in us; as our shadow, it clings to us; we cannot escape from it; we cannot help picturing back to ourselves some copy of this strange, eventful history of ours; this strange, earthly life of ours throws everywhere around us and within us reflections and re-reflections of itself; we act it over and over again in the chambers of imagery, and in dreams, and on the silent secret stage of our own soul. When some master dramatist takes these reflections and combines them and shapes them into a play for us, very nature herself is behind him, working through him for our welfare. So rigidly economical, so zealously frugal is she, that what is at first a mere impulse to play, a mere impulse to masquerade and escape from life—this idle pastime she transforms and glorifies into a masterpiece of wisdom and beauty; it becomes our sweet and lovable guide in the great business and conduct of life. . . .

"This, then, is the use of the theater, that men may learn the great rules of life and conduct in the guise of a play; learn them, not formally, didactically, as they learn in school and in church, but pleasantly, insensibly, spontaneously, and oftentimes, believe me, with a more assured and lasting result in manners and conduct. Is not that a wise form of amusement? Ought not every good citizen to foster and encourage it? Then why, Brother Puritans, why, Brother Pharisees, are you found in such bitter opposition to it? . . .

"Look at the vast population of our great cities

crowding more and more into our theaters, demanding there to be given some kind of representation of life, some form of play. You cannot quench that demand. During the next generation hundreds of theaters will be opened all over America and England. If you abstain from visiting those theaters, you will not close them. Millions of your countrymen, the vast masses, will still frequent them. The effect of your absence, and of your discountenance, will merely be to lower the moral and intellectual standard of the plays that will then be given. Will you never learn the lesson of the English Restoration, that when the best and most serious classes of the nation detest and defame their theater, it instantly justifies their abuse and becomes indeed a scandal and a source of corruption? Many of you already put Shakespeare next to the Bible as the guide and inspirer of our race. Why, then, do you despise his calling, and vilify his disciples, and misunderstand his art? Do you not see that this amusement which you neglect and flout and decry is more than an amusement; is, indeed, at once the finest and the most popular of all the arts, with an immense influence on the daily lives of our fellow-citizens? Help us, then, to organize and endow the fine art in all the cities of our Anglo-American race, wherever our common tongue is spoken, from London to San Francisco."

Passing on to broader ground, but still appealing in ethical and spiritual terms for a recognition of "this supreme art of Shakespeare's," Mr. Jones concludes:

"Your Nation has, what all young nations have, what England is losing, the power to be moved by ideas, and that divine resilient quality of youth, the power to be stirred and frenzied by ideals. If a guest whom you have honored so much, if your most fervent well-wisher may presume to whisper his most fervent wishes for a country to whom he is so deeply indebted, he would say, 'As you vie with us in friendly games and contests of bodily strength, may you more resolutely vie with us for the mastership in art and in the ornament of life; build statelier homes, nobler cities, and more aspiring temples than we have built; let your lives be fuller of meaning and purpose than ours have lately been; have the wisdom richly to endow and unceasingly to foster all the arts, and all that makes for majesty of life and character rather than for material prosperity and comfort. Especially foster and honor this supreme art of Shakespeare's, so much neglected and misunderstood in both countries; endow it in all your cities; build handsome, spacious theaters; train your actors; reward your dramatists, sparingly with fees, but lavishly with laurels; bid them dare to paint American life sanely, truthfully, searchingly, for you. Dare to see your life thus painted. Dare to let your drama ridicule and reprove your follies and vices and deformities. Dare to let it mock and whip, as well as amuse, you. Dare to let it be a faithful mirror. Make it one of your chief counselors. Set it on the summit of your National esteem, for it will draw upward all your National life and character; upward to higher and more worthy levels, to starry heights of wisdom and beauty and resolve and aspiration.'"

Science and Discovery

THE GREATEST CHEMICAL GENIUS IN THE WORLD



YPOTHETICALLY, the luminiferous ether, extending for millions upon millions of miles throughout the universe, is well known to be a medium of extreme tenuity. Beyond this we really know nothing as to the nature of this ether. Recently, however, the dean of chemical science, Professor Dimitri Mendeléeff, who was born in Siberia seventy-two years ago, has put forth a conception of ether as the lightest and simplest of the elements and a definite form of matter. Mendeléeff deems ether one of the inactive gases of the argon family of elements. He has gone so far as to venture a calculation of its atomic weight and to aver that ether has atoms which travel with inconceivable velocity. That noted American chemist, Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, thinks Mendeléeff's speculations worthy of far more credit than they are receiving from scientists generally, who adhere to the old view that ether is a something quite different from ordinary matter. The Russian scientist's hypothesis is so contrary to all received notions, says the *Paris Nature*, that were it not for his established position as the greatest chemical genius in the world his views would be deemed puerile. Meanwhile, judgment in the scientific world is not finally made up until Mendeléeff puts his theories into more definite shape.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, adds the *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, that Mendeléeff can establish his new theory of ether, he will have achieved a second great triumph in the science which owes more to him than to any living man. For Mendeléeff is the father of the periodic law which has made his name familiar from one end of the civilized world to the other. If the elements be placed in the order of their respective atomic weights they fall into groups. Elements resembling one another in chemical behavior occur in the same column if placed in a certain tabular form. The number of elements between any one and the next similar one is seven. To put the matter technically, "the properties of an element are a periodic function of its atomic weight," which signifies that if we know the weight of the atom of an element we may know its properties. That is because those properties

are fixed. But when Mendeléeff enunciated the so-called periodic law in its final form and filled out his table of the elements, he met with a difficulty. He had to leave three vacant spaces for undiscovered elements. This left gaps in his theory which he boldly filled by prophesying that elements would yet be discovered to vindicate his own law. Amid much ridicule, Mendeléeff confessed that he did not expect to live long enough to witness the discovery of his "missing" elements. But he did live long enough. One by one the elements were found and each possessed the properties which Mendeléeff foretold for it. It was the highest flight of prophetic genius, observes *Paris Nature*, recorded in the annals of science. It is because of this achievement, together with his own supreme position in the world of chemistry, that Mendeléeff's hypothesis of ether in its final form is awaited with such intense interest.

Dimitri Mendeléeff, says *The Popular Science Monthly*, will, through his periodic law, remain for years one of the dominant factors in the world's scientific progress. He was born seventy-two years ago, and when quite young became an instructor at the University of St. Petersburg. He has devoted himself to the instruction of the youth of Russia in science with a disinterested patriotism. No offer from universities in other parts of Europe could tempt him to leave his native land.

A more striking, tho less dramatic, proof of the soundness of Mendeléeff's generalization is to be found in the fact that the inert gases of the atmosphere—argon, neon, helium and the like—find places in the classification, tho the possibility of there being such substances was not suspected in 1869. It is not too much to say that the periodic law of Mendeléeff is recognized to-day as the only basis for the classification of the elements. Only two contradictions have been found in nearly forty years. The atomic weights of the elements iodine and tellurium should be transposed to make these substances fit into the table. There is also no place for most of the so-called rare elements. The first difficulty will disappear if anyone can show that either tellurium or iodine contains an unknown impurity. It must be admitted



Courtesy of The Popular Science Monthly.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE PERIODIC LAW OF THE ELEMENTS

Dimitri Mendeleef, the eminent Russian chemist, formulated the principle in accordance with which it is possible to group the various elements in the physico-chemical world into something like a harmonious scale. The elements seem thus to occur in nature as if they formed chords in music. This discovery is referred to as "the periodic law."

that the chances of this are not good at present. Further:

"We can avoid the difficulty as to the rare earths by considering a group of them as equivalent to one element. Doing this puts the rare earth elements on a somewhat different footing from the other elements. While this is justified to a certain extent by the chemical properties, it

cannot, in the nature of things, be a final solution. If we are not to throw over the periodic law, we must either split other so-called elements into groups of elements or we must show that certain groups of elements alone are possible. To succeed in the first would be to revolutionize chemistry. To succeed in the second would be to explain the reason for the periodic law—which would also revolutionize chemistry."

A REVOLUTIONARY THEORY OF CONSUMPTION



IF IT can be shown that inhalation has nothing to do with the spread of consumption it must become obvious to even a casual student of the problem of tuberculosis that a revolution in therapeutics would ensue. The "open-air treatment" would be seen to rest upon a fallacy. The theory that infection is conveyed by the sputum of the consumptive patient would have to be given up. The care taken to destroy the expectorated matter of the inmates of the sanatorium would turn out to be pains

wasted. The idea of contamination with the disease through kissing would prove nonsensical. The therapeutics of the malady would have to be altered in accordance with the new discovery—a discovery which, if established would be as remarkable as that of antiseptic surgery.

Now the theory that the medical world is attacking the problem of consumption by an utterly false route is

TRICHINA SPIRALIS

1, the adult worm; 2, wandering among the muscles; 3, the encysted condition.



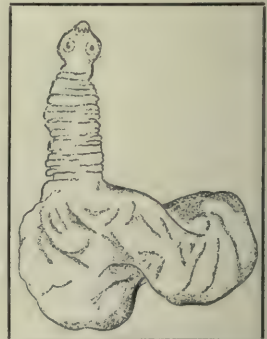
advanced by a London physician, Dr. W. Pickett Turner, who has made a first-hand study of the disease for many years. His view, briefly stated, is that tuberculosis is an animal disease primarily derived, in all cases, from cattle. It belongs, he says, to the mycotic group of diseases, diseases in which the original source of infection is a plant. Bovine cattle derive tuberculosis from timothy and other allied grasses by natural affinity. Man acquires the disease by ingestion or inoculation, never by inhalation. It is not he-

reditary, neither is there any predisposition to it in the individual. The bacillus in a state of nature is a saprophyte, feeding on decay of the vegetable world. But the bacillus becomes pathogenic—capable of causing disease—in cattle when they are deprived of actinism or the property of the chemical rays in sunlight. It would, if all this be true, become reasonable to assume that by restoring actinism to cattle, the bacillus would again become a saprophyte, in which case consumption would be extirpated.

It is well known, observes Dr. Turner, that bacteria attack living plants. These plants, eaten by the herbivora as food, lead to the production of certain diseases. Moreover, the flesh of these animals so affected, eaten by others, including man, communicates the particular disease. As this group of diseases has never before been described as such, Dr. Turner finds it necessary to adopt a name for it in his work.* He therefore calls it the mycotic group of diseases. In this group, then, the indispensable host is a plant.

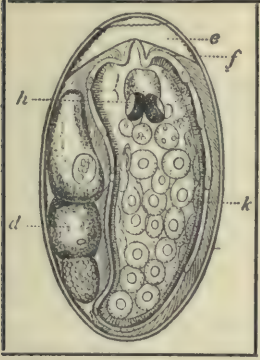
There is another group of which our present knowledge does not enable us to go further than to regard an animal as the primary host—example, rabies.

To represent the primary host, whether animal or vegetable, let us take a piece of brown bread. We cut, then, a slice from a newly baked brown loaf, expose it to the air for a short time, then place it in an incubator at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees centigrade.



LARVAL STAGE OF THE ARMED TAPE WORM

*TUBERCULOSIS. ITS ORIGIN AND EXTINCTION. By W. Pickett Turner, M.D. Adam and Charles Black.



EGG OF FASCIOLA HEPATICA, CONTAINING A CILIATED EMBRYO, CALLED A MIRACIDIUM.

d, Remains of food; *e*, cushion of jelly-like substance; *f*, boring papilla; *h*, eye spots; *k*, germinal cells.

In due course, it becomes covered with a fungus. This is *Aspergillus fumigatus*, and it is pathogenic—that is, capable of living within the body and inducing disease. Supposing, then, some of this fungus be injected into the body of a warm-blooded animal. Should the quantity be small, the animal recovers. If large, it dies.

It is, therefore, evident that there is some property

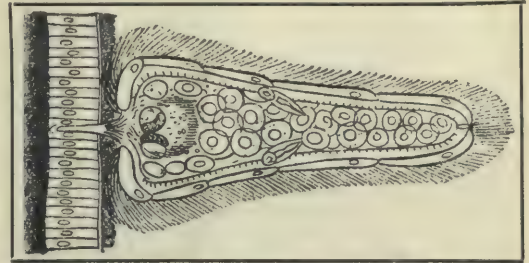
within the body capable of dealing with these poisons up to a certain point. This property is called phagocytosis, and it was discovered by Metchnikoff, who placed the web of a frog's foot under the microscope and injected anthrax bacilli into the frog, when he saw that certain of the leucocytes always present in the blood attacked the bacilli, ate them up and digested them. Hence he called them phagocytes and the process phagocytosis.

These experiments have repeatedly been confirmed by others and the doctrine is universally accepted. This power of the leucocytes is, of course, limited. There is a resistance point beyond which they are powerless. That point rises and falls with the general vigor of the constitution. In the event of the *aspergillus* injected being in excess of this point—being, indeed, too large to be dealt with by the phagocytes, being, in fact, a fatal dose—a very curious train of symptoms supervenes. The animal falls and lies upon one side, with the head placed obliquely, the eyes being di-

rected toward the same side. If the animal be moved or turned over, it will again and again resume its former position until death ensues.

This disease is mycosis. It is sometimes epidemic in zoological gardens. In a case that led to the death of a penguin, the "brown bread" of the illustration was wheat. Of rabies—hydrophobia in man—no germ has ever been found. The brown bread in this case is the dog. Again, glanders is produced by the *bacillus mallei* and the brown bread is the horse. It is certainly a mycotic disease, but the particular plant which gives rise to it is unknown.

In actinomycosis we have a typical mycotic disease produced by the presence of the ray fungus. The brown bread in this case is barley, as that cereal has been found in actinomycotic lesions in man. It must be present also in the straw, as the barley corn is not used to feed animals. There is one very important



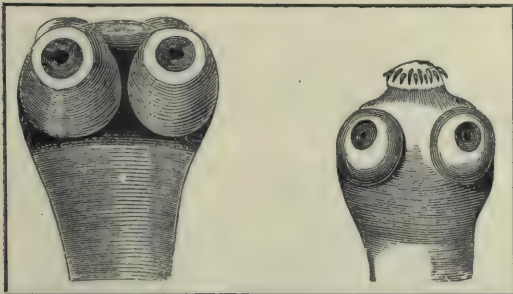
MIRACIDIUM BORING ITS WAY INTO A SNAIL

feature to be borne in mind in regard to this fungus. It is capable of finding its way to the human lung and setting up phthisis, indistinguishable clinically from that produced by the tubercle bacillus. This is a very recent discovery, but already several cases have been recorded.

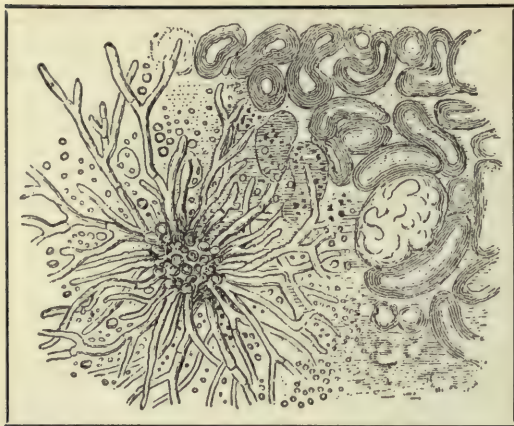
On the other hand, smallpox is not a mycotic disease, but Dr. Turner refers to it as a most striking example of the effects of environment upon disease. Here man himself is the "brown bread" and, by transmitting the disease to cattle, it becomes modified into vaccinia, and this again transferred to man completely modifies or prevents the original disease. This is vaccination.

The disease known as beriberi has quite recently been shown to be one of the mycotic group, the brown bread in this case being rice.

Of tuberculosis we know that it is produced by the presence within the body of the tubercle bacillus. Beyond this we have little but the



HEADS OF THE UNARMED AND ARMED TAPE WORM



SECTION OF RABBIT'S KIDNEY, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF ASPERGILLUS

confusion of conflicting opinions. What we must look for is the "brown bread." Now tuberculosis as affecting man and animals is one and the same disease, affirms Dr. Turner.

He points out that in Koch's great experiment nineteen young cattle that had withstood the tuberculin test were subjected to pure cultures of human tuberculosis. In some cases the sputum or bacilli were injected under the skin, while in others they were injected into the peritoneal cavity, in others, again, into the jugular vein. Six animals were fed with tubercular sputum almost daily for seven or eight months. Four repeatedly inhaled great quantities of bacilli distributed in water. None of them showed any symptoms of disease and they gained considerably in weight. From six to eight months after, they were killed. In their internal organs not a trace of tuberculosis was found.

These experiments have never been disproved, observes Dr. Turner. Koch holds to this to this day. This distinctly proves that man is not the "brown bread."

Is it cattle?

Dr. Turner's revolutionary theory affirms that it is not.

Tuberculosis is another of the mycotic group.

There has recently been discovered in timothy grass a bacillus to which the name of timothy bacillus has been given. It is an "acid fast" bacillus and stains in precisely the same manner as the tubercle bacillus. Injected into guinea-pigs it produces a disease resembling tuberculosis (but it differs in cultivation) and injected into the human subject it simply produces a local inflammatory papule. This is just what we might expect. Natural affinity has not yet come into play. But feed cattle

with the timothy grass in which this bacillus is present and you have true tuberculosis.

The "brown bread," then, is timothy and allied grasses. The intermediary indispensable host is cattle, from which all other animals derive the disease. We may have cattle, sheep, horses, goats and other animals feeding upon the same fodder, but by natural affinity the cattle only will become affected. The mode of development in this dread disease is first the primary host, then the intermediary host and finally the tertiary host. The grasses are the primary host, cattle are the intermediary host and man rounds out the life cycle of the process.

There is nothing in this that strains credulity. On the contrary, consumption can be studied only in the light of a disease produced by the presence within the body of lower forms of life. By this Dr. Turner means parasites, animal and vegetable. To illustrate their relations to the body, he glances first at a few entozoa, or worms. These are divided into three groups—the trematodes or flukes, the cestodes or tapeworms, and the nematodes or round worms.

The *Fasciola hepatica* or great liver fluke affects the liver and bile ducts of various animals, including man. Its life history is both complicated and interesting. The adult fluke is about an inch long and there may be hundreds in the liver of an animal. Each will produce some 40,000 eggs. These are deposited later upon the pastures. Many become dried and undergo no further change. Others are washed by rain or otherwise conveyed to water.

It is a noteworthy fact that the miracidium or embryo cannot escape from the shell in the dark. It requires light for its development, thus behaving after a fashion opposed to that of most bacteria.

Having escaped, it becomes a free swimming ciliated miracidium.

It now seeks a certain snail, the *Limna truncatula*, which it attacks, boring its way gradually into the body.

The germ cells now develop into individuals of a third generation, called radiæ, each of which has in its body germ cells, which in turn develop into the next generation, known as cercariæ.

These leave the body of the radiæ, remain in the snail for some time, then take to the water, ultimately attaching themselves to herbage.

The tail then drops off, the cercaria becomes encysted and remains here until swallowed by some animal, upon reaching the stomach of which the young worm wanders to the liver,

when it develops into the adult worm. The whole cycle takes some ten or twelve weeks.

The adult worm may reach man by the cercariae being deposited upon water-cress. Lovers of this vegetable need, however, fear nothing, as soaking the cress in salt and water for ten minutes kills the parasite.

The parasite that affects the giraffe is typical of the life-cycle witnessed in the case of the parasite giving rise to tuberculosis. Each of these creatures has a primary indispensable host without which it could not propagate. But it may be more instructive to consider one of the cestoids. The unarmed tape-worm in its larval stage always occurs in beef or veal, from which it is derived by man, in whom it grows to an enormous length. Next, we may consider the *taenia solium*, the armed tape-worm, so called from the hooklets which give it a characteristic appearance. This is the tape-worm most common in man. It is de-

rived exclusively from pork. The adult worm has never been known to exist other than in man. It may be said to play a game of helminthological battledore and shuttlecock between the pig and man. Its frequency shows that the legend of its being killed in cooking is nonsense. Another tape-worm sometimes found in man has as its natural affinity during the larval stage the pike and other fish. But by far the most dangerous cestoid to man is found in its adult stage in the dog and in its primitive stage in the sheep. Should the ovum be "intercepted" by man the result is a tape or other worm of great size that attacks the liver or the brain or the kidneys. It can be transmitted by so simple a thing as the licking of the face and hands by a dog.

It is evident, therefore, that there is nothing that requires a stretch of the imagination in the conception of tuberculosis as a disease of which man is the final host.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF INFERRING CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING



UST why handwriting should ever have been fixed upon as a guide to human character remains inexplicable to the eminent French savant, Dr. Binet, of the Paris Institute of Psychology. For many months this scientist has devoted himself to a comparative study of what is known as "graphology." But "graphology," he declares, is absurd.

Dr. Binet's method, as outlined in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), was to apply tests both to professed "graphologists" and to lay experimenters, with a view to ascertaining the limits of their ability to determine the sex, the age, the intelligence and the character of individuals from a careful inspection of their handwriting. He began by testing the ability of two professional "graphologists" to determine the sex of writers. The most successful of all living "graphologists," M. Crepieux Jamin, of Rouen, stated the sex correctly in four-fifths of the specimens submitted to his judgment. But a studious girl of seventeen, whose opportunities of acquiring a "scientific" knowledge of her subject were limited, successfully indicated the sex of writers in fully seventy per cent. of the specimens placed before her. It seems, too, that age is fairly well detected by experts from inspection of handwriting. Dr.

Binet is led to infer, indeed, that a woman's age may, after a due amount of experience, be estimated with surprising accuracy from her handwriting. At any rate, the experts were remarkably successful in this branch of the inquiry. On the other hand, the experts seemed to fail in a decided percentage of cases when called upon to estimate the age of a man from the handwriting. Apparently the feminine handwriting assumes the tremulous character of age at an earlier period than is the case with the male handwriting.

But when it comes to estimating character and intelligence from the handwriting, Dr. Binet reports that even the best experts were wildly inaccurate in many of their judgments. Nothing elicited from the investigations gave the slightest indication that there is any basis for a science of "graphology" in this particular field. Persons of indecisive character appear to write firm hands. No particular significance as to character or intelligence can safely be drawn from flourishes. But the kind of education given to any individual may often be safely inferred from handwriting. Lawyers tend to write one kind of hand, artists another and literary men a third. It is said that fickle women write the most beautiful hands, but Dr. Binet found it out of the question to test this

"graphological" principle by any satisfactory method of investigation. But Brown-Sequard, so famed for his capacity to generalize with lucidity, was declared by the handwriting experts to have a "muddled mind." One "graphologist" even said that Brown-Sequard's intelligence was below the average. Bertrand, the most brilliant mathematician of his day and a thinker of striking power, was pronounced "destitute of a clear view of things." Dumas—not the author of "The Three Guardsmen" or his equally famous son, but the eminent chemist to whose clear intelligence the world owes deductions of the first importance

—was said by the "graphologists" to have "a mediocre mind" and to be "unable to see anything outside his window." The German naturalist Kollicker—one of the most generous of men—was judged to be "credulous and suspicious." Renan was inferred from his handwriting to have a "small and narrow mind," to be "destitute of the power of reflection," to be "prone to over-credulity," and to possess "no form of capacity upon which any hope of distinction in life could be based." Nor were other estimates, formed from the handwriting of men fully as eminent, any more satisfactory or convincing.

HOW THE PLANETS ARE WEIGHED



ASTRONOMERS distinguish between the weight of a body and its mass. The weight of objects is not the same all over the world and, as Prof. Simon Newcomb points out in his latest work,* a thing which weighs thirty pounds in New York would weigh an ounce more than thirty pounds in a spring balance in Greenland and nearly an ounce less at the equator. This is because the earth is not a perfect sphere. The earth is, as we all now know, a little flattened at the poles. Thus weight varies with the locality.

If a ham weighing thirty pounds were taken up to the moon and weighed there, the "pull"—the attractive force of the moon upon the ham—would amount to only five pounds. There would be another weight of the ham for the planet Mars, and yet another on the sun. A ham weighing thirty pounds at New York ought to weigh some eight hundred pounds on the sun's surface. Hence the astronomer does not speak of the weight of a planet, because that would depend upon the place where it was weighed. But he speaks of the mass of the planet, which means how much planet there is, no matter where it might be weighed.

At the same time we might, without any inexactness, agree that the weight of a heavenly body should be fixed by the weight it would have in New York. As we could not imagine a planet in New York, because it may be larger than the earth itself, what we are to imagine is this: Suppose the planet could be divided into a million million million equal parts and one of these parts brought to New

York and weighed. We could easily find its weight in pounds or tons. Then multiply this by a million million million, and we shall have a weight of the planet. This would be equivalent to what astronomers might take as the mass of the planet.

Thus it is that when a planet, like Jupiter, has satellites revolving around it, astronomers on the earth can observe the attraction of the planet on its satellites and thus determine its mass. The rule for doing this is very simple. The cube of the distance between the planet and satellite is divided by the square of the time of revolution of the satellite. The quotient is a number which is proportional to the mass of the planet. The rule applies to the motion of the moon around the earth and of the planets around the sun. If we divide the cube of the earth's distance from the sun, say 93,000,000 miles, by the square of $365\frac{1}{4}$, the days in a year, we shall get a certain quotient. Let us call this number the sun quotient. Then, if we divide the cube of the moon's distance from the earth by the square of its time of revolution, we shall get another quotient, which we may call the earth quotient. The sun quotient will come out about 330,000 times as large as the earth quotient. Hence it is concluded that the mass of the sun is 330,000 times that of the earth—that it would take this number of earths to make a body as heavy as the sun. By the corresponding quotient the mass of Jupiter indicates that it would require 1,047 Jupiters to make a body as heavy as the sun. Jupiter's real weight in actual pounds, wherever the planet may be in its orbit, is another thing altogether, and might give rise to difference of opinion.

*SIDE LIGHTS ON ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb. Harper & Brothers.

COMPARATIVE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF MAN AND GORILLA

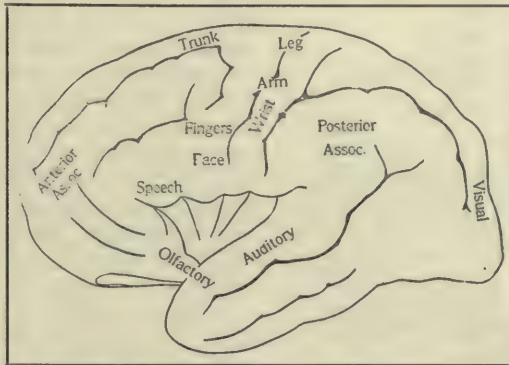
UPON that portion of the human brain to which the name of "neo-pallium" is given depends the finest part of the human feeling called self-consciousness. The full appreciation of the "self," observes Dr. J. B. Johnston, Professor of Zoology in the West Virginia University, has probably been the last and highest factor in the development of individual and social conduct.* And the mechanism of self-consciousness, speaking generally, is the neo-pallium. Indeed, the specialization of the neo-pallium, avers that eminent anthropologist, Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth, is an indispensable condition of human survival, and it is hard to see how man's evolution in the future is to be accomplished except by increasing still further the complexity of what are termed the neo-pallial folds of the brain. Failure to comply with the conditions imposed by this fact will mean the extinction of our race.

But the features of the brain of the gorilla very nearly reproduce those of the human brain. This fact, pointed out by Dr. Duckworth in his recent volume of anthropological studies,† brings the subject of man's evolution, from the standpoint of his self-consciousness, to a remarkable test. If we are to determine the future of man's self-consciousness we must try to estimate the past of that faculty. It may not be possible to state precisely the origin of the mechanism of self-consciousness in man. It is a mechanism varying greatly from the mechanism of self-consciousness in the lower animals. Only the rapid development of the neo-pallium in

primitive mammals led to the dominance of this class of vertebrates on the surface of the earth. The neo-pallium may be wholly absent, as Professor Johnston observes, from the brains of existing members of the class below mammals. This is not absolutely established, however. But the path of man's evolution from the time he was occupied in climbing the long and painful slope leading from prehistoric savagery to his present degree of self-consciousness is traced in the advancing complication of the neo-pallium. Did man get his self-consciousness from the brute? The neo-pallium of the brute must give the answer. What is the self-consciousness of the brute in kind and in degree?

In that pathological condition known as microcephalus in man, accompanied by smallness of the head, occurs a state of the neo-pallium so analogous to that found in the gorilla that Dr. Duckworth calls special attention to it. In these cases of idiocy in the human subject the growth of the brain, he says, is arrested prematurely. The neo-pallium and its convolutions are involved in this condition. As a result, the growth of the cranium is aborted. The cranial form accom-

panying microcephalus is thus quite peculiar, since the facial parts may attain full development, while the cranium is disproportionately small. Without entering into further discussion of the relations of brain growth and skull growth, nor even entering into the possibility of discriminating between microcephalic individuals with a view to separating cases of mere disease from such as may imply reversion to remote ancestral types, it must be repeated, says Dr. Duckworth, that the result affects primarily the neo-pallium. From this point of view the resemblance between the idiot human



Courtesy of Messrs. P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

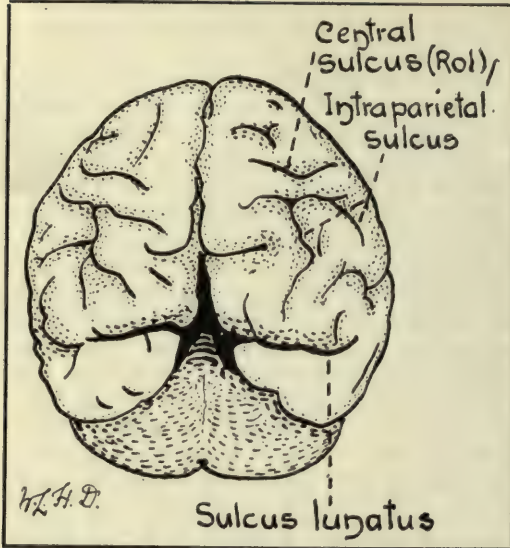
THE VARIOUS SEATS OF FUNCTION IN A HUMAN BRAIN

In this map of the brain, the anterior association field, observes Prof. J. B. Johnston, of West Virginia University, from whose "Nervous System of Vertebrates" the diagram is taken, is evidently concerned with individual experiences, with subjective states, with the emotions and with the will. This highly organized localization of function in the human brain attests the high stage of evolution of the neo-pallium. Man's future as a rational being is bound up with a growing complexity of the neo-pallial folds of the brain.

The posterior association field receives impressions concerning the external world. The objective relations of the individual are the peculiar province of this field. For conduct in the full sense the normal action of both posterior and anterior fields in harmony is required, whereupon the individual becomes a moral agent.

**NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VERTEBRATES*. By J. B. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Zoology in West Virginia University. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

†*MORPHOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY*. By W. L. H. Duckworth, M.A., Cambridge University lecturer in physical anthropology. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

BRAIN OF A CONGENITAL HUMAN IDIOT

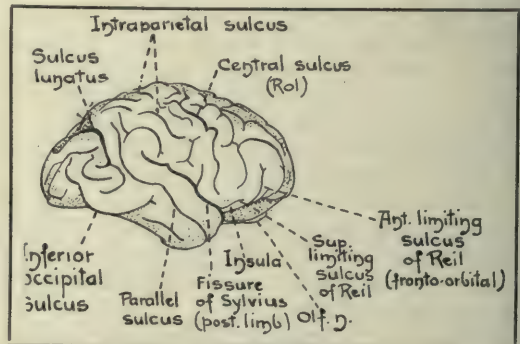
The brain is here viewed from above. Its striking resemblance to the brain of a gorilla is shown in the structure of the central sulcus, the intraparietal sulcus and the sulcus lunatus. There is no localization of function permitting the subject to co-ordinate his experience, to attain to self-consciousness in the human sense, or to form a moral idea. Nor, as is shown by Professor Duckworth, from whose "Morphology and Anthropology" the diagram is taken, is it possible to modify the surgical features of this subject by any operation upon the brain case.

brain and the normal gorilla brain is worthy of our closest scrutiny.

The anatomical differences between the brain of the gorilla and the brain of man are chiefly those of absolute size. The gorilla brain has not attained to such a high degree of development, as regards the amount and the complexity of convolutions of the cortex, as the brain of man. Yet, when compared with the other large anthropoid apes, the gorilla is seen to stand in a position nearer to man than that in which they stand. But the frontal lobes of the gorilla brain are less full and rounded, both absolutely and proportionately, than those of man. The occipital end of the hemisphere does not overlap the cerebellum to the same extent as in man. The cerebrum is smaller in proportion to the cerebellum than is the case with the human brain. The cerebellum, however, closely resembles that of man.

It is certain from these details that the gorilla is not adapted intellectually to an erect posture. It is likewise practically certain that the gorilla did not figure in the ancestry of man. The neo-pallium could not have survived in its human form an evolutionary pas-

sage through the brain case of the gorilla to the brain case of man. Man, it must be remembered, holds an absolutely unique position among the mammalia because specialization of the cerebrum has conferred an altogether exceptional development of self-consciousness. In the gorilla there exist no adequate mechanisms for the development of the human type of self-consciousness. Consequently, it could never develop the complexity of structure in the neo-pallium which would have to precede the training of the muscles of the tongue for the exertions essential to articulate speech. As for generalization, the brain of the gorilla, being structurally that of an idiot, is incapable of it. There are no such convolutions as would enable a gorilla to form memories of written words, to appeal to the instinct of co-operation among its kind or to specialize along any line of social activity. It is not easy to see how any great variety of association tracts could be developed in the gorilla brain apart from the phenomena of its contact with the external world. The only self-consciousness possessed by the gorilla must be akin to that found in the congenital idiot. Out of the stage of gibbering idiocy in which it is found in the wild state, the gorilla can by no possibility evolve. It could have handed no adequate self-consciousness on to man. Nor is it a physiological possibility for man to have derived his self-con-

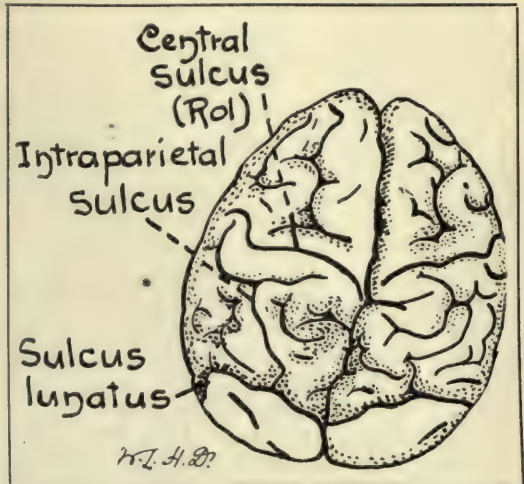


Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRAIN OF A YOUNG GORILLA

This shows the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere. The cerebral surface is remarkably well convoluted even for this species of anthropoid ape and recalls the appearance of the human cerebrum. The human cerebrum consists of two hemispheres which occupy the entire vault of the cranium, separated by a deep cleft called the median longitudinal fissure. Other fissures make deep impressions, dividing the cerebrum into lobes. Of these the chief are the fissure of Sylvius and the fissure of Rolando. There are numbers of shallower infoldings of the surface called furrows or sulci between which lie raised areas called convolutions. These divisions in the human brain are all paralleled, says Professor Duckworth in his "Morphology and Anthropology," in the cerebral hemispheres of the gorilla—with one important exception.

sconsciousness—or rather his human form of it—from the chimpanzee or from the orang-outang. The histological structure of these creatures might present any number of analogies. The brain structure might parallel all the convolutions in the human cerebrum. But these details are wholly irrelevant if the great mechanism of evolving self-consciousness, the neo-pallium, shows no adaptation for the work of the human mind. In the gorilla there can be no appreciation of the individual's personality. There can be no certainty of action and no persistence of will. The inhibitions are not of a character to develop even rudimentary self-control. The anterior association field in the brain cortex is not, humanly speaking, normal. The highest intellectual achievement of the gorilla is probably an organization of the experiences connected with the hand as a tactile organ. From the point of view of evolution, consequently, the gorilla has no future. It may be deemed almost a certainty that from a purely mental standpoint, the gorilla is not nearly as intelligent as the dog.



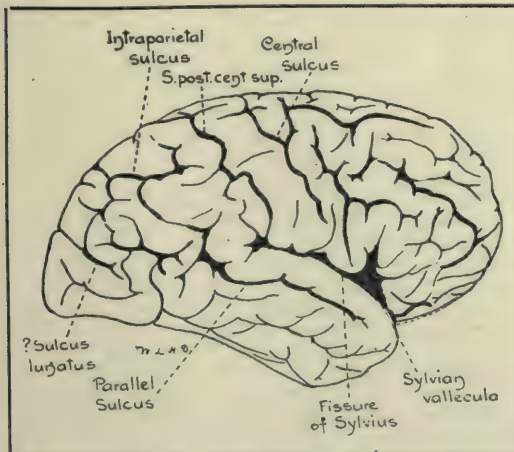
Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRAIN OF A NORMAL GORILLA

This brain is seen from above. It affords, says Professor Duckworth in his "Morphology and Anthropology," an astonishing instance of the likeness between the cerebral functions of the anthropoid ape and the cerebral functions of a congenital human idiot.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL OF THE SCIENCES

NEITHER astronomy, nor the canals on Mars, neither radio-activity, and its suggested transmutation of elements, nor bio-chemistry, with its hint of life originating in dead matter, can,



■ Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRAIN OF A NEW-BORN INFANT

This should be compared with the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere of a young gorilla, shown in another diagram, the diagram above being that of the lateral surface of the right cerebral hemisphere of a babe some few days after birth.

for a moment, compare in sensationalism with physiology to-day. The canals on Mars lose their sensational interest when it transpires that they may be natural phenomena. The transmutation of one element like iron into another like gold can only be talked about, not accomplished. The origin of life in dead matter is not taken seriously now by any scientist of the first rank in his own specialty. But the sensations of physiology, which have been in the past few years so numerous as to give force to the statement that it is a new science altogether, have not been discredited at all. So thinks that distinguished physiologist, Dr. Carl Snyder, writing in the *London Monthly Review*. Physiology is, according to him, the most sensational of the sciences to-day; but the sensations of physiology do not result in anti-climax. They are so legitimate that, declares Dr. Snyder, "a text-book of physiology or medicine ten years old is out of date." Yet it is difficult to realize how recent is our knowledge of the body and of life generally. So great a man as Bacon died doubting the circulation of the blood. Newton did not know what happens in taking air into the lungs. Franklin never heard of oxygen. Much of our knowledge of the more intimate proc-

esses of life has come within a very few years. The first example that occurs relates to the mere chemical analysis of the bodily constituents.

This was long ago supposed to be complete, at least so far as the recognition of elementary substances is concerned. Very recently, however, notes Dr. Snyder, it has been shown that such out-of-the-way substances as arsenic and iodine are normal constituents of the body, and not merely normal but absolutely essential. It is needless to remark on the importance of the recognition of at least one of these. Of the poisons with which murders are committed, arsenic roughly forms perhaps 95 per cent. When a person appears to have died of poisoning and traces of arsenic have been found, it is not very difficult to see that a chemist, ignorant of the fact that arsenic belongs in the body normally, might be led to believe that a murder had been committed. It would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of this. Nevertheless, it is entirely conceivable that from sheer ignorance, innocent persons have been condemned to death on this account.

Iodine, again, has been shown to be the important active principle of the thyroid, the little gland of the neck. This in turn has been revealed as one of the important regulating organs of the body.

If, proceeds Dr. Snyder, anyone had been asked what was probably the most important single chemical constituent in the life process, one would undoubtedly have answered oxygen. On a superficial view, life seemed, chemically, more or less a form of oxidation. Deprived of oxygen for but a few moments, we die. Nevertheless, forms of life have been found, the so-called anaerobic bacteria, which may live in an atmosphere oxygen free. Not merely that, but some forms have been found to which free oxygen is fatal. Obviously, then, oxygen is not absolutely essential to the intimate process of life. It seems as if this fact may shed a deal of light upon vital chemism, and, indeed, the more advanced physiologists are coming now to believe that, so far as life is concerned, oxidation is rather a secondary or ulterior process, that the more essential vital processes do not involve the intervention of oxygen and that under some conditions the rôle of oxygen may be taken up by other substances.

The next great advance in the science of therapeutics, it seems to our authority, will have much reference to recent discoveries in organic chemistry. "It has been the dream of humanity," observes one scientist in the Lon-

don *Outlook*, commenting upon yet another aspect of the same theme, "to discover some agent which would have the property of prolonging life. With a therapeutic agent of rejuvenescence, old age is soon to be banished from the world. There is nothing in this to tax human credulity.

From the various tissues of the body some curious extracts have been made. For example, a very valuable addition to the list of local anesthetics recently made is adrenalin. It is a powerful heart stimulant. It has also an extraordinary effect of constricting the smaller blood-vessels and capillaries. Applied to any part, adrenalin consequently quite drives the blood away from it. This permits of many delicate surgical operations in which the effusion of blood would otherwise be a hindrance, if not a bar. This substance is simply a liquid extract from the pair of curious little bulbs, about the size of the thumb, which lie just above the kidneys and receive for that reason the name of the suprarenal capsules. And, says Dr. Snyder:

"Mention of these bodies recalls the singular rôle which they have been shown to play in health and disease. The suprarenal capsules belong to the class of so-called ductless glands whose functions in the body were so long a mystery, and of which the spleen, the thyroid, and the thymus are familiar examples. People who are accustomed to keep their eyes open have probably noticed now and then victims of a peculiar malady known as Addison's disease. The skin of the patient turns a curious pale greenish-bronze color, something in the same way as the victim of jaundice turns yellow. In all the centuries upon centuries—say for ten or twenty thousand years—in which medicine has been practised, the cause of this malady was an inscrutable mystery. Many facts go to show that it is due to the disease or atrophy or injury of these little suprarenal capsules which lie just over the kidneys. The new medication of the disease naturally bears in the direction of introducing into the body the active principle of these glands.

"A very similar discovery, but of far greater importance, is the extraordinary rôle played by the thyroid mentioned just above—the little glands which lie just in front of the windpipe in the throat. It has long been known that their inflammation or enlargement was associated with the familiar disease of goitre. More recently it has been found that the complete excision of this gland practically means idiocy, and that, moreover, many forms of idiocy are simply the result of the mal-functioning or absence of these little glands.

"It is so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief. Nevertheless, the fact is to-day as well established as the circulation of the blood. What is more amazing still, extracts of sheep's thyroid fed to idiotic children very often means a normal mental development. It is one of the most amazing things in all the range of medicine."

A CASE OF AGORAPHOBIA CURED BY AN ELOPEMENT



AGORAPHOBIA, as defined by Dr. Charles Mercier, of the Charing Cross Hospital, London, is simply fear of open spaces. Thus, if the victim of the disease be a business man he will, in going to and from his office or employment, walk through all the alleys, courts, lanes and narrow streets he can make use of. When he comes to a wide, open street he is seized with panic. It is a reasonless, groundless panic which the sufferer knows to be reasonless and groundless. He feels, none the less, as if something terrible were about to happen. Long, wide bridges, often narrow bridges of much length, are quite impassable to the sufferer from agoraphobia. If compelled to go over such bridges he will hail a passing car or vehicle and even keep his eyes shut as he passes across it. Claustrophobia, on the other hand, is the disease inspiring in its action a terror of closed spaces—railroad cars, elevators and the like.

The malady of agoraphobia, which, like claustrophobia, is far more common than the layman has any idea of, has a highly scientific basis, explains Dr. Mercier, from whose paper in the London *Lancet* we quote:

"When our ancestors were arboreal in habit, this habit was their salvation from extinction. Feeble in body, destitute of weapons and of defensive armor, devoid of means of concealment, their safety from carnivorous foes lay in the agility with which they could climb out of reach, and in the accuracy with which they could leap from bough to bough and from tree to tree. Whenever they descended to the ground, they were in danger. It is on the ground that the greater carnivora pursue their prey; and, adapted as our ancestors were to arboreal life, their progress on open ground was undoubtedly less rapid than among the tree tops, and most probably less rapid than that of their principal foes. Among the tree tops they were secure. There, no enemy could vie with them in activity, or hope to overtake them; but on the ground they were at a disadvantage. On the flat, they had no chance against the spring of the panther or the speed and wind of the wolf; but once let them attain the security of the forest, and they could grin and chatter with contempt at their helpless enemies below. The farther they ventured from their secure retreat, the greater the peril they were in; the nearer their refuge, the more complete their sense of security. Since instincts, using the term in the sense of mental cravings, become adapted to modes of life, which, in turn, they dictate, we may be sure that, in the arboreal stage of their existence, our ancestors had a very strong instinctive aversion to any extended excursion from their place of security and refuge. Near to trees, they were in safety; far from trees, they

were in continual danger, and therefore in continual uneasiness. In such a situation they had an abiding and well-founded dread and sense of impending danger.

"This is the state of mind which, as it seems to me, is reproduced in similar circumstances in agoraphobia. The craving of the subject of this malady is to be near, not trees necessarily, it is true, but near to some tall vertical structure. Away from such a structure, he has just the feeling of dread, of impending danger, of imminent disaster, of something dreadful about to happen, that a man would have who was walking through a jungle infested by tigers, or that a child has when alone in the dark. And this is just such a feeling as we may suppose our arboreal ancestors had when they were out of reach of their natural habitat. I have seen a woman affected with agoraphobia get from one side of a court to the other by not only going round by the wall, and touching it all the way, but squeezing herself up against it, and clutching at the bare surface. Sufferers from this malady cannot cross an open space. They cannot venture more than a step or two from some vertical surface. They feel no uneasiness in a colonnade, open all around them tho it be. Their reason tells them that their dread is groundless, but reason is powerless against instinct, and an imperious instinct shouts danger in their ears."

So it was for years with a sufferer from agoraphobia whose case came under the personal notice of Dr. Mercier. This sufferer had a daughter, an estimable young lady with whom an eligible young man was in love. The young man's parents approved of the match. There was no moral obliquity in the suitor, no personal characteristics or physical defect rendering him an unsuitable husband for any young lady. His attachment was evidently disinterested and sincere. But the sufferer from agoraphobia refused to permit his daughter's marriage with the object of her choice on the ground of a want of congeniality between himself and the parents of the young lady.

One morning the sufferer from agoraphobia awoke to discover that his daughter had eloped in the night with her lover. The youthful pair had been married and were now at the home of the bridegroom's parents. The shock sustained by the father was profound. But oddly enough, avers Dr. Mercier, the agoraphobia was swept away in the conflict of emotions that ensued and it has never returned. The patient walks through the widest streets and along the longest bridges without a trace of his old-time dread. Agoraphobia, in Dr. Mercier's experience, is "inveterate"—refractory to remedies, recalcitrant to treatment—in a word, incurable. What is the explanation?

Recent Poetry



It has been nearly twenty years since Edward Rowland Sill passed over "the great divide," and the fact that two editions of his poetical works have been published (by Houghton, Mifflin & Company) in the last five years indicates that he has taken his place as one of the fixed luminaries in our literary firmament. He will never be rated a star of the first magnitude. There is nothing in this new household edition of his poems that bewilders with its radiance, but everything is aglow with the true poetical light, and we feel in communion with him much as we feel with Longfellow. His spirit was sane and wholesome and lovely, rather than daring and revolutionary, and he had the instincts of a true artist and a well-nibbed pen that seldom scratched or spluttered. "The Fool's Prayer" is his best-known and perhaps his best poem. We prefer, however, to quote other poems less familiar, and begin with one particularly appropriate to the holiday season.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar and let
Them paint your Christmas day at home.

Glitter of ice and glint of frost,
And sparkles in the crusted snow;
And hark! the dancing sleigh-bells, tost
The faster as they fainter grow.

The creaking footsteps hurry past;
The quick breath dims the frosty air;
And down the crisp road slipping fast
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

Penciled against the cold white sky,
Above the curling eaves of snow,
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,
As loath to leave the mirth below.

For at the door a merry din
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,
And chattering girls come storming in,
To toast them at the roaring grate.

And then from muff and pocket peer,
And many a warm and scented nook,
Mysterious little bundles queer
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

Now broad upon the southern walls
The mellowed sun's great smile appears,
And tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks that grow to glittering tears.

Then, as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
And leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about.

Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,
Along the darkening walls will leap
And clap their hands, as if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep.

Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,
As in the smouldering coals they peer,
Haply some wondering pictures build
Of how I keep my Christmas here.

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such summer's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas Day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
 I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
 The angel's song rings everywhere,
 And all the earth is Holy Land.

The same note of confident optimism rings out
 in the following stanzas:

STARLIGHT

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

They think me daft, who nightly meet
 My face turned starward, while my feet
 Stumble along the unseen street;

But should man's thoughts have only room
 For Earth, his cradle and his tomb,
 Not for his Temple's grander gloom?

And must the prisoner all his days
 Learn but his dungeon's narrow ways
 And never through its grating gaze?

Then let me linger in your sight,
 My only amaranths! blossoming bright
 As over Eden's cloudless night.

The same vast belt, and square, and crown,
 That on the Deluge glittered down,
 And lit the roofs of Bethlehem town!

Ye make me one with all my race,
 A victor over time and space,
 Till all the path of men I pace.

Far-speeding backward in my brain
 We build the pyramids again,
 And Babel rises from the plain;

And climbing upward on your beams
 I peer within the patriarch's dreams,
 Till the deep sky with angels teems.

My Comforters!—Yea why not mine?
 The power that kindled you doth shine,
 In man, a mastery divine;

That love which throbs in every star,
 And quickens all the worlds afar,
 Beats warmer where his children are.

The shadow of the wings of Death
 Broods over us; we feel his breath:
 "Resurgam" still the spirit saith.

These tired feet, this weary brain,
 Blotted with many a mortal stain,
 May crumble earthward—not in vain.

With swifter feet that shall not tire,
 Eyes that shall fail not at your fire
 Nearer your splendors I aspire.

The following is one of Sill's latest poems (he died in Cleveland, O., in 1887), and it shows that the agnosticism of the period had touched but not overwhelmed him:

BLINDFOLDED

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

What do we know of the world, as we grow so
 old and wise?
 Do the years that still the heart-beats quicken
 the drowsy eyes?
 At twenty we thought we knew it,—the world
 there, at our feet;
 We thought we had found its bitter, we knew we
 had found its sweet.
 Now at forty and fifty, what do we make of the
 world?
 There in her sand she crouches, the Sphinx with
 her gray wings furled.
 Soul of a man I know not: how should I hope to
 know,
 I that am foiled by a flower, or the stars of the
 silent snow;
 I that have never guessed the mind of the bright-
 eyed bird,
 Whom even the dull rocks cheat, and the whirl-
 wind's awful word?
 Let me loosen the fillet of clay from the shut and
 darkened lid,
 For life is a blindfold game, and the Voice from
 view is hid.
 I face him as best I can, still groping, here and
 there,
 For the hand that has touched me lightly, the lips
 that have said "Declare!"
 Well I declare him my friend,—the friend of the
 whole sad race;
 And oh, that the game were over, and I might
 see his face!
 But 'tis much, though I grope in blindness, the
 Voice that is hid from view
 May be heard, may be even loved, in a dream that
 may come true.

Sill was of Connecticut birth, but left New England in early manhood, going to Cleveland (and afterward to California) to reside. Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge") reversed this process, being born in Cleveland and in her early womanhood going to Connecticut to labor as a nurse during the Civil War period, and remaining in New England afterward to prosecute her work as writer. Her death occurred less than two years ago and her pen-name is familiar to magazine readers of the present day. A volume entitled "Last Verses" is published by Little, Brown & Company, with a brief but very attractive biographical sketch. A lovely character is unfolded to us in the poems, as well as in the sketch. Her work is sweet and comforting rather than stimulating, but it is all sincere and breathes of hope and faith in the life that is and the life that is to be. We reprint two of her poems:

HELEN KELLER

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Behind her triple prison-bars shut in
 She sits, the whitest soul on earth to-day.
 No shadowing stain, no whispered hint of sin,
 Into that sanctuary finds the way.

There enters only clear and proven truth
 Apportioned for her use by loving hands
 And winnowed from all knowledge of all lands
 To satisfy her ardent thirst of youth.

Like a strange alabaster mask her face,
 Rayless and sightless, set in patience dumb,
 Until like quick electric currents come
 The signals of life into her lonely place;
 Then like a lamp just lit, an inward gleam
 Flashes within the mask's opacity,
 The features glow and dimple suddenly,
 And fun and tenderness and sparkle seem
 To irradiate the lines once dull and blind,
 While the white slender fingers reach and cling
 With quick imploring gestures, questioning
 The mysteries and the meanings—to her mind.

The world is not the sordid world we know;
 It is a happy and benignant spot
 Where kindness reigns, and jealousy is not,
 And men move softly, dropping as they go
 The golden fruit of knowledge for all to share.
 And Love is King, and Heaven is very near,
 And God to whom each separate soul is dear
 Makes fatherly answer to each whispered prayer.
 Ah, little stainless soul shut in so close,
 May never hint of doubt creep in to be
 A shadow on the calm security
 Which wraps thee, as its fragrance wraps a rose.

THE PRICE OF FREYA

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

(Freya, in the Scandanavian mythology, was the goddess of Youth and Hope. While she remained with the gods and fed them daily with her golden apples they were all powerful; but when Wodin parted with her as the price for the building of Walhalla, they suddenly became weak and weary; and a shadow rested over the world. Walhalla was of no worth without Freya.)

The towers are strong and the towers are fair
 As they rise and gleam in the sunlit air,
 With bastion and battlement and spire
 Built for one rule and one desire;
 Fain would we enter there and sway,
 But the giant builder the door secures,
 And mutters his price as he bars the way:
 "Give up Freya and all is yours."

There in the citadel fancy built
 Are the riches of ages heaped and spilt;
 Diamonds glitter and rubies gleam,
 And moon-like pearls front the pale moonbeam.
 Golden the roof and gold the floor;
 The glittering splendor woos and lures;
 And the tempting voice repeats once more:
 "Give us Freya and all is yours."

What! give up hope with its rainbow sheen,
 Give up the sparkle, the song, the jest,
 The vision of something dreamed not seen,
 Which is sweeter by far than the thing pos-
 sessed?

The flowers of May and the roses of June.
 The sweet spring-breath of the April breeze,
 The dew of morn and the light of noon—
 When we give up Freya, must we give all these?

But we give; and we enter the towers of pride,
 And we thread our gems and we count our
 gold;

And we bid our hearts to be satisfied
 With so much to have and so much to hold.
 But the smile is faded from the day;
 Our drink is bitter, our bread is stone—
 And amid the shadows we sit and say:
 "Nothing is worth with Freya gone."

In *The Smart Set* appears a little poem by
 Madeline Bridges that is not "smart," but is very
 clever:

THE WAYFARERS

BY MADELINE BRIDGES

"Oh, little maid, the way is long,
 And you are young, and none too strong;
 For all the brightness of your eyes,
 Your lips are meek, and sorrow-wise.
 Your feet are slow, like pilgrim feet,
 And white, with dust of field and street;
 Should you not say your beads?—for lo!
 Lonely and strange the road you go.

"The sun has set, and night comes down
 Between us, and the far-off town
 Shall you not fear a little? You,
 So young and fair may sadly rue
 To be alone with none to guard,
 For hearts of evil men are hard,
 And beauty works such sinful charm—
 Surely, you need have fear of harm?"

Her face smiled through the dimness. "Nay,
 Shall we not wend the selfsame way?
 Like me, you seek the town, and so,
 I fear not darkness, as we go,
 Nor evil men. While you are nigh
 Harm cannot reach me!" . . . With a cry
 He caught her hand. "Good night! I pray
 God shield you, dear!" and fled away.

Dialect poems, and especially Scotch dialect
 poems, are hard reading for many of us; but if
 the burr is very prickly the nuts are often
 very sweet. The poem below, from the *London
 Outlook*, is well worth the trouble it gives to come
 at it:

THE LANG ROAD

BY VIOLET JACOB

Below the braes o' heather, and down along the
 glen,
 The road runs southward, southward, that grips
 the souls o' men,
 That draws their footsteps aye awa' frae hearth
 and frae fauld,
 That parts ilk friend frae other, an' the young
 frae the auld.
 And whiles I stand at morning, and whiles I rise
 at night
 To see it through the ghaistly dark run like a
 thread o' white;
 There's mony a lad will ne'er come back among
 his ain to lie,
 And it's lang, lang waiting while the time ga'es by.

And far ayont the bit of sky that lies aboon the hills,
There is the great town standing in the roaring
o' the mills,
Where the reek frae mony engines hangs 'atween
it and the sun
And the lives are weary, weary, that are just
begun.
Down yon lang road that winds awa' my ain three
sons they went,
They turned their faces southward frae the glens
they aye had ken't,
An twa will never see the hills wi' living eyes
again,
And it's lang, lang waiting as I sit my lane.

For ane lies where the grass is high upon the gal-
lant dead,
And ane where England's mighty ships sail proud
aboon his head;
They couldna' sleep mair saft at hame, the twa
that served their king,
Were they laid aside their ain kirk gate by the
fern and the ling.
But where the road is twisting through yon streets
o' care and sin
My third braw son toils night and day for the
gold he fain would win,
Where ilka man gropes i' the dark to tak' his
neighbor's share,
And it's lang, lang striving i' the mirk that's there.

The heart o' love can pierce the earth that hides a
soldier's grave,
And love that doesna' mind the sod will neither
mind the wave,
But it canna' see ayont the cloud that haps my
youngest down
Wi' its mist o' greed and sorrow i' the smoking
town;
And whiles when through the open door there
fades the falling light,
I think I hear my ain twa men come up the road
at night,
—But him that bides the nearest seems the
furthest aye frae me,
And it's lang, lang listening till I hear the three.

Poetry about books and book-writers is usually
of a second-hand quality. First-hand inspirations
come from life direct, not through the prism of
another man's genius. But here is a very bookish
poem that is not open to such an objection. It
is taken from *Appleton's*:

WITH A FIRST READER

BY RUPERT HUGHES

Dear little child, this little book
Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where wonder waits
Your "Open Sesame!"

These tiny syllables look large;
They'll fret your wide, bewildered eyes;
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"
Is passport to the skies.

For, yet awhile, and you shall turn
From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;

From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyám,
And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace;
And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe
Shall steal your sleep; and you shall weep
At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more,
Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;
At your demand, John Milton's hand
Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn
All times are one; all men, one race;
Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;
See Dante, face to face.

Arma virumque shall resound;
And Horace wreathes his rhymes afresh;
You'll rediscover Laura's lover;
Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time
The "Churchyard Elegy" again!
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;
Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,
O envied little parvenue;
For all things trite shall leap alight
And bloom again for you!

The poem that can give a new and lasting radi-
ance to a common, every-day object is performing
the true mission of poetry. Read the following
(from *The Independent*) and hereafter take off
your hat to the Italian fruit-vender:

A ROMAN

BY W. G. BALLANTINE

'Twas in the crowded avenue; o'erhead
Thundered the trains; below, the pavement shook
With quivering cables. Everywhere the crush
Of horses, wheels and men eddied and swirled.
A river of humanity swept by
With faces hard as ice. I stopped beside
A little push-cart filled with Southern fruits
And dickered with the huckster, "Three for five?"
"No, two," in broken English. There we stood—
He shabby, stooping, wolfish, all intent
Upon a penny, I to him no more
Than just another stranger from the throng
Trampling each other in this fierce New World.

Then looking in his sordid eyes I said,
Using the tongue of Plato and of Paul,
"Art thou a Roman?" Never magic word
Of wizard or enchanter wrought more sure.
The man erect, transfigured, eyes on fire,
Lips parted, breath drawn fast, thrust in my hands
His double handful. Huckster? No, a king!
"Could I speak Roman? Did I share it all—
The memories, the pride, the grief, the hope?"
Then welcome to the best of all he had.

Wouldst know, self-glorified American,
The name that sums the grandest heritage
Race ever owned? 'Tis "Roman" spoke in Greek:

Romaiós they call it. Constantine the Great
Fixed his new capital where East meets West,
Brought Rome's imperial law, the Cross of Christ,
The art and tongue of Greece—the whole world's
best;

And in that fairest spot new Christian Rome
Reigned queen a thousand years, until the Turk
Fell like a blight, and darkness shrouded all.
But still that name lives in the exile's dreams,
All glories, Hebrew, Christian, Roman, Greek,
Blend in that one unequalled *Romaiós*.
Abraham, Moses, Homer, Phidias,
Cæsar, Paul, Chrysostom, Justinian,
Bozzaris, Ypsilanti, Byron, all
Are his. O blest America, these men
That come in rags bring jewels in their hearts
To shine resplendent in thy future's crown!

The poem below is published, without the name
of the author, in the form of an illustrated leaflet.
The publishers (Hobbs & Sutphen, Chicago), are
unable to give us the name of the writer. It is
a sweet little thing which perhaps we ought to
recognize at once. Some of our readers may
know whence it comes:

A SLUMBER SONG

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart,
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly, then,
Good night.

The following verses, set to appropriate music,
would make a very effective song for a Lenten
service. Some of our composers ought to act
upon the suggestion. The verses are taken from
The American Magazine:

MEA CULPA!

BY SUSIE M. BEST

I dreamed I saw the Savior climb
Up Calvary! Up Calvary!
I sorrowed, oh, I sorrowed sore,
To see the heavy Cross he bore;
I cried, "Ah, Christ, and must it be!"
He sighed, "This Cross was made by thee!"

I dreamed I saw the Savior scourged
Up Calvary! Up Calvary!
I wept to see the drops of gore
Ooze from the cruel thorns he wore;
But, 'o, his Voice! It called to me:
"The sharpest thorn was set by thee!"

I dreamed I saw the Savior slain
On Calvary! On Calvary!

When thro his hands the hard nails tore,
My heart was pierced to the core;
But hark! A whisper from the Tree:
"These spikes are but the sins of thee."

Here is something different. It is from the
London *Spectator*, and rings with the clash of
feudal combat and glows with the flame of ele-
mental passions:

THE FEUDSMAN

(A Ballad of the Debatable Land, circ. 1450)

BY J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN

Oh! I fared forth from my father's house
Poor, naked and alone,
A tattered cloak and a rusty sword
Were all I called my own;
The wind that whistled o'er the heath
It cut me to the bone:
But I turned my back on the kindly roofs,
My face to the open moor,
And my last farewell was the ruddy light
That streamed from my father's door.

Oh! I came back to my father's house
With spears on either hand,
My charger blazed with gold and gems
From shoe to chamfron band;
My cloak was lined with the ermine fur
And jewels decked my brand:
But my welcome home was a roofless hall
With a shattered shield on the floor
And fire-marked walls that echoed back
The creak of the broken door.

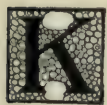
So I gave my spears their quittance and fee
And sat me down with the gold
That was paid in Byzant and Spanialand
For the blood and the blade I sold
To rebuild again my father's house
As it was in the days of old:
But I bade the masons leave their work
And the joiners all go free
Or ever the house was finished and done,
—And the things it lacked were three.

(Now 'twas Harry o' Hartsbane burst in
door

And let the reivers in,
'Twas Hugh of Hardriding couched the spear
That slew the last of my kin,
And Watty of Wanhope fired the hall,
God burn his soul for the sin!)
But the three things lacking are all made good
For a sign to the world and me
That the price of my father's blood is paid,
—And the men who paid were three.

There was never a cap to the gable-end,
There was never a ring to the door,
And within the hall lay a broken shield
On the broken beams of the floor:
But I swore to finish the work myself,
And I finished it as I swore,
For Watty's skull is my roof-ridge cap,
And the hand of young Hartsbane
Is nailed to the door, and we buried Hugh
Where my father's shield had lain.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



KIPLING is always worth listening to.

You may like him or you may not like him; he is sure to compel attention. Ever since he brought us his

amazing tales fresh from the hills, good folks have been prophesying that he would sooner or later exhaust himself. There were, indeed,

times of slackness in his work, but every now and then a new stroke of genius from his pen

has delighted and startled his readers. Careless as he may seem at times, he is always an artist.

"Mr. Kipling," says the London *Saturday Review*, "almost alone among our makers of fiction has ignored the commercial demand for love-affairs of so many thousand words. He has refused to regard the novel as the only shape for romance in England and has succeeded—and it is a notable achievement—in making the short story, that pet aversion of our fog-numbered wits, the principal vehicle for his ideas. Of no other writer can the same be said. Other men whose quality and inclination were as pronounced as his have one by one sacrificed their art and struck their colors to the paralyzing demand for conformity."

There is certainly little conformity to hackneyed standards in Kipling's new stories,* which have been characterized as "a cross between fairy-tales and historical romances of the elder Britain." The machinery of the plot is simple enough. Dan and Una, two children, act bits from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" three times over on a midsummer night's eve, in the middle of a ring, and right under one of the oldest hills in England, Pook's hill, which is Puck's hill. And Puck appears to them. "By oak ash and thorn," he cries, "if this had happened a few hundred years ago, you'd have had all the people of the hills out like bees in June." The children have "broken" the hills and Puck tells them tales of the Old Things of Long Ago. We hear of Weland's sword and what befell it, of the Picts and the Norsemen and of Roman centurions. And as the tale unfolds the author's purpose becomes clearer and clearer. In one of the most charming interludes he strikes the key-note. England, he tells us, is full of great historical associations. Every spot is a relic of a glorious past:

"She is not any common ground,
Water or wood and air,
But Merlin's isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare."

*PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Company.

We must attach the underlying purpose of re-kindling English patriotism to those stories, or else, says the New York *Times Saturday Review*, we'd be compelled to call this little book, with all its freshness and prettiness, quite unworthy of the author of "They" and "An Habitation Enforced." But, the same reviewer admits, we should not attempt to read all at a glance the symbolism of a story by Kipling. "Like Dante and Ibsen, he demands patient study."

Whether the British critics have failed to give it this patient study we cannot tell, but it is evident that much of their appreciation of Kipling's new mood is only half-hearted. The idea seems to prevail that the stories offer little scope for Kipling's special virtues. The *Saturday Review* (London), thinks that they might have been done, if not as well, at least as profitably by many another. "For these stories are at best but second-hand work. They plausibly deny their earlier origin, they cleverly elude the look of having been 'made over'; but each is only what it is by dint of another man's labors; behind each is less that rich observation of life which is what we desire most of its author, but studious sifting and compiling from things said and compiled before, and compiled, as here and there a hint discloses, not by the original authorities."

The *Academy* says that some of the tales are ill constructed and that the verses with which the author sprinkles his prose are, except in one lyric, distinguished by a wholesome mediocrity. The London *Outlook*, however, remarks that critical bargaining or haggling are out of the question: "Like the salesman with the whip-hand, the author can say to us, without more ado, 'Take it or leave it.' We must take it, for the very good reason that we want it; and the answer to all objectors is no better or worse than Ben Jonson's to his audience: 'By God, 'tis good, and if you like it you may.'"

Mr. Hichens, like Kipling, fails to conform to conventional standards. In fact, so far removed from conventionality is his new book, "The Call of the Blood,"* OF THE BLOOD that the editors of *Harper's Bazar*, in which it appeared serially,

deemed it essential to make such expurgation as forced Mr. Hichens to declare publicly that his story was not printed as he had written it. And he had written it marvelously well, for of Mr.

*THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. By Robert Hichens. Harper & Brothers.

Hichens's genius there can be no doubt. Ever since the publication of the "Green Carnation," which was, after all, a journalistic rather than a literary feat, he has been growing in vision and depth. Mr. Hichens, says the London *Tribune*, is a writer who progressed steadily in his art, beginning with a light touch, a little uncertain, and waiting, as it were, to find himself, but acquiring increasing strength until, with his "Garden of Allah" he discovered his power.

"And now, with 'The Call of the Blood,' he confirms his position in the front rank of our younger novelists, and he has given us a story in which the fine quality of his mind, his Greek love of physical and natural beauty, his spiritual sensuousness, if one may use the phrase, his modern understanding of primitive things, the glow and color of his language, and his subtle sympathy with the pain that exists beneath, and in, the joy of life are again revealed."

The tenor of the British reviews is appreciative, but a little disappointed. Mr. Hichens, it seems, has committed the strategic crime of not making his new novel even better than its predecessor. Yet "The Call of the Blood" is a good book, perhaps even a great book. If, says *The Academy*, Mr. Hichens had not written "The Garden of Allah," we might hail this work as the greatest novel of passion of the century.

For rich, luxurious effects few living English writers can rival Mr. Hichens. In fact, his brush is dripping with color. Says one of Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks: "Mr. Hichens gives me no credit either for a knowledge of Sicily, or for the meanest gift of imagination, or even (and here he seems to depreciate his own power of producing an impression) for being able to realize a picture until he has given me a dozen replicas of it. But, then, how few writers can give the reader credit for anything except an extreme patience."

The story of Mr. Hichens' novel is simple enough and might be told in a dozen pages. The heroine, Hermione Lester, is described as a woman of thirty-four, five feet ten in height, flat, thin, but strongly built, with a large waist, and limbs which, altho vigorous, are rather unwieldy. She is a "plain, almost an ugly woman, whose attractive force issues from within, inviting inquiry and advance as the flame of a fire does playing on the blurred glass of a window with many flaws in it." Her affections are bound up with two men, a friend and a lover. The friend is M. Artois, a French novelist of about forty-three, who unites, in the words of *The Spectator*, "a cruel brain with a tender heart." Her lover and husband is Maurice Delarey, a young gentleman who has inherited from a Sicilian grandmother no striking intellectual qualities, but great

personal beauty. It is that which fascinates her. "When I look at beauty," she says, "I feel rather like a dirty little beggar staring at an angel. My intellect does not seem to help me at all. In me, perhaps, the sensation arises from an inward conviction that humanity was meant originally to be beautiful, and that the ugly ones among us are—well, like sins among virtues."

But Artois, who is very wise and something of a cynic, cannot repress a feeling of impending tragedy. And he is not mistaken; for when Hermione and Maurice go to Sicily to spend their honeymoon, dormant passions awake in the man. It is the blood of his Sicilian grandmother that calls to him. He is swept away by the music of the peasants' pipes and, when Hermione deserts him for a while to nurse her sick friend, the novelist, the wild natural beauty of a peasant girl proves an irresistible charm. In a brawl that ensues he is killed by the girl's father. The circumstances of his death, however, are kept from the wife, who believes him faithful to the end. The moral of the book, says the *British Weekly*, in a rather disgruntled review, is not what the author would make it:

"To begin with, very plain women of thirty-four should not, as a rule, marry very handsome young men of twenty-four. If they do, they should get rid of their intimate male friends and correspondents after the marriage: Nor should they interrupt a honeymoon to go and nurse any of these gentlemen. Sicily or no Sicily, those who break these rules may come to trouble."

Mr. Wells is three novelists in one. There is, says the London *Bookman*, Mr. Wells the realist, who wrote "Kippis"; there is Mr.

IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET Wells the romancist, who charmed us with "The First Men in the Moon"; and there is Mr. Wells the idealist philosopher, to whom we are indebted for "A Modern Utopia." In the writing of "In the Days of the Comet,"* this critic avers, all three of him have collaborated, with results that are in every way interesting, but in some ways unsatisfactory:

"Unsatisfactory because the three elements of which the story is fashioned are not really fused; they won't work or don't mix, and the one seems to be continually nullifying the effect of the other. There are daringly fantastic stories in which Mr. Wells has witched us into believing the unbelievable; but here, though he catches us again and again in the net of his illusions, there are holes in it, and he loses us every time."

In this novel, says the London *Outlook*, Mr. Wells has "found religion," as the phrase runs. "Once he was a vagrant, but now he has a pulpit." And the text of his sermon is socialism. For this

*IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET. By H. G. Wells. The Century Company.

book is a severe arraignment of the world as it was "before the great change," as it is to-day. *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) observes, with regard to the nature of the arraignment, that Mr. Wells, like George Gissing, writes of the social condition of his time as if he had a personal grievance against society. Both writers, it says, may be described in Gorky's memorable phrase as "prisoners of life." Here, however, the resemblance ends:

"Gissing was a prisoner who remained under lock and key until he pined away, lamenting. Mr. Wells is a prisoner who has picked the lock, burst the door open, knocked down the jailers, scaled the wall, and reached a position from which he can safely and indolently tell his jailers what he thinks of them. In two or three novels, as well as in various contributions to social science, he has not only told them what he thinks of them, but instructed them how to put their house in order."

The hero of the story is a discontented young clerk, underpaid and humiliated by intellectual inferiors. Finally even his girl, Nettie, runs away with a young aristocrat, who has no intention of making her his wife. The hero hereupon steals money from his mother's lodger, a curate, and sets out in pursuit, contemplating a double murder and suicide. At this juncture, however, the Comet, the real hero of the book, intervenes. It strikes the earth, diffusing a marvelous green gas by which men are suddenly transformed into creatures not very different from angels. Germany and England were at war, at the time before the coming of the Comet. But now all warfare ceases. Society is reorganized on socialistic lines, or, as *The Times Literary Supplement* summarizes it, all the people in the Wells's Utopia society "live a common simple life in a clean garden city, occupying rooms in a building that will be a sort of compromise between an Oxford college and a row of almshouses. He foresees the objection that, even if men could be persuaded not to quarrel about property, they would still be liable to quarrel about women, and he is prepared with his solution of that problem also. Socialistic men's wives, we gather, are, no less than their goods, to be held in common." This remark called forth an irate letter from Mr. Wells. The socialism of the book, he says, is as incidental as the anatomy in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and the end is not socialism at all, but a dream of human beings mentally and morally exalted. "Given a great change of heart in human beings, and it is not my base imagination only, but an authority your reviewer would probably respect, that assures the world there would be 'no marrying nor giving in marriage.'" There is, however, enough in the book to war-

rant the remark of *The Times* and the warning to Mr. Wells not to seem to commend bigamy in his Utopia. Nettie certainly proposes to her two lovers, for both of whom she has a tender feeling, a triangular marital arrangement, or, as the French would say, a "*menage à trois*." This the hero refuses; but, after having himself married another woman, of homely exterior but infinite goodness, he finally renews affectionate relations with Nettie with the full consent not only of his wife but of Nettie's husband. *The Saturday Review* (London) inflicts upon Mr. Wells the unkindest cut of all by treating his novel throughout as a satire. Mr. Wells, it concludes, is so excessively satirical that we might almost doubt whether he has not in fact written a satire against socialism itself. "May we not understand him to hint that it would require at least the intervention of a comet to make men suddenly different from what they are; and that, as comets are rather shy of visiting the earth, nothing very remarkable is likely to happen for a considerable time?"

No little discussion has been excited on both sides of the Atlantic by a new novel* written by W. R. Maxwell, son of Mary Elisabeth Braddon. He has inherited from his mother the gift of telling a story and of telling it well.

When, says the *Washington Star*, two seasons ago his "Ragged Messenger" appeared, the English-speaking world began to feel that a new force had developed in modern fiction. This seems to be also the consensus of opinion of the English reviews. The "Guarded Flame," remarks the *London Spectator*, if it cannot be called great, is at least a serious and considerable achievement.

It took certainly some daring and no little power to make an old man the central figure of a novel. This at once raises Mr. Maxwell's book above the ordinary. Richard Burgoyne, his hero, is an elderly scientific philosopher of world-wide fame, who has been described as a sort of composite photograph of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. His life is the "guarded flame." It is guarded so as to preserve his strength for science. The guardians of the flame are his young wife, daughter of a fellow scientist, Burgoyne's assistant and secretary. As might be expected, a moment comes when the primal instinct asserts itself even in this rarified intellectual atmosphere. For, as one reviewer remarks, the dangers of mating May with December are not removed even when December is a philosopher and May his disciple. When the old philosopher discovers his wife's de-

*THE GUARDED FLAME. By W. R. Maxwell. The Appleton Company.

ception, he has a stroke of paralysis. But he has the power to return to life once more and to continue his work. He even forgives and cherishes the woman who has betrayed him and the rest of whose life is spent in faithful service to atone for her transgression. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* finds in Burgoyne's attitude toward his wife "the all-embracing charity of a godlike man, a wonderful exemplification of the teachings of the Man of Nazareth." One point, however, seems to escape this reviewer as it has escaped the author. Is it, *The Evening Post* questions, a good or bad thought which leads elderly philosophers to deprive young women of the right to love with the love of youth? "Why did not Richard Burgoyne adopt his friend's daughter? Whose loose thinking is directly responsible for the catastrophe?"

Another fault of the story is pointed out by

the London *Outlook*. The philosophy of "The Guarded Flame," it remarks, appears to us to be misguided and reactionary, a weak retreat from the fighting line of the modern spirit in its attack on certain ideals.

"The transgression of the heroine of this story is dealt with in a manner that savors of clericalism, and her history, which amounts to a reaffirmation of the principle that a woman, whatever her ability and character, is only rightly adjusted to life in a position of self-sacrificing devotion to submergence in the personality of a man, seems to be put forward by Mr. Maxwell with a didactic intention."

Nevertheless, the same review concludes, taking it altogether, "The Guarded Flame" is a great triumph for Mr. Maxwell. "It is a tale told with the driving power and artistic intrepidity of the great novelists."

In Memory of Columbine—A Story

This little tale, by W. M. Letts, was published in the *Pall Mall Magazine* recently. It is not, ostensibly, a Christmas story, but it is full of the Christmas spirit, very tender, not too pathetic, and with a somewhat old-fashioned theme artistically treated.



N the bedroom of Monsieur de Courcelles one received an impression of great simplicity, but of a simplicity rich in many harmonious elements. Religion and art, spirit and form, were here blended into a beautiful unity.

An old Breton armoire stood against one wall, a large bookshelf against another. On the bookshelf was a small figure of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," on a bracket stood little busts of Dante, Savonarola, Shakespeare, Racine and Molière. There were bright vases in dark corners, and quaintly carved chairs; and on an easel facing the bed a portrait of M. de Courcelles' wife, who had died six months after their marriage.

Those who have seen this room declare that its dignity, its harmony, its air of thought, of culture, and of piety, made them feel that they were in the ante-room of M. de Courcelles' innermost mind, which was believed by those who knew him to be a very beautiful and rare mind. But there was one incongruous note—an object so crude and cheap and ugly that one imagined the whole room's protesting against it. Yet year after year it remained there, in a conspicuous position near the bed. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that it is not there now. This object was a figure of St. Anthony holding the Blessed Child. It was about eighteen inches in height, and made of plaster, which was brightly painted. The dark brown robe of the saint was girded with a green

cord; his eyes were brilliant blue, curiously outlined with black; his cheeks were rosy; in his right hand he held a tinsel lily; in his left hand, which was slightly malformed, he clasped the Holy Child, who had no beauty whatsoever, but a very bright blue robe. Many people asked the history of the figure and the reason of its presence there. They suspected the saint of penitential origin. To some M. de Courcelles replied briefly that he kept it "in memory of Columbine"; but to one or two he told the story.

M. de Courcelles was intellectually a decadent. He loved dreams better than facts. He stood, as other Frenchmen stand, on the threshold of the infinite, waiting for a gleam, a sound from the untraversed vastness. He loved the shadows of things, the labyrinthine ways of dreams, the shades of emotion, the dim forests of fancy, the hints of sensation. He wrote books and poems that were understood by other dreamers, but pronounced by the homely *paterfamilias*, the man of affairs, to be "rot," or its equivalent in French.

But once M. de Courcelles wrote a children's play that was sufficiently definite in form to be universally admired. The play was called *La Folie de Jeanette*, but it is now forgotten, except, of course, by the few. At its conclusion there was a harlequinade, for M. de Courcelles saw in this old mirthful pantomime something world-old yet world-young, something that speaks to men of the world's springtime, of its childhood; of

men's laughter and tears. It pleased his fancy to introduce this harlequinade, with its types of mankind, at the end of his play; and it pleased his fancy, likewise, to assign its different parts to children. Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, were all little children.

At the first there was some difficulty in finding a Columbine suitable for the part; but one day a friend of M. de Courcelles saw in a poor quarter of Paris a little child who was dancing to the music of a pipe. Tho the dancing of children is always beautiful from the idea of youth it conveys, it is not always graceful; but this child displayed genius. Inquiries were made, and it was found that she lived with her aunt, the wife of a ragpicker. These people, who were respectable but very poor, objected strongly to the idea of the child's taking any part in the harlequinade. The stage had been the glory, the temptation and the ruin of her beautiful, weak-willed mother, Jaqueline Mottoe, whose dancing had enchanted Paris a decade before this time, but whom Paris had forgotten when she died in poverty and shame, leaving her child, the little Marie, to her respectable, unadmired sister, the ragpicker's wife.

At last, however, their objections were overcome, and Marie took the part of Columbine, and reminded the world of the Jaqueline Mottoe whom they had forgotten. The play and the harlequinade were successful; they had a season of popularity. M. de Courcelles was pleased—so pleased, indeed, that he made a great self-sacrifice and invited all the children to a fête at his beautiful house. His sister, Madame Pélissier, and his housekeeper prepared the feast, and saw that the children had plenty to eat, and M. de Courcelles gave a pretty gift to each child and a new franc-piece. Altho he had a grave and dreamy manner, he possessed that rare, inexplicable charm to which children are so sensitive. His little guests deserted Madame Pélissier and clung to M. de Courcelles. They showed no inclination for games, unless he played in them also; and at last, in desperation, he conducted a few of them to his beautiful bedroom, that they might amuse themselves with a collection of clever mechanical toys which were stored away in the armoire.

He was asked for minute explanations of every object in the room. His chest of drawers was rummaged, his cupboards explored. At that time there stood near the bed another St. Anthony. It was of marble, excellently sculptured. The saint was represented as a boy; and the youthful, delicate face seemed, if you looked at it suddenly, to smile at the Holy Child, who was so tenderly held in the boy's arms. It was the work of an Italian who had died in poverty in the Quartier

Latin. But that morning an accident had occurred. A clumsy servant knocking over the pedestal, the figure had been dashed against the leg of the bedstead, breaking off the nose and the fingers of both hands, and entirely destroying the beauty of the work.

M. de Courcelles looked at this regretfully while the little Columbine clung to his hand. "See," said he, "how quickly the work of months, perhaps of a lifetime, may be spoiled. My servant has broken the dream of one who is now dead, and I have lost my dear St. Anthony."

Warm fingers tightened on his. "Cannot Monsieur get another?"

"No, little one, I cannot get another St. Anthony; and I shall miss him every morning and evening."

"It is a great damage, Monsieur."

"It is, dear child, but I must resign myself, unless the saints send me another like it."

"Perhaps they will, Monsieur."

The hours of M. de Courcelles's self-sacrifice ticked themselves away. The children went home and left him to his dreams and his warm self-satisfaction.

It was two years after the performance of his play that he received a visit from a stranger, who was announced as the Abbé Cadic. M. de Courcelles was vexed by the interruption, but he rose with a courteous smile to receive his visitor. He saw a young priest with a sweet and placid face, dressed in the ordinary clerical dress, but more shabby and worn and shiny than M. de Courcelles had ever seen it.

"I hope you will forgive me, Monsieur, for disturbing you thus," the young man said presently, with a blush.

"But certainly, M. l'Abbé. I am at your service."

"Do you remember, then, Monsieur, a little girl called Marie Mottoe?"

M. de Courcelles went to the cupboard of his memory, but found no Marie Mottoe. He shook his head.

"She took the part of Columbine in your harlequinade of two years ago."

"Ah! Columbine. Yes, now I remember the child—a dear little girl with a genius for dancing. I can see her again; she had such an eager little pale face and such a lively mind that her thoughts seemed to be written in her eyes. How is she, then, Monsieur?"

"She is dying, I fear—or rather I think I hope it, for she has an evil inheritance from her poor mother, and her life would be either too hard or too fatally easy."

"Dying, Monsieur? You grieve me. What is the matter with her, poor child?"

"Hip disease."

M. de Courcelles shuddered. "How ugly, how inexplicable a thing is all disease! And she who danced so well!"

"Her aunt thinks it the judgment of heaven for the part she played in your harlequinade, and for her mother's sins."

"Poor little one! How hard these respectable people can be! But how did she get it?"

"She fell and sprained her leg. It was not treated properly. She is a delicate child, and the disease began and has progressed very quickly. The end is inevitable, but I hope it may be quick. For the dear little one is quite prepared."

The Abbé Cadic bent to pat the poodle's shaven back and—tho this is not certain—to wink back his tears. For his monotonous, hard-working life knew one radiant passion, a singular devotion to children. He loved all his flock, even those sheep which were gray or black; but for the lambs he had a peculiar tenderness. He delighted to baptize them, to hear their confessions, to absolve their little childish offenses, to see them receive their first communion. He raised his head and looked at M. de Courcelles with wistful eyes. "This little one has a great devotion for you, Monsieur. Children cherish these ardent affections for those above them. The flame burns very brightly even when it is fed only by a dim remembrance. She has spoken of you often; it would please her very well if you sent her some message. She seems to have some little trouble on her mind—an anxiety, a restlessness which she does not explain; perhaps you could dissolve it by some kind words, which I would repeat."

He rose and stood there fingering his hat, looking at M. de Courcelles anxiously. The other rose too. "If M. l'Abbé will conduct me, I will go and see the little Columbine."

They went together to a poor street, and up a flight of stairs to a small but clean garret, which was decorated by a cheap print of the Crucifixion and a bright figure of the Madonna. A geranium stood in the widow-sill, and not far from it was the little bed where Columbine lay.

She tried to rise, but the cumbrous irons in which her leg was fixed prevented her from doing so. She turned a radiant face toward the two men.

M. de Courcelles kissed her. He stood by the bedside, holding her hand and talking to her tenderly and humorously, doing his utmost to cheer and amuse her. At last he turned to go, but a very bony little hand detained him.

"The saints have not sent Monsieur another St. Anthony?" she asked, with evident anxiety.

"But no, dear child, not as yet."

"Perhaps they may some day."

"Perhaps, dearie. Good-by."

"Good-by, Monsieur."

The priest conducted M. de Courcelles to the door and gripped his thin white hand so hard that the red marks did not fade from it for a minute or so. Then he ran up the stairs with quite unclerical speed.

As he entered the room Marie evidently concealed something from him under her pillows. The Abbé Cadic was grieved, but he said nothing.

"Now, little one, are you not happy?" he asked. "You have seen your dear friend, and he is going to send you grapes and wine and toys and pretty books." He held up his hands with a gesture that expressed a plenitude of good things.

"I am well content, Father," said the little girl. There was a shade of evasion in her voice, and her face as she turned it toward the window was marked with the anxiety that poverty and the consideration of money write on the faces of the poor, even on their children.

In the weeks that followed Marie grew worse; she had times of great suffering, and the sight of her worn little face saddened the heart of her friend the Abbé more than her death could have done.

A time came when she seemed so near death that he administered the last sacraments. But she rallied for a little, and the pain seemed to cease. But still her troubled little soul looked out piteously through her eyes, as though seeking dumbly something for which she would not ask. One day the Abbé was with her, and her sadness so grieved him that he determined to find out the cause. Marie always set aside some of M. de Courcelles' grapes for her friend. And these he accepted, to please her. He ate the grapes, then spoke, one big hand laid upon her little one. "Dear child," he said, "you are sad, and I would have you go into our dear Lord's presence with a smile. Is there nothing that I can do for you? Your conscience is clear, but something troubles you still; tell it, then, to your old friend, and see whether he cannot help you."

Marie raised her head and looked at him with intense eagerness. "O Father," she said, "would you, could you give me a franc?"

The Abbé Cadic started. This thought of money coming from a dying child shocked him. It seemed to him like a dark cloud obscuring the innocent child's soul. He fumbled in his pockets and produced a franc.

"Here is the franc, Marie."

Her thin, hot fingers seized it; then putting it beside her she began to feel in the mattress for something which was hidden there. To the priest's surprise she presently produced a little hoard of money.

"Count it, Father," she cried.

He counted the coins solemnly. "Six francs and twenty-five centimes.

She turned a radiant face toward him and clasped his hands with both hers. "Dear Father," she said, speaking almost incoherently in her haste, "go thou to Papa Lepage at the corner of the Rue d'Alsace; you will see there a beautiful St. Anthony; he is but six and a half francs, and Papa Lepage promised that I should have him for six, for I have waited to buy him for two years, and I thought I should never get the money, for once when I got it I gave a franc to Mère Coquelin because she had no food, and once I lost fifty centimes through a hole in my pocket. Go there, Father, quickly, lest the Père Lepage should have sold it."

The Abbé hurried away to Papa Lepage's. He had no artistic sense, this pure-souled, kindly young man, but he was struck by the ugliness of the plaster St. Anthony at his first glance. There it stood, in the sordid little shop, waiting for its child admirer to ransom it. An innocent but deeply-rooted love of bargaining made the priest haggle for some time over the price of the figure; and he was crowned with triumph when he came out of the shop with the bulky possession and a franc to the good. He returned to the child's garret and laid the parcel on the bed, then undid the string, because she was too weak to do so.

She gave a little cry of joy. "Ah! heavens, how beautiful it is, this St. Anthony! And when will Monsieur come and see it? I hope well that I shall live to see his pleasure."

"I shall fetch him now," said the Abbé, and away he went, striding through the rain and praying as he went. I do not think he knew that in his innermost heart he was jealous of Marie's love for M. de Courcelles. He wondered why this grave dreamer should win so easily what he himself persistently courted. But that is a riddle as old as mankind and as fresh as the morning dew. When he reached the big house he rang the bell and stood there, dripping with rain and panting. The servant, a supercilious varlet and an avowed priest-hater, told him that M. de Courcelles was engaged. The Abbé urged the importance of his message. The servant replied that his master was engaged with M. Saint-Simon, at that time the greatest philosopher in France. The Abbé grew angry. "M. Saint-Simon can wait, but Death can't," he said, and pushed his way into the hall.

The man showed him into the presence of M. de Courcelles and his famous guest, and for a moment the priest felt an overwhelming shyness. He was of another world, and his world was rainy and bleak and poverty-stricken, while

theirs was warm and cultured and smooth. He bowed awkwardly. There was appeal in his eyes.

"It is your little Columbine," he blurted out; "she is dying, Monsieur; can you not come with me?"

M. de Courcelles looked from one man to the other; perhaps he was noting the contrast. Then he turned to M. Saint-Simon. "You will excuse me," he said, and followed the priest out into the rain. They walked so quickly that the older man could scarcely find breath to speak; but his younger companion related to him the story of the sadness of Columbine, of her secret, and of the purchase of the figure.

"It is very ugly," he said.

"M. l'Abbé, I am not blind; I shall not fail to see its beauty."

As they went into the garret, Marie's aunt and cousin withdrew to the door. The child appeared almost unconscious, and she did not recognize M. de Courcelles until he bent over her and raised her in his arms. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him with rapture. "Monsieur, the saints have sent you another St. Anthony—oh, but so beautiful! They have colored him while they kept you waiting. See."

The priest handed him the figure.

"Dear child," said M. de Courcelles, "I have never had a present I valued so much. I shall put it in the place of the old one, and look at it morning and night, and remember the little Columbine, and——" His voice broke suddenly. He knelt beside the bed holding one wasted little hand; and the priest—jealously, one must admit—held the other while he knelt in prayer.

So Columbine, with a great content in her heart, fell asleep; and looking at her, they saw that she was dead.

The Abbé and M. de Courcelles went downstairs. They were both weeping, and they did not try to conceal it. The Abbé wiped his eyes with a magenta-colored handkerchief. Then he fumbled in his pockets for string.

"I will fasten him up for you," he said huskily, and he took the figure from M. de Courcelles. "It was kind of you, Monsieur, to accept him, for he is an ugly fellow, and his cheeks are too rosy for a saint."

M. de Courcelles leaned against the door. "He is an ugly fellow, M. l'Abbé, as you say," he answered; "but he speaks to me of that which is most beautiful in the world—of the humanity of Christ, of child love and child innocence. He speaks to me of that which is real. He calls me out of dreamland to see what is lovely, and yet tangible, and common as the daisies in the grass. I have sought the light through dim and phantasmal places, I have looked for it with aching eyes; and now a little child and an ugly plaster figure have shown it to me. I shall not forget."

That is why the ugly St. Anthony stands beside M. de Courcelles' bed.

The Humor of Life



THE ANNUAL RESCUE SCENE

CHORUS OF HEROES.—Courage! We will save you!
YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL.—Save me! Why, gol dern it, I
kin swim!

—From Puck.

TWO OF THEM

Describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat a critic says: "When the gale was at its highest the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard."—*Tit Bits*.

A GOOD SCHEME

SHORTSTOP: "I see Mrs. Crosspatch has married that oldest boy of hers to her maid."

MRS. SHORTSTOP: "Well, well, well! To what extremes people must go to keep their help these days!"—*Judge*.

THE SONGS HE LIKED

MISS SKREECHER: "What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?"

MR. SUPHRER: "The songs of the seventeenth century."

MISS S.: "How odd! Why do you prefer them?"

MR. S.: "Because nobody ever sings 'em nowa-days."—*Tit Bits*.

WANTED A DARKER SHADE

Jacob Riis has a story of a little lad who shines shoes for a living. This boy went to a mission Sunday-school, was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent an-

nounced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the front with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?"

"Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

"Blacking."—*Harper's Weekly*.

WHY HE WAS SAD

"No," declared the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice; "it may be that some day I shall be happy, but at present it is beyond me."

His companions were interested.

"There is a girl I love dearly," he continued. "She would have me if I asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on a thousand a year."

Consternation and pity were depicted on the faces of his friends.

"You can't marry on a thousand a year?" asked one. "Why not?"

"Why not?" echoed the youth. "Simply because I haven't the thousand!"—*Tit Bits*.

NO GOLDEN RULE FOR HIM

CLERGYMAN: "You should do as you want to be done by."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "But I don't want to be done by anybody."—*Tit Bits*.

WANTED, A CHANGE

"Yes," said Stormington Barns, "I'm going to retire to private life."

"You'll be missed when you leave the stage," rejoined his friend, Walker Ties.

"That's just the reason I'm going to retire," explained Mr. Barns. "I'm tired of being hit."—*Chicago Daily News*.


SENATOR HOAR'S REPLY

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is. It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to lick it."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

IN THE WRONG CHURCH

An absent-minded woman one Sunday morning walked into church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously, according to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.

Current Literature



Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

Does It Pay to Be Very Rich?

Is Socialism a Real Menace in America?

Bryan's Triumphal Journey Through Europe

The Future of Christian Science

A Chemical Vindication of Embalmed Meat

Greatest Spanish Painter Since Velasquez

Tillman—Strangest Compound in the Senate

SUMMER DAYS

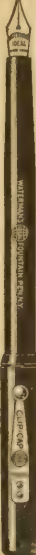
are out-door days, and an effectual, pure soap is more than ever needed by holiday-makers or home-stayers.

HAND SAPOLIO

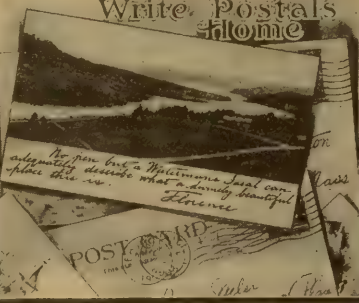
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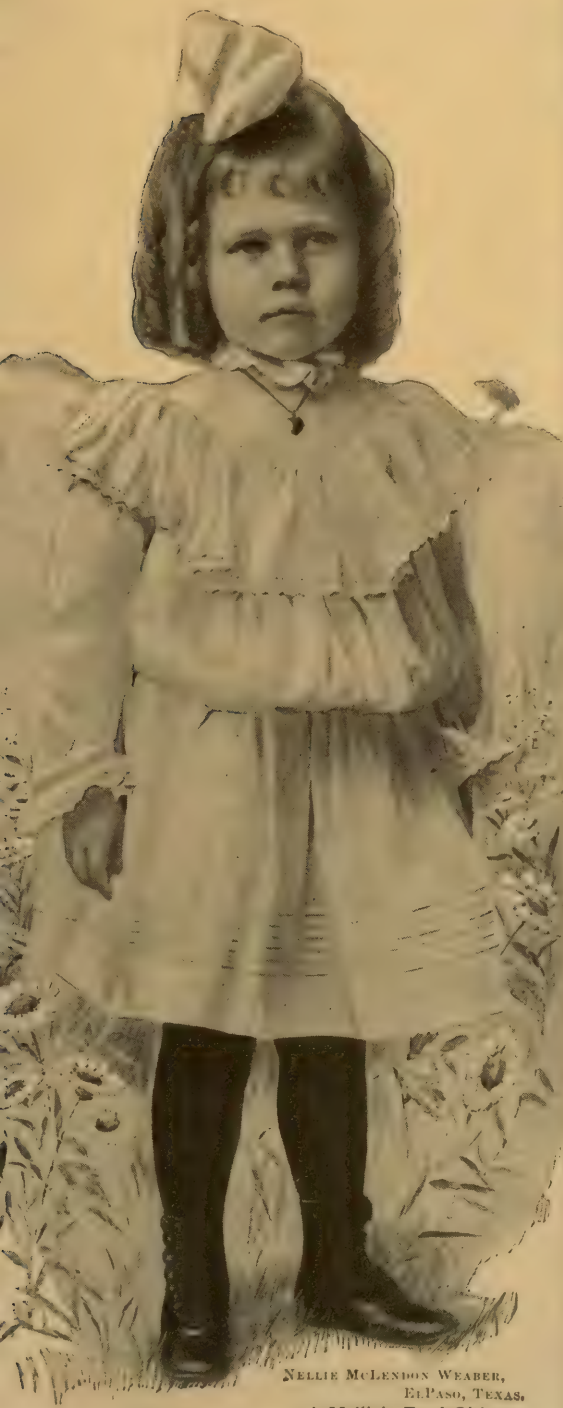
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